

THE LITTLE OLD HOUSE.

It stands at the bend where the road has its end, And the blackberries nod on the vine, And the sun flickers down to its gables of brown...

OLD PELICAN'S RUN.

The county fair was the great event of the year in the county of Tyrol in a Western State. The fair was held early in October of each year. It lasted four days, and about every man, woman and child in the county went to the fair at least one day.

He would want to try his luck at tossing rings, or trying to toss them, over caucers or pocket knives; he would want to try his marksmanship in the shooting gallery; he would want to see the girl thirteen years old who weighed one hundred and sixty-nine pounds; he would want to see the wild man of Borneo and the two headed calf.

It sometimes happened that there were boys who did not know these conditions of happiness. Abel Kent did not know them the fall that he was sixteen years old. He had never had a dollar of his own in his life; he had never had a new suit of clothes bought purposely for him; his best clothes were the cast off, ill fitting and faded or ragged garments of others; he had never had so many things that ought to be the rightful heritage of all boys.

The fact that he had two boys of his own about the age of Abel did not make Uriah in the least considerate of the poor boy. He was worked beyond his strength, and the selection of the boys for their dinner in the light wagon, drove away to the fair, leaving Abel alone at home. Mr. Ball's last words had been: "Now you keep busy, Abe, even if you do stay around the house seeing to things. I shall expect to find that little patch of potatoes back of the house all dug when I come home. You can do that by one o'clock. Then in the afternoon you can wheel the winter stoves from the woodyard into the shed until about three o'clock, when you'd better put some nails in your pocket, and a hammer, and take the old Pelican and ride over to the west pasture and fix the fence there by the brook where it is down. I want to turn the cows in there tomorrow, and you can fix the fence in a couple of hours if you are right spry and don't fool away any of your time. Keep busy. I won't have any lazy folks around me."

Uriah would appreciate his efforts to please and the real value of his work, and allow him to go to the fair for one day. Uriah had said once or twice that "eebbe" he would let Abel attend the fair, but when the time had come he had evidently forgotten or had ignored his half promise, for he did not refer to it, and Abel knew that it would be useless for him to speak about it. Rob and Sam had twisted Abel with the fact that he would have to stay at home, and not be "in it" with the other boys who would enjoy the attractions of the fair.

"And they say that there is going to be the finest racing at the fair this year that they ever had," said Bob. He said it because he knew that Abel dearly loved horses, and that nothing aroused his interest and enthusiasm more than a well run race. Abel had few earthly possessions, and the one thing he cared most for was Old Pelican, a very large and queer looking old white mule with a black tail and black legs. He was a nondescript and comical looking animal. One day when he was looking at a horse, he was asked to look at a horse that was a good deal away back. He was blind in one eye, and he had a way of twisting his head to one side and winking the other eye in a way that provoked shrieks of laughter on the part of those who saw him do this for the first time.

Abel was very fond of Old Pelican. It is not saying too much to say that the forlorn boy loved the queer looking old mule. He had been associated with the only happy days Abel had ever known, the days when he had a father and a mother who loved him, and when, poor as he was, if his home was, he was happy in it. No one but Abel himself knew how many times he had stolen out to the Ball stable in his loneliness and his unhappiness and, creeping into Old Pelican's stall, had put his arms around the old mule's neck and sobbed out his boyish sorrows. And it was evident that poor Old Pelican had a great liking for Abel. In his obstreperous moments no one could make him tractable so soon nor so easily as Abel. He had never been known to bite at Abel nor to kick at him, and he would sometimes both bite and kick at the other boys who were near his stall if Uriah Ball or his boys went near his stall. For this reason, Abel had the entire care of Old Pelican, and it was one duty that gave him pleasure.

After the Ball family had gone to the fair Abel went out to the stable and told Old Pelican about his latest disappointment and sorrow. The boy had a great longing for sympathy and love, and he said with tears in his eyes, to the old mule, while he patted his neck: "You care for me, anyhow, old fellow, don't you? I wish I could get on your back and ride away and never come back to this place. Will you go some day with me, and I'll give you a dollar, and you'll be as good as free. You are mine, and when I go away from here you shall go too if you are living then. But it isn't likely." Abel said with a fresh note of sorrow in his voice. "You are getting old, and I am afraid that Uriah is right when he says that you won't be able to hold out a great while longer. I shall feel that I have lost my best friend when you are gone, old fellow."

Then Abel went up to his room in the barn, and taking from the old trunk in which he kept his few belongings a letter, he had read it for perhaps the five hundredth time. The letter was one that had been sent to him soon after the death of his mother. It was from his mother's brother who lived away out in California. It read as follows: "MY DEAR NEPHEW—I was sorry to get your letter telling me of the death of my sister Mary. She was a good woman, and she was a good sister to me when I was a boy. I am sorry to know she was in such poor circumstances that you are left without a home. If I had the means to do so, I would send you to come out here and live with me, but I am a poor man myself, with quite a large family. But if you can earn money to pay your way here I will be glad to give you some, and I will treat you as one of my own children. You have six cousins here who would be brothers and sisters to you, and your Aunt Lucy would be a mother to you. We have room in our house for you and your horse if you can come to us. It would cost you about forty dollars to get here. If the time comes when I can do it I will send you the money to come and there will be a warm welcome for you any time that you get here. Your cousins and Aunt Lucy all say for you to come. Your Uncle, JOHN CARTER."

Abel always read this letter when he was sorrowful, and he found in it a glimmer of hope and comfort. Some day he would go to his uncle John, but that day seemed far away. Uriah Ball did not pay Abel wages. He never gave him even ten cents. He tried to make the boy think that he did not earn his board. When he was sullen, which was most of the time, he would declare that Abel did not "earn his salt." Abel folded the letter carefully and put it away, saying to himself as he did so: "I shall stand this much longer. If I had forty dollars I would put a bullet into Old Pelican so that Uriah could not abuse him after I am gone, and then I would light out for California this very hour. A man with Uncle John's heart wouldn't mind if I did come to him in shabby clothes. I'll never stop for clothes if I once get hold of money enough to take me to California." Abel then went out and hoed potatoes in the burning sun until noon. Then he ate his rather scanty dinner with certain reflections on the meanness of Mrs. Ball in not leaving him any part of the good things she had baked to carry to the fair for her own family's dinner. It was about two o'clock when Abel finished the task of wheeling the wood into the shed. Then

he brought Old Pelican out and started for the west pasture to repair the fence. The Ball farm was but two miles from the fair grounds, and Abel rode toward the grounds on his way to the pasture. He had reached a bit "in" from which he could see, a mile and a half distant, the fair ground buildings. He could see flags floating, and he distinctly heard the music of the band in the grand stand. He knew that the races would follow the band concert. An overwhelming longing to be a part of that merry and happy throng at the fair took possession of Abel. He did not have the twenty-five cents required for admission to the grounds, and he knew that there was no a boy inside those grounds so meanly clad as he was. He was barefooted, and the brim of his straw hat had broken loose from the crown behind, and it flapped about his shoulders. He wore nothing but a soiled blue and white hickory shirt and a pair of blue overalls rolled up to his bare knees. No, he could not venture inside the fair grounds in that plight even if he had had the price of admission in his pocket.

"Well, I know what I can do," he said to himself. "I can ride over to the west side of the grounds, and there is a little hill from which I can see the races from Old Pelican's back. There will not be any one there, for the buildings are all on the other side of the grounds. I can watch the races from the crown behind, and then have time enough to fix the pasture fence. I'll do it. Get up, Old Pel! We'll see something of the fair in spite of Uriah Ball." The old mule seemed to enjoy the prospect, for he went racing over the road in such a frisky manner that Abel said: "Well, I know what I can do. I'll give you an extra quart of oats I gave you. I don't know when I have seen you so full of snap." Abel laughed when the old mule kicked up his heels, tossed his head from side to side and went vaulting airily over the road.

Uriah reached the little hill at the back of the grounds in a few minutes, and Abel noticed that the upper part of a wide board forming a part of the high fence was broken off, and that he could get a very good view of the grounds by riding up to this broken board. He would be within a few feet of the racers as they rode by him, and he could see them when they rode to the finish in front of the judges' stand. The crowd had come to an end, and Abel could see horses being ridden into the ring for a race. Suddenly a gate near Abel opened and two or three men came out. One of them burst into a shout of laughter when he saw Abel and Old Pelican. "Well, if there isn't a good candidate for the free-for-all, go-as-you-please race!" cried out the amused young man. "If that old mule don't take the cake for looks! Isn't he a dandy?"

"The other men laughed, and one of them said: "Why don't you enter him for the great free-for-all, go-as-you-please race? He would create a sensation, and maybe he would win. His chances would probably be as good as that of some of the other old plugs that are to run. He is certainly more unique in his looks than any of them. I'll tell you what I'll do, boy! I'll give you a brand new dollar bill if you will enter that mule for the free-for-all race. It's going to be run in about fifteen minutes, and there is no red tape about entering this race. You just ride in and be ready to start with the others, and if you don't like to ride a steer in the race, and another man was to enter the race with a pair of goats hitched to a little cart. Still another man was to enter the race on the back of a pig, his only object being to create fun." "But that astonishing old mule of yours would be the dandy of them all," said one of the men. "Here is the dollar, if you want to take it and enter the race." He held out his hand and Abel had a dollar at one time. His eyes sparkled as he saw the crisp new bill held out towards him. He knew that Old Pelican was wonderful fleet of foot at times, and the old mule seemed to be on his mettle that day. Abel reached out and took the dollar, saying as he did so: "All right. You show me how to enter the race and I'll enter it." "We'll arrange it all right for you. Come along."

They opened the gate and Abel rode inside the grounds. A few minutes later he found himself galloping freely for the start with the other contestants. A great shout of laughter went up from the grand stand when Abel appeared before it on the back of Old Pelican, but Abel did not care. He set his teeth together and kept saying to himself: "Fifty dollars! California! A home where I can be happy! Escape from Uriah Ball!" He leaned forward and patted Old Pelican's long and scrawny neck and whispered: "Win if you can old fellow; win freedom from misery for me." Old Pelican twisted his head to one side and winked in a way that caused renewed screams of laughter on the part of those who were near enough to see the mule's comical look. There were ten or twelve contestants, and Old Pelican was the most striking looking one of the lot. He seemed to be coming from the moon, and he had a look about him that was peculiar, and even Abel laughed at the antics of the mule while waiting for the signal to start. He would bite playfully at the other contestants; then he would let his heels fly into the air and cavort around like a frisky cat. The man who had given Abel the dollar said with a look of anger on his cheeks: "I've had a dollar's worth of fun just in watching that old one-eyed mule. Some one will have to hold me when he starts off on the race or I shall faint. He beats the band! Cut up some more, old fellow!" He slapped Old Pelican on the side of his neck, and the mule responded by letting his hind leg fly out in a way that would have put an end to the young man's merriment had he not jumped aside. This created more laughter.

Suddenly the signal for starting was given. All of the contestants but Old Pelican started around the ring, but to Abel's chagrin and dismay, Old Pelican simply ran around and around in a circle, snorting and kicking until the other contestants were fully fifty yards ahead. Then the old mule suddenly "lit out," as Abel said afterward. He stretched out his long neck, laid back his one ear, showed all of his big yellow teeth, and went leaping and bounding above the track in a way that would have unsettled a less experienced rider than Abel. In less than three minutes he was neck and neck with the horses, and three minutes later the mule and a huge, raw-boned old roan horse, ridden by a boy about Abel's age, were ten feet in advance of the other riders. They rode side by side for a third of the way around the track, and then Old Pelican fell behind a little, but he was still ahead of the other contestants. When they were a hundred yards from the grandstand the big roan was fully fifteen feet ahead of the mule. Abel leaned forward and patted the mule's neck, saying as he did so: "Go it, Pel! Go it, old boy! Win for me! Go it for—"

He had to drop his whip suddenly and cling to the old mule's neck to keep from falling, for the old fellow suddenly plunged forward in long leaps, his breath going "chug, chug, chug," every time his fore feet touched the ground. In an instant he was neck and neck with the big roan, then he was half a length ahead, then a length, then he shot under the rope and gave a kick into the air that seemed to be a derisive sign of triumph. It created a perfect panic among the merriment among the spectators, but Abel heeded it not. He jumped from the mule, put his arms around the poor old fellow's neck and kissed his long face. Those who stood nearest saw that there were tears in the boy's eyes. Suddenly Uriah Ball came from the grandstand across the track to the judges' stand.

"Here, I'll take that money," he said to Anson Hoopes, the judge, who was about to hand the purse containing the fifty dollars to Abel. "The boy lives with me, you know, and that mule is the same as my own." Abel suddenly became bold and defiant. "The mule is not his," he cried out. "He is mine, and the money is mine!" "The boy is right," said Anson Hoopes. "He simply lives with you, Uriah Ball. He has never been bound out to you. And the mule is his. You have no right to a cent of the money." "I had to keep both the boy and the mule for several years," asked Uriah. "And haven't you boasted about how much more useful the mule had been than you thought he would be?" asked Anson Hoopes, who was one of the selectmen of the town. "I guess that both the boy and the mule have far more than earned their keep. Here, boy; this money is yours. Take it and keep it."

The crowd cheered, and some hissed the furious Uriah as he went back to the grandstand after saying: "I'll get the money yet if I have to hide the boy into giving it up." Presently he said: "I'll go and ride toward with the money in his pocket. Just when he had dismounted in the Ball farmyard poor Old Pelican stretched out his neck, winked, staggered and fell to the ground dead. With tears streaming down his cheeks Abel knelt beside the old mule. "Go to California," he said, and his hand was on the mule's head and his head was in the money in his pocket. "I'm glad of it, after all, poor old fellow. I'd rather see you dead here than to leave you to be abused by the Balls. Good-bye."

When the Balls came home Abel was gone, and his few belongings were gone with him. The family came home in the evening they found Abel sitting on their doorstep waiting for them. "You were so kind in standing up for me the way you did to-day that it made me think that you would let me stay here to-night," said Abel. "Why, of course you can stay, Abel," said Mr. Hoopes, heartily. "You have left Uriah Ball, have you? I guess it was a good thing to do, and I'll see to it that you don't go back there to have him 'hide' you into giving up that money."

Then Abel showed his uncle's letter, and Mr. Hoopes said: "Go on out to California by all means, my boy. I will help you about getting off. It is the very thing to do." Three days later Abel, neatly dressed in a new suit presented to him by Mr. Hoopes, and with a great basket of delicious lunch provided by Mrs. Hoopes, started on his journey to California. The train ran directly in front of the Ball farmhouse, and Abel, who had a forgiving spirit, stood out on the platform and waved his handkerchief in friendly farewell to the Ball family assembled on the porch. Uriah shook his clenched fist in return, and said something that Abel did not hear. By Morris Wade, in the Ledger Monthly.

The freezes of 1894 and 1895 killed most of Florida's orange trees down to the roots, but did not kill the roots, and sprouts since 1894 have grown into bearing trees. So general is this fact that Florida's orange crop this winter is expected to be about 1,000,000 boxes, and will be twice as much next year. There is no orange equal to Florida's orange in flavor and deliciousness, so that it commands a good price. This year's crop will bring, it is believed, about \$1.75 a box. In these cases the profit may be as much as in 1893-4 when the crop was 600,000 boxes. California oranges are good but the Florida orange is better. According to the Louisville Courier Journal, "The Florida orange is the queen of the fruits. Ponce de Leon searched the peninsula over for the fabled fountain of youth without success, but a wiser man would have been content with the first orange grove. The tropics produce nothing else so delicious, so refreshing, so pleasing to the eye, so seductive to the nostrils and so ravishing to the taste."

Fire early Sunday morning destroyed the machinery and carriage and storage house and residence occupied by W. F. Slagle and owned by George W. Sterner; the tin shop of George Meyer, the Ivory stable of William A. Hartzell and a barn owned by F. F. Billmeyer and operated by E. Woolsey. The barns of C. B. Lutz, L. N. Meyer and M. G. Quick were also badly burned. The total loss is estimated at \$22,000. Slagle's loss is \$7,000; Hartzell's, \$5,500; Meyer's, \$3,000; Sterner's, \$3,000; Woolsey's, \$500; Billmeyer, \$800. The fire is supposed to have originated in Slagle's place by the explosion of a barrel of gasoline.

About the Chinchilla.

Very few people seem to know much about that finest and most delicate of furs, the chinchilla. Were it not for its lack of durability, the skin being thin and light, this loveliest of pelts would be more used for whole garments. As it is, most of us are content to have it for collar and revers, facings, collarettes, and muffs. It is expensive to start out with, about the price of a seal skin, and doubly so, when you consider that its wearing qualities are quite below seal. But it is lovely and becoming, and when you consider that it will last a number of seasons if no strain be put upon it, you can't wonder that so much of it is sold.

Some make the mistake of thinking that yellowish, or dull gray, or greasy skins are imitations; rather are they the coats of different sorts of chinchillas which come from Chile, Buenos Ayres and La Plata. The real chinchilla, the sort which is worth having, and which has made this fur fashionable comes from the mountainous districts of Peru and Bolivia, the very choicest being caught near Arica—the place, you'll remember, where Dauget was having Japan go as consul when the now famous Sango disappointed him. The perfidious Pizarro found the Incas wearing garments of this exquisite fur, and also, no doubt, had his own coats lined with it, just as he lined his pockets with the gold of his most noble victim. The chinchilla, robed that it is, lives upon vegetable matter, and is about nine inches in length. The tail measures five or six inches, and the ears, which are all hairless, are rather large, broad and silky. Grey is the color of the fur, with blue for the ground color. The light parts are a slate-white, while down the back it is of a dark blue or black cast.

HOW CHINCHILLAS ARE CAUGHT. While the half savage South American Indians still do the catching of these nimble and cautious animals, they no longer surround their holes in the earth with a network of cactus upon which the poor little things used to impale themselves after being lured out and scared into trying to escape. Besides this punctured the skin, making it less valuable. Then they tried smoking them out, but it turned the skin yellow. Now they use dynamite. Having located their victims they form a network of grasses and hardy plants around a hill on the side of which the chinchilla burrows. A dynamite cartridge with a fuse attached is then discharged in the centre of the network, and the poor little things are frightened into running out and scampering for the cover of the bushes to the enclosure with clubs, and kill them by striking them on the head. To date this is counted the best way out of a bad job; it is a quick death, and does not damage the skins, which bring up to \$15. The skins are immediately removed and placed on bushes to dry, the Indians often making their next meal from their helpless victims. Some Indians hunt them with ferrets.

In New Amsterdam. New Year's With the Dutch Settlers. When our Dutch ancestors departed from the Hall Moon in the harbor of Manhattan in the year 1614, they brought with them their native Holland nothing of that spirit of religious intolerance which distinguished the New England Puritans who came six years later, says the Utica Observer. In fact, they were denounced by their Yankee neighbors as "milliners' crew," but it is now plain that they loved their homes and families, they forgave their enemies, and they fanned to flame the spark of national honor which they possessed.

When Peter Stuyvesant came to New Amsterdam as Governor in 1617, he was quickly dubbed "Old Silverleg" because he was a veteran who had given in to the cause of his country and replaced it with a substantial wooden one bound with silver. Though Governor Stuyvesant was a harsh and cruel man, all accounts agree that he was a good ruler, but in 1694 one of the New Amsterdam neighbors demanded his surrender. "Old Silverleg" was forced to yield, his people refusing to fight. So the British took possession of the island of Manhattan and christened it New York, the same being the egg from which is hatched that Greater New York which to-day stands forth the second city in the world. But what did our Dutch ancestors do to distinguish themselves? Well, they kept Christmas and New Year's day, both of which were frowned upon by the Massachusetts Puritans. On New Year's morning the old Dutch burgher would start forth from his own door and visit his neighbors, collecting all the money due him from the solvent debtors and forgiving the insolvent ones, and, having drunk numerous nugs of punch with the solvent and insolvent alike, he returned to his home a better man, more forgiving in spirit and (whisper this!) more religiously minded than his New Amsterdam neighbor who had spent the day precisely as he spends every other weekday in the year.

Why have we forgotten the example of our Dutch ancestors? We all keep the Fourth of July, sacred to Liberty. We all keep Thanksgiving day out of respect to the pilgrim fathers, perhaps, but more out of gratitude to the Giver of all good things. We all keep Christmas out of love of Him whose birth it commemorates. Why don't we keep New Year's? Are we recent sons of our Dutch ancestors who first settled New Amsterdam? His Opportunity. Miss Atkyns—Do you know, sometimes it seems to me that the prettiest girls marry the homeliest men? Mr. Wilkyns (promptly)—Am I homely enough for you, Miss Atkyns? Here's Good Luck. The touch of a hand, the glance of an eye. Or a word exchanged with a passer-by. A glimpse of a face in a crowded street. And afterward life is incomplete: A picture painted with honest zeal. And we lose the old for the new ideal. A chance remark or a song's refrain. And life is never the same again. A friendly smile, and love's embering spark. Leaps into flame and illumines the dark. And they pick up the thread of hope again. Thus never an act or a word or thought. But that with unguessed importance is fraught. For small things build up eternity. And blazen the way for destiny. —Answers. —Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

The Carrier and the Country.

In his annual report Postmaster General Smith lingers lovingly over rural free delivery. There are now, or were on November 15th, 2,614 rural free delivery routes and they serve 801,624 persons. The appropriation for this purpose for the current year is \$1,750,000. Mr. Smith estimates that for \$12,000,000 more there could be practically a daily delivery of mail at every door in the United States. He says that rural free delivery increases correspondence and postal receipts, raises the value of farms, checks migrations from country to town, cannot be given up and must be extended.

This enthusiasm is creditable to the Postmaster General, who wishes to give a daily mail to everybody and to put the remotest part of the country on a substantial equality with the cities so far as mail delivery is concerned. But we do not understand that free delivery is in the nature of a right or even of a necessity either in city or country. It is a great convenience in the former, where the concentration of population makes it easy and, considering the great number of persons served, inexpensive. In a sparsely settled country it can be accomplished only at a great loss; and the quickening of the spirit of correspondence thereby has no effect upon the postal receipts proportionate to the outlay incurred. At the same time, if the country people want it, they will get it; and for the sake of an exceedingly small increase of cost, the extension of it may be made very gradually. Mr. Smith's generous dream of prophecy of a daily delivery for everybody should be some time in coming to fulfillment, for \$12,000,000 makes a huge hunk of an appropriation. It is unfortunately or fortunately true that the extension of rural free delivery is costly and not always arduous. Looking forward to the twentieth century we seem to see a land of endless railroads and trolleys, a people arrayed in garments of a fashionable cut, the farmer shooting along in his automobile, the letter carrier trudging over the lava beds, the remaining Indian playing golf on his reservation. There he comes to a halt, and he does not live the heart of a village, the necessarily rather isolated farmer of to-day, must have changed his nature greatly if he had not rather go for his mail than have it brought him.

The village postoffice and the village store are his exchange, his link with the world. There he comes to a halt, and he does not live the heart of a village, the necessarily rather isolated farmer of to-day, must have changed his nature greatly if he had not rather go for his mail than have it brought him. The village postoffice and the village store are his exchange, his link with the world. There he comes to a halt, and he does not live the heart of a village, the necessarily rather isolated farmer of to-day, must have changed his nature greatly if he had not rather go for his mail than have it brought him. The village postoffice and the village store are his exchange, his link with the world. There he comes to a halt, and he does not live the heart of a village, the necessarily rather isolated farmer of to-day, must have changed his nature greatly if he had not rather go for his mail than have it brought him.

It may be that the farmer has changed. Often he is too busy to go to the post office and he may be eager to have his mail brought to him. People are much alike anyway and more alike now than ever. Still, we believe the farmer to be wise and therefore we cannot believe he is in a verish anxiety to get his mail. This is or should be a vice of cities. In the country there should be more time, more deliberation a greater kindness to the nerves. A ujan should not get a letter too often. The edge of his sensibilities should not be nicked; and if he has a good man and true, he should turn over a letter a half dozen times, investigate the superscription and postmark carefully, and prolong the minute of opening with the formula "I wonder who it's from." —New York Sun.

No Plunage on Hats. Milliners Will Have to Use Something Else. The State game commissioners say that the game dealers of the state will not be the only persons affected by the Lacey bill. The provisions go further; they will affect dealers in plumage birds. The bill seems to be one of the most important legislative measures that has yet been enacted in this country for bird protection. Its main object is to prevent the shipment of illegally killed birds and game from one state to another, and its practical enforcement makes shippers, carriers or receivers of such birds liable to prosecution. The possibilities of seizing plumage birds illegally killed in southern states, even after they have reached the hands of northern milliners agents, is at once apparent. As a matter of fact, the leading milliners of the eastern cities, when visited by Dr. T. S. Palmer, of the United States department of agriculture, have willingly agreed to purchase no more gulls, terns, argettes, pelicans, grebes, or song birds; thus apparently settling for all time the issue of American wild birds in millinery. Careful watch will be kept in the cities of Pennsylvania for violations of the Lacey law and if any dealer is found disposing of the birds illegally he will be at once prosecuted. Formerly thousands of birds from the southern states were sent north all times of the year and scores of pothunters made profitable living shooting them and shipping them in open violation of the laws of their own states and of Pennsylvania. The loss through the sale of birds can easily be made up by the milliners along other lines, and none of the law's game dealers are determined on doing. The milliners have been greatly influenced by influential members of the Pennsylvania Audubon society, working in this state and elsewhere. The game dealers, who have determined to test the constitutionality of the law, will have a hard row to hoe. The promoters of the bill, when it came before congress, had the most renowned legal authorities in the country pass upon it and in all cases their verdict was that as a law it could be made operative and effective.

THOUSANDS SENT INTO EXILE.—Every year a number of poor sufferers whose lungs are sore and racked with coughs are urged to go to another climate. But this is costly and not always arduous. Do not be an exile when Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption will cure you at home. It's the most infallible medicine for Coughs, Colds and all lung and throat diseases. The first dose brings relief. Astounding cures result from persistent use. Trial bottles free at Green's, Price 50c and \$1.00. —Miss Margaret Coyne, a young lady of North Scranton, has received word that Dr. F. B. Smith, late of Philadelphia, whom she nursed six years ago during a lengthy illness, had left her \$20,000 in his will. She is a graduate of the University hospital, Philadelphia, and the daughter of a poor miner.