Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., February 20, 1903.

GOD AND THE CHILDREN. Last night, through bitter tears he cried, And, hating me, he fled, Then turning, full of wounded pride, And childish anger, said He'd ne'er again come back to me, I'd lost his love for aye, And, meaning all he threatened, he, Poor baby! ran away.

This morning in my arms he lies, His face upon my breast, And, looking up, with honest eyes, He says he loves me best; The punishment I gave last night, Has long since ceased to smart, The hate he had has taken flight, And joy is in his heart.

I think the good, kind God above Keeps children in His care And gives them of His deepest love The greater, freer share. Because their tears soon dry away

Before the smiles that wait To glow again-because that they so soon forgot to hate.

-S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald an debauard ? Ste

THE BIRTHDAY.

Mrs. Gibson had been ailing for a long time, feeling altogether discouraged, and spending much time in seeking reasons for her suffering. She could not satisfy herself by throw

ing the responsibility upon her manner of life, or upon that of her ancestors. She knew little of her ancestors, and if she had lived unwisely herself, she did not confess it. And so she carried her thoughts back into the question of the origin of evil, and said that if the Almighty were omnipotent he could have prevented it, and if he could not prevent it, then he was not almighty; and she felt rather elated at her syllogisme till she found herself tangled in their vicious circle.

The world looked dark to the poor soul. The children at their play seemed only born to die. If she saw two lovers on the path, she thought how soon it would all be done with. "Dust and ashes, dust and ashes," she said over and over to herself, and wished she were through with it ; and when her oleander tree blossomed in a profusion of fragrant, rosy bloom, she thought only that the tree was poisonous ; and when her cac-tus flowers started up like live flames, she thought only of the prickly spines on the stems; and while she tended the plants that latticed her windows, she thought that vegetable life was the only life to live; and when she saw the woodbine over her gate hang like a drooping crimson hanner, she said that beauty was a cheat and only masked decay. "Of course all this is disease," said the

said.

minister-for he often came to see her, even feeling her a peculiar charge, and eagerly

desiring to help her. 'Disease !'' said Mrs. Gibson, with small reverence. ''I'm as well as you are. Except, of course, for this neuritis." "Any one with neuritis needs toning up.

If you would let the doctor give you a ton-ic, you will take a more cheerful view of life presently."

"I am going to dismiss the doctor and his tonics. And I take a reasonable view of life now.

edged that human reason is fallible. I

smile changed to a gay laugh, and when she sat up, and when she came downstairs. in my goodness and wisdom. Try and have faith in the goodness and wisdom of although weak and white, and still forbidthat higher power." And the minister went out without giving her a chance to den outdoors.

The doctor had been congratulating himself on the faint bloom upon Mrs. Gibson's cheek one day. "It's the little cap May made for my birthday, and the reflection of the pink ribbons," she said. "I was try-ing it on when you came in." reply. The minister's manner had been so gen tle, his smile so kindly, that she had none

"Trying it on me," said the doctor

of the angry antogonisms she usually had when exhibiting her point of view. "I won't say any more," she thought, com-placently as the fly on the wheel. "I wouldn't like to unsettle his mind. He "You know, or you don't know, I've a birthday coming this week, and I've half a mind to make a little feast of it—anyway, takes such comfort the way he thinks. Why can't I take comfort in it?" she cried angrily. "Dear knows I need it !" And then she turned to the letter she had been so far as a good dinner goes, though good ness knows when I've done such a thing before ! I haven't been in the way of being glad I was born. But—I don't kuow— somehow May makes me feel as if it were reading when the minister came in-a letter in which May Vance, her husband's worth while to be here."

cousin, had written to know if she might spend the next year with her. May could "A tonic, to be taken, ad lib.," said the

have a position in the new library that would enable her to pay a small board, suf-ficient to cover any additional expense; and she was quite alone in the world and strong-"Yes; I'll have a nice little dinner-clam bouillon with whipped cream, roast duck, grape fruit salad, floating island. Perhaps ly desirous to he with some one who belong-ed to her. "As if I hadn't enough before, without that !" moaned Mrs. Gibson. "Of the minister'll come-

"I wouldn't wonder."

"And then I'm about tired of toast and tea. Something else would relish, may-"A good hearty dinner," said the doctor

without that !' moaned Mrs. Gibson. "Of course I can't refuse her, with all the spare room in the house, and she Captain Gib-son's only relative. Of course she must revolutionize, all my habits—and I a sick woman !' And, looking round the spa-cious room where the rugs and curtains of long ago, rich yet, even if faded, and the ancient mahoganies made deep and place "And it will make a man of you !" May was nearly quite herself; and as she sat in Nora's spotless kitchen the next day, straining the cherry cordial made before she was ill, she sang softly half under her ancient manoganies made deep and pleas-ant shadow, where the old portraits, reflectbreath.

"My mother used to sing that hymn." ed in quaint mirrors, seemed to people it, and the yellow ivories and hammered silver said Mrs. Gibson, in the doorway. "I wonder what is the peculiar pleasure in and brass that Captain Gibson had brought singing hymns."

and brass that Captain Glosol, had brought back from the Orient gave a certain foreign interest, she felt a pang of parting with the personal sense of possession and quiet. "No," she said to herself; "if any one be-longing to Captain Gibson wants a home here, why, here it is. I suppose it will seem pleasanter to her than it does to me. For me, part 12 like to fly away from it "Why," said May, "there is nothing quite so sweet and fine as music-except prayer, you know. And put prayer to music, and it sometimes seems to give you wings; and I don't know why, but those wings seem to lift you over trouble very For my part, I'd like to fly away from it all, if I didn't know it was myself I want The bell was tolling through the t The bell was tolling through the twilight

to fly away from, after all !" And May Vance came; rosy, smiling, her for the Wednesday evening prayer meeting

an hour or two later. "Oh, I wish I could go to prayer meet face like a sunbeam, her laugh contagious, full of life and health and gladness. She started the garden herself; filled every jar ing !" said May, looking out of the window

vistfully. "The idea ! Well you can't," said Mrs. in the house with wild flowers, and with big green houghs, when howers, and with big green houghs, when there were no flow-ers;; could be heard singing the first thing in the morning; came from her work at noon like a delightful breeze blowing into Gibson, authoritatively. "You go for me," said May, caressingly.

with sudden daring and persuasion. "I !"

the house; went to church on Sundays and to evening, meeting on Wednesday as nat-urally as she breathed; and took it for granted that Mrs. Gibson was as pleased to have, her there as she was pleased to be there. "It is so good," she said once, "to "Yes, dear, you. I should feel almost a if I were there." Mrs. Gibson said to Nora that she hated

to refuse Miss May anything. "Sure, 'twould be a crying shame-the

little white lamb she do be," said Nora. But Mrs. Gibson hesitated. Why she be with your own people." Somehow it wasn't in the habit of going out evenings. touched Mrs. Gibson to be thought of as Yet, as all her other habits were being re Any onels own people. "You seem to be very content" she versed, she might, she might possibly, give up this point too. It was only a few steps. She was certainly feeling better. But then "Yes, indeed," May answered. "How can Thelp it is such a beautiful world !" "Beautiful !" exclaimed Mrs. Gibson.

the night air—well perhaps it wouldn't do her any harm. She had no earthly interest in prayer meetings, to be sure, or unearthly either. But if it would really give May pleasure —and —and — what would the neighbors think? Well, she had not much cared, all her life, what the neighbors thought, or said, for the matter of that ! She wouldn't begin now. To her own

roses or of new mown bay, soft films of snow white oloud wandered over the velamazement, Mrs. Gibson went. The minister happened to meet her at the very bue of the sky, and the sunshine was like golden ladders between heaven and earth. And at night, when evening bells door, and he took her in and seated her himself. She did not join in the prayers at first. Why should she? She had come rang over the water with a far away sweet and, subtle music as if ringing from some unknown land in the afterglow of the west, only to please May. How could she? She had long lost the habit of praying. But she listened to the psalm, "The Lord is my where a new moon melted in the light, and shepherd," aud a new meaning struck her onics. And I take a reasonable view of ife now." "Well," said the minister, "it is acknowl-dged that human reason is fallible. I

ute and sent a rosy blaze dancing through the room. "You never shall in the world ! This house is big enough for ten. You shall live here with me. I will keep to my

own quarters, and you shall fit up the other rooms for yourself in any way you please, and I won't bother you a bit, or even argue any more with him. I'm feeling as if I had been cured, whether it's by medicine or by miracle—the way the doctor said I would be. And I'll have a share in the goings and comings, and in the life and love !" she cried rapturously. "Oh, he setteth the soli-tary in families. I wonder if all this happiness is what is meant by 'these things shall be added unto you'? Child, what a blessing you are! What thing will you be the means of my doing next? You never will know anything about what you have done for me already, because I can't talk about it. But if I get into heaven at last, it will be by holding on the skirts of your garments. Do you suppose the minister will come to dinner tomorrow if I send round and ask him? I've something to say to him. It's my birthday, you know. Not just my birthday on this beautiful planet, but the birthday of my soul into everlasting life !"-By Harriet Prescott Spofford in The Outlook

How He Photographed Schwab

Taker of Eminent Men's Pictures Hid Roadside on the Drive to Loretto.

A famous photographer, who makes it a business to secure photographs of eminent men, told a New York Sun reporter a few days ago how he managed to get a picture of Charles M. Schwab. After telling how he made \$5,000 from one negative of Admiral Dewey, he said :

I'm reminded at this juncture of the time I got ahead of Charles M. Schwab. It hap-

pened last summer. I was sent to Loretto, the little Pennsylvania mountain town where Schwab spent his boyhood and where he has built himself a magnificently appointed home. It was easy enough to secure Mr. Schwab's permission to photograph his residence, and, in fact, everything that belonged to him in Loretto, except himself and Mrs. Schwab. He was pleasant enough about it, but ex-ceedingly firm in his refusal. In the hope of catching him unawares, I loafed around the town for a couple of days, but he turn-ed the tables on me and left town for the East one morning before I'd got up. Before taking the stage for Cresson, the

nearest railroad station, six miles away, I found out that Mr. Schwab would return in a week's time. Then I went on to Pitts-burg, where I had some work to do.

On the day appointed for Mr. Schwab's return to Loretto I arrived in Cresson, and, hiring a buggy I drove along the stage road until I reached the high hill just a mile be yond the village limits. Here I hitched my horse at the side of the road and seated myself on the ten-foot enbankment overlooking the hill at nearly its summit.

It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon when took up my stand, and it was two hours later when I beheld a splendidly accoutred pair of horses begin slowly to ascend the hill. I knew them for Schwab's, because I'd seen the turnout before and because no one else in that region has blooded horses.

Slowly the horses came toward me, and pretty soon I saw who were in the traponeother than Charles M. Schwab, himself handling the reins and Mrs. Schwab by his side. For some reason or other they didn't see meuntil they were right under me, and then it was too late to do anything. I

smiled, as I saw Mr. Schwab throw up a sbielding arm full ten seconds after the bielding arm full ten seconds after the camera had clicked. Then, as he realized the futility of it all, he turned toward me

St. Bernard Dogs.

Some Anecdotes of Their Intelligence and Bravery. A New England mill-owner allowed his

pet St Bernard to sleep in the office, quite near his house, says a writer in "Country Life in America." As he unlocked the door one morning he heard a low growl, and there stood the dog over the prostrate body of a man. As the mill-owner approached the man tried to arise, but another warning growl made him drop back, ejaculating: "For God's sake call off your dog! He's been standing over me four hours." Burglar tools lay beside him. He was unbarmed and so was the safe.

A lady who was going on a long journey one summer left her "Brenner" in the care of a livery stable keeper, a friend who knew and loved the dog. Brenner was a very quiet and unobtrusive fellow, careful to keep out of the way, yet always near at hand. So quiet was he that strangers Therefore, the same care should be taken thought him cowardly, and many times he was shoved about by teasing, human bul-lies—just to see what he would do. Brenner took all their rough jokes in good part until one day after his toes had been trodden on repeatedly by his chief tormentor. Finding it apparently impossible to pro-voke the dog, the bully turned upon the

stable keeper and began wrestling with him. Up sprang Brenner like a tiger, and pushing his great body between the men, he forced them apart. Then, erect upon his hind legs, he put his forepaws upon his

enemy's shoulders and uttered just one fierce growl. That was enough. His toes never suffered again.

A three-month-old pup, by careful observation, learned the connection between the pump handle and his supply of fresh water.

When the pan was empty and he felt thirsty he would seize the handle and shake it repeatedly as well as he could. If this proceeding failed to attract the attention of any one he would take the pan in his mouth and bang it violently against the pump. As he grew older he helped the boys about their farm work-or tried to-and with very little training became a good cattle driver, never annoying the cows by barking in front of them, but following them closely and pushing the stragglers gently to persuade them to rejoin their friends. When the door of the cow barn was opened it was the signal for him to go down the lane to the pasture and bring the cattle home. He was proud of his skill,

having been praised repeatedly for it. One blazing July day a chance visitor opened the door. Bravo, lying in the shade, heard and saw. It was hours too early and he was loath to leave his comfort, but the call of duty must be obeyed, and away hesped. The cows were taking their comfort, too, some resting under the elms, some stand ing knee-deep in the cold stream. Up they had come, one and all, most reluctantly nprised and sun happy. Bravo never un-derstood why he got such a rating that afternoon.

No other breed of dogs is more adaptable to changing conditions. Give him his friends and he is happy, whether hemmed in by the limitations of a city flat or free to roam over a hundred acres.

White House Expenses

The President has secured the transfer of his military aide and major dono at the White House to Buffalo, and thereby has magnified certain strictures upon his alteration of that historic mansion which other-wise would have been rated as petty and fit subject for mere jest. Now the people will hear what is the real cause of c

Pneumonia.

More Contagious Than Tuberculosis and Kills More

We wonder if the fact that patients and their friends ignore the contagiousness of pneumonia is often due to professional negligence. An exaggerated conception of the contagiousness of tuberculosis is held by the lay word, but pneumonia is, of course, far more contagious. And patients and profession alike have not realized the new fact that the mortality of pneumonia is in some cities and parts of the country higher than that of tuberculosis. Dr. Reynolds, of Chicago. turns to this lesson and emphasizes the necessity of the following measures: Pneumonia is a highly contagious disease,

the cause of which in a micro-organism in the sputa of those suffering from the malto collect and destroy the sputa that is taken in pulmonary tuberculosis, or in diph-

theria or influenza. During the illness the greatest pains should be taken to prevent soiling bed clothing, carpets or furniture with the spu-ta, and after the illness the patient's room should be thoroughly cleansed and ventilated.

The fact that the disease is most prevalent in the winter season, when people are most crowded together and live much of the time in badly ventilated apartments, makes obvious the necessity of thorough ventilation of houses, offices, factories, theatres, churches, passenger cars and other public places, in order that the air which must be breathed may be kept clean and free from infectious matter.

Laymen should be taught not to be afraid of a patient who has pneumonia, influenza or tuberculosis, but to be afraid of lack of cleanliness about him during his illness, of failure to enforce prophylactic measures and of close, badly ventilated apartments during the season when these diseases most prevail.

Since pueumonia is most fatal at the extremes of life—the young and the aged— special care should be taken to guard children and old persons against exposure to the infection of those already suffering with the disease and against cold, priva-tion and exposure to the weather, which are potent, predisposing causes.

Our Precious Metals.

They Are not Gold and Silver, as Generally Sup posed

What are your precious metals? "Gold and silver," you answer. That depends. If by preciousness is meant the value of the product in dollars and cents—our golden rule of measurement —then gold and silver are not the precions metals, according to the recently-issued report of the United States Geological Survey, which gives us the money value of the products wrested from the earth's dark laboratory in 1901.

The gold, the precious yellow metal poured from nature's crucible in this land ast year is valued at \$78,000,000, and if to this we add the metal value of the silver we have \$111,000,000. But what is that compared with the pig iron product of the same time, which is valued at \$241,000,-000? The iron produced is more precious than the gold and silver combined by \$130,-000.000.

Modest copper, Indian-complexioned copper, can put the Oriental hued gold to the blosh, for last year it enriched us in the sum of \$87,000,000, \$9,000,000 more than the value of the yellow metal. Even the base lead that was mined is one-third the value of the gold.

When we get to the minerals used for again distanced, for the building stone, clay, and cements that were launched by us into the channels of commerce in 1901 are valued at \$182,000,000. The gold and silver produced in the same time was \$71,-000.000 short of being enough to purch this output. When we go a little deeper and measure the value of the coal, petroleum, and natural gas that we purloined from beneath the fruitful breast of Mother Earth we find its value four times that of all the gold and silver taken from the same treasure house in the same time. Gold and silver may dazzle us with their brightness and charm us with their nimbleness, but in preciousness measured by worth of production and real usefulness they sink by their own gravity to the bot-tom of the list of minerals.

don't know why yours should be better than that of many greater scholars and thinkers."

"Because they all began biased," she replied, warming to the argument with a great but silent glorying in her intellect. plied, She had taken a fancy to the young minister, partly because he was young and part-ly because he had the face of a saint, she said; adding, for consistency's sake, if there were such a thing as a saint, a fair baired, blue eved saint.

What would you think of a little creature, that can see no further than it can dart its tongue, which should undertake to criticise the movements of the stars ?" he asked.

"Just what I should think of him if he undertook to explain their movements," she replied, with a triumphant self laudation in her tone.

"Mrs. Gibson, you are certainly a mos unhappy woman.

'That is so.''

"And I am a very happy man."

"I have your word for it." "You must confess that that is best for us

which gives us the most happiness?" "That is best which makes us stronger,'

said Mrs. Gibson, grimly. "Stronger for what—if this is all."

Mrs. Gibson looked up with a slightly startled air. Could he mean that her troubles were the purpose of making her strong-er for another life? She laughed a dreary laugh.

"It would take a good deal in your other life to strike a balance with this one for me," she said.

"You speak as if there were a balance due you, as if you had a right to happiness.

laws created me," she said, her eyes flashing. "He had no right to make anything in the world only to suffer." "Henever did."

"Well, then, there is a good deal to be

made up to me. I have lost all my money but just enough to drag along with. I have lost husbaud and children and friends and family. My house is as still, as lonely, as the grave can be—no youth, no life, no hope, no joy in it. I am ill, with an ill. that taxes strength and patience. I don't know of a pleasure I have, except that of talking to you !?? 'Did you ever think of making an end,

en ?'' asked the minister, daringly, "I-I suppose I am afraid," she falter then ?"

ed. "You have given up the whole point. Afraid? You can be afraid only of a hereafter. You can be afraid only of a power, in that hereafter. You confers the exis-

tence of that power, then, by your very fear —that power the furthest, the highest, of all power. Why not also confess that, as that power is the highest, it must have the highest of all expressions ?---and the high-est of all expressions is love."

"Love !" she exclaimed, with sharp

that, my friend. You value reason. That is pure reason. But don't you know-I am sure of it-faith is something of a finer guality than reason? If you were cling ing for life to the face of a precipice, and I, above, told you to reach up to me one of the hands with which you held on, you would do it, even though reason told you

divine in it,all, and the presence and value of beanty in the supreme thought. Mrs. Gibson could not have told you

But she checked herself; if the girl were

contents let her be content. It wouldn't last. It gouldn't. It was all a delusion-

And yet, it , was a beautiful world that

June day severy wind brought the breath of

dust and ashes, dust and ashes !

why it exasperated, her to see the minister walk home with May from the prayermeeting on these summer nights when, to them; at all events, the old planet swung very near the regions where time and space very ucar and regions where time and space cease; it was such idleness, she reasoned, such a tempting of fate, such a self decep-tion, such a heaping up of trouble for young folks to imagine they were happy ! May was very blushing and radiant in those days; the minister used to down in for a series days; the minister used to drop in for a cup of tea that May served on the veranda, and it did not meed the perfume of the sweetbrier and honeysuckle there to make him

drink as if it were nectar ; and although he praised the old china, yet all the time he was looking at May, who then was more blushing and radiant than ever; and May always strolled down the path with him, and they stood under the great tree boughs through which, as they glanced up, the white flames of the stars seemed the very lamps of the golden city. It disappointed

Mrs. Gibson, as she remarked to the empty room, that ministers should be nothing but men.

Mrs. Gibson was feeling very bad at that time; she suffered, and the medicaments to which she had returned seemed to be doing her no good. Yet the doctor had said that she was progressing properly, and with a little more courage and self forgetfulness one day the nerve force she was accumulat-ing would show itself, and she would find that she was practically cured. She did not believe him, to be sure. Who could

forget themselves in such trouble. She presently found out who could. For ss.¹⁷ May Vance came home one night with a "Wby, so I have ! If God is good and his flushed face and an aching head, and by morning was in a high fever; and when the

doctor went he sent a nurse, and for weeks life hung in the balance. "Oh, I'm sorry to be so much trouble !"

May sighed, in a lucid interval. "And I've so upset your house."

For suddenly Mrs. Gibson found that the months with this young girl had made an immense and happy difference in her life. Cheer and stir had come into the house with an atmosphere of peace and pleasure; she had looked for the home coming at

and how the second seco herself. And if she were to return to the old brooding and loneliness—no, no ! the whole world would be blacker than before! And when the minister came, she felt like imploring him to ask for May's life. And when the doctor said May would recover, Mrs. Gibson would have dropped prostrate with thanks before the unknown powers of the universe, if she had been sure to whom she should address those thanks. She heard the ringing of the church hells

"Yes. Love, Even although you fail to see it. But because it must be there! For there is no logical possibility that it should not be there. Convince yourself of the second address more thanks. She should address more thanks. She heard the ringing of the church bells with a new and indescribable sensation that day. She wished she knew how to reach that far-off power or person. Those bells reminded her of a time when she used to go to meeting between her father and her

dering it, "The greatest of these is love. and velled And then, as he turned back the leaves and read the thirty eighth and following this town instead of one, I'd have kept you guessing, all right."

psalms, "Thy hand presseth me sore. . . I am troubled, I am bowed down greatly I am fallen and sore broken. . . . Forsake me not, O Lord ! O my God, be not far from me! O spare me, that I may recover strength! . . . I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me. Thou art my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God !" she found herself joining in the petition of it with a wild cry of her heart. "Make no tarrying, O my God !" she implored silently and with all her might. She remembered, as the singing presently stirred her; the time when she went to meeting in her young days; she felt as if her father were sitting beside her now; the tears welled into her eyes and fell over on her cheeks. And when the minister prayed for a humble and contrite spirit, and that a sense of the Divine Presence should go with them all, she herself was praying with him with an urgent and compeiling force.

cheon or dinner in an hour. A breakfast oven, if the fire is made up fresh, is usually It was only a few words that the minister much quicker. A gas oven, with the gas a spoke, from the verse "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and normal, requires about three-quarters of an all these things shall be added unto you." But Mrs. Gibson felt with sudden convic-

tion as if folds of darkness had fallen from her eyes, that "all these things" were of no consequence before something infinitely be-yond them. She went out at last with a strange humility in her soul, conscious that she was a child to be instructed, to be led, that she was a beggar imploring bounty. What was it that the minister had once said about faith as finer than reason, faith itself as evidence? Yes, he had said love was the highest; but would that highest stoop to her? Yet what of that? she said swift

ly; the soul is a thing of immortal youth ! was a soft. close night, with an unusual balm and fragrance of fallen leaves in the air. She paused a moment inside her gate, and looked up at the dark sky where he stars were flung out in a gauzy banner of subdued luster. As she went on, a light wind came and blew through the mist, and as she glanced up across the bare branches of the elm the great evening star flared out at her like the face of a shining spirit; and to her excited emotion the deeps of heaven

appeared to open, and something-was it a comforting hand laid upon her, was it that Divine Presence come to her ?-something, something was making her aware of love and power and protection, as if it uphuoy-ed her over all the gulfs, in a way she had never known, had never dreamed. She fell upon her knees there in the path, hidden in the dark. "Lord, I know thee! Lord I thank thee !" she cried aloud.

Mrs. Gibson's face wore an unused Mrs. Gibson's face wore the does you renity when she went in. "It does you good to see people," she said to May. "I think I shall go to prayer meeting always now. I have been shutting myself in the lark, and all the time heaven was so near !" May ran and put her arms around her

neck. 'There are different regions of heaven," she said, hiding her face. "I have thrown high in the air and alighted on its been in one heaven ever since I began to get well. For-the-the Minister-I-the Minister.⁹

"May !" oried Mrs. Gibson in alarm. "You're not in earnest! Oh, what does this mean ! You're not going to leave me now for all the ministers in creation !"

"No," said May, drawing back, laugh-ng and blushing. "Only for one of them."

ing and blushing. "Only for one of them." "You shan't," cried Mrs. Gibson then, after she had poked the sea coal fire a min-

How to Treat an Old Friend.

derstand that, you can always put your po

steady coal ovens will bake a potato for lun-

to glory at the second they are due.

culiar points of traditional interest with "Say, if there had been two roads into

which modern society and its caprices had nothing to do. Colonel Bingham is accused of sending

to Congress in due course of his official duties estimates for increased expenditures at the White House, and of explaining the need of larger appropriations by alluding to some removals and innovations. In fact

A whole chapter might be written on the rationale of a baked potato, the simplest thing in the world to have just right, and no denial is entered of the accuracy either of his estimates or his reasons for their envet not one time in a thousand do you find largement, but the President is offended at it so. The other nine hundred and ninetyhis frankness of exposure. Nobody would nine times you meet a black, charred apol begrudge the presidential household the ogy for a potato, or else one long overdone, flabby, tasteless, sbrunken, wizzened. To have it perfect—hot, light, nearly

latest modern conveniences, and it was somewhat wrong to omit the fact that par-tially the President discharges the cost of ready to pop open like a chestnut at the slightest pressure—you must have a work-ing knowledge of your oven. Once you unprivate entertainment from his own pocket, but after all corrections, it remains a fact that expenses are doubled, and mainly because the whims of the occupants of the tatoes in at the same moment, sure of tak-ing them out in the full effulgence of pota-Nation's house have been too radical in re-Most

moving the ancestral appointments, and they were superbly artistic and costly. In his letter Colonel Bingham called attention to the silver door knobs and the gilt hinges of the redecorated White House.

He said that the new and costly plumbing would require the special services of an exhour. In "catching" your potatoes, try to get smooth, white skinned ones, medium sized pert; that the electrician would need an ssistant to take care of the 2,200 incandescent lamps and the electrical dish warmer and oval in shape. Scrub with the vegein the pantry, allusion to which was retable brush in plenty of water, rinse well, garded as an unnecessary advertisement of and drain. Be sure your oven is clean, for let me tell you, subrosa (provided always, the facilities, of the mansion for entertainment. Colonel Bingham further dethat you haven't dyspepsia), that a mouth-ful or two of the delicate, orispy skin done scribed the laundry as being increased, due to "the large family now in the White to a turn, well buttered, salted and pepper-House," and the "large amount of entertainment done by the President, which increases the cost of table linen."

The demolition of the White House conservatories meant hauling from a distance plants for the receptious at a cost of \$2,000, and the purchase in the open market of cut flowers, also for entertainments, at a cost of \$1,500. The item for fuel was increased from \$3,000 to \$8,000. The total expenses for the next year were placed at \$110,267, about double those of the entire previous

An Immense Organ.

Remarkable Instrument Installed in the Seville Cathedral.

The greatest organ in the world has just been installed in the Cathedral at Seville. It was built by a Spaniard, Senor Aguiling Amezua, and is of truly gigantic dimen-

There are four metal flute stops, each 16 feet long, such as no other organ in Europe possesses. It is also the only organ which has bass-bourdons which give 32 vibrations a second and produce a deeper tone than the organ in Murcia, which has hitherto been the deepest-toned organ in the world.

There are altogether 200 independent stops and five bellows worked by electricity. The cost was \$32,000.

300,000 to be Vaccinated

The great prevalence of small-pox in the coke regions has prompted the officials of the H. C. Frick Coke company to issue an order calling for the free vaccination of all its employees and their families. As the company has about 50 000 men on its pay roll the order will effect about 300,000 per-

sons. Ten thousand dollars has been expended in vaccine virus and contracts have been made with 50 doctors.

Ear a Remarkable Organ.

Consists of Five Thousand Pieces of Apparatus.

The organ of hearing is one of the most marvelous pieces of mechanism in the body. In animals the external ear acts as trumpet to collect the sound waves. In man it is little more than an ornament. But the internal ear is alike in both. So wonderful is its construction, says London Tit Bits, that we can distinguish sounds varying from 40 to 4000 vibrations per second. This feat is performed by a por-tion of the ear called the organ of Corti. What a wonderful organ that is may be understood from the fact that it consists of 5000 pieces of apparatus, each piece being made up of two rods, one inner hair cell and four outer hair cells-that is, 35,000 separate parts. In some mysterious manner the rods with other things, are tuned to different notes and, when they vibrate, they cause the hair to transmit an impulse to the nerve of hearing. To be must ical. therefore, it is to have a good organ of Corti.

Fishes have no ears, or, rather, the canals are closed; but they hear through the bones of the head. The New Zealanders can almost hear the grass grow.

Why is it that scratching a piece of glass with metal causes such an unpleasant sound? Because it is what is called the fundamental tone of the ear, which is very high. What the fundamental tone exactly

is would take too much space to explain. But if you blow across the mouth of a bottle, a hollow globe, etc., you get its fundamental tone.

The ear is a deceptive organ, and it is often a matter of guess work to tell whence a sound comes. Indeed, if you place the open hands in front of your ears and curve them backwards, sounds produced in front will appear to come from behind.

——Bishop Stephen M. Merill, D. D. L. D. D., of Chicago, will preside at the Cen-tral Pennsylvania conference at Altoona on March 25th. The conference promises to be full of interest, enthusiasm and spiritual vitality. Last year at Bellefonte there were 273 names on the conference roll, 20 absentees, 6 deceased and 1 transferred, thus making the total number present 246.

-"What are you doing here," demanded the irate farmer of the boy he had

surprised in his chestnut grove. "Nutting, sir," replied the frank little chap.-Judge.

Three of the Crew on B. & O. Freight Scalded to year.-Pittsburg Post.

In a frightful wreck at Vienna Station, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad Friday, Geo. Cowan, engineer; M. A. Bell. firema and James Wright, a brakeman, were killed, the train to which they belonged was filed in a confused mass on the tracks, which were torn up for several hundred yards.

The east bound through freight was going towards Pittsburg at a high rate of speed. Just west of the little station of Vienna is a deep, short cut, approached by a sharp curve. The soil above these tracks a sharp curve. The soil above these tracks in the cut had loosened from recent rains and a quantity of rocks had tumbled to the tracks. The slide occurred a few minutes before the train arrived at the spot, and as the train was going at a high rate of speed there was no possibility for stopping in time to prevent the crash. The engine was side, pinning the three unfortunate men under it, and the escaping steam literally

scalded them to death. Ten cars imme diately behind the engine were derailed

-Said Mr. Goodson to his pretty niece 'Do you work for the poor?''

"Indeed. I do !" she replied. "I go to every charity ball there is."-Exchange.

and piled in a promiscuous heap.

ed, is a bonne bouche worthy of the name. Keep your oven at a steady heat. Test your potatoes by pressing lightly with your your potatoes by pressing lightly with your forefinger, protected by a towel, but never use a fork, which lets the steam escape be-fore the potato may be done. When soft, yet not too soft, pinch them to break the skin and serve at once. Never cover, as the steam makes them soggy.

Landslide Wrecks Train.

Death.