

Bellefonte Pa. December 16, 1904.

JEMIMA

Of all the pleasant places, on, the best, I do believe. Was old Jemima's kitchen one snowy Christ

mas eve. When Ted and Eleanor and I drew up her big armchair.

And we, on kitchen boxes, sat in there !

And Aunt Jemima said : "Lan' sakes ! You chillun heah ag'in ?

Well, I reckon I must tell you about Br'er Tar-ra-pin,

How he frazzled po' ole Mistah Fox and fooled Br'er Buzzard, too,

And played a mighty low-down trick on Mistah Kangaroo."

The wind howled down the chimney, but the fire it snapped and glowed

As Jemima told us, also, of Br'er Rabbit and Br'er Toad.

And that other funny story of Br'er Turtle and Br'er Coon,

And showed us li'l Br'er Rabbit's house away up in the moon.

And then she said : "Now, chillun, run-'fo' Santa comes along !"

And leaned back in her squeaky chair and

sang a Christmas song. -Carolyn S. Bailey, in December St. Nicholas.

A CHRISTMAS EXILE

The day after Silas Pemberton's funeral Mrs. Probin drove around to see Miss Jane Glenn. Her vigilant alertness had its challenge in the matter of the dead man's sister, and she met the suggested problem with the sarety a great many people are privileged to possess when confronting other people's affairs.

Her fat pony slipped the bridle, as it always did, at the Glenn gate, where, in spring, the red and white clover was unbearably tempting, and even late in De-cember stray chance blades were to be found. He nibbled eagerly as far as he could reach-for Mrs. Probyn, aware of his failing, always added a halter to his neck which no tugging for random mouthfuls could undo.

Marjory Glenn, Miss Jane's young stepsister, listened to their discussion. She listened a great deal to Mrs. Probyn; it was much less exhausting than baving to talk to her.

"It's very sad," Miss Jane said, counting stitches in her knitting with a rigid forefinger and wrinkled brows. "Very

sad!" she repeated, firmly. "She's really very repellent," Mrs. Probyn complained.

Well, I don't know" Marjorie said, perversely. "Perhaps we haven't encour-aged her."

"Encouraged her?"

"To be friendly."

Mrs. Probyn, on the point of remon-strance, remembered how little good it ever did to argue with Marjorie, and, besides, she felt argument was unnecessary. She knew her view must be altogether the correct one.

"I suppose Christmas means very little to her, anyway," Mis. Probyn continued. "There are people that way; they seem quite unable to recognize the privilege of the holidays." "Well, I shouldn't think that to Miss

Nancy they'd seem exactly priviliges," Marjorie retorted.

She was rather quick and impetuous and her imagination could make a joyless pic- of almost royal aloofness. ture-its grayness intensified by the ho day exuberance her own environment offered—of the snowbound, sermon-olad

and open. of sincerity! They never hide things silenced him for a while. -never beat about the bush. Now Two or three years la Miss Nancy has been living here-how

many years?" "Thirty," Miss Jane said, promptly, "No, more! nearly thirty five." "And in all that time"—Mrs. Probyn dropped her voice into italics—"has she

ever told any body anything about her life?" "Well, you see," Marjorie said, inno cently, "we've never questioned her! The

neglect of duty was on our part." "Thirty-five years!" Mrs. Prohyn re peated, with dauntless zeal, "and I have been told that she has never had any inter-

course with her neighbors. Her brother, poor old man! never looked happy."

"A great many Northern people were prejudiced against us after the war," Miss Jane explained. "Miss Naucy never has gotten over hers."

"It is with the individual!" Mrs. Pro-yn declared. "Now I am from Bostonbyn declared.

and I am unprejudiced." "But you hadn't a special reason to be bitter!" Miss Jane reminded. That makes

a difference!" That it did, all those who knew old Miss Nancy Pemberton would have unhesitat-ingly agreed. In the days following her The other sons, the "four Pemberton brother's funeral it was a bitterness that ached. It made her manner stiffer and harder than ever to the few people who went to her. There was nothing they could

do, she said; she wanted nothing. Two days after the funeral she went to

the head of the grave. The weather had heen cold for Madderly-so cold that there was the possibility of a freeze the next of Silas. day, which would be Christmas, and in "Be yo

day, which would be Christmas. and in that case the flowers, of course, could not live. "You never say anything. No child of mine shall ever

But Miss Nancy set them out with a determination that fought off the certainty. She put double rows of violets on each side of the grave, and made a bed at the foot where she would plant mignonette and pansies in the spring.

She was sixty-five years old, and she felt very tired as she straightened from her work. The grave was still covered with withered flowers from the funeral. One large bunch of late chrysanthemoms had been tied with ribbons of the Confederate colors, and among the faded flowers they seemed the most vivid memorial.

Miss Nancy's lips tightened; her involuntary gesture would have torn the ribbons away, but she checked it. The twin brother who was dead had been a confederate soldier-and the fact was her tragedy.

She went back to the little house, now so explicitly empty, uncovered the tiny fire smouldering on the hearth, and sitting down by the window in a straight, uncomfortable chair, let her uncompromising gaze wander over the sleeping flower-beds in the front yard—the beds Silas had helped her to plant and care for during those thirty-

five years in Madderly. She sat ereot; it was one of the many differences between her and her neighborsher unbending stiffness of attitude. For the people of Madderly took life easily-in rocking chairs; and Miss Naney, far removed from any share in the life about her by poverty as well as inclination, regarded the people as through an inverted spyglass -far-off marionettes toward whom her attitude was the detachment of a supreme indifference that never stooped to direct observation.

Her first years among them had been those of an alien during the tumultuous reconstruction period, and later her sus-tained and definite withdrawal of berself had created a seclusion that her neighbors had ceased to interfere with. In her limited way, Miss Nancy had the prerogative

it had been a sacrifice

offered—of the snowbound, sermon-olad phases of her hard life to mere eccen- lilacs were in bloom and their delicate fratricity, the impression, was strongly, of a grance had followed her with a farewell person serving a life sentence with stern acceptance. The house was filled with the magic and estranged her without destroying the stillness that is the after-clause of death, roots of the old affection. Also her con-science told her she owed a duty to him and the gray-haired woman sitting by the window felt the enveloping quality of the silence which her voice now would be the only one to break. She had utterly refused now, more than ever, in his misfortune. So she had gone to him; had worked for him and taken care of him for nearly the outside kindness that would willingly thirty-five years. Ah, those years! A life have helped her if it had been allowed. time in a strange country among strange people. She was an alien and an enemy Her red, work-hardened hands were pathetically idle; and there is nothing sadder to the cause they had lost, and silent as than enforced idleness with those to whom she had been, she had made it very clear work is the only resource. how intensely disassociate she was in every Her thoughts, as she sat there, were had to remember grudgingly, had been brother's death and the loss of his little kind in helping her to get work because of their pity for Silas. She had seen the ruin the loss and poverty Her thoughts, as she sat there, were alfore her. Altogether, her mind went back to her old home in Vermont. It was a effort to rise from defeat. But it did not memory that had remained fresh notwithsoften her hardness towards them. To her they remained, and always would remain, standing the long years of absence and esenemies, who had led Silas away. Looking back, she remembered she had trangement. She and Silas had been twins and the youngest of the family. They had been a great deal to each other; though, felt that no bitterness could equal the even in their obildhood, there had never knowledge that she had sacrificed her prinbeen any unnecessary affection. Such ex-pression of feeling bad been a superfluity not allowed in the workaday Puritanism ber thought, as she toiled with shut lips of their upbringing. But that she had cared and tireless fingers for her brother's comfor him more than for any of the others she fort. And this was the worst of it-to rehad abundantly proved-against all her principles, all her traditions. It had been member the snirit in which she had made ber sacrifice. The gate clicked and some one came voluntary; she had gone to him of her own accord, and she could never, in looking back, feel that she could have done otherlightly up the steps. On the knock at the door, Miss Nancy rose, brushing down the But she began now, that it was finwise. wrinkles of her black dress. ished, to take herself to task with the man-

They have the grand trait and his father's stern anger and disapproval

Two or three years later the uncle died and left Silas all be had—an acre or two of land and a negro slave, old and quite i-firm. To Silas, who had all the sense of but the tables and chairs. I've been a

humor his family lacked, it was an amos- wicked woman.' ing bequest, but his refusal to revoke his ownership and free the slave made the final bitter quarrel. Silas went South "to take care of his property." After that his name was cut out of the Bible and his sister was commanded to forget she had such a broth-

er. Thn times were electric, the sternness Hebraic. Silas wrote his sister a letter after was

was declared: "Take care of yourselves. The South is sure to whip!" he had as-serted, "and then it will be a fine thing to have me speak up for you! I'll do it, no matter what's been said. And remember, Nan, I'll always take care of you."

This ill spelled, rollicking letter had been a contrast to the unforgettably gloomy atmosphere of her home. Her father's anger had been unswerving. The shame that his son's act had brought on diers he served with say a turncoat couldn't him remained always unforgiven. The old him remained always unforgiven. The old farmer's soul was as bleak and hare as his own hillsides in winter. He never went hack to the post-office after that, and

other sons, the "four Pemberton were among the first to enlist for in thome and tried to work in the garden boys,' Union. "Sons to be proud of," the the neighbors said, heartily, and no one ever mentioned Silas. It was only in despair his sister could think of him. She said go by."

nothing, but as she knitted socks and made the graveyard and planted a rose-bush at shirts for the four Union brothers, every stitch of her needle, every turn of her thread was interwoven with the thought

> have to do with him again-nor speak up for him. When they do, they'll belong here no more." Old Nathaniel Pemberton meant what he said, and Nancy knew it. Three-fourths of her agreed with him mind, conscience, and perjudice; but an-other part of her did not. She and Silas had had a community of interests since childhood. In the breaking away from fam-dud it? People don't know, but I do! Many a time he'd look at me cheerful ily tradition, and the sentiment of duty had come the feeling of bereavement alhad come the feeling of bereavement al-most as great to his sister as if he were just sigh; he'd never say a word. I made dead. The years of the war dragged terribly. Cruel years of suspense and sorrow. One of the brothers died in hospital, and he was brought home and buried with the honor given to a soldier who fought for his country, his coffin draped with the flag. But his death did not give Nancy Pember-

ton the pang of grief she felt for Silas, even while she stood by the open grave. A month after Appomattox Miss Nancy had received a letter from the South. Her

face had hardened and paled as she read it. "Left a leg at Chickamauga," he wrote, drolly, "and had my right arm crippled by drolly, "and had my right arm orippled by the bluecoats in Georgia. I've got a roof over me, thanks to Uncle Si! My poor old his way of feeling, he was a stranger, just nig died while the war was going on, and the set of the nig died while the war was going on; so like me." serve me right! I'm proud of the side I fought on. We'd a' licked you if you tought on. We'd a' licked you if yon hadn't kept a coming when we couldn't! And I'm proud of the leg I lost trying to whip the Yanks! How's the boys? Hope they got through all right—more than I did! I know yon all wouldn't want I should come back. I couldn't on one leg, anyhow! "

When she read the letter Miss Nancy had gathered together her few personal possessions and packed her trunk with neatness and precision. She had enough money to take her to Madderly and a few money to take her to Madderly and a few dollars to spare, and so, one evening at twilight she crept away unobserved, taking Mr. Lawrence brought an armful of it to a last look from the turn in the road at him. Silas was as happy as a child with the old, weather beaten farmbonse. The that lilac. It was real kind of Mr. Law-

yes, I be." She spoke as arguing with her- go on like I commenced." self. "I ain't said a word all this time. It wasn't needed that I should. I ain't talked

"Oh no, Miss Nancy," Marjorie said, soothingly, but she was a little frightened, though Miss Nancy showed no signs of hysterics. Her old face, strongly featured and wrinkled, was like flint, and her voice

even and monotonous. "Yes, I have," she repeated, dully. "Silas went wrong, but when he was depend-ent on me I made him feel all I was doing

feel them. I hated everything he liked. and couldn' talk to him about what he had given up. I guess he was glad to get out of the house and sit at the post-office. He liked the folks and they were real kind to him, but he found out they didn't really respect him. He heard one of the old soland see to my flowers; he planted the sweet peas every year. He used to like to give them to the school-children when they'd

She looked through the window, and her mind's eye supplied the brave array of bloom-piuk and white, pale lilao and deep maroon-and the bent, crippled, old man stooping over them in the little front vard. "He didn't ever complain, but I know

he'd 'a' been glad if I'd talked to him like I used to in Vermont, and I uever did. He used to be so fond of a joke."

"Dear Miss Nancy, everybody knows how good and faithful you were to him! You've stood by him all these years."

Many a time he'd look at me cheerful and pleasant like and try to talk, and I'd him feel all the time that he'd made an awful mistake, and instead of helping him to bear it, I was always making him feel how he'd spoiled my life, too. Dr. Grange was talking to Silas once, and I heard him say, 'Whatever a man does to another, he does to himself,' and I've been remembering it. Just before he died he said I had been a good sister to him and he hadu't deserved

Her hopeless tone gave an ironic significance to the words.

"I wish he'd have gotten mad some

sent him his cross of honor. It came the

o fond of lilacs," Miss Nancy said at last. "When he was sick in April he talked about them and I knew that he was fretting for Vermont. Mr. Lawrence came to see him oue day, and I heard Silas tell him rence ?!

There was no appeal from her finality

Maijorie pat out her handig "I'm sorry," she said, gently. Miss Nancy gave her usual limp hand-shake, but as her guest opened the gate,

her voice followed her and made her pause. "You've been real good." Her voice seemed to apologize for the lack of response no effort could subsidize from disuse. guess it did me good to talk to you. You've been real kind."-By May Harris, in the Harper's Bazar.

Concerning Elkons.

In Russia, to many of the regiments ordered to the Far East for active service have been presented on the eve of departnre, by the highest officials of the Czar's Government, eikons, or holy pictures pe-culiar to the Eastern Church. Each regiment carries the eikon with it to the front, the troops placing confidence in its mir-aculous powers, and trusting that through possession of it victory may be vouchsafed to the Russian arms. To General Kuropatkin, on his leaving St. Petersburg were presented no less than eighty eikons. The eikon is regarded by members of the Greek Church, which has ninety-six million Russian adherents, with especial reverence and affection, and, like the crucifix among other sects of the Christian community finds a place in the household of the

devout. The word eikon is Greek, and literally designates an image, that is to say, a picture, statue, or relief, though in the Greek Orthodox Church it is now applied most especially to the representation of Christ or a saint painted in colors upon a plaque, so as to form a picture some few inches in height; an eikon may consist of one picture only, or three may be hinged together by frames, one in the centre and one on either side.

The history of the eikon, or holy picture, is of great interest, and forms a most important chapter in the history of the development of the Eastern Church.

At a very early date mention is made of the use of images as aids to Christian worship. The historian Irenaeus speaks of the disciples of Marcellina as possessing images, which they were in the habit of crowning and placing leside the statues of the philosphere, such as Aristotle, Plato, etc. A life portrait of Christ was supposed by his sect to have been executed by Pontius Pilate.

It is not, however, until the year 306 A. D. that definite mention is made of holy pictures. In that year, the Synod of Elvira decreed that pictures should not be placed in churches, "lest that which is worshipped and adored be placed upon walls." It is supposed that this decrée referred particularly to frescoes, which, in times of religious persecution, it would be impossible to remove and hide away from profauation.

At the commencement of the eighth century a serious crisis occurred in the Eastern shurch. In the year 726, Leo, the Isaurian, Emperor of the East, endeavored to free the church from the idolatry of image worship. In consequence, a controversy ported the relative worship of eikons were John of Damascus and Pope Gregory. The latter pointed out that the riotures them-is at work, and a man content to remain

selves should not be worshiped, but were of value in that they served to teach by pictorial language that which should be of being. There is no such man. The worshiped. Moreover, he maintained that most restless and the most discontented of that which the educated were able to learn by reading, the ignorant could learn by looking at pictures.

It is a curious fact that the holy pictures loafing. Next come the unfortunate

teenth century illumination.

Death of Mrs. Gilbert.

enjoying her acting and charming per-

sonality. The life of an actor or actress is

was an example of this. If giving innocent

pleasure to the many be a useful and good life, Mrs. Gilbert led a good and useful

one, and her long career will live in the

grateful hearts of the public as a happy

memory. Her death, too, was quick and presumably without suffering-long suf-

fering, at least-and one can recall the

beautiful words of Longfellow, "Time has

dealt gently with me; not smiting, but as

a harper lays his open palms upon his

A New Test for Old Eggs.

with an egg fourteen days old to 60 de

grees, and with one three weeks old to 75

degrees, while an egg a month old floats

-If silver is washed every week in

vertically upon the pointed end.

entirely forhidden.

For the Discontents.

After all what more is there in life than happy condition. The humblest laborer is the envied of the richest financier, if he has brightness and health about him. Though his home be unde and its greatest luxury the most triffing necessity of the millionaire and he has that priceless jewel. contentment, he has all that the Creator hath designed for man and should give unceasing praise for it.

A letter to the New York Sun was answered as follows last Thursday and we publish it, together with the Sun's comments, because we hope it will be helpful to those strugglers who think they have nothing:

to those strugglers who think they have nothing: "To the Editor of The Sun.--Sir: I desire an mbiassed. unprejadiced opinion of what I amount to in the world, just how much Imay pass for, considering what I have in the way of education. "Thirty-five years ago I was born on the East Side of New York City, close to where Tweed held forth. My parents were then in comfort-able circumstances, but reverses came, and at 10 years of age I found myself practically cut off from any hope of ever again going to school. Soon I was at work in a grocery for the large salary of one dollar and a half a week. From that time on until to-day I have been at it, work-ing hard. Sometimes I think I have done fairly well; again I feel I am a total failure. "When about 12 years of age I began to read the San and have never wavered in the feeling that it was the one true newspaper. To that paper, to my pittance spent for the 130 books I own and the burning of midnight oil I owe to-day what-ever may be my education. "To get back to the story. I grew and waxed from my advent in the grocery store I have done as follows: I bought and studied a grammar Shakespeare, sometimes read the Bible, the his-tory of England, Greece, Rome, France, our own country: I have read Milton's 'Paradise Lost, Dickens, Pope, Hawthorne, Longfellow, the Conquest of Mexizo and Peru, Von Holst on the United States, and daily the Sin. I have mas-tered Munson shorthand, write it to-day, 100 words per minute (not for business), and can pound a 'Remington." "For a period of ten years I have healt a posi-tion in the Government service-- too long, I think, for my own good. My salary is \$1,300 a year. I have a good wife, a humble home, but good and nice, and six children, all well formed, healthy, hapy, better clothed than their father at their age, etter fed. "To the Sum and myself are old chums. Now, tell me tankly what yon think. I am hailed as a

or chew; but take a drink when I feel I want it— average, three a week. "The Sun and myself are old chums. Now, tell me frankly what you think. I am hailed as a good fellow, honest and loyal to my friends, yet there seems to me to be a lacking—that I am fitted for a place I cannot get. UNCERTAIN. UNCERTAIN

"WASHINGTON, July 31st."

Frankly, what do we think? We think and affirm positively and without qualification that our old Washington friend has been successful and enviably successful in his career. He is better off in every way than the great majority of men and he ought to be happy. His letter suggests that he has a disposition which of itself is worth more than material rich-

es, for his query does not imply discontent with his position. He would like to do better. Of course he would. So would everybody else. That is a craving in mankind which prevents the staguation of society.

"idolatry," many theologians maintaining that it was permissible, without "idolatry," to offer a "relative worship" to the like-ness of Christ. A more than the theory that is a future life in heav-tive of progress for the souls of the saved, tive of progress for the sould be destruc-The theory that in a future life in heavness of Christ. Among those who sup reduce him to surfeited and discontented inanity.

idle yet satisfied with his condition would playtime of life and get satisfaction in

spent. She could not fancy a single scar-let gleam in the Poritanism of the idea she evolved, and it made her sympathy the more acute.

"It is very hard to be kind to her." Mrs. Probyn continued. "I made Mr. Offingham acknowledge, when I met him just now, that his visit did no good." "How unpleasant for him!" Marjorie

commented. "Well, clergymen are used to that sort of

thing," Mrs. Probyn virtuously explained. "It's all in the day's work with them! They expect ingratisude. Though, I must say in the Episcopal Church the visits are always duty visits—a mere matter of form. As I tell Flo, there are times when I feel positively homesick for Mr. Stebbins! If it hadn't been for Flo, I'd never have left Mr. Probyn is really bitter his church. about it. He says he used to feel as if he had a place in Mr. Stebbins' church, but in St. Luke's it's different."

'Poor Mr. Stebbins!'' Marjorie murmured with irrelevance.

"I don't think any one need pity him!" Mrs. Probyn was a little stiffly on the defensive for her former pastor, even though the defensive was of a shamefaced quality, as when a man resolutely praises his first wife to her successor. "He's just been wife to her successor. "] offered a Nashville pulpit."

"And he's accepted?"

"Of course! The salary is five times

what he has here. He's a notable man." "He must be!" Marjorie pursued the subject. "It seems one's valuation of one's self is always a movable festival," she added, thoughtfully, as she threaded ber needle with embroidery silk. "It must be a great pleasure to him to understand what a loss the people sustain in his going."

Miss Jane anticipating the climax Mrs. Probyn and Marjorie so frequently managed, came into it gallantly. "Do you know whether Miss Nancy has

anything at all to live on? She is so reserved -' the impulse to push him away.

"Peculiarly so!" Mrs. Probin interjected. "Very naturally so. I think," Miss Jane continued, a little stiffly. Miss Jane knew by experience that poverty is seldom ex-pansive. A small legacy from a distant relative had in the last few years given her comparative comfort, but she understood the up-hill effort of carrying pride with poverty.

"I used to think it a New England characteristic," Marjorie said, "to be reserved.

Mrs. Probyn was a New Englander. Her husband had brought an immense amount of energy to the management of a cedar. factory in Madderly, and Mrs. Probyn had concentrated her faculties on the social and mental needs of the lazy little Southern and snow-no one but herself would ever town-and of course it is not possible to arrive at a successful analysis of people bad always liked the Southern climate, without studying their affairs. Flo Pro- and, looking back, she could trace the byn, the only child, had apparently imbibed the atmosphere of the place sufficiently to lack energy of any. kind.

"It isn't," Marjorie had commented to Miss Jane, "that Flo tries to be Sonthern! It's simply her subconscious effort not to be like ber mother."

"The New Englander's of the better class"-Mrs. Probyn's emphasis was that of the wife of a manufacturer, and removed her implied estate leagues and leagues

It was Marjorie Glenn. Miss Nancy said ner of it-the spirit of her sacrifice. For 'Good evening," apathetically, but Marjorie's soft fingers held hers a moment with

The cat, sleek and hot on the hearth rug, a sympathetic pressure. "My sister thought you might not care for visitors," she said, "but I thought it rose lazily from a nap and rubbed against her knee. She had never cared for old Bob-an ordinary black and gray cat with a persistent babit of mewing-but Silas a little while. And I wanted to ask you something." had made a pet of him, so she conquered

Miss Nancy found her a chair. "You're real kind," she said. "I be lonesome." The cold wind outside tossed the last Marjorie, a little nervous as to how she leaves still clinging from the trees by the would take it, unfolded her idea.

gate, and a tall branch of a rose-bush grow-The Westrays were leaving Madderly, perhaps ing close to the house brushed against the window pane. It bore a cluster of pale for years, and their place needed a careyellow buds, ready to bloom iuto roses if taker.

"If you will think about it, Miss Nanthe cold weather would only wait a little the cold weather would only wait a little longer. All her years in the South had failed to accustom Miss Nancy to the sea-son's anachronisms. So often the summer repression and aloofness of the New Engseemed prolonged into the heart of winter, woman's distrust and unshared sorand again, after so little interval, it was sum mer in Madderly, when in the North it was row. Marjorie had once interpreted her to Miss Jane. "She's like a prisoner on a pa merely spring. She hated the hot, rioton role that will last forever! She can't help summer that in the South rushed upon you before preparation. Those winters of ice her attitude-it's instinctive."

Marjorie, who knew that in the past year know how she had longed for them. Silas the little house Silas Pemberton had inherited from his uncle had been mortgaged. was eager to get her consent to the plan great change in him to his visit South to she and Miss Jane had thought out and arhis mother's uncle, who had gone to teach school there, and had chosen to remain the rest of his life in Madderly. Stlas was his suspect and refuse the offer. But Miss Nannamesake, and spent six impressionable oy was in the grip of a feeling almost, if months with him, going back to Vermont not quite, as strong as pride. She turned with all his share of strong prejudices firmto face her visitor-masklike as usual, but ly set in favor of the South and its princiwith a certain unleashed appeal in her eyes. ples. His father and brothers were aboli-"I'm obliged to you," she said slowly. "You're real kind. I'll do the best I can." tionists, and she remembered the storm her implied estate leagnes and leagnes that had come when Silas expressed his from Miss Nancy's-"are always frank opinious. Silas was then barely twenty, nohow listen. I'm goin' to talk to you- like. I'd be a hypoorite. I've just got to

"Yes, it was kind and thoughtful," Marsweetness. She had felt obliged to go to Silas; Silas, whose behavior had saddened new light on Willy Lawrence.

"Silas always wanted to go back to Verstaring mont. I guess he would have wanted to be buried there."

"Vermont must have been a beautiful place," Marjorie said, trying to divert the current of her thoughts. "Perhaps you will go back some day." "It was just-bome, I guess." Miss Nancy's voice was hard, but the words

hurt in their wistfulness. She added very simply, "I can't go back-ever." "Oh, Miss Nancy, but now-"

"It don't change it." She shook her

head. "When he was alive, they always thought I upheld Silas. Father did as lived. I couldu't never tell long as he him that I didn't. I let them think it then, and now he's dead. I uant them to think it! I've lived here thirty five years. and I guess I'll die here. I don't want that Silas should be left by himself."

When Marj rie roseto go a little latter, Miss Nancy went with her to the gate. This was a neighborly custom common in Madderly, but she had never practised it before. and the act spoke volumes. Marjorie had felt how nearly impossible it would be to brighten the dreariness of Miss Nancy's Christmas with holiday wishes and gifts. She had the instinctive feeling of how distasteful they would be to her, but for herself she regretted the denial of the greatest placsure the season brings. That she had, without knowing it, given Miss Nancy the gift of human interest and sympathy, she was quite un-aware. Every house in Madderly had its preparations for Christmas except this, and it hurt to go away and leave it grim and forbidding, in its lack of response to the universal joy of the season. She could only comfort herself with the thought of the would be so lonely I would come in for a things her sister would send the next day. strings to deaden their vibration." The wind was no longer blowing as they

us only add, "Requiescat in pace."-Public Ledger. came out of the bouse and there was a cold, red sunset. The square brick tower of St. Luke's stood out against the brilliant west, dominating the view of Madderly from its terraced height above the river, like a bene-

diction of peace. Dr. Grange had begun the practice of naving afternoon prayers, and Mr. Offingham, his recent successor, had continued it. As a rule, very few ever came; the increasing inclination to float with the hells rang their sweet invitation, the rector long axis vertical. A scale is attached to and the organist were in their places; but the vessel containing the salt solution so rarely more than two or three voices made that the inclination of the floating egg totheir responses from the dim twilight of ward the horizontal can be measured the church. this way the age of the egg can be deter-

mined almost to a day. A fresh egg lies in a horizontal position But this was Christmas eve, and more people than usual were coming out of the at the bottom of the vessel; an egg from three to five days old shows an elevation church. Marjorie could see Mrs. Probyn on the steps, followed by Flo. She saw her of the flat end, so that its long axis forms sister in the porch and remembered a mesan angle of 20 degrees With an egg eight days old the angle increases to 45 degress; sage.

"My sister thought perhaps you would come over to St. Luke's sometimes-It's so near. !t's," hesitatingly, "comfortingjust to go. I know it isn't your church

but sometimes in the afternoons-? And to morrow-if I come by, won't you-?' But Miss Nancy shook her head.

"I can't feel right to go to church," she warm suds containing a tablespoonful said, firmly; "'twouldn't he right. I can't feel I could worship in the church-any ammonia the polish can be preserved for a long time.

-----Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

of the present day are still for the most ple who search in vain for something to part exceedingly lacking in artistic merit, the style adhered to being of a rude ar-ohaio type, presenting the stiff angular,

do. At this time millions of citizens of this republic are waiting impatiently and anxfigures of Mosaic work, a style ionsly for the result of the election next which artists of the Italian school over-November; yet, however it goes, the per-sonal interests of a very small part of them came in the fourteenth century, and of which Margaritone d'Arezzio was among will be affected in any way. Prohably the last exponents. The colors employed are usually brilliant, the eikon, at first even our Washington friend, though he holds a place in the Government service, glauce presenting the appearance of a fourwill be protected from harm by the civil service law, whether Mr Roose-velt or Judge Parker shall be elected. Painters of eikons are not permitted to represent nude or sparsely-draped figures, while it is ordained that portraits shall be Why, then, is anybody concerned about the result? "For a man's life consisteth only half length, ut omnis stulice cogitationis occassio tollatur. This latter regulation, however, is not always strictly adhered to. meat, and the body is more than raiment. Paintings of the God-head, or Trinity, are His highest hopes and ambitions and greatest interests are, after all, not purely selfish. Patriotism is described by certain cynical philosophers as folly; and partisanship, in Mugwump estimation, is a a sen-The death of old Mrs. Gilbert will be timent confined to narrow minds. If that sincerely mourned by all theatre-goers when they look back and remember the is so, the in pulse of affection which induces our friend to provide his wife and pleasant evenings spent in seeing her and children with comforts and luxuries which were denied to him in his youth is also silly altruism. He might live in a niga strenuous one, full of bardships and much study, but in Mrs. Gilbert's case a might crush out his paternal affection as

happy one. To be successful in anything one must be thoroughly in earnest and in But then he would be poor indeed. Now love with one's work, whether the work be he is rich; and it is sentiment which enamusement or real work. Mrs Gilbert riches him. He has won the greatest of the prizes of life in his happy and loving home. Without it he would be poor and pitiable with millions of money.

Our friend's reading has been good. He could not have made a better selection if he had had Rockefeller's fortune to enable him to buy books by the thousand. One of the great blessings of this time is the cheap price at which the hest literature of all ages is obtainable. For the cost of car fare up and down town a man can now buy one of the greatest books which the world has ever produced.

Happy? Everybody is happy and successful who can surround himself with the blessings of our friend's Washington home. He will he happier the more he works and the less he thinks about himeslf.

Their Way.

"I suppose all your neighbors were out to see you the first time you went whizzing through the street in your new automo bile."

"No, they were all busy getting their work done ahead of time so they could be out watching the next evening when I had to have the blamed thing towed home he-hind an express wagon."-Chicago Record Herald.

Reason For it.

"Skorcher must be getting weak-minded," said the first automobilist.

"I haven't noticed it," replied the other.

"Why, he told me he stopped his auto once vesterday because there was a pedestrian iv his road."

"But I believe the pedestrian had a gun.'

---- If salt is sprinkled over the range before frying is commenced, there will be no disagreeable odor if the fat spatters

A new and simple method for testing eggs is based upon the fact that the air chamber in the flat end of the egg increases with age. If the egg is placed in a saturated solution of common salt it will show an

Let

In