Bellefonte, Pa., March 31, 1905.

WHITE AND GOLD.

When God made flowers, long ago, I think he loved the daisies best, And planted them that men might know Himself had kissed earth's breast.

And scattered them on down and lea The jewels of a lover's pride, So shy and strong they well might be A girdle for His bride

So shy and strong and innocent, They well might crown a virgin's bair Or at her feet rest well content To be Heaven's humble stair.

Content to be Heaven's humble stair, By careless human footsteps trod, Yet none the baser or less fair. And still the shrine of God.

And I shall face the great white throne And all the saints with crowns of gold More fearlessly since I have known God's little thrones of old. -H. H. Bashford, in English Country Life.

#### WHEN KASTER COMES

"Thirty days hath September," Every person can remember; But to know when Easter's come, Puzzles even scholars, some

When March the twenty-first is past, Just watch the silvery moon, And when you see it full and round, Know Easter'll be here soon. After the moon has reached its full,

Then Easter will be here, The very Sunday after, In each and every year. And if it hap on Sunday The moon should reach its height.

The Sunday following this event, Will be the Easter bright. -Boston Transcript.

IN HIS MERCY. BY ALFRED TERRY BRISBIN, U. S. NAVY.

Billy paused and with a muttered curse threw down his spade and wiped away the great drops of perspiration that stood out on his brow. It was ten o'clock and throughout the far-spreading cocoanut grove he saw the little knots of natives planting the young sprouts where he had driven his stakes the day before. The tropical sun shed it's scorching rays unmercifully. Billy laughed unnaturally. This was Christmas. Somewhere the earth was covered with a mantle of snow; some where happy people hurried homeward. Home. . . . . . How strange that word sounded. Involuntarily his eyes turned toward his own poor nipa shack, and again he laughed that forced unnatural laugh. How harsh his voice sounded as he turned toward his foreman and said, "This my fiesta day. You work, you and your little brown brothers." The foreman nodded. Surely there was something wrong with the white senor for never before had he ceased work on any pretext. He grunted and turned to his task. Billy strode down the rays of the fast setting sun. About between the rows of tall majestic trees to her eyes there was an indescribable sadness though he was in deep thought.

ssed with grace. ental maidens and luckily bereft of those women. Marea watched him approaching. The most careless observer could not have mistaken the expression of admiration written on every feature. Surely this was strange. It lacked three hours to the midshe followed him to the door and watched his every movement as he hung his hat on a pair of deer antlers and stretched himself in a hamboo reclining chair alongside the table. She slipped inside and seated her-

self back of him on the floor. Billy's thoughts wandered far from his surroundings, far from the Philippines, back to a home in Pennsylvania. Three years before this very day he had been happy, too happy it seemed. Three years only. . . . God, it seemed three hundred. He saw his old father, his sisters, and his baby brother gathered around the big open fireplace in which the logs blazed merrily. Outside the sun shown down on a peaceful white-blanketed village. Three years ago this very night he had been made the happiest man on earth by a single word. How good life seemed then; how glad he was that he was permitted to live nd give thanks to the good God for all his blessings. But he was too happy and days followed in which trouble and sorrow threatened to overcome him. Those were the days when Her bright greetings and smiles had been balm to his mind. well he remembered that eventful interview with Her father when he was first apprised of the ruin that threatened Her. Reverses had crowded each other on this old man until he was overwhelmed. Wild dabbling in stocks had brought him to his knees and the load seemed too heavy for him to carry. A temporary loan might tide him over until the market picked up and unless it was forthcoming exposure would surely result. Exposure .

Billy could see Her proud head bowed in disgrace. He left the house and wandered for hours through the snow fighting his greatest battle. He, the trusted cashier of his father's bank; honored, and respected by all. At the most it would be for only a few days and it was for Her. How well be remembered the anxious days that followed until that one day when he knew the worst. How vivid the picture his imagination brought before him of his old father's tear-stained face as he stood that day in the library. How each one of his words had out like a knife thrust. During it all Billy had only thought of Her and Her disgrace, for heavier losses had drawn Her father down in spite of all. How he had longed to take Her in his arms and comfort Her in this Her hour of trial. No, She was at least blameless and he would go. Of one thing he was glad. No one connected his disgrace with Her father's and She would never know it had been for Her he had made himself an outcast. How little he remembered the next six months. How blank they seemed. Then he had wandered here, away from all that could remind him of his former life. He howed his head on his arms on the little bamboo table and his great frame shook with sobs. Marea arose and stole to him silently. She touched him on the shoulder but he did not move. Tears formed in her great brown eyes and she went down to the little river

when Marea awoke him. Her eyes and face expressed intense excitement. "Senor, the Ladrones. They go to Santa

Rita. I have bear just now." Billy roused himself. "What's this? Speak, Marea, Speak. Habla, Sabe?"
"Si. I hear Ladrones talk by river.
They go Santa Rita. Tonight, esta noche,
they kill all the Americanos. Go, senor,

Billy jumped to his feet. The Ladrones

would attack Santa Rita and Billy knew well there were but ten or fifteen of the regulars on duty there. It was ten miles to Santa Rita and eight miles in the opposite direction to Camp Wade where the 8th Cavalry was on duty. Billy ran to the little shed that did duty as a stable and saddled his pony. A moment later he was urging the little beast down the path that led to the cavalry camp. He glanced at the sun. It was about three o'clock and it would take him an honr and a-half to cover the distance to the camp over the rough trail. His keen eye detected here and there 'the dark form of a native moving through the underbrush. He breathed a prayer that they might not suspect his errand but his prayer was only answered by a shrill cry that echoed through the woods. How well he knew that cry. Now it was a race in earnest. He urged his pony on at a break-neck speed through the tropical vegetation that overhung the trail. The shrill cry was taken up on all sides and each repitition served only to cause Billy to dig his spurs deeper in the pony's beast bounded. Now they neared the ford. Once over the river he would have a better chance. Again and again that cry was sounded. He swung into the gradual sloping path that led to the water. Now they were almost there when another bolo glittered in the sun and sunk deep into the pony's neck. Billy threw himself from the beast and plunged into the river. Three of those big knives struck around him before his feet touched ground. He drew his revolver and as he gained the bank fired at a form crouching in the tall grass. His wounded arm was becoming numb and a feeling of dizziness was slowly creeping over him. He started down the trail on a run. Twice he stumbled and almost fell. Now as he passed a barrio he saw another pony picketed in the shade of a tree. A moment more and he was dashing on astride of the unsaddled, unbridled horse. One more turn and he would see the tall flag pole. Now he was on the turn. Something struck him in the back and almost carried him from his horse. He bent low on the beast's neck and clutched it with both arms. He closed his eyes to shut out the whirling green streak on both sides.

Camp Wade was awakening from its afternoon siesta. The cool evening breeze was stirring the royal palms and the sun was getting low in the western sky. The band had just started its afternoon concert and the Officers' wives and families were gathering under the tent flies where the Major's wife was serving tea. Slowly descending the steps from the Major's house was a tall young girl dressed in white. Her pale face seemed no less white than her dress while her golden hair reflected the little three room shack that did duty as his home. His head was bowed down as who had tried in vain to drive it from her which had puzzled all the young officers hough he was in deep thought.

In the little garden behind the but who had been a member of his family since It seemed impossible that grief took two hundred years ago, a happy, care-free girl in so short a time. characteristics which make them appear so She too had been dreaming of a little town inferior to our own glorious American in Pennsylvania and of a time when she ony slackened speed and came to a stop trusts, the spiders have to It's rider with the aid of the troopers slow-

ly straightened up then gasped," Ladrones. . . . Santa Rita," and fainted away. Tenderly they bore him into the Major's The doctor made a hasty examina house. tion and muttered a fervent. "Thank God." The room quickly filled with anxious women who were eager to do what they could for "the brave boy." The girl pushed for-ward and then uttered a half cry, half sob, that touched the hearts of all. She dropped down beside the cot and in a voice filled with pity and anxiety repeated over and over, "Billy, don't you know me?" The doctor forced some brandy to his lips. His

eye lids fluttered and then opened. A smile crossed his wan face. His arms wen about her neck and he drew her to him. Across the parade ground a bugle sounded and a troop of cavalry galloped toward Santa Rita. The room quickly and silent-ly emptied. The sad expression about her eyes gave way to one of inexpressible hap-piness. His lips formed one word. . . . .

Her name.

# Some Eat Nice Fat Ants.

According to Monsieur G. Durand, kind are eaten in one part or another of the globe. The natives of the West Indies eat the larvae of the stag-beetle; the Creoles of Bourbon broil and eat cockroaches while the Arabs still follow the example of John the Baptist and feed on locusts. The grasshopper is a favorite article of diet both in Greece and in Mexico.

The Chinese make a tasty dish out of the chrysalis of the silkworm, and a white fat grub that burrows in the palm trees is the greatest delicacy a Burman knows.

Ants, prepared in various ways, com

emselves to quite a number of people. The African custom is to cook them in butter, while in Brazil a resinous sauce is the usual accompaniment. The Siamese prefer the eggs of the ant, and in India the white ant is not only eaten raw, but in some parts is roasted like coffee and is then mixed with flour and made into pastry.

# Why Named Williamsport.

There has been a dispute as to whether Williamsport was named after William Ress or William Hepburn. Several weeks ago a secret apartment was found in an old desk and in it a num-

ber of papers belonging to Michael Ross, founder of the town. One of these states that he, Michael Ross, founder of the town of Williamsport, has named the place in honor of his son William. This is considered conclusive.

-The usual fortune of complaint is to Billy knew not how long he had slept excite contempt more than pity.

Facts About Mahogany.

The United States is not a mahoganygrowing country, unless Cuba may now b said to be a part of the United States. It is a tropical wood. Its home is in Central America and in Cuba, Jamaica and Santo Domingo. These islands, says the Mississippi Valley Lumberman, give the smallest but heaviest and prettiest wood. British Honduras, Guatemala and Nicaragua give the most and Mexico the largest timber. The richer, solid, heavy varieties come from the islands. These will not float. They are susceptible of a high polish, and the wood has a rich, wavy figure. The pretty figured pieces of wood are of great and the wood has a rich, wavy figure. value. A six-foot piece, which includes the crotch of a tree, in a certain shipment will bring about \$500 when cut into ven-

No matter where a shipment of the wood comes from, or what variety it is, there are always more or less of the fine, flaky sticks that make veneer. Mahogany is a phenomenal wood in that it does not warp under any conditions of weather, use or age neither does it shrink. It is of great beauty, hardness and durability. In no other wood can these qualities be found combined with large size, uniformity of grain and richness of color and figure. The island timbers are eight to ten feet in length by twelve inches in diameter, some from Cuba, how-ever, reaching 35 feet in length by two feet in diameter. Honduras squared timbers are as long as forty feet by two feet in diameter, and the three foot and four foot timbers come from Mexico. The softer mahogany comes from the swampy lands. There are no mahogany forests; the trees are not ground that way the individual diameter, and the three foot and four foot There are no mahogany forests; the trees are not grouped that way, the individual trees being more or less widely separated. Like other trees, the core is the poorest

part, often being worthless.

A schooner load represents an expenditure of about \$13,000. This is not all for the timber, labor and freight, a considerthe timber, labor and freight, a considerable part of it representing 'grease' to the Spanish customs officers, whose favor is not obtained by a smile. There are no saw-mills in the mahogany-growing countries. The trees when cut down are squared by hand. An Indianapolis company is going to have them hewn into cotagon shape hereafter instead of squares, believing it will get 25 per cent. more timber out of will get 25 per cent. more timber out of them this way. Oxen are used for the haul to the water, and the timbers are rafted and floated to larger streams, where larger rafts are made and sent to a loading port. Having arrived there, the lumberman's troubles and expenses are not half

The coming and going of ships to these small ports are not regulated like the running of railroad trains. It may be announced that a ship will be there on the 4th and there is great sourrying to get the timber ready. When the ships do get there they will not wait for the arrival of their timber cargo, but will sail away without it if it is not ready. So the rafts are anchored. There is a worm, or marine borer, that likes mahogany, and he goes promptly to work. If the ship does not arrive on time and is not sighted within a day or two the timber must all be hauled up on the beach or every timber turned over daily. The worm does not make fast time in boring, and if the side he is working on is turned to the hot sun before the borer gets more than an inch or so in it will

#### Spider Silk.

scorch him to death.

According to a report of United States In the little garden behind the but who had been a member of his family since Consul Hunt, at Tamatave, the industry of the day when her father had laid down his drawing silk from spiders, which the un-Marea was ously engaged watering her the day when her father had laid down his drawing silk from spiders, which the un-flowers. She was an uncommonly pretty earthly burdens made so heavy by his dis-girl, as Filiping women run. Blessed with the canon of the leaning to the little, gracious our by the canon of the leaning to the little, gracious our by the canon of the leaning to the little, gracious our by the canon of the little, gracious our by the all the attractive qualities of those ori- could have wrought such a change in such | way on a commercial scale in Madagascar. The female spinning spider of that island (Nephila madagascariensis) grows to a length of two inches and a-half, and swarms had been happy. Almost at the same time in millions about the capital. The silk is that Billy in his little nipa shack was living over those happy days, she had sat in a basket filled with live spiders at her her room with his picture in her hands and side. She takes out a dozen, fastens them had lived over again for the thousandth in a frame, draws out the ends of their day meal, yet, he was returning. Billy time the same days. She paused on the passed her and entered the house. Slowly lowest step and turned her eyes up the thread, which is passed over a hook and atstreet. A small white pony, his sides red tached to a reel. The girl then sets the with blood, was dashing toward her closely reel to revolving with a pedal, and, like pursued by two mounted troopers. The within fifty feet of her. The gay crowd like the public, however, they are said to under the tent-fly hurried toward the pony. suffer no discomfort from the operation. When a spider's supply of silk is exhausted, it is taken back to the park to recuperate, and in nine or ten days it is ready to declare another dividend. After going through the reel five or six times it be comes discouraged and dies, having yielded in all between two and three miles of silk. Even with cheap labor, spider silk is expensive. It takes a thread over thirty-five miles long and nineteen strands thick to weigh an ounce, which makes the fibre cost about \$40 a pound.

# Japan Not so Little.

Most of our boys are interested in the war news from the struggle between Japan and Russia. It is quite a prevalent idea that Japan is a "little" nation. Of course it does not spread out over the earth like Russia, but it isn't so very small after all. Without counting Formosa, which belongs to it. Japan is larger than the British isles by 27,000 square miles. The population is 3,000,000 greater than France. Japan has sent ont an army of more than 400,000 to fight Russia. That is a larger army than Napoleon III had at the beginning of the Franco-Prussian war. Of the six armies French scientist, insects of almost every kind are eaten in one part or another of that of either party at Waterloo. During the present contest it has shown itself among the first-class maritime powers Taken altogether, Japan is about the biggest little nation in the world, although it does not look big on the map. -Ex.

# The Greater Curiosity.

One day at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition a countryman from Arkansas appeared on the "Pike," says the Atchison Globe, before a building in which some elk were exhibited. He was attended by a large assortment of boys and girls and a woman in a sunbonnet.

"I'd like to go in there," he said to the "barker," "but it would be mean to go in without my family, and I cannot afford to pay for my wife and seventeen children." The barker stared at him in amazement.

"Are all those your children?" gasped.
"Every one," said the man from Arkan-

"You wait a minute," said the barker. "I'm going to bring the elk out and let them see you-all."

-"You and your husband have lived to gether 25 years, and never had a quarrel? What's the secret ?" "No secret at all. I'm too good-natured to quarrel, and he's too indolent.—Chicago

A man has plenty of friends when he doesn't need them

Their Fiftleth Anniversary Celebration.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Hering entertained a very large company of relatives and friends on Friday last, from 10 to 6 o'clock, the occasion being the celebration of their fiftieth anniversary, and it was a very delightful and interesting event. The time was passed in one continual round of pleasure, mirth and enjoyment, over sixty guests being present. The parlors of the Hering's residence were beautifully decorated for the occasion, with a profusion of greenery tastefully arranged, evidently the work of skillful hands and presenting a very beau-

tiful and charming sight. At noon a very elegant and substantial dinner was served. The tables were lavishly furnished with a bewildering array of rare and choice dishes of a delicious an most inviting character. The several departments of the ouisine were under the skillful supervision of Mrs. Donachy, Cummings, Shook and Miss Fredericks, and their united efforts resulted in a "feast fit for the gods." Misses Anna and Ella Cummings and Mabel Long, looking as pretty as the "Three Graces," assisted by Master Donachy, deserve especial praise for the very efficient and skillful manner in which they waited upon the tables.

General conversation, mirth and lively discussions on the the prevailing topics of the day occupied the interum. Mr. and Mrs. Hering seemed ubiquitous, they were here, there and everywhere, to be certain that the guests were being entertained and lacked nothing that would conduce to their

comfort and enjoyment.

Early in the evening all retired to their respective homes expressing themselves as having been delightfully entertained and regretting that an occasion so replete with pleasure and enjoyment was at an end.

Mr. and Mrs. Hering were the recipients

of a large number of valuable presents and remembrances, some of which were of a decidedly substantial and solid character. Among the guests present were: Rev. McIlnay, C. P. Long, wife and daughter, D. M. McCool and wife, C. C. Cummings, wife and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Krape, Mrs. M. Shires, Mrs. S.H. Braught, Mrs. David Sweetwood, A. Shook and wife, Miss Jessie Fredericks, Miss Mary Woods, Rev. Fenstermacker, Mrs. C. Shook, Mrs. Jane Nossker, Spring Mills; Mrs. Harry Kramer, Miss Anna Lohr, J. C. Lutz and wife, Centre Hall; Rev. J. W. Shannon and wife, Elysburg; Geo. Shannon and wife, Watsontown; James Hering and wife Altoona; Geo. Dale and wife, Lemont; W. R. Donachy, wife and son, Lewisburg; John Hosterman and vife, Mis. E. Hering, H. B. Hering, Penn Hall; H. Satterlee, R. Shaughensey, Look Haven; Mrs. W. T. Steely, Sunbury; John Kennelly, Lewis-

#### The Doom of Niagara.

The issue between the preservation of great natural wonder and its absorption in the purposes of industry as involving the future of Niagara Falls is becoming interesting. In Cassier's Magazine for March Mr. Alton D. Adams makes the opening assertion that Niagara Falls are doomed. Children already born may yet walk dryshod from the mainland of the New York State reservation to Goat Island across the present bed of the Niagara river.'

Since the means of travel on this continent penetrated the interior as far as Niagara that spot has been recognized as one of the world's natural wonders. In the geographies of a former generation the still more you will be beating Dame Fash-Natural Bridge and the Mammoth Cave were united with it among the remarka-Colorado and Yellowstone Park are its rivals. But in either company it holds its place as a goal for sightseers. The Governments on both sides have protected its banks, and a settled policy hae been declared of preserving its natural grandeur

But with the rise of the electrical age a new force has appeared for its despoilment. Already nearly one quarter of the normal flow of water over the Falls and about one-third of its low-water discharge have been diverted to the production of water power and electricity. It needs but the addition of twice the present consumption to use up all the water at the low level and to leave nothing of its wonders but

the bare cliffs. Applications are being constantly made to the New York Legislature or the Canadian Government for additional waterpower grants. The weakness of the situation is in the fear that if the demand is not gratified by the government on one side of the Falls it may be secured from the other government. So the predicted doom of this great phenomenon that has delighted four generations of Americans seems quite possible unless the people of the United States and Canada unite in demanding that futher grants on either side be forever out off .- (Pittsburg Dispatch.)

# Woman in Printers' Home.

Mrs. Nellie V. Wilson, a member of Columbia Typographical Union, of Washngton, will become an inmate of the Union Printers' Home, founded by George W. Childs and A. J. Drexel, at Colorado Springs. She will be the first woman printer to be admitted to the home. She is a typesetter and for 15 years has been employed on Washington newspapers.

Mrs. Wilson does not go to the home to be a permanent inmate, but she is threatened with lung trouble, and as she and her husband are both typesetters the Union has lecided to provide for her in the home at Colorado Springs in the hope that the mountain air may restore her to health.

# Definitions by English Children.

The following are gleaned from the definitions given by English school children : Henry VIII was brave, corpulent and cruel, was frequently married to a widow, had an ulcer on his leg, and great decision of character.

The Septuagint was a committee of 70 men elected to revise the poems of Homer. The climate of Bombay is such that its inhabitants have to live elsewhere.

Etc. is a sign used to make believe you know more than you do. The equator is a menagerie lion running

around the centre of the earth. The zebra is like a horse, only striped, and used to illustrate the letter Z A vacuum is nothing shut up in a box.

# Some Riddles.

What crosses the water without making shadow? A sound.

What is most like a cat looking out of third-story window? A cat looking in one. What is that which is neither flesh nor bone, and yet has four fingers and a thumb? A glove.

does be fall against? Against his will.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

A DAILY THOUGHT.

Take life like a man. Take it as though it was -as it is-an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it as though you were born to the task of performing a merry part in it, as though the world has awaited your coming.-Spurgeon.

Ever since fashion veered around to soft, light-weight stuffs that could be sherred and draped and tucked and made into full. wide costumes, manufacturers all over the world heve been working to turn heavy fabrics into light, stiff materials into sup-ple, without losing the characteristics of each material.

Nobody thought it could be done with taffeta, yet soft finish taffeta has been achieved, and has leaped into popularity with a single bound. Among the spring suits none are much prettier than those in which taffeta plays an important part. Voile skirts-perhaps one of the new

to style-is great. Pongee is sharing honors with taffetaperhaps doing even more than that. For it will be worn in every conceivable way, from shirt waists and shirt-waist suits to stunning loose coats to wear over fluffy summer gowns. And the way they make them up into those adorable little blouse and jacket suits is the prettiest thing im-

though the license as to color-and even as

The natural color will be most worn, and next to it, the blue that comes in such a

good shade in pongee. There's a heavier stuff out that looks like silk hopsacking (they call it Burlingham) that some of the most beautiful suits are made of. It's next to impossible to tailor properly, though; so if you're your own tailor, you'd better give the preference

to pongee. And mohair! Last year hundreds o suits were made of it, until it seemed as if everything possible had been done with it. Yet this year sees changes that give it still more possibilities—changes both of weave and of treatment.

It is one of the most satisfactory of stuffs for hard wear, its wireness not seeming in the least to interfere with the adapta bility demanded of all present-day mater-

As to styles-at first glance you'd say that everything is good; for short coats, long coats and in-between coats seem jumbled up in a hopeless confusion. But every-thing isn't good by long odds, although there never was a season before which started with such a bewildering variety.

Most of the changes-except for sleeve styles-are subtle rather than radical, so that you have to look deep into things to discover why your last year's clothes aren't right. Yet you recognize at first glance that they aren't. It's the why and wherefore that you have to ponder over.

The differences aren't radical, yet they most definitely exist. Skirts are quite a little fuller around the feet, and if you can discover a new way to increase that fullness ion at her own tricks.

In waists (and coats) there's a gradual the waist line that the last corsets so totally abandoned. But loose coats will be worn, too, in almost every degree, from the little "monkey jackets" down. Braids and buttons and laces are everywhere, and the new ideas that have come

#### "She had ever a low, soft voice, An excellent thing in women

out in all three are exquisite.

Every now and then you hear of a woman's voice, low and sweet and so perfectly modulated that instinctively the mad king's words come into your mind, and you wonder why there aren't more women who cultivate their speaking voices.

Curiously enough, women who sing very rarely have musical speaking voices, and those who have exquisite, low voices usually have expressionless singing voices. Nobody has ever been able to explain it scientifically, but it is a fact, for all

Nothing so definitely marks the dis tinction between culture and the lack of it as a voice. And nothing is a much better index to character.

Listen to voices anywhere you happen to be—at a tea, or in a street car, or in a shop—and notice how one voice will be uasal, another shrill, one throaty, another low, but coarse; and think what a difference it would make if each woman would pay only as much attention to her voice as she does to her manicuring, for instance.

A beautiful face is often marred by the sharp voice that accompanies it, and seems so oddly mismated.

The constant use of slang has an actual physical effect upon voices which is anything but agreeable. You almost never voice with any one who find a bard uses beautiful English. But slang coarsens the voice, giving it a sharp quality that is as unpleasant as the stream of slang itself.

A Philadelphian who has been back a week or so from an extensive tour of Europe concludes that American women, as seen in the general view in street and shop are all right to look at, "but." he says. "I never knew how had they were to listen to until I came back and heard their voices, highpitched and with a nasal twang that seems excessive after a summer's respite. I really think it must be worse than when I left, and if there are any statistics on the subject. I would be willing to bet on it. To me it is now so noticeable that I wonder every time when I see that other people do not seem to hear it. Of course, you can get used to anything, but when I do find a voman now whose speech is of the low, full-voiced kind you hear in Europe, it acts like a positive rest for the ear. They say, I believe, that the feminine nasal squeak s worse in the country than in the city, but I don't see how that could be possible. Physical culture will never fulfill its funcions completely till it does away with the high-pitched voice."

A diet of young carrots is said to be exsellent for the skin and all its appendages of hair and nails. This is attributed to its anti-scorbutio salts, its oily matter and the con which exists in all red-colored vegetables and fruits.

Dors are very much in evidence-espec-When a man falls out of the window what ially small dots, combined with the wee

#### The Alps Pierced Again.

One of the greatest works of any age was consummated on February 24th, when the last harrier of rock in the way of the Simplon Tunnel was pierced and the Swiss and Italian drilling parties met. The Simplon is the longest tunnel in the world, and has been one of the most difficult to build. It is twelve miles long, cost \$14,000,000, and has been under way for seven years. It is nearly twice as long as the Mont Cenis Tunnel, which was considered an engineering marvel in its day, and nearly a third longer than the St. Gothard. It is two and a half times as long as the Hoosac, the longest mountain tunnel in the United States, and longer than the whole underground part of the New York rapid transit system. All kinds of obstacles were en-countered in the construction of the Simplon Tunnel, including hot and cold springs, extraordinarily hard rock formations, slipping strata, and unbearable heat, but all have been successfully overcome. When the bore was completed, President Ruchet, little checked voiles, or one that is plain— are trimmed with taffeta, just the "least touch of a shade" darker in color, and the time, exchanged congratulatory messages with King Victor Emmanuel and Premier touch of a shade?' darker in color, and the jacket—a rather short, jaunty little affair—is of the taffeta, tucked in the prettiest of ways.

Black and white checks are stunuing, Black and white checks are stunuing, the sheak taffeta jackets, almay throw some light on the practicability of Chief Engineer Wallace's plan of diverting the waters of the Chagres by a tunnel four miles long.

#### The Family Meal.

I consider the family meal to be something much more sacred than merely an act of satisfying hunger. To me it is the meeting ground of all family smypathies—Professor Von Herkomer.

—Mistress—Mary, these banisters always seem dusty. I was at Mrs. Johnson's to-day and here are as bright and

smooth as glass.

Mary—She has three small boys, mum—Cassell's Journal. -Stocks-Bent's failure is regarded as a very bad one. Shares—How so? Stocks

With his opportunities he should have
failed for at least twice the amount.

Every man has a pretty good opinion of himself till be gets in public office and reads what a scoundrel he is.

#### AN ODD VERDICT.

Why an Indian's Horse Was Declared Winner of a Race. A man who has traveled extensively in the west among other anecdotes told

this one: "I was present at a horse race in New Mexico one day, where a horse belonging to an Indian had been matched against a swift footed pony which was the property of a cowboy. The pony was known by the white men to be a better racer than the other animal, and the race had been arranged for the purpose of fleecing the redskins. An impromptu course of a mile had been arranged, and the race was to be four times over the course. The cowboys gave their rider instructions to hold the pony back until the finish, so that they could induce the In-

dians to make hig bets "The Indian's horse took the lead at e start and retained it offered more money as the race progressed, and the Indians, seeing their horse in the lead, took the wagers. So it went until three and a half miles had been covered and the Indians had bet all their possessions against the money of the cowboys. Then the cowboy rider put the spurs to the pony. He passed the horse in the last quarter

and crossed the line five lengths ahead. "There were three judges. Two of them were Indians, and the other was a cowboy. 'We win!' cried the cowboys and started to collect the bets. when the Indian judges interposed.

"'Uh, uh,' they grunted, 'Indian's horse win!' "'How's that?' shouted the cowboys

'Didn't the pony come in first?' "'But Indian's horse was in front most of the way. Indians win,' came the final decision of the two Indian judges, and there was no appeal."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Arab's Pride In His Horse. Arabian horses need no praise. Of the many beautiful stories told of the Arabs that given in the well known poem "Achmid and His Mare" surpasses all. Achmid had a mare of wondrous speed and guarded her with jealous care. A robber stole her, leaped upon her back and shouted to Achmid to catch her if he could. Achmid and his tribe mounted and went in hot pursuit. Suddenly the thought came to him, "If I overtake my mare she is then outrun: she will lose her fame." Shouting to the robber, "Quick, pinch her ear!" he revealed the secret sign his darling knew so well. Achmid lost his mare, as he knew he would, but her glory was secure.

I knew that if her ear be nipped The darling prize could never be out-stripped.

# Wellington's Reprimand.

During the occupation of Paris by the allies in 1815 a French marshal shouldered an English colonel from the sidewalk into the street. Thereupon the Englishman, being forbidden by a general order of Wellington to give a challenge to or accept one from a French officer, did what he considered the only thing left him, knocked the Frenchman down and later refused him satisfaction in a duel. The latter then made a formal complaint to the duke, who to soothe the marshal's feelings sent a written reprimand to the colonel, but in it inclosed a cordial invitation to dinner.

A Friendly Tip. Motorman-Is it in a hurry ye are today, sor? Passenger (climbing on in front)-Yes, Pat, I am. Motorman-Then ye'd betther take th' car behind this. This 'un has a flat wheel an' is makin' poor time today, d'ye mind!-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It is well to learn caution by the misfortune of others.—Publius Syrus.