

Bellefonte, Pa., March 17, 1905.

FIGGER UP.

If the day seems to carry a burden of woe, Figger up;

If its moments seem dragging and terribly

For I guess you will find if you pause to re That there's 'bout as much sun as you've right

to expect; If you've earned something good, you bound to collect—

Figger up. On the great slate of Time there are accounts,-

Figger up-For various payments of divers amounts,-

Figger up, And we're apt to collect what is coming our

way, Though it's shine of the sun or gloom of the day : If we dance, you have heard, we the fiddler

must pay-Figger up. Look back on your life, though you'd much rather not,-

Figger up And say, if you dare, that the treatment you got-

Figger up-Is not pretty near to the treatment you earned. Who was it the candle incessantly burned. And burned at both ends, until wisdom he learned ?-

Figger up What's the use of a sigh, or the good of a whine ?-

Figger up-Take your medicine now, as I must take mine

Figger up,
And I guess we may find on the big, final

There was just as much shine as of gloom for our feet. Or, if not, that the treatment we had was but meet-

Figger up. -A. J. Waterhouse, in Sunset Magazine for Oc-

THE OTHER SIDE

The door-bell rang twice and there was a sound of raised voices in the hall. Shelton looked up from his cup of coffee across the table at his sister-in-law with a questable at his sistertable at his sister-in-law with a question in his eyes, just in time to see her change color. She rose hurriedly, mur-muring an excuse, and went out, shutting the door behind her. The two little girls babbled on incuriously of the tennis tournament.

'Papa will take us," said Elsie, shaking her blond curls with conviction. "Maybe he won't have time," said the more serious Claire.

'Oh, papa always has time for us; and 'sides it's for the benefit of the sick children, and papa said we ought to do all we can for it—'count of Robbie,' concluded

Elsie triumphantly.
Shelton only balf heard; his inner ear was fixed on that colloquy in the hall, and when, after a few minutes, Mrs. Shelton slipped silently into her place, his eyes studied her face keenly. She kept her's persistently averted, but there was a red spot on either cheek which had not been ere before, and the hand which lifted the coffee-pot shook. Her brother-in-law con- Robbie." tinued to scrutinize ber pitilessly. There were little lines about the corners of her ose were the sleen the boy, probably; there were others about the corners of the mouth, and little furrows such an accent on the forehead, which he had remembered looked at her. as Parian marble, -those were not the boy. The lips were set in a peculiar line, the corners were depressed into the habitual melancholy of those who have forgotten how to smile. Shelton looked at her so What kind of a night did Robbie

have?" asked be. "Restless—he slept towards morning; I was up with him most of the night." There was an implied explanation in the words; Shelton brushed it aside.

'Will too, I suppose?"-he glanced at his brother's untouched place.
"No, I did not call him;—he took that

long tramp yesterday to get Rob autumn leaves, and came home tired out. Besides-I couldn't have slept anyway.
"Here he is now," cried Elsie, clapping

her hands. "Papa, papa!" Claire's face, too, had brightened; indeed, a sudden sunlight seemed to fall upon the room. There are those who seem to bring both sun and air with them; papa was one of them. A gay little echo of whistled melody came in with him, and he stopped on his way to his chair to give a soft little mischievious pull to the golden and brown ourls above the two beaming faces turned to greet him. The children's babble ran over again in a minute.

'Papa, it is a good day," said Elsie: "I bet you a peanut it would be, you know.' "And, oh, papa, the ground will be splendid for tennis," cried Claire. "You "You will be able to go, won't you?" Papa laughed and put both hands over

"Hold on, chicks; give me time to

breathe and to speak to mamma. Good morning, Jim. Well, what kind of a night did you have, Lena? How is the little chap?" She was up all night." Shelton spoke sharply.

"Why didn't you call me, Lena?" Papa's voice was reproachful. "You look all fag-ged out. I tell you what, chickies, we must take care of Robin and let the mamma get some rest after breakfast." papa proposed it, stirring his coffee, and smiling at them over it, it sounded like the nicest kind of a proposition. But then anything—even a visit to the dentist's—would have had almost a festival sound as eminating from him. Papa's eyes were so merry and his laugh was so full of fun, his brown curls were so soft, and everything about him so debonair and coaxing and kind, -the individual did not live who had ever seen papa really cross. Uncle James, beside him, was like a column of figures beside a fairy-tale and mamma-even mamma-was like a story which you loved but somehow depressed you and took the smiles out of you and left you vaguely uncomfortable. But papa—papa always un-derstood; you could bubble over with him all the fun that was in you and never be hought silly, and he cared how your kites flew and whether you won the dence set in tennis. Mamma often listened so abstractedly, you could not tell whether she reall; heard or not, and if she made an effort, still you were not sure whether she really cared; but papa cared. It was all real t oared; but papa cared. It was all real to him. He always had time to go down and score the match games, and knew every how and girl in the set by papa gathered she, "that I couldn't take one—then. But then climbed in himself. Papa gathered how and girl in the set by papa cared. It was all real to "Aud you know very well," interrupted she helped Elsie and Claire into the buggy, then climbed in himself. Papa gathered how and girl in the set by papa cared. It was all real to "Aud you know very well," interrupted she helped Elsie and Claire into the buggy, then climbed in himself. Papa gathered how and girl in the set by papa cared. It was all real to "Aud you know very well," interrupted she helped Elsie and Claire into the buggy, then climbed in himself. Papa gathered how and girl in the set by papa cared. It was all real to "Aud you know very well," interrupted she helped Elsie and Claire into the buggy, then climbed in himself. Papa gathered how and girl in the set by papa gathered helped Elsie and Claire into the buggy, then climbed in himself. Papa gathered helped Elsie and Claire into the buggy, then climbed in himself. Papa gathered helped Elsie and Claire into the buggy, then climbed in himself. Papa gathered helped Elsie and Claire into the buggy, then climbed in himself. Papa gathered helped Elsie and Claire into the buggy, the climbed helped Elsie and Claire into the buggy, the climbed helped Elsie and Claire into the buggy, the climbed helped Elsie and Claire into the buggy, the climbed helped Elsie and Claire into the buggy, the climbed helped Elsie and Claire into the buggy, the climbed helped Elsie and Claire into the buggy helped Elsie and Claire into th

plorably weak; and from base ball to pingpong, and dancing school to the Charity Fair, he was an authority on all subjects, and one you could ruthlessly consult at all Uncle James was good at helping you with your lessons in an awfully serious way, and mamma was always to be counted on for buttons and to do up one's sore throat, or any other barren necessity of life; but when it came to living, papa was the thing.

Mamma listened now in silence to the discussion of the tournament for the benefit of the hospital—all split up with little laughs and jokes-which went on while papa broke his egg and sipped his coffee. Mamma, however, never even smiled, and presently went upstairs to Robbie. Uncle Jim swallowed his breakfast

glumly. "Poor mamma," said papa, "she's all tired out. Run away like good little girls and see if you can't amuse Robbie. I'll come as soon as I've finished this egg."

"But, papa," said Elsie, "if we take care of Rob all the morning, you will take us this afternoon, won't you? It isn't going to rain, truly, papa.' Papa laughed again at her eagerness.

"We'll talk about that later on," he said easily. "Come, skitter along." "If you can manage with just the boys at the shop, Jim,—he spoke soberly when the children had gone,-I'll stay at home

and give Lena a rest this morning; the poor girl has been up all night." "Mossin has been here again with that coal bill, Will," said his brother, sharply, by way of reply. "What are you going to do about it."

Papa's face clouded slightly, but he threw the cloud off resolutely.
"I told Mossin," he said, in an annoyed tone, "that I would attend to it at the

first possible moment—"
"He has called three times already." "I'll go round there to-day," said papa, pushing away his cup and rising. "It's impossible for me to settle just now-with Rob needing all kinds of comforts; but for the poor little chap's illness I could have kept things even. Here only last week I had to get a wheeled chair—"

"I didn't know that was paid for," said Shelton. Papa looked more annoyed than ever, but his perrennial sweetness conquered.
"Nobody realizes how these things count

up," he said. "It's all well enough for you, Jim, with only yourself to think of; but I can tell you it's a very different proposition when it comes to five. And now, besides the chicks and Lena, here's the lit-

Jim Shelton's lips opened and shut si-lently. He followed his brother's graceful figure across the room. "I suppose," said papa, turning at the

"you can spare me this forenoon."

"Of course," said Shelton, dryly. He was still leaning his elbows on the table, laying out tennis-courts with the crumbs moodily, when his sister-in-law re appeared and began to clear the table.
The Sheltons kept but one maid.

"Don't let that coal bill worry you, Lena," said Shelton abruptly. "I'll attend

to it this morning."
Mrs. Shelton's thin cheeks flushed. vas not the coal—this time," she said.

"What was it, then?" "The market bill." Mrs. Shelton set down the pitcher she was carrying and gripped the table-cloth once or twice. They refuse to leave any more orders till the account is settled; and the doctor insists upon strong broth and chicken for "How much is it?"

"Thirty-seven dollars odd."

"Will didn't pay it, then, last month?"
"Of course not," said Mrs. Shelton, with such an accent that her brother-in-law at the "Sit down, Lena," he said. "You are worn ont."

He himself got up and walked up and down the room rapidly, casting as he did so glance after glance at the woman who sat earnestly that at last she surprised the look and a hot color came into the thin cheeks. with burned and tearless eyes. In that light every one of the thin, sharp lines stood out plainly. Shelton cursed himself softly under his breath as he looked.

"Don't worry," he said aloud, "I'll attend to both bills." "Do you think that makes it any easier

for me!" said the woman, sharply, and suddenly her eyes dimmed. "For Heaven's sake, Lena, don't. Think of the child," said Shelton. "And—so far as I'm concerned—why should you mind? If I died to-morrow, the little I have would be all yours and the children's. I've taken care of that, at least. And I've got the business where-where I can keep

"I am afraid of myself," said the woman; "I-I am beginning to hate him."
"Well!-I don't wonder." He walked to the window and looked out. "It is talking to the wind; I've tried already every posei-ble argument, for your sake, but I'll try

again if you say so. "It's absolutely useless; do you think that I haven't tried too-all these years? No, there is nothing to do. And the children adore him-they love him better than they do me."

They ought to be ashamed of themselves." said Shelton, roughly. "Why ought they to be ashamed of themselves?"-she turned upon him almost hitterly. "They love him for the same things I loved him for-the same things which I almost hate now!-and the things are true. He is gay and bright, and always doing all the pleasant, expensive things which give them pleasure. Children love

what is cheerful and bright." "It is easy to be cheerful and amiable -and let someone else pay the bills," observed Shelton, grimly.

"Isn't it?" There was a moment's silence.

"You would he justified in clearing out of it altogether," said Shelton, slowly. 'So far as I am concerned. I have cleared out of it," she replied. "But-there are the children."

"They ought to be told; it's a shame to let them grow up cherishing false idols; they ought to know its all a grand sham." "It is not all a sham," said his sister-inlaw, lifting her white face almost sternly. Their part is true; the bond is a true one; what they love is true enough, and what he is to them. And suppose I did take all that out of their lives—suppose I did all that out of their lives—suppose I did break their hearts and ruin their childhood, -do you think they would love me any

the better for it?" "They ought to-when they know," per-

sisted he, doggedly.
"But they wouldn't; and what could I give them in place of all this?"

"You know very well," began Shelton, averting his eyes, "that every cent I have in the world—" in the world-

"And you know very well," interrupted boy and girl in the set by name, and he understood just why Ned Martin's serve he is their father,—and it is my fault that exhausted. It was "great," and where Sue Smith was dethem in place of what he is to them? And fellow waved energetically and fell back he is their father,—and it is my fault that exhausted. It was the mother's arms which

judge, inevitably,-and perhaps they will be able to judge more fairly and kindly than I am able to do. Everything irritates me now. I don't wonder the children love him best."

low voice. "He was the favorite at home and the pet at school; he had only to wish for a heart to win it. He could wheedle and coax anybody for anything. He could sell ten sets of volumes any day now to people who do not want them, while I am trying to sell somebody a book he has come a mile to buy. He had only to wish for a heart and it was his-child's or man's, or—" he broke off abruptly. "When I think of the home he took you from," he began, in a changed voice, "of the girl you were, and that it has come to this-that you are afraid to meet your own trades-

"I am growing bardened to it." she said with a quiet scorp, which a scarlet stripe, as if he had struck her, on either cheek belied. "It is only the children I think of now."

"And even them he manages to steal from you," said Shelton, savagely. "It's outrageous. I don't know how to win them, but you—it's preposterous! They—they are ungrateful little wretches. If you won't do anything else, Lena, for Heaven's sake make a stand there." "Do you think people love by force?that I can compel my own children to love

me—or you—better than their father?"
"Try, at least to make yourself brighter for their sakes, if that's what the little beasts care for," said the man, grimly. Will is always talking about the 'keeping near,' them; 'sharing their inter-ests,'—that means going to all the games, and buying Rob an expensive microscope

last week instead of-" "The child has been very happy with it," remarked the mother, listlessly.
"He has? Heaven knows I don't grudge him any comfort, but-well, no matter. This cursed tournament, now-Lena, go yourself with the children and out him out of it," said Shelton, with growing rage. "You can't take the walk, but—look here: let me send up a carriage

for once, and you take the little girls and pretend you care! I'll stay with Rob myself, and see to everything. Come, it will do you good, make the effort." "How can I?"--it was almost a cry of despair. "I tell myself every day I must; but it's no use. I have lost all energyall hope-all courage, and I am so tired, so tired of everything." She dropped her head suddenly upon her arms, and Shelton sprang to his feet. His hands worked nervously, and he thrust them deep into his pockets as if for security. He looked dumby again and yet again at the bowed figure,

and walked away to the door. "Try, nevertheless, Lena," he said with a hand on the latch. "I—I'm going myself now to attend to the-the business," and the door closed behind him.

It was noon before "the business" was satisfactorily concluded and Shelton had arranged for an afternoon's absence at the shop. His face wore its most determined ers' Camp," says Dr. Isadore Dver. expression as he went up stairs to seek his

sister-in-law in Rob's room.

She met him on the threshold, holding up a warning hand; and Shelton, drawing near, gazed silently.

Propped in his father's arm, the sick box

was sleeping sweetly, one hand clasping a shining object, while the other curled round his father's finger, who, cramped in behind hin had held him patiently. The child's face wore a contented look, but the father's was white against the pillows; he had fainted quietly.

His wife turned a face as colorless to her brother-in-law. fear of disturbing Rob."

slipping an arm beneath his brother; but the touch both pairs of eyes opened.
"What did I do?" said papa, with a

Rob rubbed his eyes, and they fell upon

it beautiful. My papa got it."

the shiny thing before them.

it would please the children, and being for the hospital, I got it for practically noth Shelton surveyed the cup-it was of sil-

ver, with the date and name engraved.
"It isn't much of a cup," said papa,
"but at any rate it's something towards
helping the other poor little sick chaps who haven't any home like this one." He stooped to embrace the boy.
"I love you—I love you," said the child,
wrapping his arms about him costatically,

and papa held him very close. The two little girls came bounding in, dressed in

"I told them not to disturb you," said papa to his wife. "You see I had planned a little surprise, anyway, and as I had promised to take them to the tournament, t occurred to me that it would be a good scheme to give them a lunch there, and give you a quiet day, Lena. We can get and wiches -something simple-for we mustn't be extravagant, you know, chicks. Rob is going to watch for us, and not be lonely one bit—are you, Bobbins?" "Isn't the cup lovely?" said Claire, soft-

ly, creeping to her mother. "And isn't it lovely of papa?" said Elsie apping her hands. "Papa always thinks clapping her hands.
of the nice things." Papa laughed an embarrassed laugh.

'It's mamma who is the lovely one, you know," he said, hending down to caress them; "but at any rate, papa's little girls love to flatter him." them: Shelton had walked to the window.

There's a buggy,"he said in an odd voice, 'Did you order one?" 'Oh, that's all right, "said papa, genially "The trolley only goes part way, and the chicks would be all played out. You know

I have a pull with Sayer's, so the carriage costs me almost nothing. We'll have drive too one of these days, wont we, old chap, when the doctor lets us?"

The child threw his arms about him

again silently.

"My little boy loves his papa, doesn't he?" said papa in a moved voice.
"So do we, papa," cried Elsie, stoutly.
Papa extricated himself from the bon-

quet of arms with a laugh, but his eyes

were dim. "Well, come along, chickabiddies," he cried, gayly. "Good-hy, old chap; you look out and we'll wave when we go-and the first thing coming back; and if its our side that wins we'll tie Elsie's blue ribbon on the whip, so you can see it ever so far; but if it's the other, we'll tie my white handkerchief half-mast." And papa walk-ed out of the room, each of the little girls

with a hand in his Robin leaned forward eagerly to watch their departure from the window. Papa

Leprosy Beaten at Last.

Cured of leprosy, with his face clear from the fearful scurf of the dread disease, as smooth as a girl's, and with the glassy stare gone from his once expressionless eyes, Louis Sinet, a 15-year-old New Orleans boy, of Creole parentage, has been discharged from the Louisiana Lepers' Home, as the first leper who has ever been absolutely cured by less than divine agency in the history of the world. Success has crowned the treatment administered in the Louis iana Lepers' Camp by Dr. Isadore Dyer, consulting leprologist of the home, and the world's authority on leprosy, and a short time ago the boy was released from the asylum without a trace of the disease for which he was committed to the home four years

In the history of the world there is no greater miracle than the healing of the lepers. The healing of the ten outcast and afflicted sufferers at the touch of the Nazarene has been one of the staple evidences of his divinity. Yet here in these modern days this very miracle has been accomplished. It was not done at a touch in the twinkling of an eye, but years of patient labor and unremitting care were required to take away the taint of the most awful affliction under which the world suffers. Every moment of the day in the life of this boy and of all the other patients in the home is hedged about by the regulations of the physicians and every movement of each patient, man, woman and child, are

carefully prescribed. Yet the miracle is not less great on ac count of the number of years required to the physicians and every movement of perform it. When Louis Sinet was commired to the home, in October, 1902, his hody was the color of coffee. He was covered from head to foot with leprous ulcers; his face was blotched and puckered up with open sores. He had no eyebrows or lashes; nis mouth was drawn down sidewise across his face. When he smiled so light-hearted -a boy was he, that even in the depth of this misery he could smile—the contortion of his face was most horrible. Now he is pleasing to look upon. His face is clear, with a slight color in his cheeks, a most unusual thing in a Creole. The skin is as tender as that of a baby, having virtually been made over. There is a new growth of hair and lashes on his once bald head and unshaded eyes; and the eye, which was formerly dull, bleared and glassy, without expression, is clear, and shadows all the emotions of his mind.

CURE FOUND AFTER LONG AGES.

Ten other patients at the Louisiana Lepers' Home, the only institution in the world, or in the whole of history, where an attempt has been made to intelligently cure leprosy, are on a fair way to recovery

"Leprosy in all but the most advanced stages can be cured at the Louisiana Lepthe treatment means is indefatigable perseverance, not for days, but for months and years. If the remedy is taken early enough, and maintained, leprosy can be cured in any case except where the patient is in the last stages, and where the disease has made such terrible inroads that the sources of life have been sapped, and there is not sufficient foundation on which to build a new body.

"In ten years the catalogues of incurable diseases will have been lessened by one disease. The awful scourge of leprosy will have been cut out of the list of irremedi-"He has not moved for able visitations and placed on the same harmless list with typhus, typhoid, yellow "Lift the child," said Shelton briefly, fever, cancer and tuberculosis."

Eight months ago the announcement was made by Dr. Dyer, in a lecture before the Jesuit College in this city that leprosy smile. Fainted? Oh, nonsense? And the little chap was sleeping so beautifully. You're all right now, Bobbins, aren't you?" Incredulity was expressed by the whole world. Telegrams came from far-away Russia and Germany. A prominent Berlin "Look, mamma," said the boy. "Isn't specialist, hitherto deemed the world's authority on leprosy, sent a long letter to Dr. "For the tournament," said papa, with Dyer, asking for information. The Inter-an embarrassed smile. "You see, I thought national Dermatological Congress, which meets every three years in Europe, and contains the world's greatest specialists on skin diseases among its members, sent Dr. Dyer an urgent invitation to address them at their conference held last September in Berlin. His address was one of the features of the whole Congress, not only at that convention, but since its organization

employes about 300 persons, representing many years ago. Before that Congress Dr. Dyer presented a paper on "Leprosy in North America," which contained statistics of the disease throughout this continent, including Mexico, Canada and some Central Ameri

can States. LEPERS ON NEW YORK STREETS.

The startling information was contained in the fact that there are fully 500 lepers abroad in Louisiana, and more than 200 tematic observances on systematic walking on the streets of New York. These latter," the report states, "are entirely without attention by the medical authorities of that State, who have asserted of the world's experience to the contrary. These lepers are free to walk abroad upon the streets of the national metropolis, continually spreading the danger of contagion to all whom they may chance to brush against in the course of their peregrinations. No care is taken of them: there is no place where they may receive special treatment, and the danger is not even recognized by the city's medical authorities. There are 2,300,000 lepers in the

world," said Dr. Dyer, commenting on this report. "Three million out of an estimated population of 1,438,680,000 sonls or one for every 500 souls. Out of every 1000 persons that walk the habitable globe, there are two afflicted with this awful and loat become disease, hitherto incurable."

The figures are appalling: 20,000 lepers in Japan, 200,000 in India, 2,000,000 in China and thousands and thousands in the Philippine Islands. The acquisition of the Philippines, Guam and Porto Rico have made the question of leprosy an important one to the whole country. Every one of the Philippine Islands is infected; one-tenth of the population of Guam is infected; in Havana there are 11 lepers now in the iso-lation hospital at San Lazardo. There is a lazaret in nearly every important city in our new acquisitions.

DESCRIBES THE FIRST CURE. Speaking more in detail of the treatment by which Sinet was cured, Dr. Dyer said: "Absolute cleanliness, pure food and

regularity of living are enforced. The virtue of the treatment is that it re-enforces the tissues that have been eaten away by the disease and enables the system to work them off. It is simply the enlistment of science to aid Nature in throwing off the encroachment of disease and to rebuild the destroyed tissues. Constant bathing is a great feature to enable the skin to throw off all impurities at once.

"Certain ointments are used in small quantities, and an extremely limited quan-

"Darling papa," she heard him mutter. tity of drugs is also given the patient. Shelton picked up his hat. "I may as Strychnine has been given regularly in one well go back to the shop," he said. to twenty grain doses, and chaulmoogra in gradually increasing doses, from five to

fifty drops. "In the early part of February, 1903, he developed leper fever. In May, 1903, dosage had reached fifty drops. In the summer of 1904 he was taking regularly twenty-five grains three times a day. He had grip in January, 1904. Otherwise he

has been in perfect health.
"For both males and females, chaulmoogra oil and strychnine in gradually increasing doses have been given, the treatment varying altogether with the necessi ties of the patient. Hot baths formed a very large part of the treatment, and the regular diet and exercise, with the excel-lent fresh air and ozone of the Louisiana pine woods, are potent factors in the treatment.

Attention! Youngsters.

Most young people are willing to do trifling acts of courtesy and kindness when they are asked for; even when it is at a cost of some sacrifice on their part, they generally make the sacrifice with agreeable promptness. But there is special grace to be given the favor that is done before it is asked or without any previous knowledge

of the recipient.

It is such a pleasure to find things and without having to beg some one to do them that the timely thought of somebody is gratefully appreciated; and, although the thought may not be easy to give at first, it grows by practice.

Suppose some older person enters the room where the feather-hearted younger person sits, the most comfortable corner of the room is found vacated, the relief of not needing to turn some one else out adds greatly to the zest of occupying it.
Suppose the eyes that find it harder to

thread needles than they used to do found needles threaded in the work basket, what a delightful surprise! Suppose the stockings, that nightmare to the busy mother, were suddenly seen to be

sorted, folded, and put away; those to be mended laid in order, although the invisi-ble worker might not be able to darn well enough to mend the rents-another delight-

ful surprise.
Suppose heaps of such little things of the sort which are always waiting to be done were silently accomplished, with a loving wish for the comfort of somebody's tired body and mind. It is well worth while for mothers to undertake the work of 'line upon line and precept upon precept," which will train their little ones into habits that will later on prove of solid comfort.

A Bit About Lent.

With Ash Wednesday began the Lenten season—the fasting time before Easter, which from the beginning of the Christian era has been observed in the Catholic Fpiscopalian, Greek and Oriental churches. The observance of Lent is an ancient custom handed down by the early Chris-

tian fathers. Formerly the usage of Lent excluded all meats and the fast was strictly kept. Gradually the rules were relaxed. In Spain, it is said, during the Crusades and the wars with the Moors the practice began of permitting in certain cases tion of a contribution to the holy war for he observance of the Lenten abstinence.

The term Lent had its origin with the Anglo Saxons, who called March "the stormy month," "the rugged month" and "the lengthen month" or length month, because in this month the days rapidly faith in Ireland before a powerful chief and cause in this month the days rapidly faith in Ireland before a powerful chief and lengthen. As the chief period of the fast his people, he did not think it was to enter cours in March it was given the name of into a theological definition when asked to

Easter Sunday this year will fall on April 23rd.

Extension of World's Largest Farm. The largest farm in the world, which until recently was in Missouri, has been extended into Iowa, says the Kansas City Journal. It is owned by David Rankin and his son, W. F. Rankin, of Tarkio, Mo. The elder Rankin is worth \$1,000,000 and has made it by farming. He owns 23,500 acres in Atchison county, and, being still afflicted with the desire to own more land, had to reach into Fremont county, Iowa, the other day, when he bought 3,500 acres more. Rankin never sells. He is a cattle king, a corn king, a land king, a philauthropist and a captain of industry. He

1,500 population.

His Devoted Assistant. No small credit is due to Dr. Ralph Hopkins, the young conferee and assistant of Dr. Dyer. Dr. Hopkins is resident leprologist, and his regular report to Dr. Dyer as consulting leprologist form the only intelligent tabulated records of systematic observances on systematic medical

Dr. Hopkins lives among the lepers. He is risking everything for the cause of science and, should he contract the disease, that the disease is not contagious in spite he would be obliged by State law to remain among the lepers while undergoing his own treatment.

The White of an Egg.

The white of an egg is made up of little cells filled with albumen. By heating the white these cells are roptured, and oxygen from the air is inclosed, which gives the white and light appearance to beaten eggs. The white of a stale egg will not inclose as much oxygen, will not be as light and as easily digested as that of the fresh egg and, of course, less valuable. The importance of beating the egg in cold, pure air is readily seen.

Snakes' Eyes Never Close

The suake has one great protection gainst assailants. He appears to be always awake and on his guard. This is explained by the fact that the eyes of snakes never close. Night and day, sleeping and waking, alive or dead they are always wide open. A suake's eyes are not protected with lids, but with a strong scale. This is as clear as glass, and, of course, affords not the least impediment to sight.

DINNA FRET.

Is the road very dreary, Patience yet! Rest will be sweeter if thou art aweary; And after the night cometh the morning cheery, Then bide a wee and dinna fret.

The clouds have a silver lining, Don't forget ; And though he's hidden, still the sun is shining;

Courage! Instead of tears and vain repining Just bide a wee and dinna fret.

-Torquil MacLeod.

-Subscribe for the WATCHM AN.

Lew Wallace's "Ben-Hur."

The death of General Lew Wallace recalls the circumstances of his first visit to the establishment of Harper & Bros. in New York with the manuscript of "Ben-Hur" under his arm He was personally unknown to the Harpers at that time, and after introducing himself he explained to Mr. J. Henry Harper that he had written book which dealt with the life of Christ. Mr. Harper asked him if Christ actually appeared in the story, and Gen. Wallace replied that he did. Mr. Harper then remarked that this subject was a delicate one to treat in a novel, and Gen. Wallace answered that if there were anything in the story which could offend a fellow Christian he would rather cut off his right hand than publish it.

He then explained to Mr. Harper that the book had resulted from a spirited con-troversy he had held with Robert G. Ingersol on the subject of religion, in which Ingersol had defeated him in argument. Gen. Wallace went away from the discussion with a troubled mind. For some time he contemplated writing a theological work which would strengthen religious faith at the point of Ingersol's brilliant attack. But he decided that theologians could do that work much better than he, and besides his desire was to reach and help the masses. He lay awake by night pondering the ques-tion which had taken possession of his mind and eventually decided to write a religious novel in which he could embody his understanding of religious truth. "Ben-Hnr" was the result. When General Wallace had told these interesting facts to Mr. Harper he left the manuscript, expressing the hope that his own estimate of the work

would be indorsed by the house. The manuscript was read in the usual way by the readers of the firm and was promptly accepted. Gen. Wallace told Mr. Harper later on that he had written the book in all sorts of out the way places the book in all sorts of out the way places—on boats, railroads, in carriages, wherever he had an opportunity—afterward correcting and revising with the utmost patience and care. It seems astonishing that he had never been to the Holy Land when he wrote "Ben-Hur," but worked out the minute topography of the country as it is presented in the story entirely from maps and reading. He once said to Mr. Harper that when eventually he did visit Palestine he was himself surprised at the absolute accuracy of his descriptions, which tallied exactly with the facts, and he was fond of telling how he found the very stone which he had imagined as a resting place for Ben-Hur at a certain point of the story. The book was published on Nov. 12th. 1880, and for the first year the sales hung fire. It showed no signs of general popularity. Then it began to grow year by year, and it has now sold well on to a milion copies.

The Shamrock.

We hear much about the shamrock these

How many of us know much about it? In the dim past the name shamrock is apposed to have been applied to a plant of the genus oxalis, or wood sorrel, which also has trifoliate leaves.

Just now numerous pans of oxalis are to he seen at their best at Horticultural hall. Fairmount Park. They are in the East

Not everybody knows how this plant. which is commonly known as the white trefoil and white clover, came to be the emblem of Ireland. One authority (Lover) says that when

explain the Trinity, so cast about him for some simple little image that would enlighten rather than puzzle. So St. Patrick stooped to the earth and picked from the green sod-which is so softly green because there is not much sun-

shine and a good deal of moisture-a shamrock. He held this trefoil up before the people and hade them behold one in three. The chief was at once convinced, as were

ed the faith preached by the interesting saint, so the legends run.

all his people, and they straightway adopt-

Why is It? Everybody knows how the wheels of a railroad car are fastened to the axle. They are shrunk on-that is, put on hot and allowed to shrink in cooling so that they are practically a solid piece with the axle. These cars go around curves, and it will be observed that the outer rail covers a great leal more ground than the inner one, so that to turn the curves and finish even the outside wheel must of necessity travel coniderably faster than the inner one. Yet it is fixed solidly to the axle and cannot make a fraction of a revolution more than the other one, yet the axle remains intact, and the curves are passed with untiring regularity. Why is it?

Finest Coffee in the World.

We ought to buy more coffee from Mexico, for the slopes of the gulf produce some of the finest coffee in the world. European consumers are more patieular than the people of the United States. The importers over there have agents in all the coffee countries picking over the crop every year and buy-ing the best grades; while the poorer qualities, which are not wanted in the European markets, are shipped to the United States and dumped on docks at New York, Baltimore and San Francisco for our commission merchants to get. We use five times as much coffee as any other nation in the world, but we are not so particular as to its quality.

LIFE GUARDS.-The Life Guaids are two regiments of cavalry forming part of the British household troops. They are gallant soldiers, and every loyal British heart is proud of them. Not only the King's household, but yours, ours, every-body's should have its life guards. The need of them is especially great when the greatest foes of life, diseases, find allies in the very elements as colds, influenza, catarrh, the grip, and pueumonia do in the stormy month of March. The best way that we know of to guard against these diseases is to strengthen the system with Hood's Sarsaparilla-the greatest of all life guards. It removes the conditions in which these diseases make their most successful attack, gives vigor and tone to all the vital organs and functions, and imparts a genial warmth to the blood. Remember the weaker the system the greater the exposure to disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the system strong.

-Children are notoriously eager to acquire facts. The following question was asked by a lad of seven after he had ridden upon his uncle's knee : 'Say, Uncle Will, what becomes of your lap when you stand up ?"-Youth's Companion.