

Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. 23, 1900.

O HEART. GIVE THANKS.

O heart, give thanks for strength to-day, To walk to run to work to play! For feasts of eye; melodious sound; Thy pulse's easy rhythmic bound; Thy servants that they will obey.

A mind clear as the sun's own ray; A life which has not passed its May; That all thy being thus is crowned,

Feet helpless lie that once were gay; Eyes know but night's eternal sway; Sonl's dwell in silence, dread, profound : Minds live with clouds encircling round; In face of these, thy blessings weigh! O heart, give thanks.

AUNT NABBY'S THANKSGIVING.

It was "in war time." November had come; with it good Governor Andrews's Thanksgiving Proclamation, and before their comfortable fireside sat farmer Allen and his kind old wife.

He was enjoying his evening pipe; she, in her split-bottom rocker, was busy with

her knitting. He had just laid down his daily paper with some word of praise for the honored governor, and his wife, picking up the thread of a conversation dropped shortly before, said earnestly, "It lies heavy on my conscience, Timothy; It cau't sleep nights for worrrying of it. A Thanksgiving without a big dinner—think of it!"

Livel Timothy took the prime from his Uncle Timothy took the pipe from his mouth and looked into the fire.

"It does make a gloomy enough picture, you're right," he said; "but I don't know how you're going to make it brighter without a sight of work, Nabby.

'Work !" exclaimed the little old ladv. shaking her cap strings energetically, "Who minds a bit of work when it will be rewarded by the sound of merry voices and the satisfaction of knowing that those children have had enough to eat for once. Why, father, if you could have been there yesterday, you'd be as downright worked

up as I am.
"When I looked into Emily's cottage and took that poor, puny baby in my arms, the tears rolled right down my cheeks; I couldn't help it; and Emily, she cried too. Timothy Allen, I made up my mind then and there it was our Christian duty to have 'em all here for Thanksgiving; seeing, too, that Emily's man is off to the war a-fighting for his

Uncle Timothy wiped the sympathetic tears from his eyes and brought his fist down emphatically on the broad arm of his oaken chair.

"You're right, mother, and we'll do it," he said. "We ain't had a big Thanksgiving dinner in this room for these ten years, and it'll be right nice to bring the old times back again. Now, let me see," he added slowly, "that biggest turkey is the one. The ducks are in prime condition, and the pumpkins are the largest 1've raised for twenty years."

"I'd better begin on my pies to-morrow, don't you think so?" put in his wife; "we must have a powerful lot of 'em. I shall see to all that, but Dinah can take the poultry right off my hands. I must be sure and make some cymbals for the boys and-mercy !- I nearly forgot the plum pudding !

that she actually awoke the gray cat that the gay scene. The gray cat had been lying peacefully asleep on the

"This is the place for 'blind man's buff," said the old man, who in fancy was a boy again, enjoying his Thanksgiving evening.
"I must have Ben bring up some nuts from the wood-house to-morrow," he added, "and be sure you have plenty of raisins, Nabby; children are always fond of

Next day-what a busy day it was !-Aunt Nabby's cap strings weren't still for five minutes at a time, and Dinah's face

wore a perpetual smile.

"Law, missus," she exclaimed as she looked at the pantry shelves that evening, "them pumpkin pies looks as sweet an' yaller as a sun flower; an' my fingers is jus' itching to pull the feathers off that proud turkey in the barn-yard, yander."

"They do look good," said Aunt Nabby, clasping her dear old hands with satisfaction. "Now, I am going to clap on my cloak and hood and run over to Emily's with one of 'em, and let her know she needn't bother about her Thanksgiving dinner. No, I don't mind the walk. You tell father where I am when he comes in." Dear old soul! She hurried along beneath the darkening sky, humming a lit-

tle song to herself, she was so happy. quickly her knock was answered at the door of the cottage! And there she found the young mother with her chil-dren gathered about her, warming them-

selves before the scanty fire.

With what joy the old lady's invitation was received! How she comforted and cheered and helped where it was so hard to help, for they were of the proud and silent poor—those who suffer and say

nothing.
"Yes," she said as she arose to go,
"Yes," she said as she arose to go, "we'll have a real jolly time; and, by the way, here's one of my pies. Dinah and I finished 'em to-day, and I brought this for you to try. Now, father will drive over for you real early Thursday morning, so we can have a long day of it. I brought you the paper, too, Emily; thought you might like to see the war news. And now I really must be off."

The sun arose on Thanksgiving Day, wearing his very happiest smile, and called out all the tiny diamonds to sparkle on the scanty coverlet of snew that had fallen

over the earth the night before.

Dinah was up with the sun and had that fat turkey dressed and ready for the oven not to mention the two ducks. Aunt Nabby was trotting briskly here and there all the morning, and there was entirely too much bustle about the kitchen to suit the gray cat, so she went off and staid till

dinner time in the woodshed.

And what a dinner it was! The long table stretched out before the great fireplace did literally groan beneath its weight of good things, for, as Uncle Timothy said, it was "rather weak in the legs and you must be careful and not run against it hard."

But, nevertheless, how many things it held! The turkey—never was there a larger or better one, and just done to a turn, too—"a regular buster!" as Billy delightedly exclaimed. It would be impossible to describe the ducks, and as for the vegetables—the potatoes, the squash, the onions, the parsnips, and all the rest— my! it just makes me hungry to think of

And there behind the turkey sat Uncle Timothy, his face running over with

ing quite as happy as he. Then, to manage the ducks, there was their son Andrew with his rosy-cheeked boys on either side of him, and his bright-eyed wife to help to the potatoes and parsnips; and along the other side of the table sat Emily's two little girls, and the baby in his high chair age the ducks, there was their son Andrew tle girls, and the baby in his high chair (one that Aunt Nabby had brought down from the attic). and there was Emily her-

Behind Aunt Nabby stood Dinah, ready to put on the children's bibs, and near Uncle Timothy was Ben—Dinah's "ole man"-waiting to pass the turkey around; bless me! the gray cat was there, too, going from chair to chair and sniffing the odorous things as eagerly as any of

But before they began this feast even the smallest head was bowed, and Uncle Timothy, his honest, hard, old hands clasped before him, asking a blessing for them and thanked the dear Lord for his

goodness.
After that they were all helped. And how they did eat! Uncle Timothy looked down the long table, a smile of satisfaction brightening his face.

"Now, if Harry was only here we would be complete," he said.

"Yes, if Harry was only here," mur mured Aunt Nabby, but as she spoke she saw the sunshine vanish from Emily's face and two hig tears appear in her eyes, so the old lady made haste to change the sub-ject by asking her if the dressing of the

turk y was seasoned as her mother used to season dressing.

Well, after those good things were stowed away, the splendid plum pudding and the toothsome pies were brought on claspic. and oh, such lots of nuts and raisins.

It took a long time, that dinner did, and when it really was over the children were glad to gather quietly about the fire and roast chestnuts while Uncle Timothy and Aunt Nabby told about the long-ago Thanksgivings and of the good times they used to have.

So the afternoon wore away, and the sun smiled good-night and went to bed behind the hills, and the soft twilight shadows crept in at the windows.

Then the children wandered away to find Dinah and beg a piece of pie or some of Aunt Nabby's "cymbals," as she called her tempting doughnuts; and when darkness had fairly come, Ben brought in two heavy logs that made the fire leap and dance so merrily it kept them all busy dance so merrily it kept them all busy running away from the sparks.
"Now for blindman's bluff," exclaimed

the little ones. So Dolly was blindfolded and away they all went, dodging here and there, tumbling over chairs and table, till the little girl grew tired chasing them, and, darting over to the fire-place, clasped her arms about Uncle Timothy's neck and cried merrily, "I've caught uncle; I feel

the shiny spot on his head !"
How uncle did laugh! "Why bless you, pet," he said, "I —By Ka haven't played blindman's buff for full Monthly. twenty years;" but, nevertheless, he took off his spectacles and laid down his pipe and let Dolly bind the handkerchief about

What a jolly time they had! Uncle Timothy made a capital "blind man," Uncle Andrew and Aunt Sally joined in the game, too; and, bless you, Aunt Nabby was not going to be left behind; she ran about with the children and briskly as

any of them.

In fact, the only one who did not join in the sport was Emily; but she sat by the fire, with baby in her arms, and laughed Aunt Nabby started so at having forgotten such an important part of the feast Dinah stood in the doorway and enjoyed veyed it from a secluded corner

But Emily had to join in the game in spite of herself. You see, the children were flying here and there, and Uncle Timothy standing in the middle of the floor, not knowing where to turn next, when Emily started to cross the room, and hearing a footstep near him, the old man sprang forward. Before she could say a word he had caught her, and snatching the bandage from his own eyes

tried to bind it about hers.
"Oh, but I can't play," pleaded Emily, endeavoring to take away the handker-

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Uncle Timothy.tying the knot still harder; "I guess, if I can—an old chap like me—you haven't forgotten how. Here, Dinah, take the

baby. Now, children, for a frolic!"

"Oh, I always did make a very poor blindman," she said, laughingly. "You don't want make the play with you?" blindman," she said, laughingly. "You don't want me to play with you."
"But please, oh, please," cried the children, while Dinah whispered confidentially: "Go an' jine in, honey. I'll take care ob de baby. Go on!" So Emily gave in to their wishes and did her best to enjoy

And now it came—the best part of the whole Thanksgiving Day.

It was when Emily was trying in vain to catch Uncle Andrew; when Billy was up on the table and Tommy was under it; it was just as the gray cat had rushed down the cellar stairs, and Dolly and Mab were hiding behind Aunt Nabby's rocker, that the door suddenly opened, and there stood a tall, handsome man in a soldier's

eloak. No one saw him but Dinah, and to he he raised a warning finger. The next minute, as Emily darted across the room, in pursuit of Uncle Andrew, she ran right

into a pair of strong arms.

Did she have to guess whom she had eaught-or, more correctly speaking, who had caught her?

Ah, there was only one shoulder in the world that was such a perfect rest for her weary head; only one pair of lips that her forehead just reached; one arm alone that could hold her so perfectly, and with a cry of joy and wonder she tore the 'kerchief from her eyes.

She had left her burden of care in that game of blindman's buff, and when the bandage fell away the anxious look went with it, and the eyes she raised to her husband's, though overflowing with tears, were as bright as the eyes he had looked

into when he went away.

But it takes so much longer to tell than it did to happen. Long before this Dolly and Mah and the boys were clinging to his and Mab and the boys were clinging to his knees, Aunt Nabby was sobbing on his shoulder, while Uncle Timothy held his hand and blessed him, and Aunt Sally was crying for joy in Uncle Andrew's arms.

Dinah was weeping over the baby, too, and Ben was praising the Lord with all his kind old heart; but how happy they were in spite of all the tears.

in spite of all the tears.

When the first great joy and surprise was over, they gathered about the fire and learned how Harry had served his country and now had come home to stay with them

"I made up my mind to get here by Thanksgiving Day," he said, while he sat with Emily's hand in his and Dolly on his

The drug clerk is still a l

smiles; and right opposite was Aunt Nabby in her best cap and lavender ribbons, look- in. Then I saw you all running about and my dear girl taking part in the game

his arm. 'Oh, Harry, when I felt your arm about me, I forgot all the worry and trouble; I only knew you had come home

to us—and—and—"
"Never mind, dear," he whispered "I understand; but it is all over now, and here I am. What a glorious Thanksgiving Day it is !"

His words found a grateful echo in every heart, and no one spoke until Billy, tired of solemnity, broke the silence. "How many men did you shoot, Cousin Harry ?" he asked. "Not many, I hope, my dear boy," answered Harry, looking into the fire. "Wal

is a very dreadful thing. I can scarcely see how I am sitting here now all safe and sound." "Oh, I think it's fun," cried Tommy. "When we're men we're going to go to war and kill lots of those wicked old

things! Ain't we, Bill? I guess they'll be sorry then." "I guess you'll be sorry, too," said Mab, with a shudder. "How could you bear to hurt 'em?" And she hid her face on her

father's shoulder. "You need not worry, pet," he said, stroking her hair. "It will be some time before Tommy and Billy are men, and ere that this cruel war will be over, please

"Let us hope so," said dear Aunt Nabby. clasping her peaceful hands.

"Massar Harry, might I enquire how t'ings is goin' down dar?" spoke up Ben

replied the old darky, solemnly shaking his head. So they sat and talked before the fire til Ben brought his violin, and then they all sang "Home, Sweet Home," even the chil-

dren feeling how much the words con-Sally brought in the boys' caps and coats and Papa Harry tied on the little girls'

And when they were fairly off; when there was a chorus of good-nights, and Ben stepped aside to let the horses go, and stepped aside to let the horses go, and stepped aside to let the horses go, and Dinah stood waving her apron, then it was that Uncle Timothy put his arm about his dear old wife; and giving her a hearty kiss said huskily: "God bless you, mother!" So ended Aunt Nabby's Thanksgiving. -By Kate Whiting Patch, in the Ledger

The Failing Eyesight.

Conditions That Give Warning of the

The three defects of eyesight which are nost commonly encountered in otherwise healthy persons and which can be more or less overcome by means of glasses are near sightedness, far sightedness and astigmatism These are all important, for, besides the discomfort and annoyance of imperfect sight, the involuntary efforts which the sufferer makes to see better strain the eyes and not only injure them, but also give rise, through reflex action, to the headaches and various nervous disturbances

Near sightedness, short sightedness, or myopia, as it is variously called, is a condition of the eyeball—usually a lengtening—in consequence of which the rays of light are brought to a focus in front of the retina and so the object is blurred.

This condition may exist from birth, but is usually the result of too much and too early use of the eyes, and in the case of students, engravers, women who do fine sewing and so forth. Thus we may say that putting children at work at some of the kindergarten exercises, such as per-forating and drawing, is in a double sense a short sighted procedure.

Many near sighted people refuse to wear glasses, preferring to deprive themselves of sight for everything beyond the nose rather than injure their personal appearance, as they think. This is another short sighted policy, for, besides loosing much of the joy of existence which comes from seeing the beautiful things about and above us, such persons are very liable to duced by constant strain.

A less common defect is long or sightedness or hypermetropia. This is the opposite of myopia, the eyeball being flattened or shortened and the rays of light onsequently not coming to a focus by the

time they reach the retina.

In this case the eye often corrects the defect more or less successfully by making the crystalline lens more convex, but it does this at the expense of the sufferer's nerve force, and so we often find tired and congested eyes, headaches, indigestion and even serious nervous affections. The effort to correct the vision is entirely involuntary, and can be overcome only by

the fitting of suitable convex glasses.

The third and most common defect is astigmatism. In this condition there is some irregularity of the surface of the eye or the lens by means of which the image as it reaches the retina is distorted. Untreated astigmatism is a frequent cause of headache and other nervous disturbances. The only relief is the wearing of glasses, at least while reading.

A Fine Distinction.

A young downtown drug clerk who had heard the story of the colored woman who had asked for flesh colored court plaster and was given black by the observant dealer, stored the incident away in his mental dust box and decided to use it at the first opportunity. He had not long to wait, for a few nights ago a comely colored girl stepped into the store where he was em-"Ah wants some cou't plaster," she said.

"What color?" inquired the clerk with

affected nonchalance.
"Flesh cullah, sah." Trembling in his shoes and keeping within easy reach of a heavy pestle, the clerk handed the woman a box of black court plaster, and he was surprised at the time that the situation afforded so little humor. The woman opened the box with a deliberation that was ominous, but she was unruffled when she noted the color of

"Ah guess you mus' 'a' misunderstood mah ordah. 'Ah asked foh flesh cullah and The drug clerk is still a little dazed

the contents.

knee, "and as I left the train and was hurrying towards the cottage I saw the light streaming out of these windows like ratory test hereafter before using.

The People of Siberia.

Not Four Per Cent. of Them Convicts or Politica

Statistics have their value when given comparatively. In following up the analogy which was always present in my mind in crossing Siberia, the analogy between that country and the United States, it is interesting to compare the area and the popula-tion of both. Siberia has 5,000,000 square miles to our 3,000,000, while our population of 70,000,000 over shadows the 5,750, 000 of Russia's Asiatic possessions, says Anna N. Benjamin in Ainslee's. Of this number 65 per cent. are Russians, the rest indigenous. But this average is brought down by the low per cent. of Russians in the ex-treme North, which, as in Northern Canada, is left almostly entirely to the aboriginal Eskimo, and to the hardy fur trader, while in Southern Siberia from 60 to 90 per cent are Russians. Not 4 per cent. of all the Russians are convicts or political exiles.
The number of convicts varies in the different sections. In the government of Tomsk, in the West, they only amount to one-sixth per cent. which necessarily makes a much higher average in some of the other provin-ces. These facts are fatal to the theory that the Siberian population is composed mostly of criminals and the sons of crim-

The Russians find the great northern steppes as bleak and as inhospitable as do the Canadians. Yet the mineral deposits and the fur trade attract a certain population. It is extraordinary to read of the early couquests of the Russians in this country and of their first settlements here, though there were no visions of an El Dorado to

draw men on. None of the country north of the Amur ever belonged to China, though that is the popular idea. It was inhabited by indefrom the doorway.

"Pretty badly. Ben, pretty badly. You and Dinah do well to be up here. But we will see happier days before long, I am Khan, who in return, paid tribute to the Son of Heaven. In finally obtaining pospin of the region, the Russian goversession of the region, the Russian gover-ment was urged on by its individual rep resentatives there, not by its own avowed policy, as it is to-day. The chief of these was Muravieff, whose name will ever be the little bubbles that form around and connected with Siberia as the name of above the sugar. If this is not done as Washington is with our own country. In Thus the day came to a close. Aunt where the Russians and Chinese have recently came in conflict, the Chinese relinquished all claim to the left bank of the great river. From that time dates Southern Si-beria's mushroom growth. Vladivostok is quired for fondant, and when it is reached Then Uncle Andrew drove around to the door with his big wagon, and they all got of this eastern section of railroad, is anothall the Siberian cities, to our centres of quick growth in the West. Only a large garrison creates a military society, which element of the population differentiates these cities from ours Absent, too, is the terms "hustling." The American city owes its birth and life to the energy of the individual, the Siberian city owes its founding and its continued existence to the government. A site is not selected in ecordance with the economies of business, but on account of military exigency. The city's tenure of life does not depend upon boom, but on the convenience of the government. Private individuals may follow n the path autocratically blazed, and turn whatever is possible to their own advan-tage, but the city is not there for them , but for the government. In spite of this fact,

business thrives, and men are making money, which speaks well for Siberia. Perhaps the most curious feature of all live and thriving. Our conception of prosperity in new cities is so associated with the clang of the trolley, the smoke of the factory, the weird writhings of the steam siren, and the bustle of the population

that it is hard for us to realize that pros-perity may exist in a place of dead calm. Vladivostok, Khabarovsk, Blagovest-chensk and Irkutsk all present the same features. Blagovestchensk in the heart of Eastern Siberia, on the junction of the Zeya river with the Amur, is, perhaps, the most interesting city. On the central square of the city, where the market is, face two large department stores which for size, beauty of architecture and variety of stock would do credit to any American of the city of stock would do credit to any American of the city of stock would do credit to any American of the city of stock would do credit to any American of the city of stock would do credit to any American of the city of stock would do credit to any American of the city of the city of the central they are completely covered with the cream, lift them out with a fork and place them on waxed paper.

IV. — PEPPERMINT OR WINTERGREEN city. The band buildings' the museum and other business and government houses are of brick or stone. Good schools have been established, so that it is possible for a boy there, as well in all Siberian cities, to receive a thorough education. In Vladivostok a training school for Eastern diplomats turns out graduates accomplished in Orien-tal languages to begin their careers as interpreters or secretaries of legations.

Miner's Wonderful Nerve. With His Back and Eight Ribs Broken, He Saw Doctors Set the Bones.

Michael Cinco, a Slav miner, is astonishing the doctors of Uniontown by his remarkable pluck and nerve. His back is broken, eight ribs are fractured and he is cut from head to foot, yet he persists in getting well, contrary to the hospital statement that he could live only a few hours. Cinco was caught under o heavy fall of roof in the Coal Bluff mines a week ago ane buried under tons of slate. His bones were protruding through his flesh and he was bleeding from many wounds while he lay there and directed the men who were digging him out. He chatted with the men who took him to a hospital, and when the doctors said he could not live he showed such remarkable pluck that they operated on him, while believing it was useless. He never flinched while they patched him up, set his broken bones and operated on his spine, and did not sink after the operation was over. He began to mend from the start, and the doctors now think that he will get well. Such a fracture of the spine as he had is always considered sure death, but Cinco's great vitality and deter-

mination is pulling him through

Askit—What is your understanding of the golden rule? Does it mean: "Do unto others as you would 'like' to be done

Bizness—No, my interpretation is: "Do unto others as you would 'be likely' to be

THAT THROBBING HEADACHE.—Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit of Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and build up your health. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by F. P. Green druggist.

-Subcribe for the WATCHMAN.

Home-Made Candies for the Holidays.

Now that Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays are approaching, I venture a few timely and entirely reliable recipes for de-

icious homemade candies. Before attempting to make large quantiies of candy, in order to understand the different stages into which sugar passes, put over a moderately hot fire a porcelain or graniteware saucepan containing a little granulated sugar and a little water and carefully note the changes, for the success of candy-making depends chiefly upon the sugar being boiled to the right degree, and this is not easily to determine unless the sugar is watched from the minute it be-

gins to cook.

The "ball" and the "crack" stages are those most necessary for the amateur candy maker to quickly distinguish. The former has been reached when, if a little sirup be dropped into a bowl of cold water, a ball can be formed with the fingers, and the crack stage is reached when the sirup hardens quickly and snaps asunder when

The sirup, over a moderately hot fire, may be stirred until the sugar is dissolved and no longer. When the boiling point is reached a scant one quarter teaspoonful of cream of tartar allowed to each pound of sugar will prevent the sirup from graining if the small bubbles which form on the sides of the saucepan are wiped away with a sponge wrung out in cold water as often

In making caudy select a clear, bright day for your work and the caudy will harden quickly and be dry.

FONDANT.

The base of all cream candies is foudant; it may be kept fresh for weeks by putting in a covered jar to exclude the air, and it is always well to make the fondant at least a day before the flavors, colors or nuts used in making the different bonbons are

To make the fondant put into the sauce pan a pound of granulated sugar and a pint of water. Stir until the sugar is all nine feet. His head was almost torn from dissolved, and as the sirup reaches boiling point add one-quarter teaspoonful of cream of tartar and carefully free the saucepan of the little bubbles that form around and often as it becomes necessary the whole

mass will grain. The boiling sirup quickly passes from one stage to another, and when large bub-

If the sugar hardens or grains it need atmosphere of nervous enterprise and businot be wasted, but can be removed to the ness push, the result of what the Yankee sauce pan with a little water and boiled again. It can then be used for other caudy but not again for fondant.

I.—CHOCOLATE CREAM DROPS. Form the fondant, flavored with a few drops of vanilla or rose water, into small balls and put them aside to harden. Melt an ounce of Baker's unsweetened chocolate and add two tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, the same quantity of sugar and one-fourth teaspoonful of butter. Stir until all the ingredients are smooth and then drop the fondant balls into it, and when they are quite covered remove them by slipping a fork under and lay them on

waxed paper. II.-CREAM WALNUTS.

tween them.

III. -BONBONS. Melt a small quantity of fondant in a bowl by placing the bowl in hot water and stirring constantly until the fondant be comes soft and creamy. Flavor and color it as desired, taking care that very little coloring matter (orange juice, green, carmine, chocolate) be used, for the bonbons must be of a very delicate shade. Have

DROPS Melt the fondant as above directed and flavor with a few drops of essence of winter-green or peppermint. Drop the liquid fondant off the tip of a spoon upon waxed

paper.
Chocolate coated peppermints may be treated to a coat of chocolate prepared as for chocolate cream drops.

V .- CHOCOLATE CARAMELS. Put half a cupful of butter in a sauce in cold water, a firm ball may be formed. Add a teaspoonful of vanilla after taking from the fire. Turn into buttered pans and when nearly cold mark it in inch squares and later wrap in waxed paper.

VI .- VANILLA CARAMELS. Omit the molasses and chocolate, add little more milk or cream and proceed as

The following candies require the sugar boiled to the "crack:"

VII.—GLACE NUTS. Boil a half pound of granulated sugar and a half cupful of water to the "crack." Take it off the fire at once. Have ready one at a time. When they are well covered lift them out on a fork being careful not to drain the sugar off, and place them on waxed paper. The work must be done quickly or the sirup will harden.

Sections of oranges, and single grape having short stems attached to each one, may be treated in a like manner, when they have been exposed to the air for several hours or until their surfaces are very

Boil one cupful of sugar, one-fourth cupful of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of vin-egar and the same of boiling water until the mixture becomes brittle, then turn in-to well buttered tins. When 2001 mark with a pointed knife into squares.

IX.-VELVET MOLASSES. Put into a good-sized saucepan three cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of water and three-tablespoonfuls of vinegar; when the boiling point is reached add one-fourth teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and when the mixture is nearly done add one-half cupful of melted butter and one-fourth teaspoonful of baking soda. Stir constant-ly during the latter part of the cooking.

When the crack stage has arrived, pour in to buttered pans, and when cold enough to handle pull and cut into proper lengths

X .- VINEGAR CANDY. Put into a saucepan a half cupful of butter and when it is melted add two cups of sugar and one-cupful of vinegar. Stir until the sugar is dissolved and afterward occasionally until when tried in cold water it becomes brittle. Turn on buttered plate or tin to cool. Pull and cut same as molasses candy -Blanche Gillette in The

Berriolo Hanged.

Has Been Thrice Reprieved but Finally Got His De-

Isaac Berriolo, who was convicted of wife murder last December, was hanged at Wellsboro, Friday. The condemned man accompanied by Sheriff Johnson and Dep-uty Lloyd, was taken from his cell to the scaffold which had been erected in the jail yard about sixty feet away. He walked the distance with firm steady step. When asked by Sheriff Johnson just before the cap was put over his head if he had any statement to make Berriolo said: "Goodbye friends, I have nothing to confess." Twelve minutes after the drop fell he was

pronounced dead.

The crime for which Berriolo was put to death was committed in Blossburg, in July, 1899. He was a harber by trade, and after a quarrel with his wfie he set fire to her clothing and she was burned to death. Following his conviction strenuous efforts were made to secure him a new trial and he was reprieved three times by Governor Stone, until the supreme court finally refused the application for a new trial. efforts in Berriolo's behalf were continued until last week, when application was made to the board of pardons for a rehear-ing of his case and which that body re-

As the trap was sprung at 12:09 o'clock his body and blood spurted three feet into space and then fell in torrents over the dead man's bosom and clothes from the gash cut into his neck by the rope which had severed the jugular vein. It was a horrible sight, one never to be forgotten by the 200 people within the enclosure.

Tried to Kill Hls Wife.

Afterwards George M. Harding Blew His Brains

George M. Harding, a well-known citizen of Reynoldsville, Friday attempted to kill his wife and then committed suicide by blowing his brains out. The wife will probably recover. The couple quarreled last week and separated, the husband charging the wife with infidelity. He took their two small children to the home of his parents where he also went to live. Mrs. Harding went to the home of her pa-

Harding called on his wife at her parents' house Friday and when she made her appearance he threw his arms around her and fired a bullet into her head. He then turned the weapon and blew his own brains out, his body falling beside his

prostrate wife.

Harding and his wife were both highly respected, they coming from two of the oldest families in the community. He was 28 years of age and was employed by the Reynoldsville and Falls Creek railroad company. His wife is 20 years old. At the time of their marriage quite a sensa-

tion was caused by the young couple elop-ing to New York state. Harding early Friday morning wrote a Siberian cities and villages is the quiet of them. The American finds it depressing.

Cream walnuts are made by pressing the number of letters, among them being one two halves of the nut on opposite sides of a to his parents asking them to forgive him The places seem half dead, yet they are a- ball of the fondant and flattening it be- for his deed and saying that he could not live through the disgrace brought upon him by his wife. He asked his parents to care for his two children.

A Natural Error.

A Little Boy Who Was Told the Angels Painted the

After dinner the guests of the -House, in the Adirondacks, used to repair ready the necessary nuts and drop them in one at a time. Stir them around until they are completely covered with the cream, lift them out with a fork and the stirled to impress upon the boy, who was but five years old, the marvelous coloring, and as the little fellow sat on his father's knee he would tell him that this was the work of the angels, who every night, while the guests of the hotel were

at supper, would paint with their fairy brushes the western sky. Night after night the child grew more nd more interested in the subject, and his belief in the legend grew stronger and stronger. But one day a shadow crossed his young life, his playmate, Johnny, after a brief illness, had died at the hotel. The little fellow's heart was nearly broken, but pan and when melted add one cupful of he was comforted with the fact that alpan and when melted add one cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of molasses and one-half cupful of cream or milk. Stir until the sugar is all dissolved, and when the boiling point is reached add three squares the little fellow had been laid away, the boiling point is reached add three squares the little fellow had been laid away, the of grated chocolate. Boil till, when tried of grated chocolate. Boil till, when tried haze in the western sky had dimmed the haze in the western sky had dimmed the colors, and the display was disappointing.
As Ellwood sat on his father's knee watching the sky, he suddenly looked up and said: "Papa the sunset isn't bright tonight. I guess this must be Johnny's.

The Animals That Do Not Grow Thirsty.

How long would you be contented with-out a drop of water to drink? There are many different kinds of animals in the world that never in all their lives sip so

much as a drop of water. Among these are the llamas of Patagonia and a half cupful of water to the "crack.",
Take it off the fire at once. Have ready
few warmed blanched almonds, walnuts on
butternuts, and drop them into the sirup
the sirup
the sirup
alies believe the only moisture imbibed by wild rabbits is drawed from green her-bage laden with dev. Many reptiles—serpents, lizards and certain basrachians—live and thrive in places entirely devoid of wa-

ter, and sloths are said never to drink. An arid district in France has produced a race of non-drinking cows and sheep, and from the milk of the former Roquefort cheese is made. There is a species of mouse which has established itself on the waterless plains of Western America, and which flourishes, notwithstanding the absence of moisture

Love Costs a Man His Nose.

John Calloway's love for Minnie Peo ples, of Huntingdon, W. Va., cost him his nose. Miss Peoples was engaged to marry Walter McConnell, but Calloway was persistent in his attentions to her. Recently McConnell saw Calloway going to the home of his intended bride. He secured a razor and followed. He slashed Calloway several times, one stroke of the razor entirely taking away his nose.

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