Democratic Matchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. 22. 1899.

A BIRTHDAY PRAYER.

The field Thou gavest me to keep Is choked with weeds, or bare Scant time is left to plant or reap-O Master! dost Thou care ?

I planted seed: Thy sun and dew Wrought silently their part, But while the green blades upward grew Ah, careless roamed my heart !

I left my tender plants to die Beset by noisome weed; My field lay scorching, parched, and dry I cared not for its need

To-day I walk within my plot. And fain would gather grain, Alas ! the golden fruit is not-My harvest bitter pain.

Have pity, Husbandman divine ! Come to this desert ground. Although my strength and years decline Thy mercy knows no bound

O let thy love, a cleansing flame, Burn o'er this weed-grown land : Thy harrow use-I'll bless the name When in my Father's hand.

The sunlight now begins to wane; My feet no more shall roam. Lord, may I bear some ripened grain When twilight calls me home -Edith Eddy Lyons.

THE COLLEGIANS.

"I beg your pardon Miss Ford. I hope I On that critical February afternoon Maram not disturbing you. I came to consult garet Ford sat alone in the Greek seminary a book. room of the university, planning a life dra-"Not at all," Margaret answered coldly, ma of highly colored elements. She had turning on the electric light. just bought her Doctor of Philosophy de-Miss Leonard groped about among the gree at the cost of eight years' stiff work, books as if she scarcely knew what she had as devoid of the picturesque as the white plastered walls of the seminary room, come for. Suddenly she turned. Her face in the glare of the electric light seemed against which the classical busts stood out haggard. faintly. She felt that she had earned the "The doctorate examined yet, I suppose," she said. "They should be by this time," Margar-"They should be by this time, " Margarright to warm dreams, of which she was the central figure. The scene of these visions was Mercer University, whose favorite she had been for these last eight years. No masculine record had been as brilliant as et answered crisply. "I Willard every minute." "Of course he'll make a wonderful showhers. She had wellnigh convinced the most ing." Miss Leonard said. with a certain sceptical members of the faculty that the wistful intonation. feminine mind can grasp even those subtle mysteries of the universe embodied in the of him," Margaret replied. The two girls looked at each other for a higher mathematics. To clinch this act of faith on the part of the doubting much demoment. Margaret's somewhat austere beauty was somewhat heightened by Miss greed Thomases, she had gone through the emotional cataclysms of a courtship and an Leonard's too childlike and obvious charm. engagement in her last, most critical year, She felt herself altogether at an advantage without her work suffering thereby. Some with this fluttering little thing. Under the of her contemporaries, young girls who re-sented her exemptness from experiences older woman's calm gaze, Peggy grew very red. She apologized again for her intrusion, which they felt she ought to have, said of this engagement that Margaret had left the and hastened to the door. When it was closed upon her, Margaret breathed a sigh brunt of it to Fiske Willard. He did the of relief suffering, feeling, hoping, longing, and all the rest of it, while his lady worked out "Thank Heaven ! she is gone before he comes. I want to be all alone with you, her thesis in calmness, only pausing at indear. I wonder why she is interested in tervals to ask him how he was getting on. his doctorate? She has no business to be. But Margaret honestly felt that man was Fiske, why don't you come?" made to bear the brunt of all things of this life, even of love. She watched him struggle towards her through a whirlwind of passion, and when he reached her at last, out of breath and feverish and wide eyed, she bade him hurry on and take his Doctor of Philosophy degree, lest he should miss an instructorship in Mercer the next year. A great deal depended on this instructorship. It would lead eventually to a professorship, and a professorship might lead to the Presidency, if Fiske Willard were properly managed by a brilliant wife. Margaret was already tasting the sweets of would cry or laugh. But he did not speak. that campaign professor's wife, to her knowledge, had ever had intellect enough to form a salon. The women of the faculty were content to give very good dinners, at which the men did most of the talking, while their wives listened, looking sweet and womanly. Young as she was Margaret felt a vast contempt for them. She could afford to be contemptuous several had failed. years in advance, for her intellect was backed by good looks, and she knew how to being city bred. She already saw dress. herself the centre of a salon which would add to the fame of Mercer and insure Fiske the Presidency. On this dreary February afternoon, while Fiske was under fire for his doctorate degree, and while she was waiting the triumphant outcome of that ordeal, she planned the ways and means of his advancement. Clever engineering would be necessary on her part, for the man who had chosen her had about him something of the irresponsibility of genius. He wrote amazing stories, but was loath to sell them. He had written a series of sonnets to her during their courtship-flowerlike products of ephemeral value, but possessing the grace and perfume of flowers. She had sent some of them to a magazine without his knowledge. When a check came in return she thought he would be pleased, but for some mysterious reason he was deeply angered. He had torn the check in two; had asked her why she mocked him. She was more than ever convinced that he could not attain to high places without her watchful management. She found herself wishing that she could have been present at his critical examinations. She almost resented her exclusion from this great affair, which was to be the first round in their ladder. It was soon to be over now. Deep booming in the clock tower had just sounded five. quietly. After another quarter of an hour she began to be impatient. She rose from her seat at the long table and paced the room. Once she paused at a broad window that overlooked the valley. The short February afternoon was passing into evening. Night seemed already to have closed over the dark lake at the base of the university hills. Lights shone in the town below. One or two students were toiling up the long snow covered slope to the library. The dreari-ness of the scene depressed Margaret. She turned away again. Just then a key was put into the door. Her heart leaped. He had come at last ! But Peggy Leonard entered instead. Margaret had said once to Fiske that Mercer offered her one insoluble problem, the presence within its halls of Peggy Leonard. Her bewilderment was not altogether with out justification. Peggy's appearance contradicted every academic tradition of the scholar. She was slender and rounded, with the skin and eyes of a baby, and a cloud of yellow hair that was at the mercy of the winds which raged like demons over the campus. She wore frivolous gowns even in the lecture room, and went to every dance of the winter, to say nothing of other functions. No one knew when and where ventured. she studied. She had been seen on several occasions bending over the ponderous encyclopaedias in the library, but a masculine head was always in close proximity to hers. She seemed as little inclined to face an encyclopaedia alone as the dangers of the lake or of the neighboring ravines. thing," How she ever passed her examinations was an irritating mystery to Margaret. "No man can resist fluffy blond hair,"

she said once to Fiske. "Peggy Leonard's untidy hair has taken her as far as her Jun-He was miserably silent. 'Leave me now, Fiske. I want to be or year, but I doubt if it graduates her." alone."

Fiske did not reply. He liked the own-er of this blond fluffiness, but he knew bet-He obeyed her. Peggy Leonard was in the porch of the liter than to defend her to Margaret. He brary as he came out. She had heard the news of his failure. Fiske bore the confirmation liked her cheery ways, her honest admirain his face. He did not see her as he flung tion of scholarship and learning and serious through the great doors. She put herself in endeavor, and the rest of the program that she made no attempt to carry out. He had his way.

"Mrs. Denton asked me to supper toseen a good deal of her this winter, for night, Mr. Willard; told me to bring they were boarding at the same house. She had flashed past his study door in bright along anyone I met on the campus. You array many an evening that he was to deknow the generosity of her invitations. What's better she means them ! I want vote either to Margaret or to study. Cavaliers were always waiting for her at the foot you to come with me, please."

She placed herself in front of him. Fiske of the stairs, young undergraduates, who looking down on her, thought she seemed very young and small. Her tone was jestadored her, and whom she treated with kind nonchalance. With Fiske she was always a little shy. She stood in awe of his ing, but her blue eyes were bright, as if attainments. She did not talk with him with tears.

"It is good of you, Miss Leonard: but. much, but sometimes Fiske was conscious that she watched him. He felt her friendyou see you mustn't be friendly just now. liness like a genial atmosphere. But of late he had not quite understood her con-I've failed of my doctorate."

She shrugged her shoulders. Her eyes duct. Some days she would seek him with gazed out into the night with an expression a certain feverishness of manner, would that was very, very old.

"What of it?" she said. "One might talk with him in a mature fashion that lose more valuable things. I dare say you'll seemed very unlike her. At other times she would openly avoid him. On this afget it next time. But don't bother now. You need hot coffee, and Mrs. Denton. ternoon she entered the seminary room with She's motherly and sweet, and she never the timidity she always showed in Margaret's presence. Her color had fled before some stress of thought. The pallor of her she pleaded. She raised her eyes to Fiske's. He had the sensation of a half frozen man, face and the blue shadows about her eyes gave her a look of maturity, heightened by the dark gown she wore. stumbling into light and warmth out of a tempest.

I will come," he said. "She looks as if she had been really study-She drew a long breath. The rose leaf ing," was Margaret's first thought, after she had recovered from the slight annoyance color came again into her face. caused by the girl's entrance. Peggy in the Greek seminary room seemed as much

Ten years later Margaret Ford sat at her desk reading over and over again a letter use of the fingers of her devoted teacher that had just come from a friend. As she and interpreter, Miss Sullivan, but as Miss read it she forgot that she was thirty and three, a teacher in a New York school, a Latin or higher mathematics, she was un-lonely inhabitant of a tiny flat filled with her books and her large vague ambitions. Latin or higher mathematics, she was un-necessary, therefore, to bring in an inter-She forgot her surroundings. She was back again in Mercer the most distinguished girl in the university, engaged to a man who who had heard of Helen Keller, but had promised to be distinguished. She ran over the brilliant courtship. She knew now that she had gone through a magnificent experience, with but little appreciation of its wonders. Her train of thought led her direct to that last scene in the Greek seminary room "I wish that I had not broken our en-

gagement," she said aloud.

She rose and went to a long mirror. "I am beautiful yet," she thought. "Is it possible that we—that he—might care "He will probably do what is expected He loved me so !" She knew that

she would not appeal to the rank and file of men, but Fiske Williard was not of the rank and file. She went back to the desk and began to re-read the letter. "'I have secured Fiske Willard for a

ten the most successful novel of a decade is not easy prey, but I-depending on you.' ed again and again to the essentials of the letter. It filled two sheets of note paper. She twisted and turned the second sheet until she found the continuity.

" 'But I-but I-engineered and gained Her imagination ran riot as to possible a Mercer girl, a Peggy Leonard—not his equal intellectually, but wonderfully fitted to hold up the social end of his busy life. It is passed the examination causes of delay. Three-quarters of an hour passed, dragging large cargoes of her impa-tience. At six she heard his step in the cor-From New York they go straight to Mercer ridor. She found herself wondering if he had on heavy shoes. His key in the door brought her face to face with a crisis. So The romance began at Mercer it seems, great was her nervousness that she had a andsensation of physical sickness. She could

The sheet of note paper dropped from Margaret's hand. She bowed her head on not bring herself to look at him till she had regained her self possession. She turned to a window and stared out into the darkness. her desk. She could give way to her pas-His voice would break the spell, and she

Helen Keller's Last Triumph.

One of the most notable and remarkable young women in this country is Miss Helen Keller. Her physical afflictions have elicited the sympathy of thousands of people. Other young women are blind and deaf and dumb, and receive the sym-

pathy of many people, but what has made Helen Keller unique among women who are thus afflicted is the fact that she has been enabled in a large measure to triumph over her afflictions. Her case has received much attention in the public prints for a number of years, and each new victory that she has won has been heralded far and

wide. A few months ago she added another triumph to the large number that she had achieved. Having completed her preparations for college in three years instead of four, which it was thought necessary for her to take, she presented herself last June for the regular entrance examination for Radcliffe College at Cambridge. The branches in which she was to be examined on this occasion were geometry, algebra, elementary Greek, advanced Greek, and advanced Latin.

The requirements for admission to this institution are of such a character as to make even the brightest young woman, with the best preparation, nervous as to the outcome of her examinations: but it is safe to say that no person ever presented herself for a college examination with so many things against her as did Helen Kel-

She could not see the examination papers, nor hear the voice of the examiner. The natural method of communicating the questions to her would have been to make Sullivan is not acquainted with Greek or preter from the outside, and a gentleman from the Perkins Institution for the Blind, never met her, and was unable to communicate with her in any way, wrote out the the blind. These questions written out by him were given to Helen Keller in the examination room, where she was constantly

in the presence of an officer of the college. She read the questions in her own way, and then wrote out her answers on the typewriter.

It would seem as if the physical obstacles which she was compelled to surmount ought to have been sufficient to dissuade her from her purpose, but she was com-

pelled to surmount an additional difficulty. The system of Braille writing in which the dinner-a triumph ! the man who has writ- examination papers were transcibed was the American, whereas Helen Keller had been accustomed to the English system. "I must have skipped a page," Margaret thought. In her excitement she had hurri-with the unfamiliar method of writing, as well as with the examination questions. Besides all this, her Swiss watch, which had been made for the blind, had been forgotten at home, and there was no one at

hand on either of the days of examination my point. His wife is with him. She was to tell her the time, so she was compelled But in spite of all the embarrassments

she passed the examinations in triumph in every study. In Latin she passed with -the day after my dinner. It is rumored credit; in Greek she received a very high that the university will offer him a chair. mark; and in the other studies her record was also creditable. She is now ready for matriculation as a student at Radcliffe, having performed one of the most remarkable achievements, as well as one of the most unique, in human annals. The colsion of grief and bitterness and disappoint- lege authorities treated her with no greater the void you speak of be a void if there ment. There was no one in the flat to wit- consideration than they did any other young woman who came up for example tion; no particle of severity was abated for her because she was deaf, dumb and blind. and no precautions were omitted because she is known to be incapable of deceit. Without the touch of a friendly hand she sat alone in the total darkness, and as she passed her fingers over the slips, pricked fore men can fly. Even when the laws of with unfamiliar characters, which were pat gravitation are successfully overcome, there before her, she would turn to her typewill still remain, says a scientific authority, writer and write out her answers to the the difficulty of maintaining a balance' difficult questions. "Well, at all events !" exclaimed the The case of Helen Keller ought to be an youth. "I've got a pretty fair balance in the bank, and I want you to be my wife. inspiration to every young man and young woman in this country. If she, under the awful burden of physical debility, deprived There !" "Well, James, since you put it in that of hearing, of speech, of sight, can master the difficult problems of an entrance exlight, I"-Curtain. amination, and gain the mastery over these to such an extent as to secure admission to Nothing New Under the Tent. an educational institution with high credit I wandered to the circus, John; I sat bewhat ought not the young man or woman neath the tent and saw the man from Borneo, likewise the tattooed gent. I and afflicted ?- Christian Advocate.

The Indian Wives.

Women of the Five Nations Are Now Typical Squaws. The probability that more land in Indian Cerritory will be thrown open to white settlement has caused a flood of inquiries as to the personnel of the Indians who live in the territory.

Most people are under the impression that they wear blankets and live in tepees. The Indians are as thoroughly civilized and most of them as well educated as the upper class of citizens of the larger Eastern cit-

There are five nations-Choctaw, Chickasaw, Cherokee, Creek and Seminole. About 10 per cent of the five tribes are full bloods while the remainder are quarter, sixteenth and thirty-second blood.

The young men are almost all highly educated, as well as the girls. Each nation has a school, where these young people are educated and boarded free. The school is maintained by the United States, and all the higher branches are taught. The Indians are compelled to send their children to these schools. Perhaps the most interesting characters of the Indian nation today are the girls and young women.

At a matter of fact. these Indian girls of the five tribes would be at home in any drawing room. They have been educated into it by the college teachers among them. It is very difficult to distinguish the Indian girls of the Territory from white girls who live among them.

During the last quarter of a century the number of white men who have married girls belonging to the five civilized tribes has been astonishing. The advantages of marrying these girls are many. The man who marries one is at once adopted into the tribe and is given a tract of fine land and his share of the annuity funds, which in some tribes amounts to \$50 per. month. The white adopted citizens have become a power among the Indians of the Territory, and it is largely due to them—at least the more honest ones-that the Territory is being opened to settlement. Not long ago one of these attractive Indian girls, for a joke, inserted an ad. in a matrimonial paper, and it was a good paper or else the ad. was a very attractive one, because she received 350 proposals of marriage.

The Indian girls have been trapped by fortune hunters so many times that they are very suspicious of proposals of marriage from white men whom they have not known any length of time. To protect these girls from the clutches of unprincipled men the interior department made a ruling that before a white man could marry any of the five civilized tribe she must present a certificate of good character from the judge of the county where he last resided. They and looked like a vinaigrette. The top want no more criminals in the Indian race. -New York Journal.

Wooing a School Teacher.

"Yes," said a young man, as he threw himself at the feet of the pretty schoolmistress. "I love you, and would go to the world's end for you."

"You could not go to the end of the world for me, James. The world, or the earth, as it is called, is round like a ball, slightly flattened at the poles. One of the first lessons in elementary geography is de-voted to the shape of the globe. You must have studied it when you were a boy.

'Of course I did, but''. "And it is no longer a theory. Circumnavigators have established the fact.'

"I know, but what I meant was that I would do anything to please you. Ah, Minerva, if you knew the aching void"-"There is no such thing as a void, James. Nature abhors a vacuum. But, admitting that there could be such a thing, how could were an ache in it?"

Users of Morphine.

"The amount of morphine used by wom en in New York is increasing at an alarming rate," said a physician. "I do not give the drug at all, save in extreme cases, for I believe we doctors are largely responsible for the spread of the evil. It seems such an easy, merciful thing to relieve acute suffering by a dose of morphine, and it would be all right if the patients couldn't get the drug themselves. They There's the trouble. can get it.

"I was called to see one of my patients last week. She is a wealthy woman. Sh developed the morphine habit two year ago, when she had a serious illness. Sinc then she has had periodical sprees with morphine, in spite of all we could do to prevent her. She always says that the deplorable state she gets into is due to other causes, but I can tell, as soon as I see her whether she has been taking morphine. Last week, when I went to see her, she was a nervous wreck and said she had been agonizing with rheumatism. Rheumatism is a handv thing. A doctor can't swear that a patient hasn't got it. I accused the woman of having been on a morphine spree. She denied it. I appealed to her husband. He searched her bureau and chiffonier and found 200 morphine pills. She had bought them all at one time, but wouldn't tell who sold them to her.

"Of course there's a law against selling morphine except on perscription. But a morphine fiend can always get it if he is persistent, and generally he is so. Any physician can tell a habitual morphine taker at a glance. So can a druggist. The latter reads the unmistakable signs in a man's face, and if he hasn't a conscience, will sell the morphine victim what he wants. The druggist knows that the pur-chaser will guard the secret quite as closely as he could. But, if a person with no symptoms of the morphine habit wants to buy the drug, he will probably have great difficulty in getting it. No pharmacist, even if not particularly reputable, wants to take the chances of being hauled up for a breach of the law.

I am constantly running across cases of the morphine habit, especially, as I said, among women. The life they lead when active socially uses up their nerves, and they take morphine for neuralgia until they can't get along without it. Usually they are ashamed of the habit and conceal it carefully, but sometimes they are quite open about it, take their morphine regularly and will not listen to reason. A short time ago a beautiful young woman showed me a new chatelaine ornament she had just bought. It was a remarkably handsome gold case, studded with jewels, opened, and inside were a tiny hypodermic syringe and tube of morphine. I said something more forcible than polite and tried to make her see the insanity of the thing, but she only laughed and told me she carried morphine pills in her chatelaine bonbonniere, so that she would be all right if she happened to be where she couldn't use the hypodermic, which she preferred. I threatened to tell her husband, but she said he knew about it and didn't care. She didn't bother him, and he didn't bother her. I went to the husband, and he merely shrugged his shoulders and said he never interfered with his wife. Then I relieved my mind again and told him what I thought of him-and now there is one family less on my list of patients. "That was an exceptional case, I admit.

Usually relatives and friends of a person who takes morphine do everything possible to break up the habit, but a morphine fiend is remarkable for eleverness. A great many women who don't want any one to know that they have the habit work he physic iang for

ness it.—Anna McClure Sholl in Harper Yet she knew he had entered the room, had closed the door behind him. Why was he keeping her in suspense? She turned slow ly around and faced him. He stood, lean ing one arm heavily upon the table. He seemed so very tired. His eyes were raised to her as a dog's who expects the lash. She needed no words of his to tell her he

out of place as an Angora kitten.

She grew as pale as he, but she forced a

"Well, Fiske-the news?" "There is no news," he said, huskily. "Why not?" she questioned, her voice shrill with emotion.

"Margaret, I have failed," he said with an appeal in his voice.

You failed l"

"Yes. Don't look at me that way, dear. It isn't necessary to hurt me, to shame me," "To hurt you ! to shame you !" she re-

peated. She went over to the window-seat again and sank upon it. Fiske became aware that she was weeping passionately, as he did not know she could weep. Her sobs seemed to tear her slender frame in their efforts to find vent. He was mentally too tired to be much alarmed, to detect and laid his hand gently on her. She shook it off as if it burned her.

"Don't touch me ! Don't come near me How dare you ! How can you ! You've shamed me before the whole university. piece of leaf, retains it in the deep notch What will they say? A man who couldn't pass his doctorate ! You make me ridiculous. Tell me," she went on between her sobs—"tell me what was wanting. You to fail ! to fail ! and in letters too !" Fiske looked at her with great compas

sion in his haggard face. "I found in the first hour that my prep-

aration had been inadequate, he answered 'What an excuse !'' she laughed. "You had time enough. You wasted it on that novel. A man who can't take a doctorate in letters had better not try to write." Fiske's face was white now with another

sort of emotion. "Don't try me too far, Margaret," he

said. "I don't ask your sympathy, but spare me vour taunts.' He might have reminded her that she had demanded much more of his time this last

year than he had given to his novel, but he did not. His pity for her was genuine. She was so ambitious, so imperious, and he had failed her. He regretted his angry words the instant they had passed his lips.

"Dear, let us go out into the air. I feel as if I could not breath in here. The snow is very crisp. Let us walk through the woods to the farm house and get our supper. Then on the way back we can talk it over. I am going to try again. This failure means success in the end."

She shook her head. "It ends Mercer for us. They will never give you an instructorship now. They want

men with straight records." "But there are other universities," he

'None like Mercer. You don't understand. You don't share my love for it." She began to cry again.

"But everything is at an end now !" "Our love is not at an end " he said soft-"Dear, if you love me, I can do any-

Bazar. Birds that Crack Nuts.

There is a wonderful cockatoo in one of the islands of the Indian Ocean, near New Guinea. It is as large as a full grown pheasant, and it is of a jet-black color. The bird is remarkable for its immensely strong bill and the clever manner in which it is used. The bill is as hard as steel, and

the upper part has a deep notch in it. Now, the favorite food of this cockatoo is the kernel of the canary nut; but there is wonderful ingenuity required to get at it, for the nut is something like a Brazil nut, but it is ten times as hard. In fact, it requires the blow of a heavy hammer to crack it. It is quite smooth and somewhat

triangular in shape. The cockatoo might throw the nut down, in its claws like parrots usually do with their food, and attempt to crush it, but the smoothness of the nut would cause it to fly out of the beak. Nature appears to have given the possessor of the wonderful bill some intelligence to direct its powers, the note of hysteria. He went over to her for the cockatoo takes one of the nuts edgewise in its bill and by a carving motion of

the sharp lower beak makes a small notch on it. This done, the bird takes hold of the nut with its claws and, biting off a on the upper part of the bill. Then the nut is seized between the upper and lower parts of the bill and prevented from slipping by the peculiar texture of the leaf. A sharp nip or two in the notch breaks off a tiny piece of the shell of the nut. The bird then seizes the nut in its claws and pokes the long, sharp point of its bill into the hole, and picks out the kernel bit by

bit. The cockatoo has a very long tongue which collects each morsel as it is broken off by the bill.

This is a wonderful process, forit is quite clear that without the leaf nothing could be done, and it proves how certain struc-tures in birds are made to destroy certain parts of plants.

-----The American Bankers' association represents a capital of from \$5,000,000,000 to \$10,000,000,000. With such wealth under its control, it will not be difficult to have it put into the bow. To rehair a for it to secure almost anything that it may ask for, but there are somethings which required being greater. has just asked Congress to pass a law, legally establishing the gold standard. do you think of such a request at this time -with a presidential election near at

hand? Congress is no doubt willing to do a great deal for the American Bankers' association. But to take such a radical step as that suggested, at this time; can hardly be done.

Joe Patchen Sold.

H. Y. Haws, of Johnstown, has sold his famous racer, Joe Patchen, to Senator Mc-Carthy, of Goshen, N. Y. Haws paid about \$20,000 for Patchen a few weeks ago in Cleveland, O. It is understood that the price paid by Senator McCarthy, whose check arrived last week was in excess of what Haws paid. Mr. Haws says that Senator McCarthy

General and Commander-in-Chief of North-"I loved you, yet you lost this degree," will put Patchen on his stock farm near she added. "Don't talk of love, or you'll drive me to say that that is over too." Goshen. This may mean that Patchen will never be seen again in a race. will put Patchen on his stock farm near ern Nigeria, will leave England for West Africa in October. He will make his capital and government house at Jebba.

The horse hair used in making violin and other similar bows is imported from lead and other melted junk; I heard the Germany, a considerable part of the hair merry clown get off the jokes we used to thus imported, however, coming originally known when we were boys together, John, from Russia. Horse hair for these pur some twenty years ago. The same old horses waddled 'round the same old kind poses is white and black; the black is the heavier and stronger, and is used in makof ring; the same old comic vocalists proving bows for bass viols, because it bites ed that they couldn't sing; the sam the big strings better. In preparing the hippopotamus was grunting with disgust; hair for use in bow making the white hair the same old Persian ox was kicking up used for violin bows, is bleached to bring the dust; the same old rheumatic acrobats it to its final whiteness.

crawled painfully around, and the ossified The standard violin bow is twenty-nine contortionist was crawling on the ground inches in length: longer bows are made to and ladies rode barebacked steeds to music order. Shorter bows are used by young sad and slow-the same old girls we used persons, but the bow commonly seen in to see some twenty years ago .- Minneapolis the hands of a violin player is twenty-nine Messenger. inches long. Horse hair for violin bows is imported in various lengths, but mostly in lengths of thirty-six inches. Hair sufficient for one bow is put together in what is called a hank. The hanks are tied up agent of the Agricultural Department at Washington, relative to the agricultural in bundles of a dozen hanks; these are bundled in grosses, and the gross bundles condition of Lancaster county, he shows

are put together in great grosses, in which shape the hair is imported. There are grades and qualities of the

horse hair, but the best is not very costly. A hank of the best white hair can be bought for 1s. it might cost 1s. 6d. more

"Women often send messages to their welfare of a country when the returns from toil are so small that the owners refuse to dressmakers or to dry goods shops on postal cards," says the Ladies' Home Journal live on their farms. attaching a bit of cloth, ribbon or samples. This makes the card unmailable, so that it ---- The village of Sainte Foy de Tarenis always sent to the dead letter office and invariably destroyed. Men-presumably

men-not infrequently paste a clever joke or a telling political fragment upon a postal card and send it to a friend—at least, start it, but it never arrives. Nothing can be attached to a postal card, nor may one word be written on the address pendicular, and the interiors and cellars of side except the address itself."

> -General Schilder, of St. Petersburg, is writing a biography of Czar Alexander I. in twenty volumes, of which four have been published.

Falling Off in Farm Values.

He

"I meant to say that my life will be women of good families who never go more lonely without you; that you are my daily than two weeks without terrible attacks of thought and my nightly dream. I would neuralgia or rheumatism or something else go any where to be with you. If you were that causes excrutiating agony. The doc-tor is called in and tries to relieve the in Australia or at the North Pole, I would fly to you. I''-"Fly! It will be another century be-

woman, but nothing relieves her until he tries morphine. If he is clever enough to see through the thing and too conscientious to help out the little farce, he gives up the case. Another doctor is called in and another, until one prescribes what is wanted. This is an old, old game. Many a struggling young doctor has thought his fortune made because a wealthy woman in his neighborhood called him in, but when she is seriously ill she goes back to her old

doctor. She only wants the new one to prescribe morphine for her neuralgia.

There's no use in the world for a doctor acquiring the morphine habit. He knows better. Yet some of the doctors do it. One famous old New York doctor used to take his morphine as regularly as he took his breakfast, and whenever he gave a hypodermic injection to a patient he took one himself while he had the syringe out, just for sociability, I suppose. He never went to pieces under it, but I presume he would

have done so in time. "No one but a physician can realize how this special vice is increasing and how serious a problem it presents. As a class the medical profession takes a strong stand against it, but I confess I'm feeling rather discouraged. The person who takes a dose of morphine for anything within the limits of endurance is a fool—but the world is ull of fools."

Seven Prospectors Died in Alaska.

Otto Thews, of Primrose, Ia., who has arrived from Copper river, Alaska, brings news confirming the reported deaths of seven members of the Scientific Prospecting company, of New York. The dead are: Earhardt, Miller, Allerman, Schutz, Peter Siegel, Butner and Baumgartner.

In a report made by E. T. Peters, special George Hooker, another member of the party, got out alive, but is badly crippled with scurvy, which carried away the ma-jority of his companions. Baumgartner that there has been a surprising decrease in farm values. He says that a farm here that once sold at public sale at \$250 or \$300 went out hunting and was never seen again. The most affecting case was that of Butner, who was driven insane by his sufferings. His weak companions had to an acre now brings only \$125 an acre in the strap him down, but even then they could not restrain him. One morning Butner was found sitting in the snow with his clothes off. The mercury was 45 degrees below zero. Butner was taken inside, but he died in a few hours. The party camped at Twelve Mile, just beyond Valdez Glacier.

Thews also brings a grewsome story of the remains of a whaler named Smith, who perished last November on Valdez Glacier. All the flesh had been eaten by ravens. The remains were identified by clothing and effects. His purse, containing \$250, was among the effects. A prospector named Austed, a partner of Smith, said a money belt which contained a sum of money was missing.

Thews said he had a close call crossing the glacier. He fell into a crevasse 1,000 feet from the top, but the pack on his back caught him and held him until his companions could come to his rescue.

-Paul Kruger's salary as President of the Transvaal Republic is \$35,000 a year.

bell tower of the church is out of the persome of the houses show enormous cracks and fissures. -Colonel Lugard, the new Governor

taise, in the department of Rhone, is attracting attention because of a curious local phenomenon. It is situated on a small plateau, which for some time has been in slow but continuous motion. Already the

market, and farm properties generally bring only one-half their former prices. In many instances farming is being conducted bass viol bow costs more, the bulk of hair at a loss, and this is the case with some of the finest properties in the county. From careful inquiries he believes that fully 50 per cent. of the farmers are tenants. How Postal Cards are Wasted. concludes that it is a bad indication for the

but it would not break; or it might hold it to be able to do who is not thus impeded heard the toothless hons howl, while men in spangled clothes stepped fearlessly into their dens and whacked them on the nose. Hair for Violin Bows. I saw the sacred elephant spout water through his trunk, the salamander eating