# Democratic Matchman.

# Bellefonte, Pa., May 19, 1893

## DREAMING AND WAKING.

LUCY LARCOM'S LAST POEM. Beside the road I dreamed of Heaven; I heard its far-off fountains play; I heard the song of souls forgiven, Like birds that chant the birth of day. I dreamed I saw an angle come Down from those hights and lead me home.

tance.

His eyes were kind ; his robes dropped dew And fragrance of that unknown land. He spoke, but in no tongue I knew— No language I could understand ; And with a glarce of pliying pain He turned him back to Heaven again.

A pilgrim passed. "And didst thou hear," I asked him, "what the angel said ?" Whispered the traveler in my ear, Ere onward into light he sped; "I head the angel sigh, 'Not yet! This soul knows not love's alphatet,'

"Oh, comrade mine, thou dreamest in vain Of Heaven, if here thou hast not found, In soothing human grief and pain, That earth itself is holy ground, Unpracticed in love's idioms now, A foreigner to heaven art thou.

'Cold wouldst thou walk, and blind, and

dumb, Among those flaming hosts above, A homesicl: allen ; for the sum Of all their thoughts and deeds is love. And they who leave not self behind No Heaven in Heaven itself can find.

"Rejoice that with the sons of men A littly while thou lingerest yet. Go read thy Book of Life again ; Go back and learn love's alphabet Of Christ the Master. He will teach, Thy lips to shape the heavenly speech."

I looked within ; a dreary scroll Of loveless, dull, self-blinded days, I saw my humbled Past unroll, Not even my feilow-pilgrim's gaze Could I uplit my eyes to meet, Such glory played around his feet.

He went his way. I turned again, Ashamed and weeping, to the road Thronged by the suffering sons of men; A beckoning Face among them glowed; Sweeter than all the harps of Heaven I heard a voice: "Thou art forgiven!

"Come follow Me, and learn of Me, And I will teach thee how to love." My Master I now I turn to Thee: I sigh not for a fleaven above These human souls are angels bright; Thy Presence here is Heaven's own light!

#### THE WITCH'S STRONG BOX.

#### BY EVA WILDER MCGLASSON.

Henneker had not enjoyed it. The Christmas-eve merrymaking was near its end, and he had not joined in the dancing at all, but with a brooding eye and a heavy heart had lounged about the long bare hallway in company with a young widower from Ways Store, whose notions of propriety kept him from taking active part.

A weed of crape still wrapped the young widower's hat, its hue tempered by half a year's changes of weather. His affliction forbade him bread to the full, but it permitted him any crumbs that might fall from the table where joy sat feasting.

"I don't know as they'd be any real harm in my footing a round or two," he informed Henneker, "but I won't hev it narrated about that I didn't pay proper respect. Her cousin is here, too. I reckon I done just as well not to take part to night." He added: "Say, Clint, I 'preciate your keeping

A girl tying a three cornered white holes of temples a film of gray hair you are. You give up too quick. The stone came easily up. In an inthing over her head, stepped up to Henspread like ashes. neker. He was lurching into a rough overcoat, and he kept on stolidly adnes of its conception. usting his shoulders. "Clint," she said gently. He set his lips tight, looking into

her face as if he saw it at a long disno one knew who she was, or where she come from, or what she lived on. The cabin had been desertee for years. There was no coquetry in the girl's brown lashed eyes. Their expression One morning its chimney gasped with you up a little snack of lunch.' But there was no reply. H sweet. Her cheeks were softly inden-She did bits of work as she could get it. of ear-shot. ted with dimples, and there was a cer-If any village wife, moved with cheap tain childlike abstraction in the lines

henevolence, gave her scraps of bread andcold bacon, she took the offering of her parted lips. Henneker's braced chin underwent a suspicion of movement. She kept on with a grateful mutter. "She don't hev to ask nothin' off no

looking at him, her white dress showing in a stiff ruffle below the blue fringes of her shawl. "You didn't ask me to dance to-

night," she said. "I reckon you didn't care much," Henneker muttered. A pretty pinkness pulsed her cheek. "Yes I did so. I just hate to have you mad at me."

"Mad-I-" "Because it ain't my fault, Clint. Paw and them just went on so I had to say I'd quit going with you." "I presume they find Mr. Hinkle

out He said he bet she took away more to their taste.' money her son hadn't got his hands on. "Paw says he's steady and saving. Well, you can't tell. She lives mighty You see-you've ben real wild, Clint." poor folksy, but I've heerd tell of mis-He dropped his head. "And you've ers that starved rather than touch never laid nothing by, and paw says a their pile.

girl's a goose to think of marrying a man that hasn't even a box-house to take her to. You see"-- she stammered a little-"vou see Hinkle owns that lot next to the church. He's going to put up a two-story house on it with a porch, and paw says-"

Henneker turned on her with a white cheek and a glittering eye. "You're going to marry him, then ?"

"I-I ain't promised for sure." She breathed hurriedly, shivering away from him just as Hinkle's face showed in the doorway. "Team's waiting," he called out,

smiling, his cheeks freshened with frosty air. "You ready, Miss Boonie? Come on, then. I got a warm corner fixed for you."

Henneker watched him help the girl into the wagon. Others were climbing over the low sides, scrambling for seats moment to recall the withered shale of on the rough cross-boards, burying a figure he had seen so few hours betheir feet in the hay bedding. "Why, there's no place left for Henalive.

neker !" shouted some one. There was a general moving up, and Henneker, just aware of standing gloomily unconscious of being left behind, found a place on the back seat as the horses dashed into the night. He sat, with his collar high, listening to scraps of song and jest. The white thing on Boonie Curd's head fluttered a long end mockingly over her shoulder. She laughed gayly as Hinkle bent to whisper something in her ear. Watching it all, Henneker's heart

swelled with bitterness.

which Hinkle was going to put up his The horses' teet clattered along the house. It would make something of a stony road. Now and then a spark figure among the other town houses, flashed from their hoofs. To the left most of them low and old, the few new a range of hills blackened the low sky. across which, like a silk scart, a milky light drifted. Far ahead, through a net-work of bare boughs, a little red ness broke. Some one said: "Look at that light, will you? The witch is up early for Christmas morning. Wonder what she's doing out of bed away past midnight ?!! The light came nearer. In the flash of the lanterns at the wagon's front a small way side house sprang suddenly into view, its bleached walls appearing to start back as if abashed at the unexpected noises. It was the poorest sort of a house. A rotting clapboarded roof slunk hollowly over a floorless porch, its weight upheld by three tree boles. These, rough with bark and knots, stood bald and black in the light, something crucificial in their grouping. On the middle trunk an old vine contorted itself, its leaefless tangles shrouded in lingering snow to the vague semblance of an an guished human form. A mutter of running water close at hand lent the night a mournful voice. bent ancient figure with a crone's cap on its head. A whiff of smoke whitheld a smallish box, black and heavy looking, into which the scythe-like profile peered. up suddenly, shrilly, the old woman, thing on hand." He shook several clutching the box to her breast, lifted a face of alarm. Henneker caught her startled gesture as the team jolted by, going down the hill to a shallow ford outlying Ways Store. "Scared her out of a year's growth." laughed Hinkle. It was quite right that she should be scared, this unaccountable old woman who lived in the house by the branch. the other's meaning, "you want me to She was entitled to no special consideration, having neither kinsfolk nor belongings. She could not even enter- time." tain chance visitors with a fund of old crony lore, for something was wrong with her palate, it was said, and all did not care how soon his friends were fleeting vision she was perhaps looking

Ways Store had a primitive ideal of old age, and she was not cast on the kept right on goin' to see her. Her which fitted over a knob in the front What was more fatally against her dies." The door shut on her son's torm. even than her looks was the fact that

She heard his feet on the road. But there was no reply. Henneker,

Ways Store grew accustomed to her. going at a smart pace, was already out ed tap at the door. Henneker stood

and the tree tops about it were a woful under a blue shawl. tracery in black of flying forms and

person," observed a hamlet philosopher. winged pursuers with uplifted spears. I wouldn't wonder if she hed a-plenty laid by. My boy Bud 'lows she's got horizon it was as if hunters and hunted a pot-metal box hid away that she prizes high. He see her put it onder the ling straining up like an arm of apharf-stones. Nobody knows what she's peal.

A bell boomed faint and far, perhaps got laid by. A man from up yender that was passin' through here claimed from the church or school-house in the to know who she was. He claimed hamlet beyond, where, as at Ways she hed a only son that made her sign Store, Christmas jollity was forward over all her proputty, and then laid for the many, while the ill-starred few the threshold. out to put her in the poor-farm ter sat alone, or like Henneker trudged on hev the town provide fer her. This man said she got wind of it and put

One light lanced the dusk just ahead of | barrassment seemed to depart. him. The figures of a man and a girl reports. The witch caused only two curiously as he swung by, his eyes Hinkle- I can't help what paw says.' down. "I believe it was Clint Henneker,"

said the man, with a laugh. "That's just who it was, Miss Boonie. He's going over to sit up at the cabin. Beasely tried to work me in for it, but I said, 'Not any, thank you kindly.' Holidays only come once a year." The girl shuddered. "It's awful-to

be there alone with-with-"Oh, Clint won't mind it." Henneker went on down the jagged

fixed up, and he pounded around and couldn't raise no one, so he jest busted slope leading to the creek's edge, at the button off the door, and there she which an icy gleam nibbled. Across was layin' on the shuck mattress I the low water a plank stretched a dark give her, right stiff. Seems real sad, arm. Straight ahead the log house dyin' alone that way. Oldage, I reck- made a grayish spot upon the dark hill. Some one had left a lantern at Henneker forgot his troubles for a the door. It stood hard by the middle

porch tree, staining the snow garb of the twisted vine to a pale crimson. tore, far spent in its humanity, but still Icicles hanging from the grasping branches had a strange effect of moyement and color, like a dripping of something red and thick.

the village. Occasionally a package of fire-crackers went off, its noise Henneker, his lantern held ahead, pushed the door open. He had a cer-Overhead was a stretch of sky gray and rough as a cobble-stone road. Old tain qualm at the idea of entering, but there was nothing in the poor room to weeds and grasses speared through a alarm a man, unless he feared some slight sheet of snow, augmented later power in the restful figure on the high on by a straggling fall of flaceid flakes which struck Henneker's cheek as he came from the barn with a touch as of

over the witch's few cooking things. Hoping Beasley would come soon, Henneker put his lantern down. It was very cold, but he was not sure it

Boonie Curd liked you a heap. stant Henneker had dragged a rusty Needu't tell me ! You ought to've iron box out. The lid had a tongue paw 'll leave her well off when he edge. Henneker, tumbling with this, felt it vield in his hand.

It seemed to him suddenly that he caught a sound outside, a sound blend. Opening the door, she cried : "Clint! ed of footsteps and voices softly rising Aw, Clint ! Come back and iet me do and falling. Stumbling up, he held himself to listen.

There was a little faltering, half-scarnerveless, his eyes on the shaking pan-

It seemed to him that a peculiar gloominess thralled the night. The his name. Then the latchless door sky, was like an overturned silver bowl s vung in, showing a pale small face

"Why Clint, you didn't hear me, did you ? I knocked twice. Oh, good-Now and then in an open space of the ness, is that her? I-I'm afraid to come in. Why, say, I heard you was had fallen in a heap, some stray sap- here, and I just couldn't stand it-you poor thing !

At her tones Henneker had an odd sense of lucidity, as of one coming to himself after a delirium. He seemed to see the iron box for the first time.

The girl stepped tremulously over "Cousin Ed come along with me-

lying fields-the lanterns of those who wondering. Come on, Clint, we're fared to the frolic at Sherrill's. Occa- going to take you back with us." Then sionally these were near enough for at the wildness in his face, which she Henneker to catch an echoing voice saw on nearer view, her fear and em-

"Clint, you-you're not mad at me? No one paid much attention to these came in view. They regarded him Why, say, I-I'm not going to marry She stole closer, holding out her hands.

Henneker drew a catching breath. A sob rose to his dry lips, a sob of such thankfulness as blotted out even the little appealing figure before him.

The blue shawl had slipped down, and Boonie stood all in white, her childlike face prefiguring to Henneker's wet eyes the countenances which angels have.

Stepping toward her, his heel caught and there was a small clatter on the bare floor. The box had turned over on the stones of the hearth, its lid gap-

ing. "Was that the witch's box ?" breathed Boonie. Standing close, they cast toward it a

fearful glance. Nothing had spilled out. It held safe as ever the witch's treasure, and

in the dim lantern rays this seemed to be a child's worn shoe of some by-gone vogue, and a handful of yellow curls, such as might have grown on a child's head.

## A New Scheme for Fairs.

Among the new devices for making money at church fairs and other charitbed. The hearth was swept. Two able entertainments is one which its wood chairs decorously sat against the originators term "TheLiving Library." wall. Everything was in order. A A certain number of books are chosen bunch of dried herbs hung in a corner beforehand, and each one is represented by some young woman who is dressed appropriately to indicate either the title of the book or some leading character therein Each impersonator must also be thoroughly acquainted with the volwould be right to build a fire. As he sat there looking toward the sheeted mn she represents, and her a behavior must be in accord with the character chosen. A catalogue is prepared and turnished on application, and whenever a book is called for, a curtain is drawn aside, and the living copy stands revealed. The regulations usually governing "The Living Library" are that : first, all books must be secured from the librarian: second, the fee for each book shall be ten cents for ten minutes' use, payable in advance ; third, books cannot be called for twice in succession ; fourth, persons having called for and obtained the books must relinguish them upon notice from the librarian that the time paid for has reached its limit, or, failing to do so, shall pay at the rate of two cents a minute for overtime; and finally that no book can be retained for a longer period than twenty minutes. The rules do not provide for it, but it is understood, of course, that during the busy hours of the fair no book shall be taken off on a parade through the entertainment room, and the books them-selves are forbidden by the unwritten held coin, it seemed likely that the laws to drink lemonade and eat ice-contents might be considerable. Hen- cream between the hours of eight and cream between the hours of eight and poser. ten at night. Altogether this living library seems destined to prove a great success.-From Harper's Young People.

## For and About Women.

The sailor hat again presents itself for favor among the many popular spring shapes.

Sleeves are running to extremes. The wider they are and the farther they project out from the shoulders the better the wearer seems to like it.

Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, of San Francisco, has a Sunday school classof more than 300 intelligent men and women. She has taught a Bible class for more than 40 years.

The chief amusement of Mrs. Hetty Green, the richest woman in America, reminds one of the nursery rhyme of 'The King of Hearts"- counting out her money, She spends hours sitting in the vault which holds her securities.

Kubne Beverage, at the age of 17 years not only has the distinction of being the most talked of woman sculptor of the day, but of her an eminent sculptor has said that in all the essentials her art she is more largely endowed than any other woman who has ever lived.

Young girls are wearing their hair in one heavy braid down the back. For-tunate is the young madamoiselle whose some errand of sorrow. He could see he's waiting out yonder. We run off hair will reach to her waist. In front moving lights in cross lanes and out from Sherrill's. I reckon every one's it may be parted in the middle and waved back to the braid or capped in the old way, the small braid from the front hair being brought down and woven in with the larger braid.

The braid of hair is seen at its prettiest when worn with the hats that have clusters of flowers drooping at the back; red roses resting on a black braid or a or a handful of green oats falling off of a lace hat upon a thick braid of blonde hair.

Hats for young girls are particularly pretty this summer. Large flats have leghorn crowns in crepe brims, the crepe is shirred on cords an inch or so apart. Pink crepe is used with good effect. Rosettes of the crepe form a part of the trimming. The brim has a ruffled edge. A lovely example shows a broad brim drooping at the sides, with resettes beneath, and others holding pink tips at the left. Three little tips are set against the crown, nodding outwards, three incline forward, and are graduated in height, standing taller toward the front.

Short skirts are the style in children's frocks. As a matter of fact, declares the New York Times, these short skirts are much prettier and more sensible than the long gowns which some moth-ers still cling to for their baby women. Big puff sleeves and little Empire puff waists make the dresses very quaint. One style of gown has two ruffles falling over a baby waist and over the top of the sleeves. These voluminous waists are cut out round at the neck and a shirred gamp of thin white goods inserted. This gamp is scarcely more than a throat piece, so little of it shows.

A silky batiste dress for a young woman, either blonde or brunette, is of pale lemon yellow. The Loie Fuller skirt is trimmed with two hands of Valenciennes insertion, edged on either side with black satin ribben an inch wide, the lower trimmings placed slightly above the foot, the second band above the knee. The fully gathered baby waist has an Empire effect given by band of the insertion edged with ribbons passing around just under the arms. A collar and belt of plain wide black satin ribbon meet in the back with shirred ruffles The large puffed sleeves have also a hand of the lace and ribbon surrounding them near the top, and are gathered below the elbow in a ribbon band with a chou on the inner side. As the days flit by one notices a decided reaction. Frills, a craze for a time are losing prestige excepting for the airiest of airy robes. Even the waist of the softest and flimsiest gown inclines to surplice effects. Over the shoulder the flounce of lace or dress fabric still droops or flares according to the whim of the wearer, but here and here alone is it placed. Sleeves grow bigger and puffier, while the front of the waist to which they belong boasts of a severe rever, a few modest folds or a plain surface fastened under the arm. One thing is certain, when once you are gowned this part of the costume should defy detection so far as its fastenings are concerned. You are smuggled into your bodice these days, but how is a Crepons in mauve and pale gray are brightened with color, and black silk crepons have a deep square yoke of white guipure, with strands of jet beads of graduated sizes swinging below in a half circle, or festooned from the shoulders in front and back. The black toilettes are among the handsomest seen, those of black satin with circular others of figured grenadine for the skirt sleeves of chiffon gathered very full and banded with ecru guipure insertions. The latter dress, worn as light mourning by one of the most beautiful women of the season, a tall brunette with brilliant color in lips and cheek, is completed by a tall bonnet of branching jets, and a short cape, scarcely reaching to the elbow, of black satin fully gathered and overlaid with a ruffle of Chartilly lace. Straw hats are vivid pink, grass green. house and shook with emotions he could and bright purple, and no matter which color is chosen all the others can be added in the trimming. It seems as if woman is to top herself with a kaliedoscope. Hats, too, were never so big. Leghorns are bigger than ever and so For instance, one has a great flare made on one side toward the back, and in the soft bottom. The lady hurried to learn the pink, one is a delicate green, and the third is yellow. Under the crown of the hat, just is front, to lift it a little is single delicate pink rose-bud. There is "Yes, marm, I did," answered the old man, "and for about a couple of min-how the feathers are made to stand up that way, for there is no buckle or bow to hide the method. Apparently they grow there. The brim is very wide and lops, as in the way of the correctly made hat, in just the right place, and nowhere else. In other places it stands up beautifully. How do these milliner folk do it? They must have a fairy wand while they are trimming.

me comp'ny, but you oughtn't to hev done it. You ought to hev gone in the room and hed a good time. Thar's one dance yet. You better go and take it in.'

Henneker, his hands pocketed, frowned a little. "I haven't wanted to dance." he said.

The other man regarded him with growing speculation. "You and Boon-ie Curd," he suggested-"ain't you and her friendly as you was ?"

Henneker laughed coldly. He was a slim young fellow with a blond head, a big mouth, and gray eyes which sat deep and had a dreamy kind of humor in their depths.

"It doesn't look much like it," he exclaimed, casting off the last rag of reserve which had helped to mask his unhappiness.

A vague enlightenment stole into the other's face. His lips pursed into a silent whistle of comprehension.

In the low-ceiled room beyond them the carpet had been taken up, and the feet of the dancers clattering on the boards confused the notes of the banjo and violin. Now and again in changes of the dance Henneker caught a glimpse of the musicians, two black boys, whose faces, relieved by the whitewashed wall, had the distinction of a charcoal sketch, the high lights softly taken from cheek and chin and flat nostril. Candles were burning low along the mantel, threading out in smoky red and swaving crazily in cross currents of air. Under them, making their light sick, a big log flamed. Some prickly branches of holly, gleaming black and white, were stuck be hind a high-hung picture representing a long-haired woman firmly clinging to a cheerful-looking blue cross decorated with red and yellow roses.

Henneker's friend, slowly and laboriously putting two and two together, turned on the young man a look of sympathy. "She came over from Ways Store to night with-let's seewith Will Hinkle, didn't she ?" he remarked. "Come to think of it, she's ben dancin' with him sort of steady. comp'ny like and settled. But, pleg it all. Clint, you're a better man than Hinkle! Why don't you he'p your-self out of this?" He lifted his voice to a loud pitch of cordial expostulation. "Maybe you've hurted her feelings some way ?" Inclining himself confidentially, he added : "They're easy to handle once yon git the hang of 'em, women is. Being married now, a man gits to know a heap. If I could give you a few points-'

But Henneker only said, "They're breaking up, ain't they? I thought house, beseeching some magic to right Tucker'd be the last."

He moved away as a throng of girls came trooping into the hall, getting only gabble out an unintelligible pity for their wraps from a pile on a chest.

A sharpness of night air cut in as some one opened the door. Men were on it, the witch's appearance was not lighting lanterns outside. In the un- prepossessing. She was bent and brown certain light Henneker saw the double and skinny, her black eyes like shinteam which had brought over a dozen ing seeds which burst out of withered or more guests from Ways Store, six yellow pods. Her nose was a rusty no thanks. Makes meright mad, so it gained some unearthly power through miles south.

herent babble. Nor was she valuable in an occult way as mixer of potions, a builder of spells. Once a girl who had quarrelled with her sweetheart sought the old

matters. But while the spee chless old woman was called a witch, she could

her visior, who went away indignant. Having co glamour of black-art up- yellow-white hair, fretted a little.

hook. Her lips sucked in. Over her does. You're too easy, Clint ; yes, a covenant with hell.

ones unambitious shells of lavender and green with peaked roofs and hooded front doors. Henneker could see the stores with their shuttered windows, the white church running up to a point in front, the brown roof of the mill in which he worked, and beyond all, on a hillside, the long front of the

He stopped to stare at the lot on

ripples in the social pool of Ways Store

For, late Chistmas morning, as

Henneker came down to breakfast, red-

eyed and wretched, his mother, on her

knees at the oven door basting a tur-key, said, "Did you hear John Beasley

just now talking at the gate, Clint?

Seems the old woman in the log house

vender is dead. Beasley went to fetch

her a Christmas basket his wife hed

A tooting of holiday horns enlivened

drowned in boys' shouts.

dead fingers.

-at her coming and at her going.

house where Boonie Curd lived. A blanketed saddle-horse pranced at the gate, and Henneker turned away with a groan.

He was paying dear for those expe riences which had won him the name of being wild.

Yet Henneker felt that there was nothing in his life so black but that Boonie's father would have overlooked it had Henneker's possession warranted a charitable eye.

Some one called him. A man pass ing in the road came lounging toward the fence.

Henneker approached him. "Howdy, Beasly, he said.

The other man, leaning on the fence went over his morning adventure. "My nerves ain't right steady yet," he de clared. "Well, I reckon we done all The man who was driving slackened | we could. The women went in and speed. "Let's give a big holler," he straightened things neighborlike. Can't suggested. "Let's wish the old lady do nothing about the burying till Stark merry Chris'mas. All together, now !" gits back from Pineyville. Bein' jus-Henneker, from his back seat, could tice of the peace, it's his place to see to see straight into the scrap of a window, things. I'm kind of played out, traipits panes streaked with the flaming of sin'around huntin' someone to set up a few sticks on the stone hearth. He to night. Look like it ain't Christian could see, crouching over the fire, a to leave the pore old soul layin' thar by herself. She was ugly as homemade sin, and smoked terbacker and ened the pipe at its lips. Its hands dipped snuff; but I say this, some one ought to be willin' to set up to night. Most of the young crowd's goin' to a doin's over at Hank Sherrill's. Bein' As the shout of the wagon load went Christmas night, every one's got some-

snowflakes from his sleeve. "You're goin' to Sherrill's I reckon?"

Henneker said no, adding, "I'll put in about ten hours sleep to night.' Beasley came nearer. "Say," he said, persuasively, "now, honest, Clint, do you think it looks right to leave

that pore old thing alone to-night ?" "Oh !" said Henneker, catching at -Well, it isn't a pleasant job. But some one'll have to do it for me some

recklessness of warm pulses, that he Just as she looked at him in this her efforts at speech were a mere inco-, called on for this office.

"Of course I'll git some one to keep blue ribbons and brown soft curls. your comp'ny," he assured Henneker. You go over about dark-hunh ?- action. As he kneeled on the hearthand if I don't raise nobody else, I'll stone he felt the presence of a lean old

away. We got folks asked to supper." Henneker telt a gloomy sense of fitness in the enterprise before him. His from every shadow. The wisp of dry

"Some older person ought to offer. chill breaths filled the place, but Hen-You givin' up the party and all ! 'Tain't right. You're always givin' up put out fear. His lips were locked and doin' things for people and gittin'

figure, he grew less timorous of its peaks and stiffness and straight lines. This was the inevitable ending of the human story unhackneyed by repetition. The tale of what we are was happily finished for one who had been poor and old and alone, whose heartstirring days were so far past that even their memory must have had a gravevard savor.

Henneker pictured the old creature as he had seen her the night before crouching over the niggard cheer of her spare fire, hugging her box. A sudden remembrance flashed on him.

Of late years village gossip had dealt little with the subject of the old woman's wealth. In the face of her meagre living the idea of hoarded gold under the hearth-stones had long since ceased to invite discussion; but the vivid interest these once current tales had had for his boyhood recurred to Henneker, and he wondered if the box he had seen was the treasure box. He thought of its bulky look. If it neker pondered as to its probable dis-

position. It would go to the State, no doubt, the money which the old woman had hoarded-miserable money destined never to make any one happy. For to Henneker's mind the State was simply an abstraction. He thought of lungeons lined with iron bound safes full to the doors of bags of bullion. available only for those sacred government uses which he respected without

seeking to understand. The witch's savings could scarcely be of much use to the State, a mere drop in that sea of gold which he fancied.

Henneker glanced toward the hearth Reaching out his foot, he tried a stone that looked loose. It tilted, grating on something metallic.

At the sound Henneker drew back. shaking a little. The gray shade of an intention slipped furtively upon him. If he had money enough to build a house, even a very little house, how different life would look !

The face of Boonie Curd glimpsed upon him, as sweet and fresh among the dark tangles of his thoughts as a wild He added mentally, with the safe rose that buds in a thorny hedge. at Hinkle in the reality, all a bewild-

Beasly's face diffused a look of relief. ering mixture of white muslin and Henneker started to his feet, fired to

come myself just as soon as I can git shape which menaced him with a vanishing finger. The witch's eyes gloomed on him

mother. a languid woman with bans of herbs, stirring in a draught, crackled with boding noises. Whisperings and

> neker's face had in it a purpose which and white. He felt like one who had

## A Sympathetic Girl,

It isn't fair to give a Detroit girl away, possibly, but truth will out, even in a newspaper. Detroit has one among its countless pretty girls who was in the founce trimmed with jet galloon, and country in February and one day she happened out toward the cow lot about and its spanish flounce, the waist and milking time and was asking the man several questions.

"Why don't you milk that cow?" she asked pointing to one in an adjoining lot. "Because she's dry, miss."

"Dry ?"

"Yes, miss. she's been dry for two weeks."

"You cruel wretch," she exclaimed, 'why don't you give her some water ?' and the man turned his face to the cownot suppress.

### His First Thought.

In a small village in Maine there lives an old soldier who has for many trimmed that their size is increased. years received a pension from the government, which, with his small earnfortable. One day, while at work in the house of a neighbor, he slipped at the of Wales' style decrees, and set apart top of a flight of stairs and fell to the from their very stems. One is a cause.

"Why, Ambrose," she said, "is that you ? Did you fall down stairs ?"

utes I thought 1'd lost my pension."

-Clerk-I want to get off for a few days Mr. Hardscrable. My grandmother is dead.

Employer-Hicks, this is the fifth time your grandmother has died. Clerk-Yes; grandmother was an extraordinary woman.