Bellefonte, Pa., July 14, 1905.

KEEP ON DOING.

There is lots of joy in living if you strike th proper gait;

If you always come up smiling in the face of ev'ry fate. If you're keeping step and whistling some go

lively little tune You'll be living gay and happy as a sunny day

in June. Keep a level head, don't worry, help you brothers on the way; Let the sunshine of good humor shine upon

you ev'ry day, Speak a cheerful word at all times, neve "knock" your fellow man. And you'll surely be rewarded-just keep doing all you can.

If there's one above all others that the world hates it's a "grouch," Who is always seeing trouble and forever yell-

ing "ouch!" Always "knocking" on his fellows who are working with a will

Doing ev'ry duty blithely as they journey up For the "grouch" there is no pleasure and fills his soul with woe

When he sees a fellow worker with the joy of life aglow. So keep sweet and do your duty, standing by

your fellow man, And you'll surely be rewarded—just keep doing

When you see a brother stumble, grab his hand and hold him up. When he's hungry give him plenty, if athirst hand 'round the cup.

If the clouds of trouble lower o'er his head. then stop and say, "Come on, brother," and your greeting will

help drive the clouds away. Scatter good cheer like the thistle scatters see before the wind. And the petty woes and troubles soon will b

left far behind. Be a "booster" ev'ry minute, help along your fellow man, And you'll surely be rewarded-just keep doing

all you can. There is lots of joy in living if you live your life aright; Lots of sunshine and of roses, keep your eye

turned to the light. Look behind the clouds of trouble; there's silver lining there, and you'll find it if you're only living life

upon the square. Never falter on the journey, but keep going all the while, And you'll find the pain of sorrow banished by

a cheerful smile. Don't give up, but keep on going; never be an And you'll surely be rewarded-just keep do

ing all you can.

LARRY'S ANGEL.

"Tell me, Martha, how on airth did somebody know them angels rang bells?" 'Wait till I git this muck out, lambie."

As Martha Swan tossed the dirty straw out of the stable into the yard, Larry Trask, perched like a rosy-cheeked, goldenhaired cherub on the edge of a cow-manger, discussed the making of angels with

"Martha," he said again, referring to a newspaper out in his hand, "how'd you guess some feller knowed how to draw that, anyway?"

"Lemme see." Martha took the paper, and leaning on her pitchfork, studied the picture of the angelic choir.

"Well," she said, slowly, "I guess mebbe he had to be teached to make the lines right fust. An' I guess mebbe the way he come to know they rang bells was by readin' books an'-an' thinkin'." Martha's ideas of culture were pretty vague. "Guess mebbe readin' an' thinkin' helped him considerable, lambie." "Well, then, Martha, how on airth am I

ever goin' to make a angel, too?" Why, lambie," said Martha, hanging the pitchfork on its nail, there ain't jest only one way for you to do it. You'll hev to go to school an' learn."

'To town!" Terror filled Larry's eyes. Then he drew a sigh of relief. "You bain't any way to get me to town," he said triumphantly. "Pa's got the team all

Martha smiled knowingly. "I'll git you there," she said, "an' you best start right to-day. School opens to-day, an' it ain't only seven o'clock now. I'll pack you to the school-house on my back."

"Oh, Martha!" A flood of affectionate protest filled the little boy's beautiful eyes.

'I ain't a-goin' to let you be my hoss for no angels on airth!" Larry declared. "Sho!" Martha laughed indifferently; "I'd jest git shet o' scrubbin' the henhouse by takin' you."

It required considerable arguing, but at last, carrying a lunch of bread and bacon in a tin can, mounted an Martha's strong, flat back, Larry crossed the three miles of prairie to the little frontier town where he gan his quest for art. Vhen Martha got back alone she went

astily to work to clear up the litter of papers covered with sketches of angels that Larry had left on the kitchen floor. "He thought it looked mean, me bein'

his hoss!" she murmured, fondly. Objections were seldom raised to her performing undignified tasks. A rattle of tin cans beralded the approach

of the milk-wagon, and Martha pushed the coffee-boiler onto the front of the stove, took down the side of bacon hanging against the wall, and cut off some thick slices. Martha never had been educated in dainty housekeeping, but she had re-ceived one impression during the short time she stayed with Larry in the school house that morning; and that was that the other children brought their lunches done

Martha made a resolve. It was tremendous, but she stuck to it all the time she was getting dinner. When her father came silently in, and seated himself at the table. she passed him the beans and bacon and filled his cup with coffee. Then she

"Pa," she said, "will you give me a little money?"
Adam looked up with a discouraging

"What for!

"I guessed mebbe you'd say that,"
Martha replied, "an' I guessed, too, that
mebby I'd tell you Allenses'll pay me
twenty dollars a month to go work for 'em, an' I kin take Larry along. Ef you say so,

Adam eyed his daughter narrowly. He knew her to be a young person of strong sold out the milk business after his death,

he pushed a quarter across the table. Martha pushed it back.

Martha pushed it back.

"Never mind, pa. I guess mebbe I better go to Allenses. Larry can't go barefooted to school much longer, an' I ain't goin' to hev him wearin' my old shoes an' stockin's, like he does on the ranch winters. I're never asked you before to pay out money for Larry sence you give me leave to bring him here when his folks died. An' ef—ef after me workin' for you ever since I kin remember, an' never goin' among folks in my life, nor havin' purty clothes like other girls, nor bein' a girl at all, but only a work-critter-ef all the good you've got outer me sence I was big enough to pack in a bucket o' water don't call for your givin' me a little wages now, I'm goin' to Allenses, for Larry's got to hev decent clothes an' books an' all the things he needs to git an eddication, an' I'm goin

to find the money somewhere for him."

Adam picked his hat up from beneath his chair, and walked out of the kitchen. An hour later he came back.

"Martha," he said, quaveringly, "it's a quare thing for a man to be hirin' his own gal, but ef you're so ongrateful you won't work without, I'll give you eight dollars a

"All right, pa," Martha said, cheerfully; "so long as eight dollars keeps Larry, I'll stay for that. It's time now to go

So all through that school-year and the succeeding one Martha carried Larry to and from school on her back, and she clothed him comfortably. Larry's progress and enthusiasm repaid her for her trouble. His hungry young soul eagerly absorbed the wonders in his books. At night he rehearsed what he had learned during the day. Many happy evenings were spent in the ranch kitchen, Martha patching and listening reverently to the ardent child as he related simple facts she never before had heard.

Larry's teacher noted his aptness at drawing, and told Martha that he ought to have special instructions. Martha pon-dered. A young lady in town gave painting-lessons, and one day Martha took Larry to an exhibition of her work in the Gem House parlor.

The array of roses and pansies seemed be wilderingly gorgeous to Martha, and it dismayed her to hear Larry scoff at them.
"She don't paint right," he declared as
they left the hotel. "Look at this here leaf ag'in the sky. It ain't a black line clear around the edge like hers!"

"No more it ain't, lambie," Martha acquiesced Larry's discriminating judgment of Miss Smith's work edified Martha, but it sent her heart down like lead. She could not keep her eyes off the little boy that evening. She was realizing with keen intensity how he filled with loveliness all the nooks and crannies of her barren life. At bedtime, with unusual emotion she clasped him tightly to her breast.

Larry's slim arms twined about her neck in ready response.

"We love each other very much, don't we, Martha!" he whispered. Martha waited that night until Larry was asleep and her father bad gone to bed, wrote a letter. It took her a long time to write it. She

addressed it to Mrs. Anscn Maltby, in New York City, from an old card she had. "Onored lady." it ran "I no wat yor nam is from miss trask ho was vor sister ho died an her husban died to on their ransh or year bak an she tol me her fambly never liked her marryin sam trask so they wood not like her baby an she cried auful an i the bright life of our own people.

The goal to obtain the highest achievelern Larry to draw an i send you some pikters he made to sho how he is a genus

p. s. it ain't bekus of larry being on welkom that i rit this letter." Martha regarded her epistolary effort with disfavor. Larry's parents had been fine folks, although they were so unsuccessful with their ranch, and no doubt the rich sister would be a fine person, too.
"Well," thought Martha, humbly, 'mebbe my letter'll show her plain how

and orter be taut. respeckful martha swan.

Larry oughter live with better eddicated folks Suddenly she looked about with wide, scared eyes. How would it seem to have Larry's hat gone from the door-peg, and no papers littering the floor! "Mebbe Mis' Trask's sister won't take him!" she hoped.

against her better judgment. One afternoon about a month later Martha was very solemn bringing Larry home. When they reached the ranch she broke the news. Mrs. Malthy had written that she had known nothing of her estranged sister leaving a child, and that she would take the boy and educate him. She sent a check to carry Larry to New York.

Larry listened astonished and horrified. 'Course I won't go!' he said. "Well, then, ain't you never goin' to paint that there angel?" retorted Martha . The hardest task Martha ever undertook was to persuade Larry to accept his aunt's But at last her gentle arguments

prevailed, and he sobbed out his consent. "I wouldn't say I'd go, Martha, you'd jest have to throw me away before I'd leave you, only I guess I must learn all about those little lines that make sech a difference in a picture!" he said.

Larry's first letter was full of the wonders York, and of his aunt. He was not afraid of her at all, and she was as beautiful as kind. She bad lovely pink cheeks, and she wore beautiful dresses.

Martha glanced at her coarse clothing and calfskin boots. "Well," she said, she said. softly, "mebbe my lambie'll like her nice ways a heap more after seein' me."

Larry's monthly letter became the event of Martha's days. She followed his life closely. He had a hired girl to take him to school now (not on her back!), and he rode a pony in the park, and he was learning to draw in earnest. Sometimes he inclosed little sketches in his letters, for Martha to pin on her kitchen wall.

And so the winter passed, and other winters and summers. Time brought few changes to the milk-ranch. Adam grew more silent and miserly, and Martha's life grew narrower, if that was possible, as the years went by, and outwardly more cheerless. But her hig heart held always one rejoicing that kept it fresh: Larry was not exposed to the penuriousness of the ranch, but was living like a prince.

Finally news arrived that dismayed Martha grievously. Larry was going abroad to study art! Then after a long wait "To buy a napkin for Larry to take his abroad to study art! Then after a long wait lunch to school. He's started goin." a letter came telling with passionate enthu-Adam returned to his dinner. "I ain't siasm of the cities he had visited and the scrapin' au' savin' to buy other folkses pictures he had seen. "I am studying kids napkins!" he said. hard." he wrote. Evidently so, for his

letters grew rare and briefer.

It was a time when his letters would bave comforted her greatly. Her father's to fall upon his spirits, and Martha's work had increased with his illness.

At length Adam Swan died. Martha

decision and few words. After a minute but with a dog and a horse for companions she continued to live at the ranch. Adam, it transpired, had accumulated a small fortune by his close saving, and in a frugal manner Martha was independent.

She started one evening to write Larry, from whom she had not heard for several months, when a ranchman driving by from

town brought her a newspaper. The wrap-per was postmarked Paris.

Martha suddenly began to tremble vio-lently. She surmised the news the paper contained! It was addressed by Larry's aunt. Martha recognized the writing, although it was ten years since her letter came. Something had happened to Larry! At last she could summon courage to open the paper. Her eye fell on a long column headed:

"Lawrence Trask's Guardian Angel!" Martha devoured the article ravenously Then for hours she sat motionless, bathed in inexpressible delight. Larry had painted his angel at last, and had made his name for himself, and had set all Paris talking. It was Martha's triumph as well as her boy's, yet she quailed before it.
"Mebbe be's too great to be writ to now," she thought, and put away her

But a few days later she had cause for severe selfreproach. A letter arrived from Larry. A dear letter! He had been very, very busy, Martha must know, making himself famous! And that was not all he had to tell. He was about to be married (Martha gasped) and he was coming back to America and straight to the ranch with his wife to get Martha, for she must live with them

Martha rather dazedly picked up the unmounted photograph, hardly noticed in her eagerness to read the letter. She had to clear her eyes of their joyous mist before

always hereafter-his Nellie said so. And

he was ever her Loving Larry. And P. S., He hoped she liked his pictures. Photo

she could examine it. "Why," she murmured, disappointedly, "it ain't sech an awful purty angel in the face. But mebbe—well, she does look sort o'nateral-like, an' I guess I see what the paper meaut about folks feelin' jest how she loves that there child from the way she's a-lookin' at him. Seems as ef I most feel her feels myself, spite o' them beautiful white wings. Seems a' most as ef I really, really knowed her. Seems—Why! It ain't—" She rose in a sort of terrible alarm, and flew to the little mirror in her bedroom. "Yes, it is!" she whispered, awesomely. "Larry's angel's me!"—By Frances MeElrath, in the Woman's Home

A Voice from Nittany Valley.

The following communication from Mr. James Wolfenden, of Lamar, contains a conglomeration of ideas and suggestions for the betterment of society that might be very profitable compiled and considered by those who are interested in the uplifting of humanity:

The stability by horal leverage, to wit, open commerce whereby an individual can purchase a car load of coal for his own use at the same rate per gross ton as the purchaser of many cars and a free interchange of capital and labor producing honest commodities on our shores; and a commercial fiscal rule by our Government in the line of equity encouragement for the people to labor wisely to obtain the greatest choice of beneficial employment and power to purchase high grade American goods for

an i cud go on takn car of him only he is ments are first : Government custom rate a genus an a milk ransh aint no fit place of duties on imported merchandise accordfur a genus so i rite to ask ef you ken help ing to a scale of commercial honesty: only one bill of lading for custom house and merchant, whereby to be recorded cost to land goods on our shores, producing a clean chart of home trade for the people's intelligent judgment of our market. Our present form of excluding from statistical values of imported merchandise the sundry charges of freight insurances etc., makes fictitious claims of trade to the discord tune of several bundred million dollars annual discrepancies and is opens the doors for undervaluations that builds up importing houses and impedes mill industrials in the iu-Secondly in-force, our pure food terior. laws, that certainly include beers, porter, and wines. It is truly claimed that Germans live longest in Germany, and American coloring etc., of drinks by chemical drugs are vile species of public murder and

robbery.
Ob, wake up! Public Newspapers and Pastors, to the text of the national and state constitutions to protect life and property of our inhabitants, and that public safety demands an open newspaper press for the interchange of the people's views on trade, whereby to secure sound discussion of production of commodities.

Such an equitable tariff scale would vastly change our conditions from a dependent nation to an independent second to none. By the people having their own choice of purchase, home-made or foreign goods, where they are now compelled to patronize emporium department stores. The same with high grade goods textiles, ontlery, surgical instruments, etc., though we have the internal resources and climatic conditions to produce the very best goods.

We in Nittany valley don't grow in accordance with its grand surrounding. Hence, reports, Spots of Trade, not generally good, which in the estimation of the writer, are caused by the long delay of our law-makers to place the government on the path of righteousness to be enabled to say, to the people, here are the conditions of your market.

The invasion of foreign textiles, tinned place, iron, steel, machinery etc., from monarchial and imperial governments, that have impove ished the masses in India, where there are 60,000,000 who cannot afford to spend twelve and one-half cents a year for clothing. Compare this with the sublime Democracy, the India of America. Mexico, having increased their volume of currency and the former reduced by behest of England's single gold standard of money, they cannot purchase as formerly, hence, it affects the whole world's trade and the surplus of goods, and the unemployed are dumped on our shores. It hewilders our manufacturers of high grade goods, at American rate of wages, and material etc., lahor troubles, such conditions stops the would-be investors in small enterprises and the building of railroads that would make the country rich by diversified industrials on healthy altitudes. The government dictation to railroads on the scale of freight rate per mile and to form commissions as to how they shall conduct business where they have no cash interest therein, makes a dark outlook to obtain industrial capital and labor in the interior, and an early session of Congress.

JAMES WOLFENDEN, Lamar, Pa., May 28th, 1905.

dies, it would have helped him more.

August Jurors.

The following were drawn as jurors for the August term of court, commencing Monday, August 26th, and continuing but

ne week:
GRAND JURORS.
Park W. Bullock, laborerSnow Shoe
Michael Hoffman, laborerRush
George Bauley, liverymanPhilipsburg
Jesse Hudson, tailorPhilipsburg
J. D. Houser, laborerState College
Michael Hess, gentlemanBellefonte
Milton Vonada, laborerPenn
Sigmund Joseph, merchantBellefonte
George Fortney, laborer
W. S. Callohan, blacksmithRush
E. G. Mingle, farmer
D. L. Zerby, clerkMillheim
Thomas Malone, farmerBoggs
Jacob Robb, farmerHoward
John G. Baudis, farmerPatton
Robert M. Foster, salesmanState College
H. E. Woodring, farmerWorth
Charles Royer, teacherGregg
Martin Dale, laborer Bellefonte
Archibald Allison, plumbing goods"
Daniel Beck, farmer Halfmoon
Thos Merriman, farmerTaylor
L. L. Smith, grain dealer Centre Hall
Benj Breon, lumbermanGregg
TRAVERSE JURORS.
T. M. Pletcher, teacherLiberty
Jos Barnes, coal operator Philipsburg
Samuel Wigton, salesman Philipsburg
Wm. Long, stonemasonHoward
Andrew Shook, gentlemanGregg
William A Rodle farmer Spring

William A. Bodle, farme Harvey Watkins, laborerSpring A. J. Reesman, mechanic John Shugert, banker... J. H. Bressler, manager .Philipsburg Vinton Beckwith, farmer. .. Taylor David Kennelly, carpenter. ..Gregg W. H. Comley, mechanic. Unionville T. A. Cronover, carpenter .. Philipsburg Harry Kreamer, miner ... W. C. Kreamer, coach painter ... Abram Shavrow, carpenter. .Miles George A. Waite, painter. State College John From, laborer .. Reuben H. Houser, laborer. Adam Fisher, farmer Adam L. Kerstetter, laborerPenn A. C. Markle, fireman, .Patton Austin Mattey, railroader. Rush Thomas Twigg, laborer .. J. D. Miller, farmer ... Walker A. J. Johnson, carpenter.. .Worth .Potter J. L. Zerby, stonemason John J. Osman, tarmer. D. C. Keller, farmer. .Potter W. C. Kline, shoemaker. State College F. T. Ishler, laborer ... Curtis Meyer, laborer .. .College N. M. Rockey, laborer. .. Patton Bellefonte W. P. Kuhu, clerk ... Harvey Blowers, miner. W. S. Williams, farmer .. .Huston James A. Decker, butcher. .. Ferguson W. C. Coxey, merchant .. . Bellefonte David L. Bartges, farmer. Wm. H. Ertle, laborerPenn Milesburg William Fulton, clerk .. Henry Kech, carpenterSnow Shoe Isaac Frain, laborer ... Rankin M. McMonigal, farmer Taylor David K. Geise, cattle dealer Centre Hall

Niagara Falis Excursions.

Michael Heaton, farmer ...

M. Woomer, stonemason.....State College

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has selected the following dates for its popular ten-day excursions to Niagara Falls from Washington and Baltimore July 21, August 11 and 25, September 8 and 22, and October 13. On these dates the special train will leave Washington at 7.55 a. m., Baltimore 9.00 a. m., York 10.40 a. m., Harrisburg 11.40 a. m., Millersburg 12.20 p. m., Sunbury 12.58 p. m., Williamsport 2.30 p. m., Lock Haven 3.08 p. m., Renova 3.55 p. m., Emporium Junction 5.05 p.

m., arriving Niagara Falls at 9. 35 p. m. Excursion tickets, good for return passage on any regular train, exclusive of limited express trains, within ten-days, will be sold at \$10.00 from Washington and Baltimore; \$9.35 from York; \$10.00 from Littlestown; \$10.00 from Oxford, Pa.; \$9.35 from Columbia; \$8.50 from Harrisburg; \$10,00 from Winchester, Va., \$7.80 from Altoona; \$7 40 from Tyrone; \$6.45 from Bellefonte; \$5.10 from Ridgway; \$6 90 from Sunbury and Wilkesbarre \$5.75 from Williamsport; and at proportionate rates from principal points. stop-over will be allowed at Buffalo within

limit of ticket returning
The special trains of Pullman parlor cars and day coaches will be run with each excursion running through to Niagara Falls. An extra charge will be made for parlor-car seats. An experienced tourist agent and chap eron will accompany each excursion.

For descriptive pamphlet, time of connecting trains, and turther information apply to nearest ticket agent, or address Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. 50-27-6t.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Your ship is not likely to come in unless on go after it.

No man thinks he is a hore, although he knows that many of the other men are. No wonder people have so little respect for adorce; there is so much that is worth

Politeness is refraining from telling a man he is a fool every time you think he You would be awfully lonesome if ever one in the world were as good as you think

vou are. If you have written a letter, read it care fully before sending. If the words "Burn

' appear take your own advice at once. Fainting is a great winner in arguments

If a woman can faint when things don't

suit her husband will always see that she gets her way .- Atchison Globe.

Ideal, but Impossible. "We can't have everything in this life,"

said the philosopher.

"No," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "The ideal but impossible combination is a millionaire menn with a deck hand appetite." - Washington Star.

A SUSTAINING DIET .- These are the enervating days, when, as somebody has said, men drop by the sunstroke as if the Day of Fire had dawned. They are fraught with danger to people whose systems are poorly sustained; and this leads us to say, in the interest of the less robust of our readers, that the full effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla is such as to suggest the propriety of calling this medicine something a blood purifier and tonic, -say, a sustaining diet. It makes it much easier to hear -If you told a man while he lived the heat, assures refreshing sleep, and will what you put on his tombstone after he without any doubt avert much sickness at this time of year.

MALAY PROAS.

The Way These Peculiar Boats Are Built and Fitted Out.

Great fleets of Malay vessels go into the sea south of Borneo each year to fish for trepang, or sea slugs, which are esteemed a great delicacy in China and other Asiatic countries British government official writes: "The proas are peculiar looking concerns and present a most clumsy appearance. The hull is of wood, and the top, sides, deck, roof and yards are made of bamboo, the sails of matting and many of the ropes and hawsers of plaited cane. They are steered by two rudders, one on either side of the stern. Some of them carry iron anchors, others wooden ones, with heavy stones lashed to them. Often when the anchor is let go a man is sent down to see that it is properly fixed in good holding ground. The mast is a peculiar concern, being formed of wood or bamboo, having two stays, so that in appearance it resembles a lengthy trident, the spaces between the masts and stays being fitted with wooden steps, on which the sailors stand to hoist and roll up the sail, which unrolls again by a simple contrivance like a window blind.

"When you go on board a proa you go over the bow, that being close to the water's edge, the stern being away up in the air. You then climb a beam and step across an opening to the deck in front of the captain's cabin, which is situated on one side of the bow, a similar one being on the opposite side for the second in command. The deck is of split bamboo, worked together with wire or fiber, and can be rolled up at pleasure. The entrance to the cabins is about 2 feet by 2 feet 6 inches. Of course to enter or leave you must go on your hands and knees. Inside there is room for a man to sit or lie down in. The stern, which is high up, has several small rooms, or holes, like a great pigeon house, and in these and on top of the cargo the crew lives, the galley being a large iron pan with a quantity of sand in it to light the fire on.

"Proas have a sort of bowsprit rigged out and sometimes carry two or three headsails. On top of the houses they carry plenty of spare bamboos and rattans, which they get at the island of Kissa, near Timor, on the way down."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The poorest thing you can offer a friend is an excuse.

Two things a man puts off-buying a lot in a cemetery and making a will. It is not enough to admit that you

wife loses all awe of his bunch of office When a boy helps his mother with the dishes, how do the other boys find it out?

There is no greater fallacy in the world than that sense comes with age or experience. When you think yourself over in the

middle of the night you give mighty poor satisfaction. It is going to make a mighty poor jam for your crust in poverty to eat it remembering what you spent on fool-

ishness in youth.-Atchison Globe.

The Salt In the Sea. The Pythagoreans held that the sea was salt by reason of the tears shed by Kronos, father of Zeus. According to the old Hebraic tradition, the ocean was originally a great body of fresh water, but which was made salt by the abundant tears of the fallen angels. One sect of Buddhists believe that Lot's wife-that is to say, the "pillar of salt" which was once the wife of the humble gentleman named above-lies at the bottom of the ocean in a certain narrow strait and that once each year the waters of all oceans flow through that narrow channel. The Talmudic writers say that it was never salt until Moses wept repentance after breaking the tables of stone.

A Bit of Translation.

The difficulty of avoiding "howlers" when one is translating from English into such a language as that of the Micmac Indians of Nova Scotia must be very great, says the London News. We hear from the Bible society of a curious case. In the first edition of St. Matthew in Micmac the translator found when he came to revise it that in chapter xxiv, 7, instead of "Nation shall rise against nation," he had written, "A pair of snowshoes shall rise up against a pair of snowshoes." And yet there was only one letter misprinted-naooktukumiksijik (a nation), having been displaced by naooktakumiksijik (a snowshoe).

Spare Moments.

Chancellor D'Aguesseau, observing that his wife always delayed ten or twelve minutes before she came down to dinner and reluctant to lose so much time daily, began the composition of a work which he prosecuted only while thus kept waiting. At the end of fifteen years a book in three quarto volumes was completed, which ran through three editions and was held in high repute.

Judge-Have you anything to say before I pass sentence upon you? Bank Wrecker-Yes. Don't the rules allow you to take out time from my sentence eggal to the length of that miserable speech my lawyer made?-Cleveland Lander.

Reasonable Request.

She-Miss Stiffy had always vowed she would never marry. How did she Why, some one proposed.—Detroit Free

THE GREAT ICE AGE.

How Its Passing Left Its Record In

Gravels and Rocks. Some 10,000 or more years ago the conditions which had brought about the great ice age where beginning to change. The elevated land began to sink, and a higher temperature slowly followed. The long winter was gradually drawing to a close, and the great springtime of the world was beginning to hasten its influence upon an ice covered land. Tons, rather mountains, of ice began to melt, and the water filled the river valleys to overflowing. Gravel, sand and mud were borne along by these raging waters and deposited wherever the conditions were favorable. Ice rafts covered the surface of the flood, bearing rocks and bowlders from more northern lands.

All rivers which had glacial sources were greatly influenced by the final melting. As the southern part of the ice sheet rested over northern Pennsylvania, the Delaware and the Susquehanna were typical rivers of the age. The rocks and gravels which line their banks show how well they have kept the record. In the Delaware valley brick clay and gravel are laid out beautiful terraces, especially at Stroudsburg and the Water Gap. Here the waters rose some 200 feet, and an artificial dam is supposed to have formed the river into a broad lake. The Indians, it is said, have a curious legend about this flood. They tell us that the "Minsies" were the first race which dwelt here, and the region roundabout they call "Minisink," meaning that the "waters are gone"-a vague remembrance perhaps of the postglacial floods.

THE GIFT OF GAB.

Why Stephenson Thought There Was No Power Equal to It.

When George Stephenson was visiting the seat of Sir Robert Peel at Drayton on one occasion, says the writer of "Famous British Engineers," there happened to be present Dr. Buckland, the scientist, and Sir William Follett, the famous advocate.

Stephenson discussed with Dr. Buckland one of his favorite theories as to the formation of coal and, though undoubtedly in the right, was ultimately vanquished by the arguments and oratory of the doctor, who was a better master of tongue fence than himself. Next morning while pondering over his defeat in the solitude of the garden he was accosted by Sir William Follett and confided to that gentleman the sto-

ry of his failure. Sir William, acquainted with the details of the matter in dispute, agreed to take up the case and soon afterward are a fool. You must try to get over it. attacked Dr. Buckland on the subject. After a man fails to make money his A long discussion ensued, in which the man of law completely silenced the man of science, who was at last compelled to own himself vanquished. Sir Robert Peel, highly amused at this example of "tit for tat," then turned to the inventor and inquired, with a

> "And what do you say on this matter, Mr. Stephenson?" this-that of all the powers above and under the earth there seems to me no

power equal to the gift of the gab." Blois' Beautiful Staircase

New or old, Blois is an amazing achievement of the human brain and the human head. The great staircase in the courtyard, an outside one, forming an essential part of the elevation, is, of course, the masterpiece of wonder and delight. There is nothing like it in the world, and probably there never will be. The staircase of the Paris Opera-an interior one, by the way-would have everything to fear in the comparison. The other is a mass of the richest and of the purest ornament, with a beautiful proportion between its shadows and its lights. It is characteristic of the spirit in which such work was done that it is not always easy to give due gratitude to architect or to stone carver.-Richard Whiteing in Century.

An Astute Weather Prophet.

"When in doubt," said a southern senator, "we should imitate the example of the astute weather prophet. This prophet walked into his inner office one day and said to his junior clerk, 'Well, how are the indications for tomorrow?' 'Mighty uncertain, sir,' the junior answered. 'I hardly know what kind of a prognostication to make out.' 'Oh,' said the chief, 'just make it fine weather, with local rain. Then if it is fine we are all right, and if it storms that will be one of the local rains of our prophecy."

Suburban Attractiveness. Scout (from the city)-Where is the beautiful view you advertise? Farmer

Takeminn-Why, ye jest walk over ter Pokeville an' take th' stage to Hen Lake an' the steamer ter Moose Landin' an' then climb up Skeeter mountain ter what they call "Lover's Leap," and thar ye git th' view, an' it's a dandy.-Puck.

Stubborn. "Self opinionated? Well, I should say he is. I never met any one so dogmatic." "Is that so?" "Yes. Why, he's positively bull-dog-

matic."-Philadelphia Ledger.

Trouble Ahead. Young Husband (to wife)-Didn't I telegraph to you not to bring your mother with you? Young Wife-I

know: that's what she wants to see

you about. She read the telegram. Punishment to Fit the Crime. Judge-It seems to me I've seen you before. Prisoner-You have, my lord. happen to change her mind? He- I used to give your daughter singing lessons. Judge-Twenty years. - An-

swers.