

Bellefonte, Pa., March 10, 1905.

THE MAKING OF A WOMAN.

A HINDOO MYTH

It was far away in Creating time...

By which he might add to the joys and griefs...

But, woe and alas! no solid was left...

Then took of the brightest and lightest things...

There were dancing lightness of summer leaves...

The changeable ways of the veering winds...

The peacock's pride in his glorious garb...

The softness that lies on the swallow's throat...

The swiftness of tiger-feet...

The splendor of gems in a monarch's crown...

The mystery of moonlight; the gleam of stars...

The heath-fire's sacred glow; the lightning's flash...

The lightest chatter of sparrow and jay...

He melted them all, and he gave to man...

But a week had passed when the poor man died...

"My lord, the creature you gave, she poisons the fountains of life for me—

"She takes my time, and all else that I have...

"For nothing at all she grieves and laments;...

But another week, and he came again;...

"Oh, mine is a lonely life; the glance of her eye and the sound of her voice...

"I now recall that she danced full well...

Yet only three days, and again he came,...

"Alas! the pleasure is less than the pain—

"Nay, go you your way," cried the angry god,...

"But I cannot live with her," cried the man...

"Neither without her you could."

—Jessie Annie Anderson.

*The Vulcan of Hindoo Mythology.

A COAST TALE.

The cottage, old and crumbling, stood a stone's throw away from the narrow salt...

black and silver with the stress of the weather; the stunted trees about it were...

He had left her little, wiry, fiery, dark-

At the end of the first decade she was bent,

Now, at thirty, he owned it and the comfortable house in which his mother sat...

From the time that Hiram had gone to work in the village the riverside cottage had been deserted.

She remembered how she had set out dahlias and nasturtiums and red poppies beneath the sitting-room window—

"It's her own house that a woman wants," she said and lapsed into recollections.

It had been such a day as this that Tom had sent her his first valentine.

February dusk and the February snow, Letty saw him scampering away, a swift, dark blur in the twilight.

"If you love me as I love you, no knife can cut our love in two."

Romance had been so lived, for Tom had staked his tongue out at her the next morning when she had fallen in her geography lesson.

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his absence. She never sympathized with his enthusiasm for strange sights.

"There's a plenty to do and see right here," she used to proclaim, making a thin line of her lips.

"I ain't got no use for a woman that gads," And Tom used to look at her with half-wondering, half-admiring eyes.

There came a day when he had to go to Portland. Supplies for the house were to be ordered, something was needed for his sloop.

He was to be away overnight, but the dauntless woman he had married was used to loneliness.

She made her way quickly to the outskirts of the village. Once on the long road that wound across the bleak northern country,

When she reached the forlorn place she stood still and drew in a deep breath.

She went along the obliterated path toward the dark cottage. Her heart was beating tumultuously as it had not beaten,

"Now, don't you go spendin' your money on foolishness," commanded Letty, crisply.

"Just you come home yourself, safe as quick. But don't forget Hiram's shoes an' the red hood for Lizzie."

"An' I ain't goin' to forget a valentine for you, old lady," declared Tom. "It'll be Valentine's Day when I get back. Remember how I always used to send you one?"

"Don't you go buyin' no truck," warned the thrifty wife again.

"You'll see," insisted Tom. "Come, give us a kiss, an' I'll be startin'."

"Go along with you," Letty had answered, blushing. Kisses had been given up with the valentines.

Tom had laughed and driven away, and she had never seen him again.

In the cosy kitchen of her son's house she lived over again the whole agonized year that followed.

She was on her knees blowing at the thin flame when a gust from the opening door threatened it with extinction.

She looked quickly about—and there he stood, Tom Lancoon, big and bluff and white-haired and soiled-looking, unmistakably Tom Lancoon, who had driven away from the door so many Februaries gone.

She staggered up and pushed away the hand holding the flask.

"Tom Lancoon," she said severely, "don't you know I never teah spirits?"

"Of course, I remember, Letty," he said, "but this seems sorter different."

"Not unless you're plumb crazy," she said. "Why, what on earth do you mean?"

Then Tom stumbled through his story—the tale of how he, not sharing Letty's principles in regard to spirits, had been shanghaied to a place in Portland, how he had reduced him to submission before he was impressed into the crew had left his mind blank concerning the past, how he had sailed to China, and from there had drifted half round the world for two or three years until on some corner of the earth a familiar face from Maine had brought back his memory with a rush.

"I remember how he had always been after you," Tom stumbled. "An' it was too much for me. Times I was for goin' home and walkin' in on him an' you an' throtlin' him—an' then I thought of you, an' the sort of disgrace of it, an' that there might be other children. So—well—you ain't married to him? Or to anyone else?"

"Tom," said his wife, I thought you had left me. An' I always said if I couldn't keep one husband—a husband I knowed—from running away, I wasn't goin' to try no stran'er."

Tom looked at her hard and hungrily. "I came back now," he said, "because—oh, well, because I couldn't stay away no longer. I just wanted to see the place—if it was standin' still, an'—an'—oh, I don't know—I jest naturally had to come. It was gettin' on to Valentine's Day. Do you remember how I always used to send you valentines when we was young?"

"Wiel, well, I ain't brought you any this time, no kinin'—"

"Tom Lancoon, you're all the valentine I want," sobbed his wife in a sudden rush of sentiment. Awkwardly he drew her to him, and awkwardly she submitted to the unfamiliar caress.

And then, hand in hand, as when they were young, he walked out into the snowy twilight and down into the village. —By Anne O'Hagen, in the Delinctor.

About Easter.

The latest date of which Easter can fall is April 25. It falls this year on April 23.

Three times within the nineteenth century there was a late Easter. In 1848 Easter Sunday was April 23; in 1859, it fell on April 24, and in 1896, beautiful sunshine and blossoming flowers bore witness to the fact that April 25 represented the date of the great spring festival.

These plans were adopted as a result of the great damage caused to the locomotives during the recent drought, when nearly all the big engines on the system were crippled through using impure water.

The traffic over the line is too heavy to permit of any interference from this cause, and the company proposes to spend several million dollars building the pipe line and erecting reservoirs.

The line will be laid gradually, a number of miles each year, until it is completed, and as it goes along, water companies, one being formed in each town, with Pennsylvania railroad capital, will tap the main. Some of the towns may purchase water from the railroad company, which, in time, would pay for the improvement.

This is a part of the general plan of improvement of the P. R. R. Co., and after the pipe line is laid between Pittsburg and Harrisburg, the same thing will be done all along the company's main line, at least from Pittsburg to New York. A pipe line of this character will prevent any further embarrassment in time of drought and the company will be able to make considerable money through the sale of water to the small towns along the route.

—One of the best things to do before we criticize others much is to begin an intelligent study of ourselves.

The Bald Knight.

Once upon a time there lived a knight who wore a wig to hide his baldness.

One day he was out hunting when all of a sudden there came along a big wind and carried away the wig.

When people saw him they all laughed and made fun of the bald spot. This did not make the knight angry, but instead, he laughed, for he said: I do not expect that another man's hair would stay on me when my own wouldn't."

—An Oklahoma man has discovered that these were department stores in ancient Hebrew days: He quotes the fourteenth verse of the fourteenth chapter of Job: "All my appointed time will I wait till my change come."

THE LITTLE FATHER.

Nichol, Nichol, little Czar, How I wonder where you are!

You who thought it best to fly, Being so afraid to die.

Now the sullen crowds are gone, Now there's naught to fire upon: Sweet your sleigh bells ring afar, Tinkle, tinkle little Czar.

Little Czar, with soul so small, How are you a Czar at all? Yours has been a happy lot In some peasant's humble cot.

Yet to you was given a day With a noble part to play, As an Emperor and a Man; When it came—"then Nicky ran."

Little Czar, beware the hour When the people strike at Power; Soul and body held in thrall, They are human after all.

Thrones that reek of blood and tears, Fall before the avenging years, Write you watch your sinking star, Tremble, tremble, little Czar!

—London Punch.

Facts About Mushrooms.

Mushrooms are grown in large quantities in Paris. They extend some miles under the city and are from 20 to 160 feet beneath the surface.

It is difficult to obtain permission to visit them, and even when the permission is obtained it requires considerable courage to avail one's self of the privilege.

The only entrance to the caves is a hole like a well, out of which a long pole projects. Through this pole, which is fastened at the top only, long sticks are thrust.

This primitive ladder, which swings like a pendulum in the darkness below, is the only means of reaching the caves. Disused stone quarries are used for the caves, and the interior reminds one of a rock temple with galleries leading in every direction, says the Chicago "Free Press."

The industry is at first expensive to cultivators. The most perfect cleanliness must be observed in the beds, which are covered over with silver sand and a whitish clay and run in parallel lines, with only a narrow passage between them.

The manure, collected from the stables of Paris, has perhaps to be carried a couple of miles to the quarries. There it is made into flat heaps near the entrance to the shafts and watered from three to six weeks before the necessary fermentation takes place.

When the manure is sufficiently prepared it is shot down into the cave through one of the convenient shafts.

Next comes the formation of the beds. These are one and a half feet wide and eight and arranged in rows. There it is made into flat heaps near the entrance to the shafts and watered from three to six weeks before the necessary fermentation takes place.

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Indian Republic in Carolina Mountains.

Not far from the magnificent Blount estate of George W. Vanderbilt and in the shadow of the millionaire's hunting lodge on Mount Pisgah, near Asheville, in the recesses of the mountains, there is a highly civilized band of Cherokee Indians who form a nation separate and distinct from the state government and based upon the theories of Democracy.

The people who compose this nation are full blooded red men, though far removed from the savagery of their ancestors. The scheme of their government, while adhering to many traditions of their tribe, is far in advance of any existing among other of the original natives of the soil.

The chief or president of the Republic is elected by a plurality vote by the qualified electors of the country. He must be at least thirty years old and a native of his Indian Republic. He holds office for four years. Should the president be authorized by his Congress to leave the country on public business his compensation is fixed at four dollars a day and expenses, including railroad mileage.

This president is not only the chief executive of the nation, but its first citizen and he is always regarded as the personal friend and adviser of his people in their individual capacity, and it is frequently the case that he adjusts disputes and settles controversies in order to save his subjects the expenses of litigation.

Ex-President Chahlohib's daughter, who was educated in Boston, is said to have been the most beautiful and popular woman of the nation, and during his administration she was the Dolly Madison of the little R-Republic.

PRESIDENT IS A FARMER.

Jesse Reid, the present incumbent, is no ordinary man. He is giving his small domain one of the best business administrations it ever had. President Reid is a prosperous farmer and stock raiser and he prefers his beautiful home on the Socco river to a residence in the capital.

The Vice President of the Republic, Stillwell Sannokih, is an interesting character. During the war between the states in the 60's, the Republic espoused the cause of the South, and one of the red men, Standing Wall, rose to the rank of a brigadier.

His command was composed largely of his own people, and one of his most brilliant and most trusted officers was Major Sannokih. Since the war the major has been noted for his enterprise and he is the most popular man in the nation.

The legislative branch of the Republic is vested entirely in one grand council or House of Representatives and this body is almost omnipotent. Its members are elected biennially. They must be citizens and freeholders of the R-Republic, twenty-one years of age, and during the time for which they are elected they receive one dollar a day.

The Speaker of the Indian Congress, who is elected by that body, has a compensation of a dollar and a half a day, while the House is in session.

AN INDIAN MINISTER.

Matters of foreign relations are in the hands of the House, but usually the work is delegated to a Minister. James Bly, the present incumbent, is a remarkable man.

There are few Americans whose use of pure and accurate English excels his. He is possessed in a high degree of the qualities of statesmanship, and of these the most marked is his judicial temperament.

These faculties make of him a Minister whose policies are followed and not professed. He goes regularly to Washington every year to look after the interests of his people.

He also represents them at Raleigh, the state capital, when it is necessary for his people to transact any business with the Commonwealth.

Such a Joseph Cornsick, of last year's Indian Congress, is a full-blooded Cherokee, an able man and a fine presiding officer. It was through his efforts that the Indian subjects in the legislative body adopted the "Reed rules."

THE RED MAN'S LAWS.

All real property is primarily vested in the government, but when an Indian citizen reaches the age of sixteen or a Cherokee girl marries a white man the right accrues to select a portion of unappropriated land, and upon application to the Legislature it is segregated and not professed becomes its owner to all intents and purposes except sale, which is prohibited, unless the purchaser be native; if the title is acquired by intermarriage with a Cherokee and she dies the title reverts to the government, unless she leaves heirs, and in that case it descends to them.

Such a Indians in this modern republic have never been so pugnacious people and some of their most stringent laws are directed against plural marriages and decorations of the Sabbath. They are, perhaps, the only citizens living in two separate and distinct republics.

His Little Scheme.

A small boy who is not familiar with rural ways taken by his fond mamma for a brief stay in the country. On a farm in a neighboring county he waxed fat and sunburnt, and picked up a wondrous store of astonishing experiences. One day the farmer smilingly said to his mother, "Just ask your boy what he hid two eggs in the stable for."

"So at the very first opportunity the moth er said to the six-year-old: "My dear, what did you do with those eggs you took from the hen house?"

"Oh, mamma," replied the boy, "I didn't want you to know about it."

"Why, it's all right," said mamma, "I only want to know what my boy did with them."

"I hid them in the stable," said the little fellow.

"And what for?"

"Cause it's my scheme."

"Your scheme? And what is your scheme?"

"Why, you see, mamma," said the little philosopher, "when eggs is borned in a chicken-house they is always chickens, an