Bellefonte Pa. February 24, 1905.

COLD STORAGE ROMANCE.

She wrote her name upon an egg; A simple country girl was she "Go. little egg. go forth." she said. "And bring a sweetheart back to me."

Into the wide, wide world it went, Upon its shell the message plain. The maiden waited, waited on,

With throbbing heart-but hope was vain The days, the weeks, the months, flew past, A year, another year rolled by. Alas! no lover ventured near To dry the teardrops in her eye.

She wondered where the egg could be. "Oh voiceless moon, dost thou behold, Somewhere, my true affinity?" Somewhere, indeed, there was a man

Sad at her casement in the night

Whom fate had made for her to own Somewhere, and waiting for the egg, He led his loveless life alone. The years sped on till gray and bent

She looked adown the road one day, And trembling, saw an aged man Approaching slowly on the way. His locks were white, his shoulders bow ed, He feebly leaned upon a cane. She looked-and in her faded cheeks

The blush of roses glowed again. Twas he, her lover, come at last! "Are you Miss Mary Jones. I pray? I found your name upon an egg I bought in market vesterday. Cheated of youthful life and love,

Kept parted to the journey's end, The evening of their wasted day Together now they sadly spend. O, Egg Trust cold, how many crimes Are done in thy disgraceful name?

Gaze, gaze upon thy cruel work And hide thy hydra head in shame Newark News

THE OLD MAJOR.

About our house there was a garden, with round beds of blooming plants, and a shady apple tree or two to break the glare of the summer sun. In one corner the hollyhocks grew, and along the path to the gate purple flags appeared each spring in uneven rows, like isolated bands of soldiers marching on a common enemy. There were dandelions in the grass, and a lilac bush by the front door. Here I used to play, in a bright pink sunbonnet, and litthe black slippers which buttoned with a band about my ankle. Secretly I considered myself rather beautiful, and as for my conquests, they stretched down the street and around the block. There was the grocer's boy and the elderly lady from over the way, who wore one kind of hair in the morning and another kind in the afternoon, and ordinary strangers passing through the town, and last of all, but first in my estimation was the old major.

1

Every day at the same hour he passed the house, leaning on a cane. When the sun was bright he stepped along quickly with an alert carriage of the head, but there were cloudy days when his step was slow and feeble, and even his smile lost

some of its usual charm.
"Hello, little girl," he said in a ponderous fashion, the first time he saw me perch-

ed on the gate. "Hello! Hello! Hello!" The hellos reached a long distance, and grew very gruff at the end, but there was a twinkle in his eye, and he had a beautiful bright star on his watch-chain, with

which I longed to play. I gravely put out a small hand to him. 'My name is Rhoda," I said in a burst of confidence. "I live here in this house. I was six years old yesterday." 'Were you?" he replied, evidently very much impressed. "That's very old, very

He went slowly down the block, but when he turned on his way back, he stopped again at the gate to discuss my age. "Six, was it? Well! Perhaps you can tell me what time it is."

I shook my head, with a fascinated look

at the gleaming star.
"I haven't a watch." "But you don't need a watch," he an-ered. "See here."

He stooped down painfully, grasping the fence for support, and picked the snowy seed-ball of a dandelion plant. Then he

straightened up slowly, and blew at the

"One, two, three, four, five! Five o'clock. Time for the old major to go in out of the damp."

Then he turned away from me and went

up the street, his cane digging little holes in the path, and he himself forgetting all the child whom he had left still perched on her gate. I had not entirely passed from his memory, however, for when he came to his own gate far in the distance, he took off his hat and gallantly waved it to me before he went in out of the

damp. "Mother, I love the old major!" I said one day. 'What major?' my mother asked, look-

ing up from her work with a smile. She was making small ruffled skirts and aprons with pockets. She could make the most beautiful things, all out of her own

"What major? Why, my major. Mother, has the old major any little girls or boys that I could play with? Oh, I should so like to play with his little girls and

boys!"
"Major Daniel Clark hasn't any little girls or boys. He lost them all, dear. He is a very lonely man." "Didn't he ever find them again, moth-

"No, dear. Never again." . Now, I was very good at finding things. I found grandmother's spectacles ten times a day, even when they were only lost in her soft, white hair. And once I found mother's thimble when little brother Dick had it in his mouth, and it was just going down red lane. Norah said I had a pair of bright eyes, and my father, when he wanted his slippers, could think of no one so trustworthy to send as I. To find little girls and boys would be quite easy, for they were much larger things. I had only they were much larger things. I had only to ask all the girls and boys who came past swered soberly, and then broke into a gleemy gate if they belonged to the major, when the right ones came, we would run, band in band, up to that distant door and go in. He would be so pleased, and never lonely again. And, perhaps, just suppose that he would be my friend for-

ever and ever! I was waiting on my gate next day when

he came by.

'Oh, Major!" I oried excitedly, nodding my head at him. "I'm going to find your little girls and boys for you!" "My little girls and boys?" he asked,

perplexed. Yes. The ones you lost so long ago."

so quickly that I thought he was angry, but when he came back he stopped at the gate again. He took my face softly between his hands and looked down deep into my eyes, into the little circles where there were

pictures.
"When you grow up, always remember that the old major loved you," he said hurriedly, and then went back toward the house from which he had come out so shortly before.

We were great friends after that. We held long conversations over the gate, about my dolls, and the hobby-horse which had lately come to live in the hall. discussed the best way to raise children, and how convenient it would be if aprons could only be made to button in front. We both had original ideas on things, and often differed, but none of my new clothes ever seemed quite real to me until the major had admired them, and pinched my cheek with that air of gallantry which showed that I was a woman. He brought me presents, very wonderful things; bright "I should pebbles which he picked up on the street, willow whistles, and a tiny basket carved from a peach-stone, which I hung on a rib-bon about my neck. I gave him flowers, and once, when no one was looking, I let him kiss me in the shadow of the pink sunbonnet.

If the major and I met thus on the sunny days, when it rained there came a blank in my life. Then he could not go out at all, but must stay shut up in his house until the weather cleared again. There was some-thing the matter with the major which made this necessary. In some unaccountable way he was different from other people, and to be different from other people was sad, and was, moreover, a thing which never happened in our family. Now, grandmother had a little red brick

house that stood on her mantlepiece which aided me a great deal in stormy times. A little man and woman lived in this house who were never of the same mind, and carried their lack of sympathy to such an met in the course of their lives. For, as sure as the man with the umbrella came out of one door, the little lady with the roses in her bonnet gathered up her skirts and scurried in as if she were afraid to meet blue look to the sky, and the rain came down heavy and fast. But if the old man went into his house, the old lady sprang out, with a smile on her face, and the rain stopped falling and the sun came out. Then, by and by, the major would walk down the street, and stop to chat awhile.

I used to run to grandmother's room every morning to look at that house. 'Grandma," I cried eagerly, "has the ittle lady come out to-day.' Then I took my stand soberly in front of

the mantelpiece, and regarded the two figures with much attention. "Grandma," I said once, "do you think hev can be relations?"

Grandmother took up a stitch in her knitting without replying.

"Because, if they are," I went on indignantly, I think they ought to be ashamed!"

"Ashamed of what, Rhoda?"

"Why, of the way that they act. They don't even look at each other! And, grandma, I think he's the worst. He goes in with such a click when she comes out. He's so afraid she'll speak to him."

Grandmother looked up over her spec "Now that I come to think of it," she said, "they've acted that way for forty

years." "I wonder why he don't like her?" went on, musingly, "Is it because she's got flowers in her bonnet and he hasn't? Look, grandma, she's coming out very She's going to catch him this time. Oh, he's gone in with a click! And he never said a word."

"We'll have fair weather now, Rhoda."

ma." "He's my major!" little Dick cried. "He's my major," Beatrice asserted.
"No such thing!" I said, turning on them angrily. "He belongs to me. Don't he, grandma."

Grandmother did not answer, but I knew that he did. When the twins came, handin hand, down the path to see him, he would pat their fat arms through the spokes of the gate, but it was always I to whom he wished to talk, for I was more of his own age, and not a baby like them.

"Baby yourself?" Dick said, when mentioned this, and slapped me, but it made no difference.

Sometimes the lady from across the way would come over to walk with the major. They were old friends, and had a great deal to talk about. I remember seeing her shake her finger at him when she found

him leaning on my gate. "So you're trying to turn another wom-an's head!" she cried gaily. He wheeled upon her with that sudden straightening of his shoulders that would

ome so unexpectedly. "Did I ever turn your's, Kitty?" he ask-

ed, with a mischievious smile. "Dozens of times," she cried. of times!"

Then she took his arm, and they went up and down in the bright sunshine, up and down, while the major would thump his cane upon the ground with that gruff laugh that always seemed merrier than other people's. His white hair was smoothly brushed, and his black bat was set on jauntily, and his kind eves shown as if he were young again. I noticed that the lady from over the way always wore a black silk dress and her best, curly, brown hair whenever she came to walk with the major, and also, a hattered silver bracelet which looked as if it had been chewed. The majo

would glance at it and laugh.
"I took castor-oil to buy that bracelet,"
he said once, with his twinkle. It sounded funny, but I knew just what he meant. I had made dollars and dollars myself taking castor-oil, except that time when Auntie May mixed it so cunningly with lemonade that it went down and down to the very dregs, and I never discovered

my just dues. "So that was it!" the lady from over the way exclaimed, patting the bracelet. always knew that there was something curious about it."

until then how I had been cheated out of

"It was harder than leading a regiment ful laugh. "I wouldn't do it for you now!" be cried.

First she threatened him with the brace let. Then she took his arm again, and they went on walking in the sunshine, talking of all the many people they had known in their lives. Her touch on his arm was very light, guiding and sustaining, rather than dependent, but the old major thought that

she leant upon him. I was not jealous of the lady from over the way. I felt that we shared the major between us, and then it was always at my gate that he stopped first. It was here that he told me about a trip he was intending He turned quite suddenly on his way, to make.

"I am going off to the city for a week,"

he said.
"Are you, Major?" I questioned sorrowfully, for a week had seven days in it, and even a day was a long, long time. No wonder that my eyes were full of tears.
"There, there," he said. "Bear it like a

I was not a woman, but sometimes the major used to forget. I thought it was because I loookd so tall when I stood beside He put out his kind old hand, and

smoothed my bair. "What shall I bring you from the city?" he asked. "A new doll? What would you like best of all, Rhoda."

I considered the question. There were a great many things that the major might bring from the city. There were little dollbabies, or picture-books, or cups and saucers, or hooples with bells. Then I had an inspiration. I leaned forward in a glow of

"I should like-Ob, Major! Will you really give it to me? I should like the littlest watch in the world. With a star!

With a star just like yours!" "You shall have it," he answered promptly, as if there were nothing unusual in such a grand request. "Now, remember, if all goes well, I'll be at the gate a week from to-day. And I'll have the watch right here in my pocket."

"And I'll bring flowers!" I cried joyfully. 'All the flowers that you love best, Maj-

"Good-bye," he said, with a sudden touch of emotion. "Good-bye," I answered rather tearfully, for even the watch could not reconcile me

to his absence. He turned to go, and came back again. "Pray for the old major," he said in a

husky whisper. Through my tears I saw him go up the block, a little slower than usual, as if he did not want to go. At the gate he stopped and waved his hat to me, as he had done alarming extent that they used separate on that first day, and squared his gallant doors, and as far as I could see had never old shoulders before he passed into the house. I always wished that I had kissed him before he went.

It was not hard to pray for the major, for I believed in the efficacy of prayer. the elastic bands became loosened in the him. With her went the sunshine and the black doll, Topsy, and she lost her wool and her legs at the same time, I went down solemnly on my knees on the floor, and prayed for them to grow together again. And they did, in the night. And the time I lost my little front tooth, I prayed to God and he sent me a new one! So it was not hard to pray for the major. But somehow or other I did not like to do it before my mother. It seemed such a secret sort of a prayer. I waited until I was safe under the covers, and she had taken away the light. Then I climbed out of bed, in the big darkness, and went down on the floor. I prayed to God to bless the old major, and bring him back safely to me. I said it over twice so that God would not forget.

"So the old major has gone to the city," my father said at the breakfast table. can remember him when he was in the pride of his strength, a magnificent figure on horseback. He never rose as high in the service as he should. He made powerful enemies, and slipped into the background."

"It's twenty years since his wife died," my mother's soft voice added. "He has lived alone in that big house ever since. Think of it, Robert!"

"Such is the heart's fidelity," father answered, with his face turned towards

"When he comes back we must make

nore of him," mother said It was a very long week, but even long weeks have a way of slipping by at last. I played about the house and the garden gate, not until the day dawned which was seven times from last Friday, and very day for the major's home-coming. There were so many flowers in the garden that morning, such especially large ones. They knew, too, that the major was coming home, and had put on their prettiest dress-

es in his honor. It was quite a puzzle to me what I should put on. I had a closet full of dresses. There was a beautiful blue silk one, too good for anything but church, which matched a little blue parasol. And then there was a lovely white one with a lace flounce, which went with my scalloped petticoat. My third best dress had roses and buttons on it, and the fourth best was covered with brown spots, like cough drops. I loved my little dresses, and it was so hard to tell which dress should come out, and which must stay shut up in the closet with nobody to admire them.

"Shall it be the cough drop dress, mother?" I asked uncertainly.
"It's such a wonderful day, and the sun shines so bright, that I think you might put on the white dress with the lace flonnce," my mother said, with that smile which meant that she was laughing with

me and not at me.
"And my little black slippers?"

"And your little black slippers." "And, mother, you remember the time that I was your little flower girl? And you put roses in my hair so it looked like a crown? I'd like to be the major's little flower girl."

My mother lent herself to the pretty idea. She crowned my head with roses. There were roses at my throat, and a big, floating pink sash swept down my back, and there were roses in my hand for the major, one bunch to give him with a kiss when he came, and another to give him with my love when he went.

Grandmother shook her wise head when she saw the toilet. "If she were my child," she said, "I should dress her in a brown gingham down

to her heels, and tie her hair with shoe-I gasped and mother laughed. 'She's vain," grandmother went on se-

verely. Suppose she should grow up a pop-I carried that awful mame out with me as I climbed upon the gate, and stared out

bashfully at the street. I was afraid to think how beautiful I might be. The grocer's boy came by, my own particular grocer's boy. Stricken with sudden admiration for my charms, he put down his basket and expressed his sentiments.

"Say, you are a daisy!" he said. "Go away, Jakie," I answered with embarrassment. "I haven't time to play with you now. Go away! I'm busy." He was quite crushed by my new haught-

iness, and lingered about, thinking that I would relent, but all my smiles and flowers were waiting for that bent figure which I

An hour slipped by, but still the major did not come. My crown grew heavy on my head, and the flowers wilted in my hot hands. The lady from over the way came to ask me questions. She had on her ugliest

hair, and there were tears in her eyes. "What are you doing, Rhoda?" she asked, with an anxious look. Then she seemed to divine. "You are not watching for the major!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," I answered wearily. "Doesn't your mother know, child?" she eried, "But then, he never told any one. They found that there must be an operation, and he was not strong. There was no one whom he loved there at the end. He died as he lived, all alone. Oh, poor old man! Poor old man! Let me go by,

child! Let me go by!"

Sae thrust herself in the little gate, wheeling me back against the fence and went up the path to our house.

Then, in hardly a moment, Norah came out and led me in, and proceeded to take off all my pretty things, and put on a common dress, quite an old one, with a darn on the sleeve.
"I don't want that dress, Norah," I

protested. "I want my white dress. I want

to be his little flower girl." I went in where my mother sat, with the lady from over the way, and explained the situation through my tears. very tender with me. Somehow I felt that she herself was sorry about something, for she dropped a tear on the wilted roses which I still held in my hand. Together we went into the garden. Together we gathered all the flowers that there werethe big ones and the little ones-and form

ed them into a great bunch. It was for the major. I danced with sheer delight, knowing too well how the kind old face would light up when he saw all the flowers which he had admired so often made a present to him. I added butteroups, and dandelions, and bits of feathery grass, while mother watched me with a sad smile, and said

never a word. The lady from over the way cried very hard on our front steps, but afterwards she dried her eyes and took my flowers to the

He did not come the next day, or the next, though I watched at the gate, and then something strange happened. I was told not to go into the garden.

"Not this morning, Rhoda," my mother said. "Grandma and I are going out, and you must stay in the house. come back you may go out." She dressed herself very quietly that

day, all in dark things, and she and grandmother did not look joyful, as they always did when they went out together. "I'd like to go, too," I said wistfully.

Then Norah coaxed me. 'Ah, stay and play with your Norah,' she cried. " 'Sure you'll not be after leaving your Norah alone in this big house!" I always liked to play with Norah when her work was done, and she had time to be sociable. That day we played blindman's buff together-she and I and the twins. Norah was the blind man, and she was the longest time catching us, and when she did she could never tell who it might be. She would guess quite impossible people—the grocer's boy, and the lady from over the way, and her very own mother in Ireland, and she never once, by any chance, thought that it was Rhoda, or little Dick, or Trixie.

"Sure, your too big for Trixie," she cried when we told her who it was. That day, when the blind man was out of breath, and his feet were sore from walking hundreds of miles, I climbed up on the the window sill and watched the people going along the street. There were a great many of them, more than usual. Suddenly there was the sound of a fife and drum in the distance, and a long line of carriages came into sight, and one was filled with beautiful flowers and one was draped with

a torn old flag.
"Come, quick, Norah!" I cried eagerly. "It's a procession !" "It's the old major's," Norah said, com-

ing, with the twins in her arms, to look over my shoulder. I had known, somehow, that it was the major's, for everything nice belonged to him. I was so proud to think that my with the twins, but I never went near the major should have all that big procession,

with the lovely flowers and the music in front. I looked for him in every carriage, that I might wave as he went by. He was Many old hunters persist in believing was Friday again, bright and clear, the that I might wave as he went by. He was not there, but other people were, my mother and my grandmother, and the lady from over the way, and men with gold braid on their coats come to grace the major's pro-

"Is it all his, Norah?" I asked.

"Sure, dear." "I am so glad," I cried. "Oh, I'm so I clapped my hands in my delight, and

was quite angry with Norah when she dragged me hurriedly away from the win-That night my mother took me in her lap, and told me that the old major had gone to heaven. I had heard of heaven before. It was where I came from, and the twins, away back in the early days. Heaven

was a nice place, and now, as the major's home, it acquired a new charm. But there was one drawback. "Sha'n't I ever see him again, mother?"

I asked. 'Never again, Rhoda." "But, mother, it's a children's place," I urged anxiously. "And the major is old. quite old. He won't like it there, mother." "The major has gone to heaven to be a

a sob Then she put a blue velvet box in my hand. Inside there was the littlest watch in the world, and on the back of the watch there was a star in blue stones. It was the last thing which the old major bought before he went to heaven .- By Florence Tipsley Cox, in McClure's Magazine.

little child again," my mother said, with

A New Creed.

I believe in cleanliness of body, mind I believe in kindness to man, woman, child and animals.

I believe in truth because it makes me I believe in the charity that begins at home, but does not end there.

I believe in mercy as I hope for mercy. I believe in moral courage because I am more than a brute. I believe in righteousness because it is

the shortest and best line between two eternities. I believe in patience because it is the wiftest way to secure results. I believe in that kind of industry that

akes an occasional vacation. I believe in that sort of economy pends money for a good purpose. I believe in honesty, not for policy's sake, but for principle's sake.

I helieve in hospitality because it puts oof over every man's head. I believe in obedience because it i only way to learn how to command. I believe in self control because I want

to influence others. I believe in suffering because it chastens and purifies. I believe in justice because I believe in God. - Omaha News.

single one of our numerous laws for prohibiting the sale of liquor bas ever worked satisfactorily. Jones-Simply because not one of them prohibited thirst.

Candlemas day, the 2nd of February, is usually considered to be mid-winter day in the Province of Quebec. They say that,if the weather is bright the heaviest part of the winter has still to be looked forward to. If it is overcast and stormy, as it was this year, then the worst of the cold weath-

er has gone. Hunters and trappers are also accustomed at this season to for cast the coming of spring. The logic of their reasoning is not always easily followed, but they argue shrewdly enough from such signs as their woodland experiences have shown to be reliable.

The swelling of the bads on some of the hardwood or deciduous leafed trees, the tightness of the bark to the wood, the loosening of the needles of the pine, the beginning of the springing of sap in the birch, the brightness of the wild sareaparilla routs-all these standard signs are derived from an ancient belief that spring

begins underground. According to this idea, the warmth of the interior of the earth, in obedience to some great law, advances toward the surface from winter to summer and recedes in a similar manner toward winter. Believers in the notion usually refer to the full of the moon upon the water of the earth, as seen in the tides, to illustrate the influence exercised by the sun upon the latent heat

of the earth. The roots and sap of trees are therefore more to be relied on as giving an inkling of the real advance of the seasons than are things directly influenced by prevalent winds and frosts. Springs of water are supposed to be especially susceptible to the action of the approaching heat, and when chopping water holes or fishing places in the lakes from this time of year on the woodsman has a keen eye for signs of wear and incipient honeycombing on the under

side from the warmth of the water. Red squirrels are of assistance to the seers who adopt the internal heat theory. When one of these restless little creatures is seen lying flat along a slender branch, with his nose close to the bark, the observer judges that its sharp teeth have made a cut into the sapwood of the tree, and that it is sucking out the slightly sweet sap which has sprung up from the roots. It is not improbable that the aborigines learned that the maple sap contained sugar from this

rodent habit. The same sharp-eyed foresters may be trusted also to detect the symptoms of the swelling of the terminal buds before any one else, and the fragments scattered by them on the snow, as they seek out the embryonic vegetable life just developing, are joyfully noted by the men who are anxious to see the last of the winter.

Birch partridges are also very clever in of the twigs. One of the first of the reli-able signals of the approach of the warm season is the big bird swinging up aloft, plucking the buds of the white birch tree. The trapper can usually give one a good idea of the probable length of winter, taking his information from the hair upon his pelts. If the inside of the skin is pimply and rough to the touch, showing that the roots of the hair are almost protruding through the bide, warm weather is near, and he will soon have to take up his traps. The presence of the beavers and muskrats upon the mounds of their houses, or playing about nearby in the daytime, is in-

dicative also of an early spring. But all woodsmen put most confidence in the "saw whet" as the harbinger of a change of season. To the majority it consists of a sound, and nothing more. Heard in the evening, it is a doleful reiterated combination of two unmelodious notes. One note corresponds to the upward thrust the other to the downward pull of a big file across a tooth of a crosscut saw. The

that it is the song of some particular hare. Others think it is the tickling of a gigantic beetle. Very few are to be met who ever saw the sound produced, so it is perhaps not to be wondered at that superstition bas laid hold upon it and declared it to bring bad luck upon any one rash enough to at-

tempt to probe the mystery. The fact is that it is a tiny owl, a pretty little thing not as big as a man's fist, that thus lets it be known to all within reach of

his unmelodious voice that winter is passing and the warm weather near. There is a widespread belief that spring keens company with Eastertide, that when Easter is late we shall have a late breaking up of winter. This accounts, it is most likely, for the prophecies already had of a late spring this year. Easter Sunday comes very nearly at as late a date as possible,

that is on April 23rd. But the prophets have failed to notice that the Easter moon, upon which, of course, the question of the weather is likely to turn, comes earlier this year. There is a full moon on March 21st. The rule is that Easter is the Sunday next after the full moon falling on or after March 21st. Astronomically, however, the moon will be full a few hours before March 21st comes in, which throws the celebration a month later. This is the regular Easter moon of the year, which sometimes falls two or three weeks later. So that no one need anticipate a late spring on that account this year.

On the contrary, the men of the North Woods, who have an intense interest in the matter, declare that we shall have (nuless all signs fail) a stormy February and an early break-up in March. But an early spring does not necessarily mean an enjoy

able spring, it ought to be noticed. It will be remembered, perhaps, that the predictions of the woodsmen last fall, regarding the present winter, as reported in the New York Sun last November, were fulfilled minutely. The same authority now says that we have only a little more than a month of cold weather to look forward to, and then-spring.

Housekeeping at the White House.

President and Mrs. Roosevelt are decidedly the most lavish entertainers who bave ever resided at the Executive Mansion in Washington. They give each year four large state dinners to the members of the Cabinet and their wives, to the Diplomatic corps, the Judges of the Supreme Court and the members of congress at each of which from ninety to one hundred persons are present. At these dinners both the ment. menu and decorations are very elaborate. Then there are in addition, perhaps two dozen semi-state dinners in honor of distinguished persons, and at each of which from twenty to forty guests are present. However, this represents but a small por-tion of the Roosevelt hospitality, for Mrs. Roosevelt serves refreshments at all her teas and musicales and the President never sits down to a meal-morning, noon or -Smith-I wonder why it is that not night-without having as guests any where from one to six of his close personal and political friends

Under the present regime the great state banquets are prepared and served by professional caterers who, however, use the

Spring is Coming Early this Year. White House kitchens. The smaller dinners are entrusted to the White House culinary staff which is made up of half a dozen colored cooks and helpers. The President must pay the wages of all these kitchen workers, but Uncle Sam provides him with a steward whom the government pays a salary of \$1,800 a year, and who makes all purchases of provisions for the Presidential table, looks after the White House china, cut glass and plate and, in short, exercises general supervision over

the kitchens. The White House kitchens are situated in the basement directly beneath the private dining-room of the President. They have recently been reconstructed and entirely refitted with everything pertaining to the culinary department. Being the kitchens of the "First Lady in the Land" and the place where all the family and formal dinners of the President are prepared they are naturally of great interest to every housewife in the United States. There are two of these kitchens, the larger is a hig room, forty feet in length and twentyfive feet wide and is fitted with a great hooded range where the various delectable dishes served at the state dinners are prepared. Then besides this there is a family kitchen of about half the size. Both these kitchens are tiled and are kept exquisitely clean and neat. An electrically operated dumb waiter connects them with the large butler's pantry on the floor above, where the White House dining-rooms are situat-

The larger kitchen is fitted with immense closets or cupboards for crockery and tinware and in these are also big bins for flour, sugar and other household supplies. This kitchen also serves as a diningroom for the various kitchen workers and the half a dozen colored cooks and helpers employed by the President.

There is besides a large laundry connected with the White House where six experienced colored laundresses are constanty at work. These women are also served heir meals at the table in the big kitchen so that sometimes almost as large a party sits down below stairs as in the State Dining-room above. Everything pertaining to the culinary department of the White House usually runs like clockwork. It is systematized

down to the minutest detail, for this is the only practical way that housekeeping can be managed on a large scale. The steward employd by the govern-ment exercises a very strict supervision

Passing of Yellow Peril. In 50 years, perhaps less than 50, if the present laws remain in effect and are rigid-y executed—the Chinese population of the United States will become practically extinct, says World's Work. From 1890 to 1900 they fell away from 126,788 to 119,-050, a decrease of nearly 8,000, or more than 6 per cent. In the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1903, more than 4,000 voluntarily left the port of San Francisco for the land of their birth, the total deported and returning voluntarily being 5,020. A very large majority of these Chinamen were ad

vanced in years and went home to die. A generation ago there were in San Francisco from 30,000 to 40,000 Chinamen. The Chinese Consul General says that, counting men, women and children, there are now not 10,000. The same proportionate decrease is seen in other places. It should be borne in mind that the total number of Chinese now in the United States includes 26,767 in Hawaii and 3,116 in Alaska, so that at the beginning of this decennial period there were living in the United States proper only 89,000. A gen-

eration ago there were at least 150,000. According to the most liberal estimate there are not more than 150 legal Chinese wives in San Francisco. But the number of Chinese women is estimated at between as are born to the lowest class, a large proportion are sold for immoral purposes by their parents, thus still further reducing the possibilities of an increased popula-

The main adult population is male, is unmarried, or, at least, wifeless, in America, and is rapidly approaching old age. Thus by 1930 or 1940 the main Chinese life in America will have become extinct.

For Frostbites. In this season of frost and snow frosted nembers are sometimes the cause of much suffering to those who are much exposed to the weather. Full-blooded people, who are usually noticeable for having red hands and faces in cold weather, are said to be especially susceptible to chilblains, al-though poor circulation or lack of exercise

are the primal causes. When once acquired chilblains are ant to reappear every winter, so that the main oure is to prevent the evil in the first place. To do this, always walk briskly when out of doors, and if cold when entering the house never try to mend matters by warming the hands and feet at the heater or fire. Instead remove the coverings, and after rubbing the numbed members briskly until circulation is restored put on fresh warm coverings. Tight shoes, gloves and collars should be avoided, so that good circulation may be kept up, and if insoles to the shoes are not obtainable a couple of layers of newspaper placed in the sole of the shoe

add considerable warmth. But if frosted feet or hands really occur, if they are not cracked or broken, the best thing to be done is to plunge the affected parts into as hot water as can be borne, to open the pores, and then rub well with turpentine. This is efficacious if conscientiously undertaken. When the members begin to grow warm and the chill is over, an intense itching is apt to ensue, and to relieve this they should be fairly parboiled in very bot water, and the softening effect is instant.

wounds should be kept very clean and free from exposure to cold, and a piece of lint spread with zine ointment will be found both soothing and healing.

If the hands or feet are cracked, the

A Record Breaker.

Among the army of London carriage drivers is an Irishman noted for his native wit. It stood him in poor stead one day,

man to drive to a hydropathic establish-On arrival at the gate the fare inquired, "What's your fare, driver?"
"Well, sir," said Pat, "the manest jin-

however. Pat was engaged by a gentle

tleman I ever drove here gave me 2 shillings."
"Is that so?" exclaimed the gentleman, who was a bit of a wag. "Well, here's a shilling for you, my man. I like the idea of breaking records."

In Africa.

First Native-They say that new citizen

from America is a great athlete.

Second Native—What's his record? "He jumped a \$10,000 bail."