

Bellefonte Pa.. Nevember II, 1904.

THE NOVEMBER CHRISTMAS

You can't help kind o' wishin' dat would hurry round

When gif's is on 'de Christmas tree on de ground.

Buy dey've fixed up an arrangement dat wil help de time to pass

Until de sleighbells ring an' fros' is silverin de grass.

Dar ain' no 'scuse foh fidgitin' impatiently A candidate is mighty nigh as good as

He'll use a hoss an' buggy 'stead o' ridin' sleigh,

But dar ain' much need o' Christmas whe you's got election day. It sho'ly is mos' comfortin' an' cheerful foh to

So many folks in sech a very generous

o' mind. Dey keeps a axin' bout yoh health an' says, "How well you look !"

An' sometimes even takes an interest in pocketbook. De band is sweetly playin', an' de people

ma'chin' by Is almost like a circus, it's dat pleasin De wind is tempered to de lamb, jes' like

Good Book say, Dear ain' much need o' Christmas when you got election day.

- Washington Star.

A MEMORIAL

The sound of the piano filled the big firelit room. A score of "Parsifal" lay open on the rack, but it was his own composition Laidlaw was playing—a tone-picture, admirably, conceived and executed, vigorous, musicianly, significant, like all the creations of this virile young composer. Following a prelude sonant with the winding of distant horns, came a swift staccato movement, the rapid crescendo of the pursuit, the ringing music of the chase growing always clearer, stronger, nearer, then the gradual diminuendo, the winding of the horns dying into the distance, faint er, fainter, farther away, and then silence. Laidlaw's hands fell from the keys. He half rose, and bis eyes, turning from the picture above the piano on which they had rested as he played, fell full upon a face pressed against the window beside him—a child's face, plain and pinched and sallow, yet lifted out of the commonplace by the rapt look in the big dark eyes. Meeting Laidlaw's glance, she turned to sourry away through the gathering twilight, but his call, imperative though kindly, stayed her. She paused irresolute, a shrinking little figure toning in with the deepening shadows of the dusk out of which her face

startled and appealing, shone dimly white. "Come here, child," the musician called, not ungently; "what are you doing there in the dusk and cold?" The child approached obediently, though hesitantly. Laidlaw threw wide the low French window and drew her into the cosy half-light of the shadowy room. A thin and shabby little figure the firelight revealed; the fad-ed shawl thrown loosely over her head had slipped down disclosing a pale, unchild-like, foreign face, framed with heavy braids of long dark hair; she was small and stunted, with none of the soft curves or rosy tints of childhood, but the wistful

"I listened," she said simply. Her English was accurate but she spoke with an odd little foreign accent, "today, many days, always, I listen when you play,"
"But," Laidlaw protested, "you are
chilled through—your hands are like ice.

Why didn't you come inside?"
"I could not know the Signor would permit," the child answered quaintly, 'and I had not the wish to disturb." Laidlaw's stern face softened in a smile

"The Signor is flattered that you care to listen," he said. He drew a low chair close to the fire and stirred the smoldering logs into a blaze.
"Sit down," he commanded. The child

obeyed, stretching her hands-the long, slender, nervous hands of the musician Laidlaw noted-to the blaze. He touched

"Another cup, Dawkins," he said to the man who appeared with the tea tray. "You will honor me, Signorina? Or will your mother miss you perhaps and be

"The madre knows," the child answer ed quietly, "she permits that I listen daily if I am very still, if I do not annoy. I am often here till quite late—till the Signor has finished his practice. Then I run quickly home. It is not far and I have no fear.'

Laidlaw watched her keenly as she ate and drank, eagerly, yet with a certain daintiness that comported well with the grave courtesy of her manner and the formal precision of her speech. Over the tea-cups, he learned that she and her widowed mother had lately come to live in a small brown cottage which lay just without the boundaries of his own estate, that the child's name was Cara and that, small as she was, she was past fifteen. She presently leaned back in her chair and let her eyes wander about the rich, dim room with its subdued tones, its costly furnishings, booklined walls and polished floor, until at last they fell upon a painting above the massive grand piano—the portrait of a lady as beautiful as the pictured Madonna her father had cherished,—which dominated the whole. The look of childish wonder, of rapt admiration with which she ed at that radiant countenance endeared her as nothing else could have done to the man, whose eyes had followed hers. Her gaze had lighted upon an object which stood beneath the portrait—a closed case holding a violin. The child got to her feet and stood with clasped hands regarding it, a look upon her face that Laidlaw recognized—the look the musician turns upon the instrument of his choice, the voice of his musician soul. As if drawn irresistibly she moved a little toward it, then paused and looked toward her host.

"If I might—if the Signor would permit"—she said hesitantly. Laidlaw's

face darkened. He did not speak at once. "Ah," she cried quickly, "It is perhaps of much value. But you need not fear, My father trusted me always with his guarne rius, even when I was very little, knowing I loved it too well to permit that it should be hurt. Signor, I loved it as if it lived, but they sold it when he was dead. I have not played since. I—but I presume. Perdoni, Signor." The light had died out of her eyes and she turned list-

lessly back to her place.

Laidlaw sat with his head bowed upon The violin-a priceless Amatihad been hers. It had lain untouched in its case, mute, soundless, voiceless, since thing which should be a fitting memorial her hand, now stilled, had placed it there, to her. I had thought of many things—

It had seemed to him always more a part of herself, more closely inwrought with her being than any other of her possessions, and somehow the sight of it brought him a and somebow the sight of it brought him a memory of her more real, more livid than aught else. He could recall just how she had held it close against her cheek, how her fingers had caressed its strings, how she had made it sing or sigh with joy or sorrow. And now—that alien hands should touch it, that this unknown child should take it with rude fingers from the case where she had placed it. Was it less than desecration? He glanced from the beautiful pictured face, to the wistful countenance before him. There was a short, sharp struggle, then he spoke quietly.
"The Signor permits," he said. Instantly the child was on her knees beside

the case. In truth he need not have feared. Tenderly, lovingly, reverently almost she drew the violin from its place, a look of such rapture on her wizened little face as quite transfigured it. A single string had snapped, but there were others in one of the compartments of the case. Handling the instrument tenderly, as if it had been a flower, the child fitted the G string in its place and began to tune it softly even these swift pizzicato hints bespeaking the musician. She presently rose and stood uncertainly before Laidlaw for an instant. Then, reading encouragement in his eyes, she laid her cheek caressingly against the shining wood, drew her bow across the strings—and straightway forgot her auditor. At the first quickening, shivering chord, Laidlaw, himself no tyro. recognized the musician. Touching the Amati, tentatively at first, then with increasing confidence, she began to play. It was The Swan of Saint Saens. Dnmb with amazement, Laidlaw listened. The child's cantabile was matchless: her bowing perfect. Under her touch the violin wailed and sang; whispered, sobbed and sighed, till the rapture of hearing became almost as poignant as pain. And always that matchless "singing tone," of which Laidlaw, himself a virtuoso of ability, despaired, the flawless cantabile that marks the master. Before the last long-drawn, shuddering note had fairly died, Cara had dashed into a wild Hungarian czardas, dis-playing a mastery of technique which fair-ly startled Laidlaw. Not even she who had been the Amati's mistress had played like this. She had had talent—a wonderful talent indeed, but here was something more. Clearly Cara had been taught by a master, and, child though she was, she was an artist to her finger tips. Without pause she glided into a little familiar German Lied, a plaintive, simple thing that she had often played. Laidlaw bent his face upon his hands and gave himself to memories. As Cara played, the shabby little figure beside him faded and in its stead came a fair and gracious Presence. As real as life itself she stood before him in her clinging white gown, a woman tall and slender, with a Madonna face, her cheek laid caressingly against the old Amati, her long dark lashes drooped, a little, tender half-smile curving her lips. Laidlaw turn-

ing timidly : "I have played too long—I have wearied you, Signor. Perdoni I did forget." Laidlaw caught her bands in his.

ed with a start. Cara, at his side was cay-

"Child," he said "You are an artist!" It was a tribute of one musician to another. The great eyes glowed; the thin olive face flushed with pleasure at his praise. She drew a long rapturous breath as she had dene when first she saw the violin.

"Ah, you are good, Signor, and I have been happy! I have so missed the violin. It is as if I had been dumb and had found

caught his hand in her graceful foreign fashion and lifted it to her lips.

After that, Cara came daily to play for her new-found friend, in whom she had not recognized the young composes of whom all America was talking. A wonderful new suite for orchestra had lately set the musical world agog, and from the quiet village where Laidlaw had elected to make his home came rumors that he had resumed work upon the opera he had laid aside as the eath of the wife who had been his idol and inspiration. In truth the hand of a child was leading him back to the familiar paths, back to the world of music which must henceforth steed him in lieu of human interest and happiness. The old love for his art, which had lain dormant woke to life again. He unlooked the cabinet which held her music and together he and Cara played the classic melodies she had loved; and always as they played her presence seemed to fill the room to hover like a benediction upon his unquiet

spirit. Day by day, a project at first but adumbrated in Laidlaw's brain took shape aud form. Through his garrulous house-keeper he had learned Cara's history. Her mother, the daughter of a proud, old house mother, the daughter of a proud, old house had eloped with her young Italian music-master; her family and friends had cast her off; years of hardships, struggle and privation had followed; adversity had seemed to pursue them until at last the husband had died, leaving his wife and child to face the world alone. The wife, who through these crucial years had shown a courage worthy of the traditions of her house, had since managed to earn with her needle a scanty living for herself and the child. Laidlaw heard and pondered. Then one day he walked down to the small brown cottage talked for an hour small brown cottage, talked for an hour with Cara's mother, and when he turned his steps homeward that which had been but fancy had become a fact.

That night, when Cara had finished playing, he called her to him. "Cara," he said, "Your mother has left me to tell you said, "Your mother has let the to tell you that you are to go away at once to give your life to your music." The child looked at him with wonder tempering the adoration with which she habitually regarded him, but she did not speak. He garded him, but she did not speak. He turned his eyes upon the portrait and her gaze followed his. Long ago he had told Cara of her. Never since her death had he Cara of her. Never since her death had he uttered her name to any one, but, somehow, to this strange, unchildlike creature it had been easy to speak of her. From the first the child had been possessed of an old fancy that the portrait was not an insensate thing; often she turned and spoke to it as if it lived; and strangely her fancy helped. I sidler to enough her fancy helped Laidlaw to realize the clusive Presence which, some-times near and real was often impalpable and remote. One night, as Cara was laying the violin tenderly in its case, she had lifted her gaze and looked long into the smiling eyes of the portrait above her. Then she turned to Laidlaw.

"Signor," she said, "somehow I seem to know that she is glad that the Amati has found again its voice."--Tonight the knowledge that what he had

planned would have pleased her was with him as she looked at the pictured face. "Cara," he pursued softly, "I have tried to think-since she went away-of some-

among them the building of a chapel here in the village—but it has seemed to me that a truer memorial than that of senseless stone and mortar would lie in helping others to perfect themselves in the art she loved. I have decided to found a scholarship in a great conservatione in her memory and it is to be yours first of all. When you have finished there you shall go abroad to study with the Maestro who was her instructor. Do you wish this Cara? Your mother has given her consent and it rests with you." The child stood silent for a long moment, a great light dawning in her wonderful eyes; then without a word she sank down, laid her cheek against his hand and burst into a torrent of tears. hand and burst into a torrent of tears.

Laidlaw, gently smoothing the dark hair, waited for the paroxysm to spend itself, and presently the child lifted her face, glorified by a great joy, to his.

"Ab, Signor," she said, "I have no words—only my heart speaks. You have given me what I most desired."

After a little she rose and began to gath er up the scattered music. When she lift-ed the violin to lay it away, Laidlaw noted that she held it long as if loath to put it aside; then, with a touch that was a caress, she laid it gently down and closed the case. Both knew that the noble Amati must remain mute through the long years till Cara should return, and somehow it gave him a keen pang to see the violin—her violin—shut away to silence again. It was like witnessing the burial of a human triend. friend. He saw a reflection of his thought in Cara's face; saw the hungry look with which she regarded the closed case, the lingering touch with which her fingers ca-ressed it. His eyes turned with a ques-tion in them to the portrait above the piano. The sweet lips seemed to smile an answer. Laidlaw sat very still for a long moment, then rising he crossed the room lifted the violin and held it out to the won-

dering child. "It is yours, Cara," he said simply. think she would have it so."—By Leigh Gordon Giltner, in The Pilgrim.

Oid Fashioned Spelling Bees Would be

Thing. There is much complaint that the rising generation can't spell, says the Albany Argus. True, there was complaint that some of the forefathers could not spell. George Washington, Andrew Jackson and ther men eminent in our history conducted a spell-as-you please. Ancient men of letters were poor spellers, in many in-stances. The average man has gone down hill, it appears. Perhaps the memory of the tingling cheeke, and the ready birch in the teacher's hand, which accompanied "a spell down," makes we children of an older growth think that we learned to spell

pay to miss the same word twice.
"Why is it," the question used to go,
"that all the had spellers become sign
painters?" It is because of the strict mion rules, nowadays, that the had spell ers have deserted sign painting and overflowed into the other occupations? Have modern methods of teaching overlooked the desirability of teaching boys and girls spelling and the three Rs, in order to cram their little neads with ornamental accom-

better than do these youngsters, nowadays. Usually, with the old methods, it did not

plishments? the restoration of the old fashioned spelling bees, "spell up and spell down," would be a good thing. The Brooklyn has offered prizes, on condition that the public school principals will let their puagain the voice. Mille grazias. Signor!" pils take part in a series of spelling matches. But without success. The princaught his hand in her graceful foreign cipals do not take kindly to the notion.

The Eagle says:
"The nub of the matter is just this: The public school children cannot spell.
The principals of the high schools know that they cannot spell, as does everybody else who has occasion to receive letters from them. If a series of competitions were held, this most troublesome fact of the school situation to those on the inside might be revealed to the great body of parents and taxpayers. Then there might arise such a hugh and cry for common sense and the fundamentals of education as would annoy the authorities who now make out our scientific and philosophical course of study, which slights spelling for general information about everybody from Confucins and Buddha down to Admira Togo. If the school should once begin tol make time enough for fundamentals, of which spelling is easily first, there is no telling how many fads and frills would have to be cut out to find the time for essentials."

Stoessel A Wonderful Man.

An influential merchant named Kratz, from Port Arthur, gives an excellent description of life in the town, says the London Telegraph. He declares that all hearts beat at the bidding of General Stoes-sel, and all realize that he is the one strong man who alone can save the situation.

man who alone can save the situation. Socially, however, he is not liked.

General Stoessel is now getting slightly gray. His tall, bulky form, clad in a brilliant general's uniform, is seen daily in the streets, but when he is proceeding to the forts he is dressed in simple gray, and is frequently taken for a private soldier. He is described as the "Russian Lord Kitchener," a man of few words, but a strenuous worker. People say that General Stoessel never sleeps, for when all the city is in darkness a light burns in his headquarters.

His administrative work finished, Gen eral Stoessel prowls around the forts and makes his bed in some trench or rampart. Next day, with Madame Stoessel, a little figure clad in black, he proceeds around the hospital wards, speaking words of sympathy to the inmates. He insists that the officers shall perform their duties strictly, and the clubs have been closed. He takes a prominent place in the firing line, and when officers in charge of detached expeditions fail to return he leads their men himself successfully. His rule is, "What I order can be done."

The soldiers love him, but the officers resent the fact that owing to his recent promotion he is vested with the right of the award of decorations. After a recent assault the divisional commanders presented their recommendation, their aids-de-camp heading the lists. General Stoessel crossed out the aids saying: "Aids cannot be aids and in the firing line too. They are good aids, perhaps, but it is not an opportunity for dis-playing valor. I cannot accede to their re-wards." Friction resulted from this deci-

Of the 200 women who remain in Port Arthur nearly all are banded under the leadership of Mme. Stoessel as Sisters of Charity. They have pledged themselves not to leave, and are working heroically. The climate favors rapid recovery from wounds. The permanently disabled men become the guests of the residents.
General Stoessel, it is said, is of Swiss, as Todleben was of German extraction.

From the Funny Side

"Did Edith marry a title?" "Well, she married Rounders, who is known about town as a prince of good fellows."

Merchant '(to hawker)-"Call those safety matches? Why, they won't light at all!" Hawker-"Well, wot could yer 'ave safer?"

"He declares his wife made him all that he is." "Quite likely; and I should judge that she didn't waste more than half an hour on the job."

"He says he has more money than he knows what to do with. "Ah! then he isn't married. A man may have more money than he knows what to do with, but if he has a wife she'll know a thing or

Tramp—"It is needless to ask the question, madam. You know what I want." Lady—"Yes, I know what you want badly, but I've only one bar of soap in the house and the servant is using it. Come again some other time."

"How much did you say?" queried the

man who had finally decided to dispose of

bis horses and buy an auto. "The price of that machine is \$2,800," replied the dealer. "And—er—do you warrant it gentle and sound and not afraid of the "Do you have much trouble in keeping your boy off the street?" asked Mrs. Gada-bout. "Yes," responded Mrs. Homebud-dy, as she scrubbed away at little Johnny,

'and I also have considerable trouble in keeping the street off my boy." Rising Politician (whose friends have given him a brass band serenade): My fellow citizens, this spontaneous tribute touches me deeply. I am at a loss to find

able to repay.

Leader of Brass Band (in alarm): But dis vas to pe a cash dransaction, mein friendt!

The brawny Irishman had been hanging around the dock for two hours, seeming to be especially interested in a huge anchor which was lying on the wharf.

Why don't you move on, Pat? said a dock laborer. There's no jobs to be had here today.

Divil a bit will I stir from this place, replied Pat, till I see the man that's going to use that pick!

Yis, said Mrs. Clancy, Pat and I have parted forever. I went to the hospital to ax after him. I want to see my husband sez I—the man that got blowed up. Yez can't see him, sez the docthor; he's under the inflence of Ann Estheticks. I don't know the lady, sez I, mighty dignified loike, but if me lawful wedded husband can act loike that when he's at dith's door, I'll have a divorce from him.

Some years ago an English traveler visiting the Transvaal asked a man whom he met to direct him to the President's

You, came the answer, shust ko on dill Eagle thinks so to such an extent that it has offered prizes, on condition that the skoolhouse; but you don'd dake dot road.

Too, came the answer, such as the herbivorous dinosaur related to the iquandont of Europe, named trachodon, in skoolhouse; but you don'd dake dot road. ee der n shingled mit shtraw, den you durn der road down der field und ko on dill you comes to a pig red hoose; dot ees my Broder Hans' hoose. Don't ko in dere; ko strate on dill you comes to der haystick mit a farm. Vell, he don't live dere.

But when you get furder you see a hoose on der top of a leedle hill, so you ko in dere und asks der ould voman inside. She vill tell you petter as I can.

A teacher in an interior city recently received the following letter:
Sur and Frend—Do the Carnage libber-

ry lend Books teechin Matthewmatics, to Outside your Citie? I want Onlie books on Matthewmatics, as I am all rite on spelling and am a presty good Grammati-can if I do say it Miself. I kin spell and Grammariez but Matthewmatics is one to Much for me.

During one of my visits through the country districts, said the professor, I happened to reach a small village where they were to have a flag raising at the school house. After the banner had been "flung to the breeze" there was an exhibition of drawings which the pupils had made and of the work they had done during one

vear. The teacher recited to them the landing of the Pilgrims, and after she had finished she requested each pupil to try and draw from his or her imagination a picture of Plymouth Rock.

Most of them went to work at once, but one little fellow hesitated, and at length raised his hand.

Well, Willie, what is it? asked the Please, ma'am, do you want us to draw

hen or a rooster? Memory Hard to Beat.

In the days of Barnum, an old "auntie" lived in East Tennessee who was reputed to be of great age. Like all her kind she was extremely proud of the distinction, and never underestimated her age in the least. She had outgrown that weakness decades

Barnum heard of her, and concluding hat if she was as old as rumor made her she would be a valuable acquisition to his show, he sent an agent down to make an investigation. She caught the direction of the wind very promptly, and was prepared for any test question that might be asked. Gradually the agent led up to the crucial interrogatory, and at last said:

"Aunty do you remember George Washington?"
"Does I recomember George Washington? W'y laws-a-massy, Mistah, I reckon I does. I orter, ortent I? Fer I done nussed him. We played together ev'ry day when he was a li'l chile."

"Well, do you remember anything about the Revolutionary war?"
"G'way, chile! Yes, indeed I does, Honey I stood dar lots er times, an seed de bullets flyin' aroun', thicker'n rain drops."
"Yes—well, how about the fall of the
Roman empire? Do you recollect any-

thing about that?" "The old woman took a good, long breath. In fact, it amounted to a sigh. She reflected for a few moments, and said: "De fact is, Honey, I was purty young den, an' I doesn't have a very extinct recommembrance 'bout dat; but I does 'member, now dat you speaks of hit' dat I did heah de white folks tell about hearing'

some'pn drap."

Found Big Cave of Extinct Animals. American Museum Expeditions Happen Upon Specimens of Mammals that Lived 2,000,000 Years Ago—Two Carloads of Fossils.

Three expeditions under Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn returned to the American Museum of Natural History yesterday from the Rocky Mountains. They brought back two carloads of skeletons of many animals heretofore undiscovered, besides complete skeletons of monsters of which there were in the world's museums pre-

viously only fragments.

Most remarkable was the discovery of a cave in New Mexico containing thousan of complete and fragmentary skeletons of a whole menagerie of extinct animals. Prof. Osborn gave the following account of the expeditions and their results:

'The mammal expedition into the Fort Bridger region, Wyoming, was in charge of Dr. W. D. Matthew and Mr. Walter Granger. This is a classic locality. Special search was made for complete remains of the great horned quadruped which inhabited this region in the cocene period. As a result portions of two skeletons of uintatherium were obtained, also a fine lower jaw.

MET ITS DEATH IN BAYOU MUD. "One of these skeletons was found in such a position that the animal must have mired in what was formerly a soft, tenacious mud but is now an olive green shale. "Not far off along the steep face of the bad land cliff this shale stratum was notched by the cross section of an old river channel filled with hard saudstone, and we may imagine that the animal came down along the firm sand of the old river bed and ventured out too far into the treacher-

and ventured out too far into the treacherous mud of the bayon.

"There were also found the skeleton and
two fine skulls of hyrachyus, a primitive
running rhinoceros; the skull and part of
the skeleton of a hyopsodus, either a emur or an insectivore; three skulls of isectolo phus, a primitive Rocky Mountain tapir six skulls of palaeosyops, an early type of titanothere, two with part of a skeleton and two skulls of carnivores related to the

words to express my thanks. You have laid me under obligations I shall never be dog family.

"Diligent search was made for the fossil horse of the Bridger, but thus far only fragmentary specimens have been found, the best being a palate with complete set of upper teeth.

DISCOVERY OF PLESIOSAURS. "In charge of the reptilian search was Mr. Barnum Brown, well known through his explorations in Patagonia and in Montana for fossil reptiles. It was especially desired to obtain a complete skeleton of one of the great sea reptiles known as plesio-

saurs.
'Continuing the work begun in 1902-03, search was made in the Fort Pierre shales and from Fort Pierre sales near Edgemont, S. D., we obtained the greater part of a plesiosaur skeleton, including skull, jaws and neck complete, about fifteen feet long. One complete paddle and part of the pectoral girdle, with some dorsal vertebrae,

were also found. 'In the same locality we obtained another plesiosaur specimen having skull, jaws, one complete paddle and disassociated vertebrae. Two other important specimens were found in this formation—a young plesiosaur having both girdles and two paddles and a mosasaur specimen with skull, jaws, and part of the skeleton uncrushed. This formation yielded twenty-

two boxes of fossils.
"In beds near the Judith River in Montana was discovered the skeleton of a large oluding pelvis, vertebral column and lin

bones. FISSURE CAVE FULL OF MAMMALS.

"The party continued down into Arkansas, and in a crevasse in a cavern of the pleiseocene age were found ten complete and many fragmentary skulls of rodents and carnivores, about one thousand jaws, thousands of limb bones and vertebrae, representing nearly forty species of ani-

"Materials were brought back for the preparation of a section of this remarkable cave which will show the bones in position as they were found. They inc

many living species of animals, such as bears, weasels, pumas, deer, foxes, wolves, beavers and rabbits.

"The species of these animals were partly of living kinds and some kinds which have disappeared since this remarkable cave collection was deposited. As proof of its geological age there were also found a skeleton of the extinct sabre toothed tiger, recognizable, although very much crushed; also the skeleton of a musk ox. Remains of living species of peccaries were also

The uintatheres which Professor Osborn mentions, of which the first complete skeletons were found, were great quadrupeds with elephantine bodies, very small brains, four horned skulls and powerful tusks. They lived around the ancient Bridger Lake, Wyoming, in the middle eocene times of 2,000,000 years ago.—New York Heveld York Herald.

Danger of White Bread.

I was informed a few weeks ago by a gentleman who owns large flour that the craze for white bread is being carried to such extremes that many millers are pu tting up expensive machinery for the purpose of actually bleaching the flour.

This is being done by ozone and nitrous acid, the object being to make an artificially white bread and to enable the grain to be used which would otherwise ive a darker color to the flour.

The development of the grinding process during the last few years has been such that the old-fashioned stones have been replaced by steel rollers actuated under great pressure.

The germ and other most nutritive constituents of the wheat are thus to a great extent abstracted and the valuable charac-

ter of the bread greatly reduced.

It is the opinion of many who can speak with authority on the subject that bread, instead of being, as formerly, the "staff of life," has become to great degree an indigestible non-nutritive food, and that it is responsible, among other causes, for the want of hone and for the dental troubles in the children of the present generation. It is doubtless true that the variety of food now obtainable in a measure compen-sates, in the case of those who can afford it, for this abstraction of phosphates; but I think I am justified in stating that every medical man, if asked, will give it as his opinion that very white bread should be avoided, and that "seconde"

flour, now almost unprocurable, should only be used either for bread or pastry. Thanksgiving Day.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.-The President to-day issued the Thanksgiving Day Proclamation, setting aside Thursday, November 24th, to be observed as a day of festival and Thanksgiving by all the people of the United States, at home and abroad. your riches which possess you.

Foot Gear of the Japanese

The Japanese shoes, or "geta," as they are called, says the London Chronicle, are one of the singularly distinctive features of Japanese life which will strike the observer with wonderment as soon as he sees them looming along the roadway or hears them scraping the gravel with an irritable squeak that makes his nerves shudder. Nevertheless, awkward though the shoes appear, they are of a kind constituted to make feet as hard as sheet iron and ankles as strong as steel girders.

The shoes are divided into two varieties:

The shoes are divided into two varieties:
The low shoe is called the "komageta"
and is only used when the roads are in
good condition. The high shoes, named
"ashida," are worn when the weather is
rainy and the roads are muddy. Both
kinds have a thin thoug attached to the
surface to secure them to the feet, which are therefore not covered as if they were in shoes, but are left exposed to atmospheric conditions. The "komageta" resemble somewhat the Lancashire clog, and their construction merely entails the carving of a block of wood to the proper size. The "ashida," however, are of plicated design.

plicated design.

They have two thin pieces of wood, about three inches high, at right angles to the soles, and occasionally, in the case of priests or pilgrims, only one bar attached.

Some of the "geta" worn by little girls are painted in many colors and others have a tiny bell hanging from a hollow place at the healt which as it tinkles in a mostic. the back, which, as it tinkles in a mystic way, heralds the approach of children.

The superior makes are covered with mats made of panama. The highest price amounts to about ten yen, or \$5, while the chargest is less than two cheapest is less than ten sen, or a few cents; but then the "geta" will not last longer than a month and once out of re-

pair can never be mended. Learning to walk on a "geta" is an exceedingly difficult process. Indeed, it is far easier to acquire skating or stilt walking. The average child in Japan takes about two mouths before being able to move along on the natural footgear, and the little ones repeatedly slip from the wooden blocks. falling to the ground, which seems to their miniature imaginawhich seems to their miniature imagina-tions a considerable distance beneath them. Although foreigners usually take with readiness to the customs of Japan, they are absolutely unable to manipulate the perilous "geta."

Reading's Goose Bone Prophet's Proph.

ecy. Elias Hartz, Reading's veteran "Goose Bone Prophet," on Tuesday made his an-nual prediction. His announcement was awaited with interest by scores of persons who have more faith in his predictions thau in the Weather Bureau at Washington or the time-honored almanacs.
"Fill your coal bins, and do it quickly,

for we are going to have a very severe winter," is his latest warning.

Several days ago Mr. Hartz received a breast bone from a young goose hatched last spring. The bone is greatly discolored, dark lines covering both sides. Very few light spots are shown. The heavy dark lines indicate a severe winter, beginning early in November and lasting late in the

spring.

The few light spots indicate a short duration of mild weather. Mr. Hartz said : "I have been making my predictions from the goose bone 65 years, and never once missed. I have great faith in the goose. I was taught to read it when a young man. and have followed its lines ever since. The bone I secured this fall is very dark in Those who have not yet done so had better lay in a good supply of coal and wood, for they will need it.

My prediction that last winter would be a severe one was correct, and the bone of this year is still darker than that of last fall. There will be numerous heavy snow-

Mr. Hartz will celebrate his ninetieth birthday anniversary next week. He is well preserved for his age. Fifty years ago his predictions of the goose bone were only of local interest, but his fame has spread far and wide, with the result that farmers not only of this State but of other States await his prediction each year. Mr Hartz says that too much money is wasted in establishing high-priced weather bureaus. He said: "The goose bone never fails. The great trouble is some people fail to appre-

Queen Bees Worth \$200.

Just as there are valuable strains in porses, cattle and other stock, so there are varieties of queen bees which are worth many hundred times their weight in gold. The most valuable strain is the Italian, and many Italian bee farmers demand and receive without question prices ranging from \$50 to \$200 for a single queen bee of a certain kind. Such bees are sent all over the world. The owner of a bee farm near Ottawa, Canada, goes to Europe annually and brings back with him bees of an ag-gregate value of thousands of dollars. He is enabled through the agency of an Italian firm to effect an insurance upon the most valuable of his queens. This bee farmer has many strange exper-

iences in connection with the assistants he is obliged to engage. Of course all bee keepers must submit to a certain amount of stinging. But in some cases the poison in the sting acts directly upon the assistants and makes them alarmingly ill. Others are immune, though stung hundreds of times. Bee farmers are often applied to by persons suffering from rheumatism who wish to place themselves in the way of being stung. And, strange as it may seem, the virus of the bee sting does often act as a cure to persons suffering from serious attacks of rheumatism.

North Star and Dipper

The pole-star is really the most important of the stars in our sky, say's Country Life in America; it marks the north at all times; it alone is fixed in the heavens; all the other stars seem to swing around it once in twenty-four hours. But the polestar or Polaris is not a very bright one, and star or Polaris is not a very bright one, and it would be hard to identify, but for the help of the so-called pointers in the "Big Dipper" or "Great Bear." The outer rim of the Dipper points nearly to Polaris, at a distance equal to three times the space that separates the two stars of the Dipper's outer side. Various Indians call the polestar the "Home Star" and "The Star That Never Moves," and the Dipper they call the "Broken Back." The Great Bear is also to be represented as the Pointers is also to be remembered as the Pointers for another reason. It is the hour hand of the woodman's clock. It goes once around the north star in about twenty-four hours, the reverse way of the hands of a watch that is it goes the same way as the sun, and for the same reason—that it is the earth that is going and leaving them behind.

-It is not you who possess riches, but