Aenocratic Matchman

Bellefonte, Pa., April 21, 1905.

A SPRING CHORUS. Oh, such a commotion under the ground When March called, "Ho, there ! ho !" Such spreading of rootlets far and wide Such whispering to and fro !

And, "Are you ready ?" the Snow-drop asked "'Tis time to start, you know.' "Almost, my dear," the Willow replied,

"I'll follow as soon as you go." Then, "Ha ! ha ! ha !" a chorus came

Of laughter soft and low, From the millions of flowers under ground-

Yes, millions, beginning to grow.

"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus said "When I hear the bluebirds sing." "And straight thereafter," Narcissus cried,

"My silver and gold I'll bring."

"And ere they are dulled," another spoke,

"My Hyacinth bells shall ring." And the Violet only murmured "I'm here," And sweet grew the air of spring.

Then, "Ha ! ha ! ha !" a chorus came. Of laughter soft and low,

From the millions of flowers under ground-

"Yes, millions, beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty, brave things! through the

coldest days, Imprisoned in walls of brown,

They never lost heart, though the blast shrieked loud. And the sleet and the hail came down :

But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress Or fashioned her beautiful crown,

And now they are coming to brighten the world,

Still shadowed by winter's frown : And well may they cheerily laugh, "Ha ! ha!" In a chorus soft and low,

The millions of flowers hid under the ground

Yes, millions, beginning to grow. -Harper's Young People.

EASTER EGGS.

A little chicken, seven weeks old, Looking at eggs in crimson and gold, Painted with flowers on either side, And in golden letters, "Easter-tide." "Ah," said the chicken, "when I am old, I shell be near I shall lay eggs in crimson and gold."

One glad spring morning the church bells

rang, And happy carols the children sang ; But by her nest in a loft, alone, Stood the little chicken, now full grown. "Alas !" she cackled, in great dismay, "I have laid white eggs on Easter day."

A dainty maiden—so I am told— Sat painting eggs in crimson and gold ; She painted flowers on either side,

And in golden letters, "Easter tide." "Oh." said the hen, "now I understand-Easter eggs must be finished by hand." -Harper's.

FATHER'S SWEETHEART.

When Miss Morrell came to look at the house next to ours she seemed quite nice. She smiled very pleasantly when she asked for the key; and while she was down in the garden she picked some apples and threw them over to Bob and Tommy. They were not her apples really, because she had not time ?" an-a very nice woman, only-you will understand, dear, when you are older." taken the house; but I thought it was kind of her. So I called when she moved in. Mother is dead, so I have to call. Father is Frank Marchant, the celebrated author, and rell. I am Molly. I was fifteen in June, and Miss Morrell was thirty-one, she said. She must have meant forty-one, because she and father were boy and girl together, she told me; and he is forty-three. "He was such a nice boy," she said. "He'd have done well if he hadn't been so clever, poor fellow !" "If he wasn't clever, he couldn't write his stories," I pointed out. "What's the good of writing stories, if you can't sell them ? Clever men have no I am afraid that is true, but of course would not say so, and I got up to go. "Father is more than clever," I told her "He is the best man that ever was, and the kindest. I will not listen to anything against him; and I think perhaps it would be better if you did not call."

"No-o; but he was mother's baby, and to hold mine, when I was little and clung to her skirts. I took the low note in the I think I should have cried, but Dick last line quite full, and then something seemed to clutch at my throat; and the big photo of mother that I had put on the piance vas so nice to me, and said I was good to the boys. I gave them four chocolates each, and read a chapter out of Swiss Famslipped right down on father's hands; and I shrieked and shrieked and langhed and ity Bobinson to them, when they were in bed; and Tommy said he hardly felt it, and only crited to frighten me. I don't think I I shricked and shricked and laughed and cried, and father couldn't stop me any-how. I suppose you would call it hysterics. I was better next morning, but Jane made me have breakfast in bed. Father did it very hard. When I came down stairs father was sitting at his desk, but he was not writing. He did not speak till he caught me looking was very worried because he was going away to Scotland to do some descriptive

at bim. Then he sighed.

noticed her hat ?"

s a good girl really.

' I told him.

married-the other woman."

wanted me."

ness,'

said.

articles for the Daily Lyre. He began to write out a telegram to say that he couldn't go; but I told him I was quite well, really, and Jane promised to look after me "like a mother." So he went. "It has brought back the old times," he said. "We were boy and girl together---some day you will look back to the times when you and Dick were boy and girl together." I did not say anything, but went into the drawing room. If it had not been fath-

a mother." So he went. When he said good-by,he gave me a note for Miss Morrell. "Ask her to wire 'yes' or 'no'; then I shall know what to do," he said. "Good-by, dear old girl. Be, sure to telegraph if you want me back." It is a dreadful thing to say, but I felt as if I never wanted father back again. If I hadd't loved him so I believe I should er, I should have told him not to compare that woman with me. At supper he talked about her again. She was always bright, he said, and very "People alter a good deal as they grow older," I remarked. "I don't know if you I hadn't loved him so, I believe 1 should have bated him. You would understand if you had no mother. I told Jane about the letter, and she said

Father laughed. "That hat is not fascinating, certainly," he agreed. I thought he laid too much emphasis on "hat." anyone could tell it was a proposal; and if she was I, she would burn it. I was a good mind to, but when I asked Dick, he said "it wouldn't be straight." So I gave it to him to do what he liked with it; and The next evening they talked over the wall again. The evening after he went to see her. He took a bundle of Mss. He he took it in to Miss Morrell. She asked him to take a telegram to send off to fathnever shows his Mss. except to literary er, but he told her that he would rather people or people he likes very much. The next day she sent us a dozen tea not have anything to do with it. He saw her write it; and it was 'yes!" He wouldn't look at me when he told me, but he said a cakes. Father ate two, and the boys the rest. I offered Jane some, but she would lot of nice things about me and how good I not touch them. "Not, if I was starvin' and a bite would was to father and the boys, and I shouldn't have to live with her very long, because he save me !" she said. "I've got eyes in my head, Miss Molly—she'll never do by 'em as you've done." was growing up. I think anybody would like Dick. He is so kind. Jane was very kind, too, and didn't even grumble at Bob Jane forgets and breaks things, but she when he knocked over a pail of water. "I'd have liked to box his ears !"

The next afternoon Miss Morrell asked aid, "but I thought of you, you poor dear -more'n a mother you've been to them; and 'e ought to be ashamed of hisself, the me to take the boys in to tea. I told her I was too busy; but the boys wanted to go, so I let them. They are not old enough

master ought." In the afternoon I sat down in the gar to know better. She gave them three sorts of cake for tea, they said, and sixpence each. She helped them with their lessons, den darning the boys' socks, and Miss Morell came and stared at me over the wall. too; but I found a mistake in one of Bob's "You don't look well, child." she said. "I am quite well, thank you," I told her. She put up her eye glasses and looked at "Ah !" father said, when I showed it to him. "She never was good at arithmetic; but she has a wonderful head for business." me. "You're too young to look after a house," she said abruptly. "Anyhow," I said, "I have looked after it. I don't sup-"I'd rather be good than good at busipose I have done very well, but I have done ness," I told him. Father smoked his pipe for two or three minutes. Then he laid it down. "She is good, too, Molly," he said. "I could tell you something—I will tell you, because I want you to like her. She was my best. No doubt you could do better; but you'd find it very different to having only yourself." I thought I would let her

see that I understood. "I dare say I should." She sighed; but in love with a man once-they were only boy and girl, really-and he was in love she did not seem cross. "Do you know, Molly, sometimes I wish I had others to with her. There was a misunderstanding, work for. Don't you think I could help and he went away, and got engaged to some von ?"

one else. One day he came back-and found out what a foolish mistake he had "I don't want any help," I said; "and I I did, I'd rather not have it. You see, I promised mother. She wouldn't want anybody else to do things for father and the boys—only me." I looked straight at her, and she shook her head. made. He would have broken the engagement off, but she wouldn't let him. So he I could have screamed to hear him speak of mother like that; but I bit my lip in-"We were children together," she said.

'she and your father and I. I don't think "If I had been the-the other woman, I she would mind me." wouldn't have wanted him, if he hadn't I gathered up the socks and angola to-

gether and got up. "I think," I said, "she would mind you "She didn't know, dear. She never

ery much." knew, right up to the time that she died." "You-he pretended he liked her all the Miss Morrell looked surprised and hurt.

"You don't like me, Molly?" she asked. "No," I told her; "I don't. You have the telegram to father, I suppose?" "Yes-your father has told you ?"

"I understand now," I said. "My-his wife is dead. So he will marry Miss Mor-"He has told me." It was not true; but I could not let her think that father did rust me. I went indoors and gave the boys their tea. After tea I gave them two pennies each to spend. I thought I should not have the housekeeping money for long; and she would not do things for them like "If ever you like some one else better, Dick," I said, when I told him, "you're to tell me. I wouldn't marry you for any-thing, if you didn't want to. Promise me down in the armchair when she came in. He jumped up and held out both hands; and she trembled and half laughed and half cried. She looked quite young and almost pretty; and I hated ber. "I am so glad, Mary," father said. "So glad, dear old Mary. God bless you !" "God bles you, Frank-kind old Frank!" she said. Then she hegan crying softly; and he bent down and kissed her. I was in the dark corner by the screen and they he did not seem to notice me. I felt my heart shump and my breath come and go; and I looked at them, and looked at the big photo of mother on the mantelpiece. It was just beside them, as if she was watch ing them; and I rushed between them and

Flowers for Easter.

EASTER LILY MOST POPULAR.

The Easter lily will be the most popular plant this season; the price is to range front 20 to 25 cents per bloom for potted plants, though a few of the choicer speci-mens, whose flowers have attained an un-nsual size, will bring premium figures. Florists reserve a number of such plants for their regular customers or any one who is willing to pay the extra price.

AZALEAS SECOND CHOICE

Next in favor to the Easter lily is the azalea. Small azaleas, it is said, will be sold this year for \$1.00, but these are only the sorah plants. The lowest est figure at which a really fine plant can be purchased is twice that sum, and above this you may go as high as you please. Large specimens, such as are exhibited at the flower shows, containing a thousand or more blooms, bring \$25 when in perfect condition.

HINTS FOR DECORATING.

For decorating the house during Easter week there are a dozen or more varieties of plants not so expensive and which are very effective when stood about in pots. The cineraria is one of them; it is a tall plant, flowering profusely, like a small daisy in shape, and gives the room an ex-quisite perfume. Acacias, too, with their mass of green leaves and myriads of little yellow flowers, are very pretty.

DAFFODOWNDILLIKS.

Ontside of lilies and azaleas a window display looks best with daffodils, tulips or hyacinths. In the potted plants the daffodils for Eastertide are going to sell for 50 and 75 cents; the two last-named will bring from 25 to 50 cents a plant. Any one of these three plants, out, will look well in a window. Hyacinths are always better when preserved in the peculiarly-shaped glass jars that the florists use; daffod ils and tulips should be placed in tall vases or pitchers.

THE CUTE SIDE OF IT

A numerous family is that which is as-sembling for the Easter holiday. It is composed of ducks, geese, chickens, rabbits and pigs. Some members of this col-lection are clever imitations of the original others are merely cotton, crudely fashioned but none the less fascinating, while still auother branch represents the comio side-the clowns of the Easter animal circus, as it were.

Of the latter the ducks and ducklings are the funniest. One ludierous duck rakishly wears a high hat and seemingly proclaim his importance with wide open bill. He is a cotton affair, nicely tinted with water

color. Contrasting with him is the demure little stuffed duckling which fell into the taxidermist's hands before it got to the stage of attering a single quack.

Stuffed chicks, also real, there are in pletty, and, as companions to them, finffy white chicks of cotton, like balls of down. Quite realistic is the caricature in colored ootton of the chick's first attempt to crow.

Storks are beginning to be recognized as

an Easter necessity along with the con-ventional rabbits and chickens. They come in all sizes, some as tall as two feet, beau-tifully painted. The nicest, however, are be smaller ones, standing upon a single leg, alongside of a nest. The nest is filled with tiny eggs and placed at the plate of

the child on Easter morning. The plan of filling a dish with eggs is now considered behind the times. To make remaining period is for the enjoyment of says the Indianapolis News. A whitethe supprise more of a feature it is necessary that the Easter breakfast table should present the appearance of a miniature menagerie. All sorts of surprises are in store for the youngster. He opens a pretty basket and out pop three funny heads, a rabbit and two chicks; underneath the padding of cotton are the caudy eggs. A heartshaped box with a rabbit and a chicken on the lid is an appropriate Easter remembrance from a little boy to a girl, or vice versa. Bunny sitting in a tub is another of the surprises, for when you lift it out a whole nestful of small eggs is disclos-

Flock of 8000 Pigcons

One of the largest pigeon plants in the United States is located at Hammonton, N. J., the birds, about 8000 in number, consisting of pure-blood Homers, that breed having been found to be the best for The buildings are divided unto lofts, each loft containing 50 pairs of birds and each building is lined with heavy building

paper. These lofts are thoroughly cleaned every four weeks, the nests from which the squabs are removed being dusted with air-slaked lime, to which a proportion of carbolic acid is added.

Three beaters, and a line of two-inch pipe running from each, and into the several houses, keep the temperature at about 50 degrees, day and night, during the winter season.

There are regular shipping days in each week. On such days the squabs are taken from the nests early in the morning, be-fore they have been fed by the old birds,

fore they have been led by the old birds, so as to have their crops empty when killed. The squabs are marketed when about one month old. If the nests are well filled the marketing is done daily. The young are packed nicely in layers, large, clean sugar barrels being used, the squabs being arranged with the breasts up. About 10 pickers are employed, their work being to remove the feathers. The squabs are dry picked.

The buildings are seven feet high at the front, six feet as the rear, 15 feet to peak of the roof and 16 feet wide, being divided into compartments each 10 by 122 feet, the passage way being 32 feet wide. As stated, each compartment (or loft)contains 100 birds (50 pairs), with wire-cov-ered runs outside. By this plan, an or-dinary city lot may be used for keeping 1000 birds or more, according to the area of the lot.

It is estimated that each pair of birds should produce six pair of equabs in one year, though some pairs will hatch as many as 10 pairs of squabs, the prices ranging from 20 to 50 cents per squab. The cost of food for a pair of parent birds and their young, for 12 months, is about \$1. The parent birds feed the young until the squabs are nearly ready for market. Squabs are in demand every month in the year, the prices being highest in Jan-uary and February. Strict cleanliness is essential and the use of the best breeds must not be overlooked, the Homers having the preference with the majority of breeders, as they are careful parents and also produce superior squabs.

To Live to be 100.

J. B. S. King, of Chicago, submitted to the Natural Health club recently you may live to be one hundred years old For a sudden strong effort of severe trial eat meat.

For a long continued effort for endurance eat cereals. After exhausting mental labor eat volk

of eggs. After exhausting physical labor drink nfused tea.

For a pure brain stimulant drink ffee For paleness eat lean meat

spinach To make gray brain matter eat eggs,

beans and oats. For sound sleep eat onions and garlic.

"The first thirty-three years of man's life is for growth,"he declared. The breast-bone, which until the thirty third year is composed of three bones, then consolidates seeds were as big as an ordinary lun into one, ending the growing period. The et would be to a full grown man.

ALL SOLDIERS NAMES WILL BE IN-SCRIBED THEREON .- Now that the movement for the erection of a soldier's monnment in Bellefonte has progressed to that state of certainty that there is no longer any doubt ab sut it, and there is every assurance that it will be put up this summer, in time for unveiling in the early fall, there are many inquiries from old soldiers and sailors as to just whose names will be entitled to appear on the bronze record plates of the monument. The following letter from General James A. Beaver we gladly publish without further explanation, as it is explicit enough for all to understand :

BELLEFONTE, PA., April 8th, 1905. EDITOR WATCHMAN :-Inquiry has been made by some of our citizens as to whether or not the names of the soldiers who served in the Eevolutionary the soldiers who served in the Revolutionary war and in the war of 1812 would be borne upon the bronze tablets on our soldiers' monument. That, of course, is intended. Although Centre county was not organized until 1800, there were men from Northum-berland and the other counties from which Centre was taken serving in the Revolu-tionary war, and others came to reside in Centre county after the war was over. The name of every such man should be borne

Centre county after the war was over. The name of every such man should be borne upon our monunent. We will begin, of course, with Brigadier General James Potter, one of the trusted general officers in Washington's army. He came here, as I understand it, before the Revolution, but was uot living here at the time hostilities were carried on. He was then in Cumberland county, but he lived here subsequently and hvd so much to do with the development of the county that his name should, of course, appear. Personal-ly, I would be glad if we could get a good picture of him, to have a bust of him upon the monument.

the monument. Two of the first men to join our Veteran club, when it was organized, were Major James Armour and William Gill, soldiers of the war of 1812. We recognized them as comrades with great gratification, and I am sure our monument would not be complete without their names and those of all others without their names and those of all others like them who served in the war of 1812. Let me appeal to the people of Centre county to send the names of all Revolu-tionary soldiers, of those of the war of 1812 and of those who served in the war with Mexico, to Gen. John I. Curtin, so that their names may appear upon the bronze plates which will constitute the most val-

plates which will constitute the most val-uable part of our monument. It is understood also that the names of those who enlisted elsewhere, but who came to reside in Centre couuty and made their home here after the war, will also be car-ried on these plates. Also the men who served in the Spanish American war. This is to be a soldiers' monument and not merely a monument to those who served in our Civil war. Our committee has emphasized this on several occasions, and we hope our people generally will un-derstand and appreciate it and will assist in every possible way in securing the name of every man who is entitled to appear upon the monument. Very cordially yours, JAMES A. BEAVER.

The Strength of Birds.

Birds can eat and digest from ten to thirty times as much food in proportion to their size as men can. If a man could eat as much in proportion to his size as a spar-row is able to consume he would need a whole sheep for dinner, a couple of dozen chickens for breakfast and six turkeys for his evening meal. A tree sparrow has been known to eat seven hundred glass seeds in a day. Relative to the bird's size, these seeds were as big as an ordinary lunch bask-

wingspread of six feet, has been known to pounce on a pig weighing forty-two pounds, raise it to a height of a hundred feet and fly off with it. The bird had covered a distance of half a mile before the pig's owner succeeded in shooting the thief. Birds can and do work far barder than human beings. A pair of house martins when nesting—will feed their young ones in twenty seconds—that is, each bird, male and female, makes ninety journeys to and fro in an hour, or about 1000 a day. It must be remembered that on each journey the bird has the added work of catching the worm. Even so tiny a bird as the wren has been counted to make 110 trips to and from its nest within 430 minutes; and the prey it carried home consisted of larger, heavier and harder to find insects than were caught by the sparrows. Among them were twen-ty good sized caterpillars, ten grasshoppers, seven spiders, eleven worms and more that one fat chrysalis.

By following these precepts, which Dr.

I know it was not polite to say that, but even mother was not polite if anyone spoke against father.

Miss Morrell only laughed and took hold of my arm.

"Tut-tut, child ! I think well enough of your father. I fancy he has a very good little daughter, too. Now sit down and have another tea cake."

They were very nice tea cakes, and she made them herself. She gave me the recipe, but mine did not turn out the same.

She was watering her flowers when father walked down the garden after tea. He did not notice her, because he was worried about a plot. He had found a way of getting the hero and heroine off a precipice, but he could not think how to get them on ! She came and watched him over the wall. She had the waterpot in one hand and some weeds in the other, and she wore an old hat like a black basin.

"Still up in the clouds, Frank ?' she called at last. He started and turned around. Then he held out his hand and laughed.

'Mary ! Well I never !- It's good to look at you again !" I did not want to listen, of course; and

Dick was whistling at the front gate, so I went out with him. (He is Dick Carson, and we are chums. He is not silly like other boys.)

"I don't care for that woman," I told him; but he only laughed and said I needu't be jealons. He is an impudent boy. We went round by the lane and came home across the brook. It was quite dark when we got in. Father was still talking to Miss Morrell over the wall, and hadn't made the boys do their home lessons; and they were watching out of the window.

'Father's got a sweetheart, Molly," Tommy said.

I do not often lose my temper with the boys, but I boxed his ears quite hard. I was sorry directly, bat I could not say so, for fear I should cry. So I went up-stairs to take off my hat. When I came down, Dick had Tommy on his knee, doing h ast sum. There were white smears on his face where he had oried, and I wiped him with my handkerchief.

"Dick's given me a penny, Molly," he said, and grioned at me. He is a kind little boy and never bears malice. Dick didn't look at me, and I thought

be was cross. I did not get up to go to the door with him, but be tilted me out of my chair, so I had to go. "Ob, Dick !" I told him. "I wish I

hadn't."

"I don't know." Father filled his pipe slowly. "I hope so. If he does ____" "It will serve him right," I declared. Then I went down in the shrubbery and cried

"He did like her. She was a nice won

-No, no ! It's no use saying you never will, because you can't be sure-promise me.

Dick looked very serious and whistled to himself for a long time. He does that when he is thinking.

"I believe you're right, kiddie," he said at last. "I promise." "On your honor ?"

He threw his head back a little.

"All my promises are on honor," he said. I do like to hear him speak like

that.

I did not say any more to father about Miss Morrell; but I made what we called "mother's cake" for tea, and put all her photos about the rooms to remind him of her. He took up the one where she is

"She used to sing a great deal at the Morrells', " he said. "Mary used to ac-company her. We must ask her in. She will like to hear you sing some of the old

songs." "I don't want to sing mother's old songs to anyone but you, daddy," I said. "Come and play for me, and I'll sing 'Afterwards. You can put it down a note and think it is mother singing."

People say that my deep notes are like mother's, but of course I do not sing as well as she did.

"You can't sing that just like your mother, dear. Thank Heaven ! You can't feel it quite like she did .- Ah !"

"I'll try to feel it as much as I can. No. in E flat, dear." He nodded and played the symphony softly. It is like a dream, and father plays so beautifully. I thought of mother, and took a deep breath, and began :

> "Beyond the bound of land and sea, Beyond the touch of hand : Beyond the memory of me-I shall look down, dear love, and see Your tears ; and understand."

She is supposed to be dying. The first part is what he says to her, and the second part is what she says to him. Mother used to smile when she came to "under-stand," and father used to look over his shoulder and smile at her.

"Light of my life, if I should miss The path your faith has shown ? My heart was heartened by your kiss; But now-Dear love, be sure of this

You will not walk alone?

He is in the minor, of course, and she answers in the major. It always sounded comforting, the way that mother sang it; and when I am worried about things, I try to fancy that I hear her. Then she used to draw herself up for the last verse.

"I shall look down, my dear-my dear! "Look down and smile on you Only be true and have no fear. Only be true; and Heaven is near ! God judge me as I'm true."

I tried to steady myself and make my "Nonsense," he said. "It will do him voice like mother's, and I seemed to see her good, the little wretch. You didn't hurt standing there with her hand on father's shoulder, and putting out her other hand

spatched it away. "Mother !" I oried. "Oh, mother !" her. He took up the one where she is holding some music, and looked at it for a long time. "She used to sing a great deal at the Morrells', "he said. "Mary used to acde cologne, and I was too weak to push her

away. "My poor child." she sobhed. "My poor child !" Her tears fell all over me, she was crying so. "We ought to have under-stood. It isn't your father, darling. It's stood. my old lover that he has found for me in Scotland. That was what I telegraphed about. Now, we'll see if you can't like me a little-No, no ! You mustn't move yet.' But I sat up somehow and held out my arms to father; and he picked me up and nursed me like a baby. "I've only two sweethearts, darling," he

said, and he wiped his band across his eyes; "your mother-and you."

I shall never quite forgive myself for thinking of him like I did, but it was only because I was so fond of mother.-By Owen Oliver, in the Delineator.

The Spirit of Easter.

Easter is the promise of the Lord that all the best and noblest in man shall be renewed even as growth and bloom and ripening shall not cease. The bars of winter are broken, and the iron bands of death are riven. The bird is on the wing, and the flight of the soul shall know no weariness. The lilies lift their holy white grails, brim-med sunshine of God's love, for has not the Lord manifested his love in flowers and in the upspringing of green things? They are sweet interpreters of large certainties. Each year the winter outs them down, and each

spring they put forth again. Every spring is a new page in the book of revelation, wherein we read that life is an eternal genesis and its end is not, for it endureth forever.-Helen Keller in Youth's Companion.

Honsekeeper-I'll give you a good meal if you'll light the fire in the stove for me

Weary Willie-All right, lady,

"Very well. Here's a hatchet. Just chop some of that wood out there—" "Oh, see here, lady, I thought it was a gas stove you had!

EASTER MAILING CARDS.

Mailing cards and Easter postal cards are the latest. Those intended for the children contain a pretty sentiment or some mysterious wording to arouse juvenile ouriosity. The promises made in print by the Easter rabbit are always calculated to excite the awe of the youngest. Cards intended to mail in an envelope are decorated with the smallest of small cotton chloks, generally three in a row, or in lieu of chicks, rabbits or ducklings. The regu-lar postal cards are mailed by affixing a one-cent stamp in the usual manner.

A Plea for the Easter Bunny.

Now that certain clubs and organizations are trying to bring about a general vote to serve Santa Claus with notice to quit, it ooks as though the Easter Banny would be sent hopping after him.

There's something sad in all this attack upon the legends of childish days. Even the good old prayer, ' Now I lay me," which most of us are sentimental enough to believe can never be improved upon, is inveighed against, the obarge heing that one line of it is full of "the hugaboo of death," and the rest of it "too utterly childish !"

The Easter Bunny seems barmless enough. And the interest of the children is as wonderful-the auxiety for fear that some stupid grown-up may come along and shut the window down tight, instead of leaving the necessary crack for the Bunny to creep in through ! And the breathless rush to inspect the nests which have been o mysteriously built in odd corners.

Wonderful eggs are in those nests-pink and lavender, blue and red, with chocolate for the best of all, and a generous lot of Leave your window "on a crack" the night before Easter if there's a child in the use. And provide yourself with plenty of eggs, to belp the Bunny as you helped Santa Claus. Is's the days which some

bright particular memories in later years. -Benham-I know a woman wrote this story. Mrs. Benham-How do you know?

mystical personage influences that are the

"The author makes a man have the last

"'Do you shave yourself all the time?" asked the barber. "No. I stop occasionally for meals." said Jimpian savagely.

uits of labor. "Many people who get stont at their fortieth year think they are in fine shape. Mistaken idea. Stoutness at forty is a sign of old age much as gray hair. When it is noticed, the diet should be cut down onethird. The ideal old age is to be lean, spare and active. Old age loves fat, while youth detests it.

"Oats for children and Indian corn for adults is almost perfect food. Meat is the only food for a severe effort. Too much meat however causes had temper. The nearest approach to a perfect brain stimu-lant is coffee."

Yellow Locust For Ties

While the Penusylvania Railroad company has gone rather extensively into the planting of yellow locust for the purpose of supplying material for ties, it is not probable that at any time will the area planted by the company he sufficient to meet the demand and the Chief of the Maintenance of Way Department has undertaken to encourage the planting of these frees by farmers and others living along the lines of the company. While for gen-eral purposes, white oak is regarded as the most durable of all woods and has been very largely utilized for ties, recent ex-periments seem to indicate the collect periments seem to indicate that yellow locust will be found much more serviceable under the tracks. The element to be most considered in the tie is not the freedom from decay, but the behavior of the wood under the rails where the fibres are out out very quickly by the passage of the trains and the tie rendered useless for railroad work, although it is yet generally sound. The life of a white oak tie is about ten years on the line of a busy railroad, such as the Pennsylvania, and it is expected that the yellow locust will show a much better record than this. During the pres ent year it is designed to set out no less than 8,000,000 trees on the property of the railioad company. The work has been progressing almost at this rate for several years, but even this great forest of trees is not adequate. It is estimated that to supply the demands of this company a contin nons growth of 39,000,000 trees covering 125 square miles would be required. Meningitis and Other Epidemics.

Like the rain of meteoroids, cerebro-L ike the rain of meteoroids, cerebro-spinal meningitis is epidemic every thirty-three years, according to Health Officer Darlington, of New York. The rate of mortality in the present incursion of the does harm, any more than a bit of poetry does a grown-up. It's a treat to the imagi-nation, and a child's imagination oraves its treats as surely as we older children do. Leave your window "on a orack" the reported. However, many mistakes in diagnosis have been discovered. It is esti-mated that there will be from 600 to 800 more cases by the middle of May. The meningitis committee decides that the germs enter the system through the nose. On Friday there was one death in Chicago from this malady, the first since nine years ago, when the deaths numbered 150. In New York smallpox assumes an epidemic form every six or seven years. Measles, the most contagious of all ailments, is epidemic every other year. The health officer preper predicts for this year the worst visitation of

measles ever known, and asks for \$4,500,-000 to fight it. Boston has begun sanitary house cleaning as an anti-meningitis measRobert Burn's Bible.

One who was present at Sotheby's, Lon don, when the Burns Bible was put up at anotion reports the inoident for the Evening

Post: "The most interesting Barns relio, gen tlemen, ever put up for auction in this house," were the first words of the auctioneer, and the bidders responded promptly. "A hundred pounds, and an Irishman makes the first bid," continued the gentleman at the desk. A group of Scotchmen raired the bid to three hundred pounds and four hundred pounds, and then dropped sullenly out; they represented a numher of Burns societies who wished to keep the Bible in the poet's own land. After this came the real bidding, a "triangular duel" between Mr. Quaritch, Mr. Stevens, and a bookseller from Edinburg. Mr. Stevens surrendered at one thousand pounds. The other two continued the batsle, the sympathy of the onlookers he-ing clearly with the Scotsman, as it was supposed that Mr. Quaritch was buying for some American. Whether this supposition was correct or not does not yet appear, but Mr. Quaritoh finally closed the com-petition with an offer of one thousand five hundred and sixty pounds. Said a tall lady present, "Who is Mr. Quaritch? Is he an American?" Whereat there was a noment of wondering consternation in the room. The lady was no other than a relative of the poet and the late owner of the book, yet she had never heard of the most celebrated book dealer in the world.

Reduced Rates to Pacific Coast Points Via Pennsylvania Ratiroad.

On account of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, at Portland, Ore., June 1st to Outoher 15th, and various conventions to be held in cities on the Pacific coast during the summer, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets on specific dates, from all stations on its lines, to San Fianoison and Los Angeles, April 9th to Septem ber 27th, to Portland, Settlement, Taoma, Viotoria, Vancouver, and San Diego, May 22nd, to September 27th, at greatly reduced ates

For dates of sale and special information concerning rates and routes, consult nearest ticket agent.

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