Bellefonte, Pa., March 10, 1905.

THE MAKING OF A WOMAN.

A HINDOO MYTH It was far away in Creating time When Twashtri* thought of a plan ' By which he might add to the joys and griefs, And perplexing helps to man.

But, wee and alas ! no solid was left From which to create a mate For the solidest thing on the solid earth And he pondered long and late.

Then took of the brightest and lightest things The hitters and sweets of earth: The fairest and fragilest things that be The essence of grief and mirth

There were dancing lightness of summ The bright, soft glance of the fawn;

The joy-giving radiance of noontide sun ; The tears of the misty dawn. The changeable ways of the veering winds

The timid start of the hare; The peacock's pride in its glorious garb; The sweetness of blossoms rare. The softness that lies on the swallow's throat,

The swiftness of tiger-feet; The splendor of gems in a monarch's crown The flavor of honey sweet.

The mystery of moonlight; the gleam of The hearth-fire's sacred glow;

The shadow of clouds, and the lightning's flash: The chill of the mountain snow. The lightest chatter of sparrow and jay;

The coo of the turtle dove:

He melted them all, and he gave to man The wondrous result to lov But a week had passed when the poor man

pled,
"My lord, the creature you gave,

She poisons the fountains of life for me Receive again from your slave. "She takes my time, and all else that I have Her tongue, it is never still; 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

And, then, she is always ill !"

Were worth the troubles and strife. "I now recall that she danced full well To every tune that was mine, And played with my mood when my

was low. And clung like a lovely vine." Yet only three days, and again he came, Abashed and sorely perplexed: "Alas! the pleasure is less than the pain-

Take her; I'm puzzled and vexed.

"Nay, go you your way," cried the angry god "And take you the ill with the good," "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 river that crept in from the ocean, a mile to the east. Its unpainted claphoards were black and silver with the stress of the weather; the stunted trees about it were twisted from the force of the winds sweepplace unneighbored and unoccupied. Th straggling, grass grown path that wandered into the unkempt front yard from the main road was seldom used, and it had been years since smoke curled from the falling

To one woman, old before her time with the hard toil of farm and house, the place had been for years a shrine. Letty Lancon remembered her entrance into it, a bride, more than thirty years before the time of its utter dilapidation. It had been new, and its unpainted boards were bright and there was still a trail of shavings about the kitch-

en porch. She remembered how she had set out dahlias and nasturtiums and red poppies beneath the sitting-room window-vivid things that it would warm the heart to see in the bleak ocean-side country. Sometimes, even yet, in the summer she made a furtive pilgrimage to the place to catch a glimpse of neglected scarlet or orange in the weeds and the rank grasses that crowded close beneath the broken window But she never mentioned this pilgrimage to her son and daughter. She knew they did not sympathize with her sentimental recollections of their father, the father who had deserted her and them, and left them to wage the bitter fight of life alone.

She was sitting in the kitchen of her son Hiram's well built house in the village, thinking it all over. A pearly mist of February snow blurred the air. The fire gleamed rosily through the grate of the polished range, the kettle sang gently, the oilcloth shone with the lustre of its afternoon mopping, the tins and blue agate sparkled on the shelves. Hiram's wife was as notable as a housekeeper as Hiram's mother could desire, but Letty sighed as she looked about her.

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

It had been such a day as this that Ton had sent her her first valentine. They were ten years old. They had walked and talked and fought and made up for the first three or four years of their acquaintance; and Tom, lurking in the neighborhood of his big sister, had lately heard rumors of valentines. So he sent one to Letty, leaving it at the kitchen door in the gray of the February dusk and the February snow. Letty saw him scampering away, a swift, dark blur in the twilight. She had rushed to the door, found the big envelope, and in another instant entered the world of

romance on the wings of
"If you love me
As I Love you,
No kuife can cut Our love in two

Romance had been short-lived, for Tom had stuck his tongue out at her the next morning when she had failed in her geography lesson. But from that time through all the days of their childhood and early youth Tom Lancom had sent a valentine to Letty Blake. And when they were twenty they were married and had gone to live in the little house at the hend in the river.

Like all his people, Tom was a follower of sea. He went to the Banks in the season, and Letty toiled and waited with the fatalistic philosophy of the fisherman's wife. At other periods he worked his small farm. sewed sails, mended seines, carried sailing parties out to sea. Once in a while he shipped for a short voyage and came back from Boston or Providence full of tales of fly for a while, but stronger and stronger wonder. Letty, practical, resourceful, managed the place and the two children in

his enthusiasm for strange sights.
"There's a plenty to do and see right bere," 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

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. He was to drive to the city, and she came to the gate of the yard to bid him good-by. She could see the scene yet—the gray river, the rough stretch of frost-bleached fields, beyond it the woods, a tangle of gray branches with the black points of firs accentuating all the drab of the landscape. A pale winter sun had been shining over everything, and the sky was

unbrilliantly blue.
"Well," Tom had said, looking with affectionate pride on the woman, who pro-cured from her apron a hot brick for his feet, "you're the one to think of everything sure. Guess I'll bring you a present, Letty. What'll you have?

"Now, don't you go spendin' your mou-ey on foolishness," commanded Letty, crisply. Then she added more tenderly, 'Jest you come home yourself, safe an' quick. But don't forget Hiram's shoes au' quick.

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 aways used to send you

"Don't you go buyin' no truck," warned the thrifty wife again.
"You'll see," insisted Tom.
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. She almost felt that an impropriety had been suggested to her established matronhood.

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 lived the dreary days that he did not come, the fears that assailed her, search revealing that he had successfully attended to his business, the absence of any proof that it was death which had caused bis disappearance. She saw herself taking up all the burden of life, working early and late, at home and abroad. She saw her faithful old suitor. Abraham Sindeckes, offering her, at first, all the help in his power and then the old attentions and the old proposals. And she saw herself declining it all and going on with her labors. She heard again the vague rumors, blown on far sea airs, that Tom had been seen here and there in the antipodes; and finally she saw once more the letter from the far East, in which a son of Maine told, briefly, and among questions concerning kinsfolk and friends, that he had met Tom Lancom in China. Even then she had resisted all pressure brought to bear upon her that she should divorce the man who had abandoned her. And as the silence had again closed in upon Tom and the years of his absence grew, she had stead-

renewed from time to time. "I never was one of your shirks," she said proudly to herself as she reviewed her life. She had sewed for the neighbors, she had tilled her small vegetable garden, she had washed and ironed the clothes of strangers, nursed their sick, sat by their dead. She had aged-oh, she aged terribly in the first ten years of Tom's absence! He had left her little, wiry, fiery, dark. wild north. It was a bleak and forbiding At the end of the first decade she was bent, forty who might have passed for sixty. But it was the owner of that same familiar face the stricken frame held an unconquerable spirit. She did her work right manfully. Her son and daughter went to school as long as any children in the neighborhood. They were as warmly clad, as well fed. At eighteen the boy, Hiram, had gone into a general merchandise store as assistant. Now, at thirty, he owned it and the comfortable house in which his mother sat. And the girl, Lizzie, "had married well" and lived on a big farm outside the village. From the time that Hiram had gone to work in the village the riverside cottage had been deserted. His mother and sister

had come into the village to live with him. Letty's occupations were chiefly in the more settled part of the scattered neighborhood, and it was easier for her to live But with an obstinacy which had there. provoked many a family unpleasantness she had absolutely resused to let or sell her own home. Reason availed not at all with her. The considerations of economy she utterly ignored. Never had her children seen her so determined in folly-not even when her last rejection of the suitor, Abe

"Marry?" Letty had said on that occasion, when Hiram and Lizzie, then aged seventeen and fifteen respectively, urged her to accept the rich farmer, "Marry? Now you listen to me. I married once, an' I married a man I had knowed always an' one that knowed me. An' I was a well-favored girl then-not one of your big ones, but well favored. Well, your father, that I thought I knowed by heart, he left me. I don't take chances with any stranger.'

Sindecker, had aroused their wrath.

So the cabin had remained untenanted and the deserted wife or widow unwed. When her children both married, she spent her time between them and her old clients. Hiram and Lizzie might fret and fume at per going out as a nurse or a house-cleaner sewing woman, but she went.

"It's all very well," she used to answer them, "for you to talk about takin' care of me, an' I know you would, an' be glad of the chance. But I'm used to workin', an' I don't calculate to sit twiddlin' my thumbs in front of another woman's stove. Jennie's a nice girl, Hiram, an' grudges me nothin' -especially when she knows she ain't got to give it. An' Jo is a good man, Lizzie, and all the better to your mother because he don's have her under his heels the whole endurin' time. I'll keep on as I am."

To-day in the quiet of the orderly kitchen she recalled all these speeches to her children, recalled them with some pride in her own ability to put her case clearly, and now, in her own mind, she added the

"It's their own homes that women want, their own homes," she sighed to herself. Then she looked deeply into the coals. Across her furrowed face there pa-sed a light that might have been the reflection of the fire.
"If I'd only kissed bim good-by like he

asked me to," she whispered.

The longing grew upon her to go to the place which had been so long unvisited except by memories. She struggled against it for a while. The afternoon was wearing late; the suow had brought an early twilight. Hiram and Lizzie always objected to her stolen visits to the cabin. She picked up her knitting and made the needles grew the desire to see the old place.

"It almost seems as if some one is callin'

his absence. She never sympathized with me," she said to herself. Then she shook her practical head impatiently.

"What a goose von're gettin' to be. Let ty Lancom," she said impatiently. "You jest set still and don't go catchin' your death of cold trapsin' around the country.

Her mind was quite made up to this sen-sible course, but when she had pursued it for five minutes she arose. She listened carefully. There was no sound of approach. She tiptoed across the room, caught a shawl from the nail behind the door, opened it and was swallowed up in the gravish blur. She made her way quickly to the outskirts of the village. Once on the long road that wound across the bleak northern country, she went more slowly though steadily. When she reached the forlorn place she stood still and drew in a deep breath. The heavy saltness from the tide, the heavy dampness from the snow, were to her de

licious. She went along the obliterated path to ward the dark cottage. Her heart was beating tumultuously as it had not beaten, it seemed to her, even in youth. There was a sharp pain in her throat, the pain of

strangled cries. The door was sagging on its hinges. She pushed it open and entered the empty room that she had come to a bride, so long ago. She looked about her. Desolation everywhere-on the dust encrusted windows on the discolored walls, the rotten planks of the floor, the fallen bricks of the fireplace-desolation utter and complete. Yet she drew again a deep breath of satisfaction. "It's her own home a woman wants,"

she whispered.
On the ledge above the fireplace by and by she caught sight of an old tin box. She took it down and unclasped its rusty lid with some difficulty. In it were some

packages of matches. "Providence is pointin' me the way," she said to herself, and in a few minutes she was coaxing to a blaze the broken pieces of a box which had been moldering the years away in the kitchen, and some palings fallen from the front fence.

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 Lancom, big and bluff and white-baired and scared-looking, unmistakably Tom Lancom, who had driven away from the door so many Februaries gone. She sank of miles to the quarries. There it is made down and stared at him whitely, and he looked back at her without a word.

In all her laborious life Letty Lancom had never known what it was to faint, but as she looked at her returned husband, she felt the world slipping from her, memory slipping from her-hearing, sight.

She recovered with a sputter. Brandy was burning its way down her throat. She struggled up and pushed away the hand holding the flask. "Tom Lancom," she said severely, 'don't you know I never tech spirits?"

So with a crisp commonplace the silence of years was broken. Tom stammered. 'Of course, I remember, Letty," he said, 'hut this-this seeems sorter different." Then he straightened himself.

"Maybe I orter say Mrs. Sindecker," he added stiffly. Letty stared. fastly refused to regard herself as free, or

"Not unless you're plumb crazy," she said. "Why, what on earth do you mean?" to accept the offer which faithful Abraham Then Tom stumbled through his storythe tale of how he, not sharing Letty's principles in regard to spirits, had been shanghaied that night in Portland, how the blow that had reduced him to submission before he was impressed into the crew had left his mind a 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 bad who had told him the story of Letty's mar-

riage to Abraham Sindecker. "I remembered 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 au' you an throttlin' 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 it was standin' still, an'-an'-oh, I don' 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?" "Wlel, well, I ain't brought you any this time, not knowin'-"Tom Lancom, you're all the valentine want," sobbed his wife in a sudden rush of sentiment. Awkwardly he drew her to him, and awkwardly she submitted to the

the unfamiliar caress. And then, hand in hand, as when they were children, they walked out into the snowy twilight and down into the village. -By Anne O'Hagen, in the Delineator.

About Easter.

The latest date on which Easter can fall s 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 1886. beautiful sunshing and blossoming flowers bore witness to the fact that April 25 represented the date of the great spring festival. During the present century there will be two late Easters beside that of this year. In 1943 it will occur on April 25, and the year 2,000 will he marked by the chronicling of the holi-day on April 23. Lent begins on March

The date for Easter is determined by the first calendar m on on or after March 21. Count 14 days from the calendar moon and Easter will be the first following Sunday This year the calendar moon is April 4; add 14 days, and the first Sunday following will be Easter.

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 sudden there came along a big wind and carried away the wig.

When people saw him they all laughed and made fun of the big 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 there 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

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 had been a happier 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, While 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 be-

neath 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 Inter Ocean.

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 iuto 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 shrough one of the convenient shafts.

Next comes the formation of the beds. These are one and a half feet wide and high and arranged in rows, these conditions having proved the best adapted to bring the manure to the proper temperature necessary for the fructification of the fungi. The method of constructing these beds is peculiar. Each workman sits astride his bed, as if on horseback, fills his arms with the manure and presses it down between is legs, thus moving along the bed with he jolting motion of the rider. In this manner the beds are evenly pressed like so many furrows. When the beds attain the proper temperature the spawn is sown. One of the first requisites of mushroom

culture is fresh air, and the farmer must know just how much of the oxygen is necessary for the respiration of the fungi. Air holes are hored here and there, beneath which in many places, coke fires are lit. This insures the renewal of fresh air.

Hard on Quall.

The present winter has been a very hard one on quail, in this State, especially during the first part of February. The ground has been almost continually covered with snow, and the extremely cold weather kept a hard crust on the snow. These highly prized little game birds were therefore unable to secure sufficient food, and their bodies not being properly nourished, they would quickly succumb to the cold. It is a well known fact that some of these birds migrate southward in the late fall, but doubtless greater number remain in the northern States during the winter months. The quail hunt the heavily wooded ridges and thickets during the cold months, and are able to endure very cold weather if they can obtain sufficient food to keep then alive. Unfortunately, unlike most other birds the quail do not fly into trees and obtain food from the buds and bushes to leaves, etc., but feed on seeds on the ground, and from low bushes and plants, and when covered with deep frozen snow, the birds quickly die of starvation. A severe winter has little or no effect on turkeys or pheas ants, as they are fully able to take care of themselves, and can always find enough to

eat to keep them from starving. They eat laurel, sumack seeds, immature birds, by flying into trees and bushes. Some quail are kept alive in this State during the winter months by being trapped and fed byfarmers and sportsmen. It is not likely that these birds will furnish much sport fo the hunters next fall, as the severe weather of last winter caused great mortality among them and there was very little quail shoot ing in the section of the State last fall. Therefore this winter there are not many birds in the woods and fields, and the ma jority of them have probably died from starvation.

Protection in Drought.

To guard against a scarcity of water for its locomotives, during times of drought, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has completed plans to build a pipe line paral-lel to its tracks from Pittsburg to Harrisburg, 249 miles, and in this way provide an ample supply at various points along

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

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

The line will be laid gradually, a num

her of miles each year, until it is completed, and as it goes along, water companies, one being formed in each town, with Penn sylvania 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

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

small towns along the route.

Indian Republic in Carolina Mountains.

Not far from the magnificent Biltmore estate of George W. Vanderbilt and in the shadow of the millionaire's hunting lodge ter, Secretary and Lecturer, the members on Mount Pisgah, near Asheville, in the of the Executive and Legislative Commitrecesses of the mountains, there is a highly | tees of the Penna. State Grange held a concivilized hand of Cherokee Indians who ference at Harrisburg. Every phase of form a nation separate and distinct from grange work was considered. The prosper-the state government and based upon the ous condition of the order in the State inthe 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 exec-

utive 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 Chaldohih'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 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 Soco river to a residence in the capital

The Vice President of the Republic, Stilwell Sannonkih, is an interesting character. During the war between the states in the 60s, 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 gallant and most trusted officers was Major Sannonkih. 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 mus be citizens and freeholders of the Republic, twenty-one years of age, and during the time for which they are elected they receive one dollar a

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 bands of the House, but usually the work is delegated to a Minister. James Blye, the present incumbent, is a remarkable

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.

whose policies are followed and not proscribed. He goes regularly to Washington every year to look after the interests of his

people to transact any business with the Common wealth. Spea er Joseph Cornsilk, of last year's Indian Congress, is a full-blooded Chero-

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 ac crues to select a portion of unappropri-ated land, and upon application to the Legislature it is segregated, and the appli cant 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

never been a polygamous people and some of their most stringent laws are directed against plural marriages and descorations of the Sabbath. They are, perhaps, the only citizens living in two separate and distinct republics.

His Liltle Scheme.

A small boy who is not familiar with rural wayswas taken by his foud 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

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" want you to know about it."

"Why, it's all right," said mamma, "I only want to know what my boy did with "I hid them in the stable," said the little fellow.

"And what for ?" "'Cause it's my scheme." "Your scheme? And what is you

"Why, you see, mamma," said the little philosopher, "when eggs is borned in a chicken-house they is always chickens, an" I fink if they were borned in a stable dey might be little horses!"

It is needless to add that up to the time of his leaving the farm the miracle was still unaccomplished.

The Horseshoe "for Luck." Here is an explanation of the old horse-

shoe superstition: "St. Dunstan was a skilled farrier. One day while at work in his forge the devil entered in disguise and requested Dunstan to shoe his 'single hoof.' The saint, although he recognized his malign customer, acceded, but caused him so much pain during the operation that Satan begged him to desist. This St. Dunstan did, but only after he had made company will be able to make considerable money through the sale of water to the the evil one promise that neither be nor any of the lesser evil spirits, his servants. would ever molest the inmates of a house where the horseshoe was displayed."

Pennsylvania Grange Items.

CONFERENCE OF STATE GRANGE OFFICERS. On the 16th and 17th of Jan. the Masspired all with enthusiasm and a determination to work for still better results. It was again agreed to offer banners as prizes

The Executive Committee concluded contracts with a number of new business houses. The Legislative Committee reported progress on the bills in the lines in line. Every Subordinate and every Pomona grange is urged to have legislative committees to co-operate with the State committee.

The complaints of bossism are heard on every hand. There is no doubt entirely too much just cause for this. But even the boss is amenable to the will of the people. These need only organization and education to make them trample under foot the dictator and the corruptionist. The grange is gathering in the farmers and uniting them as one man in defence and advocacy of the rights of their class. We are asking for legislation only that which will benefit the farmers and work injury to no legitimate husiness. If we do not get it the thousands of our membership will ask the reason why.

Grange fire insurance has proven very profitable and is becoming quite popular. I'wo new companies were organized in the State last year. One in Butler Co., and one in Chester and Delaware counties.

There are now eleven companies in the State that insure only the property of members of the order. Their risks aggregate not far from \$30,000,000 00. Some o these companies have been doing business for a quarter of a century or more. The cost to the individual has been less than one-half of what cash companies charge for the same service.

It is urged against Direct Legislation that, in this country, the purchasable vote holds the balance of power. If this is so and there is no remedy, it does not require a prophet to forsee the future of the Republic. If it is so, and we do not believe it, it must not necessarily remain so. The honest, intelligent people are large in the majority. They simply need to get closer together. This the farmers are doing through the grange. A man with evil in tent in his heart and graft in his pocket would be woefully out of place in a grange meeting.

GROUT LAW CONVENTION. It is many a day since a stronger demonstration was made in a mass meeting on proposed legislation than was made in Harrisburg, January 16th, against the repeal of the Grout law. Addresses were de-livered by Governor Pennypacker and U.

S. Senators Penrose and Knox. Fully 250 farmers had come from all parts of the State at their own expense. It developed that at least three-fourths of them were members of the grange. In this great organization farmers are led to These faculties make of him a Minister | think for themselves. They keep posted on current events and are ready to act promptly when their interests demand it.

There is little doubt that the oleo people have given up the fight for the present sespeople. have given up the fight for the present ses-He also represents them at Raleigh, the sion of Congress. There is no more doubt that they will be at it again in the future Does any one doubt that if the granges of the land were all to disband, the oleo combine would soon wipe the Grout law off the statute books, and with it all profits kee, an able man and a fine presiding of ont of the dairy business. With even half ficer. It was through his efforts that the of the farmers in the grange their efforts

would be blocked for all time. Fellow farmer, do not these facts appeal strongly to you to join the grange and

GRANGE BUSINESS ARRANGEMENTS. The State Grange has made trade arrangements with various business houses in different parts of the State where members of the grange can purchase almost anything they want in the house or on the farm at reduced prices. Those who wish to avail themselves of the opportunity thus offered can save a snug sum on their purchases in the line of groceries, hardware, implements, government, unless she leaves heirs, and in that case it descends to them.

The Indians in this model republic have

Trequired to deal with these houses. While we can, in most cases, effect a considerable saving on our purchases, yet we do not by any means claim this feature to he the principle object of the Grange. This branch of the work, however, is well worthy of a full and careful consideration by our membership when wishing to make purchases

> Michigan has 719 granges and 44013 nembers. There are 400 grange halls in that state owned by the grange. One county alone has 24. Kansas added 6000 to her membership in 1904. One grange in Maine has 800 members.

> And yet there are some people who say that the grange is diving out. Two years ago many patrons and others as well had the pleasure of hearing brother

A. E Morse, of Maine. If several Pomona

granges will arrange meetings and give brother Morse an invitation he will attend hem with hut little o st to any one. There is enough possible pleasure and profit in this to prompt the hope that action will be taken. The State Grange endorsed the series

picnic idea. So another series will be held during the coming summer. tive Committee has placed the whole mat-F. Hill. He will begin work early so that all details may receive careful attention.

These pionics have done good during the past two years. They can do much more good and will do it if a few essentials of a successful pionic are observed. The counties that want to be included should send their application to Brother Hill as soon as possible. His address is Chambersburg,

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