

Bellefonte, Pa., April 10, 1903.

HER EASTER.

"I shall be well when Easter comes!" she said; "I am so tired and so chilly winds; I scarce can wait for April's soft, blue skies, I long to see the fresh grass clothe the fields, and young lambs play, and hear birds sing in the trees. And I shall be as happy then as they; The joys of spring will all be dear to me."

When Easter came the skies were soft and clear, The little lambs played on the green hillsides, The violets purpled every sunny slope; She did not see them, but she was satisfied; For God had set a place where spring abides, And where His lilies bloom can fall no blight, And His beloved walked in rapture there, And fear no chilling wind or darkling night.

WHO WAS HER KEEPER?

Early as it was when the young teacher reached the little country schoolhouse, some of the pupils were there before her—the Tilleyes, who, living three miles beyond the creek, maintained with jealous zeal their distinction of always being the first to arrive, a girl of twelve whose morning it was to sweep, and a tall youth, who, in a corner by himself, was ciphersing diligently on his slate, oblivious to what was going on around him. Along the red road, which the house fronted, other groups appeared at intervals, bare footed for the most part, and plainly clad, the little tin dinner pail or the home made basket as much in evidence as spelling books and readers.

It was "paying by the time for corn and cotton; the three months' free term had begun, and the number of pupils had suddenly gone up from fifteen to fifty. Their attainments were so unequal, and the books they brought varied so in date and authorship, that many and long as were the hours of the hot July days, Lucy Dow found it hard to hear all the classes, and impossible to keep always profitably employed these children, with whom a few weeks of schooling had to go so far. She had hardly learned all their names yet, but she recognized this morning two new faces, and was struck by something unusual in both.

The boy, two or three years the elder, was holding on to his little sister in an excess of fear; but her clear brown eyes, lifted from the limp ruffles of the faded pink sunbonnet, had never looked upon anything not a wonder and a delight, and they had in them now a consciousness of the importance of this hour and its promise of unimagined good that was as comical as it was charming.

She told the teacher—the boy could not be induced to speak—that she had been waiting for herself to get six years old, and this having occurred the Saturday before, her father had gone to town and bought her a book to come to school with, which Nathan was to use too. She produced it from a brown homespun satchel—a blue backed spelling book, to the child a treasure so miraculous that it handled carelessly it might vanish into thin air.

"There's a b's in it," she explained gravely, "but we don't know 'em yet"—including Nathan in her words, as she did always in every thought of herself—"we're going to learn 'em from you."

The narrow pink benches were already crowded, and Lucy let the two children sit on the edge of the low platform which held her own table and chair. If little Cassie had been sophisticated enough ever to plan for herself it would have been the place above all others that she would have chosen; as it was, she accepted its facilities with deep content, without apprehending that they or her use of them were unusual.

At first she was too much dazzled in the Eden, presided over by its gentle voiced angel, to concentrate her mind on discovering how one letter differed from another in shape or sound; but by the third day she had grasped what was expected of her, and began forthwith to learn with a surprising quickness. Nathan in his timidity would have been left far behind, except that whatever he failed to learn at the teacher's knee she taught him herself, with glowing zeal, when they had slipped back to their places at the rear of the little platform.

She soon discovered that other pupils were studying the same book as herself, but were further on in it. "Where is what they are saying?" she whispered, opening to Lucy Dow's side; and Lucy, putting an arm around her, would point to each word as it was spelled or line read, the child following with an absolute attention that missed nothing, whether understood or not. So it happened that, learning in half a dozen places in the book at once, she was soon able to read; but whatever she acquired one day, Nathan was sure to know also by the next, his sensitive face flushing whenever he was called on to recite, and she watching him with a lovely smile of triumph.

One day when the other pupils had gone, Cassie lingered, a great presence in her face, which was reflected on Nathan's. The sound of talk and laughter coming in from the red road hardly seemed to affect the endued stillness that possessed the little schoolhouse. Cassie held in her quick way to put to rights the disorder of the day's work, and then at last, catching at the white muslin apron which Lucy wore tidily in the schoolroom, and pressing it against her little pink cheek, preferred her request.

"I want you to go home with me—and see Ma—and all 'em," she whispered, her brown eyes all affection and desire.

Lucy looked at the clock on her table. "It is nearly six o'clock now, Cassie, and you live—how far?—more than a mile from the cross roads you told me. I could not go and get back before it was dark. How will next Saturday do? If I come then, I can leave Mrs. Miller's soon after dinner and have a long time to stay with you."

The brown eyes expressed their satisfaction.

Nathan for once escaped from his shyness. "We'll come up to the crossroads to meet you," he said; "there's a tall persimmon tree there, and we'll be under it waiting for you."

They were there as he had promised, and she went back with them, the last of the way over a rocky field planted in cotton that was much overgrown with grass. The log house stood out in the field—one large room, a shed in the rear, and a rough porch in front. A few morning glory vines made a slight shade from the afternoon sun, and two or three stalks of prince's feather were growing in the hard, sun baked soil before the door with admirable courage.

The whole family were at the house to do honor to their visitor. There were two girls of ten or twelve, a boy nearly grown, and three round, ruddy children younger than Cassie, looking all about the same age. The father had in his face that dull submission wrought by the monotony of poverty and of ignorance long united; the mother,

as worn physically, seemed to have still retained something of a natural vigor and hopefulness.

"Have you been living long at this place, long Mr. Purvis?" Lucy asked, finding a conversation which was largely interrogative on her part somewhat difficult.

"I come here last Christmas from over 'bout Candler's Creek," he said, "but I ain't had any better luck here than I had at the other places I've tried."

"He's sick a heap," his wife explained; "that's why we're so much in the grass. The child'n can't do much without him. We've got a right good crop 'o' corn, if it don't take it all to pay us out."

"Farming's pore business when a body aint got nothin' to start with," Purvis said.

"It must be," Lucy assented with sympathy. "But the children can help you more as they get older. Couldn't you have sent Jane and Missouri to school some this summer?" she added, her heart tender to the two girls as they sat there regarding her with fixed, unexpressive faces.

"They didn't seem to kear about it," Mrs. Purvis said. "Their Pa and me couldn't give 'em any start at learning, and they didn't want to go to knowin' anything at all. Cassie there and Nathan they seem to take to their book sorter naturchul."

"Cassie takes to everything naturchul," Purvis said. "She's been smart ever since she was a baby." The pride in his face was like a lighted candle. This small flower was the one blossom which redeemed for him the gray desert plain of life.

"I shan't teach her again next year," Lucy said when she arose to leave, "and here is something for Cassie to remember me by when I am gone." She laid a paste board box that held a wax doll, fine in white muslin and blue ribbons, in the little girl's lap.

If, instead, she had presented Mr. Purvis with a doll to a house and farm, the immediate effect upon the family would have been less striking. They gathered around the child as she held up the beautiful marvel, with a naive interest and delight; but in a few minutes the instinct of parenthood had asserted itself.

"She never needed nothin' to make her remember you," Mrs. Purvis said, her hard, lined face smiling. "But she'll thank you for this, and I will, too, long after you've forgot you ever give it to her."

As for Cassie, there was as yet no space in her baby heart for any conscious obligation. She was holding the doll out at arm's length and bringing it back to her breast with a beatification in look and gesture which the young teacher was wont to regard afterwards as the most exquisite expression of joy that she had ever seen.

With the dry heat of September cotton opened rapidly and the children began dropping out of school before even the brief three months' term was ended. "But I'm going to come till the very last day," Cassie declared, clinging now, not to the white muslin apron, but to Lucy's arm, while, hand and pressing it against her little pink cheek, "Nathan and I both"—she had picked up a part of her teacher's English—"Ma said we might."

But when the last Monday of the season came, Cassie and Nathan were not there. On Wednesday Lucy went to see what was wrong. The little cabin was shut, and the place looked deserted; but presently she saw at the further end of the cotton field Floyd Purvis and his sister Missouri. They had seen her and were coming to the house.

"Pa and all 'em moved away day befo' yestiddy," the lad told her. "A man came here last week from the cotton factory up in Chester lookin' for hands, and Pa'd chided all of a sudden to go. The man promised to let us have a good house to live in, painted white, with three rooms in it. And we can ev'ry one get work, that will pay us cash money ev'ry Saturday night. Me and Missouri staid behind to finish getherin' the crop, and then we're goin' too."

Lucy was silent. These few lives, bound to one spot by any social ties or by the possession of even a few feet of land, where land was so abundant—that was to be their destiny? And what the destiny of the little child, the first unfoldings of whose life were so full of promise?

The boy pushed open the cabin door and went in. "Cassie took on powerful because she didn't get to see you no mo'," he said; "and she charged me to give you these flowers that little box there, and to tell you she wasn't never goin' to forget you forever."

He took from a broken earthenware cup a drooping bunch of the red prince's feather that had been growing in the yard, and handed it to her, with a little daisy paste-board box that had held some kind of medicinal powder. She did not open the box till she was by herself on the lonely country road. Inside was a minute curl of flaxen hair, which she recognized as having been cut from the wax doll's beloved head.

Two years afterwards Lucy Dow was visiting a friend in Chester, and one of her first thoughts was to find the Purvisees and learn what had become of Nathan and Cassie. She went first to the mills, reaching there shortly before the half hour intermission at noon. The throbbing of machinery, the flying wheels, the ceaseless repetition of the same noises made her dizzy, and she was glad when the tour of inspecting was over. She had recognized among the operators the two older Purvis girls and their father; but they had not looked up from their work, and she waited outside to speak to them.

"I can't work reg'lar," Purvis told her, "and I ain't a good hand and don't make but forty cents a day. Jane and Missouri get fifty, but we all have to lay off for sickness more'n we want to."

"How many hours do you work in the week?" Lucy asked.

"Well, we go in at six and come out at half past six, with half an hour at dinner. I never counted it up to see how many that makes in a week. A right smart I reckon."

Lucy looked at the two girls, sallow faced and apparently no taller than when she had seen them two years before. "I am glad to see that you do not let Nathan and Cassie work in the mill," she said; "but I had not supposed that you would."

The man's eyes fell. "Well, Cassie did work in it till here lately, when she was took sick," he said. "You know how she always has been about not lettin' anybody go ahead of her. She went on the night force a little more than a year ago."

"The night force—what do you mean by that?"

"The comp'ny's been runnin' the mill at night as well as in the day sense last September was a year," and they don't generally let all of a family have day work. The foreman was opposed to Cassie workin' at night, but Floyd and Nathan was put on, and she wouldn't hear to Nathan goin' without she did too."

"And how many hours of night work are required?" she asked faintly.

"A young man who was near enough to hear the question answered it. "Sixty-six,

ma'am; but there's been some talk in one of the papers that it oughtn't to be but sixty."

"Sixty-six hours of night work for a child of seven!" Lucy felt as she had felt when the noise of the factory was beating upon her ears. "And you say Cassie has been sick?" she asked almost mechanically, too shocked to know that she was speaking at all.

"Yes'n, she's been right bad off," he answered, speaking of her condition with that pitiful euphemism common when misfortune has become the one certainty of daily existence. "Our house is in the very last row," he added, as she turned away. "You'll know it by its being next to one with a little tree in front of it. And there's a wooden box on our front step, with some sort of flowers growin' in it that was Cassie's."

Lucy made her way to the dusty level, where row after row of cottages stood, all alike and nearly all equally bare of any suggestion of homeliness or of individual taste and pride. It was easy to find the one occupied by the Purvisees. The "tree" was a sufficient guide, and, when she got nearer, she looked down on the holding Cassie's little bunch of heartsease. Several little children were playing in a back yard, and a little girl of five or six was pushing a baby in a home made wagon of rough pine.

Lucy went up the steps and stood for a moment at the open door without knocking. The warm October sunshine poured into the narrow hall. Floyd Purvis was lying on a lounge asleep. In the room on the right his mother was mending a coarse garment, beside a child's bed. Lucy entered softly and went up to her side. "Do you remember me, Mrs. Purvis?" she said.

The woman's furrowed yellow face brightened. "I reckon, I do remember you," she said, readily, "and there ain't nobody in this whole world that I'd rather see. How come you to be here, and how've you been gettin' along?" she asked.

"I was visitin' an old schoolmate over in Chester, and I am very well," she said, noting unconsciously the new lines on the woman's face. "But I don't want to talk about myself. I want to know how things have been going with you."

"She saw that the little figure on the bed was her former pupil, but she could not speak of her yet. "Well, I reckon we've done tolerable well," Mrs. Purvis said with fine reticence. She would not give pain to Cassie's friend. "Maybe not as well as he expected we would"—she always spoke of her husband as "he"—"but we've made out to live. I reckon you noticed the new baby with the little figure on the bed was her former ones had grown."

"Yes, I saw them. Mrs. Purvis, isn't that little Nathan over there on the bed in the corner?"

The light shone full upon him through the blinds of the window, and flies were crawling over his little thin face and hands, but his sleep of exhaustion was not easily broken.

"He ain't lookin' so well since he's been one of the night hands," his mother said; "but he's a good worker and gets good wages, to be as little as he is."

"And did he and Cassie keep on trying to learn? Have they been to school any since you moved here?"

Mrs. Purvis shook her head. "There was a night school when we first came here. The lady that taught it came to see us, and got Jane and Missouri to go to it for awhile—but she did not take any as little as Cassie—but they was too tired to learn, and went to sleep over their book. The comp'ny's started a day school this year, and some of the child'n gets to go to it; mine never has."

"That was the only thing that ever made Cassie sorter worry about doin' night work. When the school started, it looked like she was just obleeged to go. Of course she couldn't after she'd worked all night. Her Pa tried his best to get her to quit, but she wouldn't spare what Nathan was makin', and she wouldn't hear to quit—without he could too. We had a heap o' sickness all the winter and spring, and it threw us night'y behind."

Lucy Dow went to the bed and touched gently the soft light hair that lay tangled on the blue veins of the child's forehead. She stirred a little, and her mother leaned forward and tried to attract her attention.

"Cassie, honey, here's Miss Lucy come to see you," she said. "Don't you remember Miss Lucy?" The brown eyes were wide open now, but there was no look of recognition in them.

"It seems like her mind's done give way for now better'n two weeks," Mrs. Purvis said in a patient acquiescence in what was hopeless. "I could see befo' she had that spell in the mill that she wasn't exactly quit keerin' for things, even for the baby. And she give up tendin' to them little heartsease she'd been so proud of. She didn't seem to have but jus' one idea, and that was to keep on goin' to the mill. And one night about twelve o'clock she fell in the spinnin' room, where she was tyin' the bales there. The boss on that floor found her and thought she had jus' gone to sleep, and throwed water in her face like he'd been a doin' when the other child'n would fall asleep; but she didn't wake up, and she never did come to till they'd got her home and fetched a doctor. She ain't never been up since."

"Don't you know me, Cassie darling? Don't you know Miss Lucy?" she began, said, her tears dropping on the coarse sheet as she bent over the bed. She felt gently for the little hands, that she might take them once more in hers, but they seemed to be clasping something tightly under the cover. Was that the figure of a doll whose outlines showed upon the little breast? Lucy lifted her eyes in questioning to the mother.

The woman nodded her head. "That doll's one thing she ain't never give up," she said, tears coming to her eyes. "She holds on to it that way all day long. But I couldn't say as she really knows what it is any more than she does anything else. It may be that she's jus' been used to havin' it with her so long."

Perhaps in some mysterious way the longing of the friend's heart communicated itself to the child's numb brain. Perhaps some chord of memory vibrated again as the one loved face bent over her own. The little hand stirred under the cover, lifted itself into the air, and seemed to be trying to connect the weary distance to her bench of glory. Another hand raised and held it there for a moment. And then the heavy eyes of the child, once fountains of living joy, closed, and Lucy guided the thin fingers back to their touch upon the doll, and turned away.—By Mary Applewhite Bacon in *McChure's Magazine* for April.

Kicked by a Horse.

While working about a horse in the barn on the Forney farm near Mackeyville Friday, Williamson Rische was kicked in the abdomen by the animal with both hind feet.

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Easter in Our Bethlehem.

Rising of the Lord for the Moravian Folk—With Trumpets of Rejoicing the Day Was Ushered In.—Dawn Came as the Congregation in the Old Church Rejoiced—Visit of Triumph to the Graveyard.

This is how Easter came to old Moravian Bethlehem in Pennsylvania very early in the morning while it was yet dark; The moon was high over the church steeple. The steeple stood out from the sombre silhouettes of the roofs of the century-old houses, clustered about the church as they were a hundred years ago. It is a round steeple with dome that rises from a balcony and that ends in a weather vane, which pointed straight up at the moon. There were a few dim stars, glowing rather than twinkling, here and there. The sky was so clear that the stars might well have been the reflections up there of the blue-white brilliance of the two lights along the street corners of the little city.

It was 3 o'clock, but it was still night. The soft-tinkling gong of the clock within the church sounded the hour to the big bell in the dome above, and the big bell boomed it out to all the valley. There was the murmur of voices in the church where the windows had made great rectangles of yellow light all through the dark of the night.

The tinkle of the clock inside the church marked the quarter hour. Down the half spiral of the steps from the door of the church to the street came a row of men who walked singly, one behind another, across the street. The light on the corner flashed up in bright reflections from the brass instruments in their hands. They stood half huddled together in the shadow of the grim graystone building, which was used as a hospital for the soldiers of the new nation in 1778.

Against the darkness of the hills across the valley rose a ghastly yellow and red light that grew until out of the mist blended all the outlines of the buildings together in a yellow faded and it became all red. It was merely a blast in one of the South Bethlehem steel furnaces, but it might well have been a light shining out of a crack in the portals of hell.

There was a movement in the little group in the shadow. A trumpet note rung up through the night, full and clear. It was a shout of joy and a challenge together; the red glow was gone. A single, earnest, thrilling and strong as the voice of one of the greater angels, carried the air, and the royal chorus of the sombre trombones supported. It was a familiar chorus to Bethlehem. By those same brazen throats have the deaths of the Moravians, aged and infants, been told to the city from the gallery around the belfry. Only once a year are the tones raised in glad tune; only at the Easter dawn.

Windows were raised, in the darkness. From one Bach carol to another the musicians played on and on. Then, without a whispered direction, they ceased and walked together up the hill to another of the ancient buildings, there to repeat the same carols and others. So every five or ten minutes for an hour or more the trumpet calls greeted the pale blue sky with the mist veiled moon hanging over the belfry weathervane.

But the scraping of the window sashes, when the music began was the waking of the Moravians. Long rows of windows lighted and gave form to buildings which had been but shapeless masses of shade a moment before. The tramp of many feet rose from the flagged sidewalks, increasing constantly. Amid the rising bustle, the trumpets in a distant corner of the city sounded very faintly indeed. In the Eagle Hotel and in all the nearby boarding-houses crowded with pilgrims from Nazareth and Mount Bethel and Egypt and Lebanon, sounded the heavy rattle of knuckles on bed-rooms doors, waking those who had not been aroused by the trumpets. The Pennsylvania Dutch sleep hard. Shirrill voices arose from many quarters, warning many a slumbering handmaid of the rising wrath of the master and the mistress and of the guests waiting for their coffee below, dared she disregard the summons and "go yet again to sleep."

As each household and the guests of each hostelry finished the cup of coffee and the flat round bun which make together the "love feast" of the Moravians, the streets, still dark, became full of people, pouring from every side toward the church. Until a quarter before 5 o'clock only members of the church were admitted; seats were reserved for them. Meanwhile crowds gathered on the sidewalks all about the church. Many of those who were waiting were devout Moravians from other churches. Then too, there are many people from New York and Philadelphia who go out to Bethlehem each year to see Easter come. There were a few, a very few, who came simply with idle curiosity, and most of these were from the unregenerate district across the river, "Sons Beelzebub, the land of the outlanders. For in Bethlehem of 12,000 people, more than 10,000 are Moravians. Indeed, until 1844 none but Moravians might own land in the town, and the tradition against encroachment is still strong.

A brief peal from the belfry announced the opening of the doors to those who were waiting in the dark. They found the church full of light. It is a high-ceilinged rectangular auditorium, not unlike Plymouth church in Brooklyn in its shape. The recess back of the altar was filled with a pyramid of lilies and azaleas and palms, with a graceful cedar tree at the apex. The odor of the lilies was heavy in the church. The pews were filled at once. The aisles were filled. In the shadows beyond the doors on either side of the altar were vaguely outlined the figures of men and women sitting on the stairs and crowded together in the minister's rooms. All waited, chattering in whispers, frankly, cheerfully happy.

The clock in the church, sounding somewhat far less loudly than it had in the silence of the night, tinkled the quarter hour. A burst of melody from the organ filled all the church. Three ministers, young men, all of them, whose black clerical coats and waistcoats made them appear unduly pale, walked upon the platform. One stood behind the reading desk, and, with a commanding gesture of his outstretched arms, lifted the congregation to its feet. Throwing back his head, he chanted with the choir:

"The Lord is risen!"

"The Lord is risen indeed!" answered the congregation with a mighty voice of song.

With hymns and prayers one minister after another took up the service. For the most part the ministers recited the litany of the Moravians, which is not only a litany but a creed. The litany passed. The organ took up a glorious Bach march. The windows, which had become faintly tinged with the blue of the dawn as the first minister began the litany, were now throwing more light into the room than was shed by the pale yellow gas flames along the edges of the ceiling. The morning had come while the people were in the

church, though the time had been less than half an hour. They walked out into the light, turning their faces toward the graveyard, for the services were but half over.

There was no sunlight yet. The hills over beyond South Bethlehem were changing from cold gray to purple. There was a glow of pink in the east. Across a little lane back of the church, up a narrow path among the Moravian school buildings, climbing the hill to the cemetery, moved the long line of worshippers almost in silence. So they came to the burying ground, which is on the crest of the hill.

Since all men are equal in the sight of God the Moravians deem it unfit that one man's memory should be exalted above another's by the material surroundings of his grave. All the stones in the Moravian burying ground are laid flat upon the graves, which are very low and in very straight rows, north and south and east and west.

In the centre of the graveyard stood the clergy; grouped a little distance away were the choir and between was the trombone band of the Moravians. Some of the members of the band have lifted Easter music to the sunrise for fifty years and more. In a hollow square, each side of a thousand men and women, stood the congregation. The lines poured up from the church below. The newcomers found places and were orderly and waited. In the bare branches of the maples and in the delicate tracery of the pines against the growing splendor of burnished gold in the east were robins tilting cheerily. A small flock of blackbirds made rasping music in a clump of pines lower down the hill. The blue Ridge spurs beyond South Bethlehem turned from purple to brown and then the gray tone of the leafless tree began to assert itself. The sky above became bluer and bluer and white flecks of clouds stood out against it. The robins sang louder and fitted through the network that the branches traced across the sunrise.

One of the ministers raised his hand. Trumpets and voices together raised the solemnly triumphant hymn:

The graves of all His saints Christ blest, And softened every bed; Where should the dying members rest, But with the dying Head?

Thence he arose, ascending high, And showed our feet the way; Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly, At the great rising day.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound, And bid our kindred rise; Awake, ye nations under ground; Ye saints, ascend the skies.

A long silence. Then one of the clergy in a rich voice that seemed to fill the arch of blue as it had filled the roofed-in church took up the litany again:

"I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better: I shall never taste death: yea, I shall attain unto it in resurrection of the dead for the body which I put off, this gain of corpsephilly shall put on incorruption; my flesh shall rest in hope. * * * And keep us in everlasting fellowship with those of our brethren and sisters, who since last Easter Day, have entered into the joy of their Lord and with the whole Church triumphant, and let us rest together in Thy presence until our labor."

Once he paused. And the great congregation chanted.

"Amen. We poor sinners pray, here us, gracious Lord and God!"

Another hymn. An ascription of all glory and power to God and the Church which awaiteth him and is around him from everlasting to everlasting. The minister, who, like all the congregation, had remained with his head covered during the graveyard service, lifted his black slouch hat. Every head was bared. While he spoke the words of the benediction the yellow sun rays shot across through the trees over his head and struck the school building at the western side of the graveyard and filled all the place with a golden light.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with us all, Amen."

A Cornish Man Coughs up a Four Inch Lizard.

The danger of drinking heartily from unprotected springs was strikingly illustrated recently at Corning, says the Leader, when an illness from which Harry Lee had mysteriously suffered for two years and which has baffled several physicians, was explained when a four-inch lizard was forced out of his stomach by nausea.

Harry Lee is an employe of the Erie freight house in Corning. He is a young man about 23 years old and up until three years ago followed the life of a farmer on the farm of C. W. Lee, his father, at Hornby. Soon after removing to Corning, Mr. Lee began to experience curious sensations in his stomach and finally became so troubled that he went to physicians.

The symptoms were peculiar and puzzled the doctors not a little. He would be violently ill in the morning and unable to hold much food on his stomach. From a strong, husky farmer, he dwindled into an emaciated and almost consumptive looking young man.

Nights he would be suddenly awakened with the sensation that something was crawling up into his throat. After Mr. Lee had been to several Corning doctors without receiving help, one told him that he was probably affected by a tape worm. He advised him to abstain from drinking water for a few days. This was about ten days ago. He was feeling so badly that nothing would stay on his stomach.

He ceased drinking liquids and Tuesday night was taken violently ill at the stomach when the animal, dead, was ejected. The lizard was of the common variety so often seen about the vicinity, and was over four inches long.

Mr. Lee has an idea that the animal got into his stomach through drinking from a spring on his father's farm. He remembers one warm day in particular, when exhausted from a hard day's work he lay down by the spring and drank deep draughts from the pool. This was over three years ago.

Cooked Steak With \$300.

Trenton Woman Used Greenbacks to Start a Fire.

Mrs. A. Ma Law, of Spring street, Trenton, N. J., cooked a 30-cent steak recently with a roll of greenbacks worth \$300.

Intending to go to Philadelphia on a shopping tour, Mrs. Law had drawn \$300 from the bank. She laid the money, inclosed in an envelope, on a table in the sitting room. She decided to breakfast on steak before leaving home, and gathering a handful of kindling paper, kindled a fire in the kitchen stove.

When the steak was cooked it dawned on Mrs. Law's mind that she had used the greenbacks for kindling. She gathered the ashes and took them to the mint in Philadelphia to find out if she could get her money back.

A Human Pin cushion.

Mt. Carmel Girl Fills Herself With Needles In Order to Avoid Attendance at School.

During a clinic at the State Hospital in Ashland on Friday, an operation for the removal of two needles from the hand of Jennie Fessler, 16 years old, of Mt. Carmel, led to an astonishing discovery.

Not Dead," He Cried.

Man Who Has Been Dumb for a Year and Nearly Dead Calls His Doctors Liars.

A surprising April fool joke was played by John Matt, section foreman of the Great Northern at Basin, Mon. A year ago Matt suffered a stroke of partial paralysis, since which time he has been unable to speak.

A week ago he became ill and gradually failed. Wednesday morning his attending physician, after a consultation, announced in his presence that he was as good as dead. Matt resented this and for the first time in a year found himself able to speak. He called his doctors liars, sat up in bed and ordered them from the room. He has since been speaking.

Not Dead," He Cried.

Man Who Has Been Dumb for a Year and Nearly Dead Calls His Doctors Liars.

During the past three years the girl has had more than 125 needles taken from her hands and arms by operation. According to the story by the doctors she disliked school and would break off needles in her body, pleading illness and remain at home. She has suffered no inconvenience from the effect of making herself a pin cushion.

Rural Mail Delivery Routes in Pennsylvania.

Four Routes to Start out of Spring Mills on May 1st and One out of Centre Hall a Month Later.

According to a recent order of the Post Office Department nearly all the people of Gregg township and North Potter will soon be served with free mail delivery.

On May 1st four routes will be inaugurated leading out of Spring Mills as follows: Route No. 1—Length, twenty-two and thirteen-sixteenths miles; area, eighteen square miles; population, seven hundred and twenty-five; no. of houses, one hundred and forty-five. Beginning at post office to Farmers Mills, to Ilgen corner, to James Grove corner, to John Keam corner, to Ilgen corner, to Green Grove, to Brush Valley road, to Hoy corner, to Yearick corner, to Green Grove, to Penn Hall, to Spring Mills. The carrier will be W. O. Gramley, of Spring Mills.

Route No. 2—Length, twenty-one and three-sixteenths miles; area, fifteen square miles; population, seven hundred; no. of houses, one hundred forty-five. Beginning at post office to Penn Hall, to Beaver dam, to Beech corner, to Beaver dam, to Heckman, to Gentzel corner, to Stover corner, to Sawmill corner, to Erie corner, to Stover corner, to Keam corner, to Smithtown, to Meyer corner, to Pike, to Reformed church, to Bitter corner, to Penn Hall, to Spring Mills. The carrier will be J. A. Wagner, of George's Valley.

Route No. 3—Length, twenty and seven-sixteenths miles; area, seventeen square miles; population, eight hundred and twenty; no. of houses, one hundred and sixty-four. Beginning at post office to Harter corner, to Long corner, to Spruce town, to Poters Mills, to Armagost corner, to Moyer corner, to Boyer corner, to Colyer corner, to Fleisher corner, to Armagost corner, to Allen corner, to Lewistown pike, to Hennigh corner, to Deekard cross roads, to Beech, to Harters, to Spring Mills. The carrier will be William McClellan, of Beech.

Route No. 4—Length, twenty-one and thirteen-sixteenths square miles; population, six hundred and seventy-five; no. of houses, one hundred and thirty-five. Beginning at post office to Tressler corner, to Wood corner, to Centre Hill, to Runkle corner, to Red Mill, to Runkle corner, to Tusseyville, to McClellan corner, to Colyer to Tusseyville, to Ulrich corner, to Kerr corner, to Wm. Kerr corner, to Centre Hill, to Spruce town to Tressler corner, to Spring Mills. The carrier will be John Snavely, of Spring Mills.

The mails leave the office at 8:45 a. m., and return by 3:05 for the 3:47 train going east and west. Post-master, Corning, Spring Mills, expects to have his new post office building erected and equipped for the new service by the time it goes into effect.

The route for the north precinct of Potter has been decided upon and will go into effect July 1st.

Postmaster Kift Quits Business.

Even Though His Resignation Has Not Been Accepted.

A peculiar condition of affairs exists at present at the United States postoffice at Muncy Station—or, rather where the post office once was at that point. In fact, the Muncy Stationers are now without a post-office, the postmaster, Mr. Kift, who is the father of Mail Clerk P. S. Kift, of Lock Haven, having closed the office Friday.

Some time ago it will be remembered, Postmaster John Kift, who has held the office for a number of years, sent his resignation to the department, to take effect April 1st. No action was taken by the department on the resignation, and on April 1st, Mr. Kift simply put up the shutters and quit. He refused to accept any more mail matter and patrons of the office will have to get their mail at the Muncy office until action is taken by the department.

Mr. Kift has no bondsmen, those who served in that capacity having died some years ago. And the office being such an insignificant one, new bondsmen were not asked for by the government. Hence the office is closed.

Doing Ever the Best.

Michael Angelo used to say that "nothing makes the soul so pure, so religious, as the endeavor to create something better than oneself." This is a noble teaching clothed in those simple words. Work that is poorly done, slighted and "skipped," has a reflex influence on the worker; it helps to degrade him. Anything which keeps a man from doing his best works to his undoing. The so-called "labor" principle that does not allow the full play of the faculties, calling out everything that is in a man in the task he is doing, is a vicious principle, and can only work harm to those who advocate it. There is a moral demand upon every soul to do his best, and nothing so deplorable that which is good in a man as the effort to do a perfect piece of work. Do not be content with second best; your heart will not be satisfied as you look back upon it, while one may never reach perfection, honest effort may put him in the class of those who have reached the top—in the estimation of God. Again and again it is true, that is not perfection but the pursuit of perfection that makes the coin of life gold.—Baptist Union.

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Man Who Has Been Dumb for a Year and Nearly Dead Calls His Doctors Liars.

A surprising April fool joke was played by John Matt, section foreman of the Great Northern at Basin, Mon. A year ago Matt suffered a stroke of partial paralysis, since which time he has been unable to speak.

A week ago he became ill and gradually failed. Wednesday morning his attending physician, after a consultation, announced in his presence that he was as good as dead. Matt res