Bellefonte, Pr., Jan. 19, 1906.

THE RESCUE.

"I dislike," said Miss Harmony Bright, with accustomed emphasis, "above all other names I dislike the name of—Tutbill. And I do not think Iowa at all the proper sort of State for Everly to choose a

Sescom Bright, her brother-famous banker, famous owner of trotting-horses, whose face, with and without the distor-tion of caricature, is (I had almost writ-ten) a "houshold word"—Sescom Bright continued reading the letter.

"I am so happy," he pronounced, in the same droll, quiet manner be had found effective for after-dinner anecdotes. "She is the sweetest girl in the world; I am is the sweetest girl in the world; I am sure, pater, you will take to her. She's not a bit like New York girls''—Miss Harmony Bright groaned aloud—"she's so whole-souled, and when she looks into your eves—" Sescom Bright stopped short. "I think that's all of importance," he said, replacing the letter in its enve-

lope.

"Sescom," demanded Miss Harmony
Bright, "you will cable him at once to
break the engagement?"

"Do you want to marry the girl?"

"Certainly not."

Precision and neatness are perhaps the surface traits of Sescom Bright's character. "I think," he said, "I shall write and congratulate the boy." Miss Harmony gasped. "Bessie Tut-hill? Iowa? Oh, Sescom!" "The letter," continued the banker,

"comes from Brussels. They will have three weeks in Paris. Miss Tuthill sails from Cherbourg on the 14th, and Everly will return home with her, of course. Please write Miss Tuthill and her chaperon, Miss—Miss Perrin, as soon as possible. Ask them to visit us before going on West. I shall write Miss Tuthill's father myself, when I think proper to

"You mean to receive her?" "Why not? Everly says she's the sweetest girl in the world !" "Everly," commented Miss Harmony Bright, "is a fool!"

'He is my only son," said the banker.

When Everly Bright achieved his diploma at Yale University, he was twenty-two years old. A week later, on the third day of July, 190-, he set sail for Naples on the good ship "Aller," and took with him on that occasion an ample letter of credit and his father's blessing. "I suppose he'll get into trouble," was Miss Harmony Bright's only comment on the adventurer ; "he al-

ways does."
"But he always gets out again," was her

brother's response. As for Everly in person, he had small thought for troubles past or to some. One is not always twenty-one, one has not always graduated from Yale in spite of an adverse faculty, not always does one possess an ample letter of credit and the wide ways of the earth for play-ground. When these things concur, it rains only perfumes; when these things concur, it is very pleasant only to breathe, and to move here and there with an eye out for the unexpected. When one is twenty-two, the unexpected

Everly saw her the second day out ; she was leaning back in a steamer-chair, eating candy from a two-pound box. She was rather a large girl, with a plump, pretty face, a little heavy in type. When she smiled, her cheeks dimpled and her eyes almost closed. She looked very goodnatured. Everly merely noticed her in passing; the girl, for her part, half turned to follow him with her eyes down the long promenade deck. "That's the first swell-looking man I've seen," she remarked to

Miss Perrin, the chaperon, was talking with much expressive gesture to a short, heavily built man of middle age who stood beside her steamer-chair. "My dear Bessie," she said, "whom are you rattling on about? I thought you were asleep."
"Not she!" laughed little Lawyer Grapple, the man of middle age. "Miss Bessie

has singled out her cavalier with discre tion. That was young Everly Bright, Miss Bessie; I had him pointed out to me in the smoking-room.' Miss Bessie dimpled vaguely, but Mis

Perrin at once sat up and raked the deck fore and aft with restless 'black-beaded' eyes. "Surely you don't mean he's the son of Sescom Bright, the millionaire? Where is he?"

"He'll be round again presently, Miss Perrin. He seems to think the prom-enade-deck is a running-track." Miss Perrin sank back to her cushions and address-ed Mr. Grapple with a siren smile. "You'll introduce us, won't you? I do so want Bessie to meet the right people, and have all the advantages."

The thick-set little lawyer rubbed his comply cheek. "I'll have to

somewhat scrubby cheek. "I'll have to meet him myself, first," he said. "Oh here he comes!" Everly rounded into view forward and came down the deck with his long, easy stride. Miss Bessie did not look up, but just as Everly neared her the two-pound box of candy slipped from her lap and fell, scattering bonbons

Well-bred Everly at once ran to assist the fair unfortunate. He picked up the box, handed it to her, and stooped to gather again the fallen sweets.

"Oh, please don't bother." said Miss Bessie, just the least little flutter in the world rippling her voice. "I've lots more in the cabio. You're awfully good. Won't you have one? This is Miss Perrin, my chaperon; I'm Miss Tuthill." She raised her big blue gray eyes to poor Everly's with the most engaging of smiles. He stammered something polite, blushing to the roots of his hair. "My name's Bright," he said; "I—I hope you don't mind my interfering." And before Miss Perrin could put in a tranquilizing word, he was off down the sloping deck with new and

"Bessie," said Miss Perrin, "I'm asham ed of you. Why didn't you introduce Mr. Grapple?"
"Ho, ho!" laughed little Lawyer Grap-ple, "I'm not a swell—am I, Miss Bes-

"Wasn't it awful," murmured Miss Bessie, "that my box should fall just "You mustn't be so careless, dear,"

smiled Miss Perrin.

On the last night out from Naples Miss
Bessie and Everly met together forward in
the shadow of a ventilator. It was a soft,

"Bright, "18's Cynthal?"

"So it is," admitted the famous banker,
dryly. "Everly, my boy, how are you?"

"Pretty fit, pater!"

"Welcome home, Cynthia. Where's southern night; down on the steerage-deck your father?" some one was playing a mandolin. There

made her homesick to look at the moon.

They had been silent for some moments,

when Miss Bessie, not too vaguely, remarked, "I'm sorry it's over."
"It isn't over," said Everly.
"I though we landed tomorrow?" "Oh !"

Silence. "What did you mean, Mr. Bright, by saying 'It isn't over?''
'I—I meant—I—I hoped we should see something of each other this summer—now and then, you know-on the Continent."

"Oh !

Silence "You've traveled a lot, haven't you, Mr. Bright ?"

"Well, when I was a kid they vanked me round more or less. But I don't re-member much about it."

Miss Beesie laughed—a good-tempered little chuckle. "She keeps the schedule in her diary; I thought I'd better copy it for fear she might perhaps lose it some day and forget where to go next."

"You—you wouldn't let me take a copy, would you?" asked palpitating Everly.
"I wouldn't let anybody else take one," replied simple Miss Bessie.

"What I like about life on ship-board," said blissful Everly, "is the chance it gives you to meet nice people. I never make any new friends in New York. Aunt Har-

mony sees to that."

"What a tunny name! Something like 'harmonica,' isn't it?" A delicious giggle.

"Oh, please, Mr. Bright, do tell me more about New York. I just love to hear about swell people."
"How sweet and unaffected she is!"

thought bappy Everly. "How different from other girls! I wonder if —" But the voice of Miss Perrin, who, in company with Mr. Grapple, was extending her skirmishing-line, interrupted his reflec-

Miss Bessie rose hurriedly. 'Good night,' she said, holding out both hands, but withdrawing one as Everly attempted to meet them; "here come Perry and her beau." As Everly's fingers pressed hers, they closed upon a small square of folded paper; a wonderful thrill swept through

"Bessie !" he whispered. But Miss Bessie was gone away into the

The summer passed. Everly followed Miss Bessie and her unchaperoned chaperon up through Italy to moonlit Venice, to Bellagio of the blue hortensias, across the Tete-Noire to Chamouni, to Geneva, to Lucerne, to Munich, Nuremberg, Frankfort, Cologne-Brussels! It was from this hillside city that he wrote home to his father proclaiming Miss Bessie for his future wife. As he wrote-be it understood -he trembled. A vision, not of the pater but of Aunt Harmony, rose menacing be-fore him; in spite of himself be heard her say, "So this is Miss Tutbill?" saw the nipping kiss of frost to follow, and with a sudden clairvoyance saw lifted eyebrows when Miss Bessie's back should first have

turned. He despised himself for this prophetic him disloyal to her.

In Paris Miss Perrin and her charge stopped at the Hotel de l'Amerique at the request of Everly. This hotel is supported by wealthy Americans; one hears little French there. As Everly was entering his own name in the register, his eye glance up the sheet and came to rest on the names of "Mr. and Mrs. Belmont Bright, Miss Cynthia Bright, New York city." Mr. Belmont Bright was his father's half-

brother. Everly quailed. "They will see her !" He tried to unthink the thought and so avoid his perturbation. The thought remained.

When he entered the dining-room that evening with Miss Bessie and Miss Perrin, be cast a nervous glance to right and left then he looked straight ahead and encoun-tered the black, mirthful eyes of Cynthia. He bowed, blushing. When he had found a desirable table for

his party in quite another corner of the room, he excused himself, crossed to his uncle's table, and told his aunt, his uncle and his cousin how very surprised and how very glad he was to see them. The first

"Whom are you dining with?" asked Cynthia, wickedly. "She looks very healthy—I mean the young woman, of

Now it would have been the manly thing, as Everly well knew, for him to say, "I am dining with Miss Tuthill, my fiancee, and with Miss Perrin, her companion."

and with Miss Perrin, her companion."
What he did say was this:
"Oh, that's a little girl I've picked up
en route—Bessie Tuthill!"
Cynthia smiled approval. "I wish I
were a man and could pick up plump little
nobodies! It must be fun, rather?" Mrs.
Belmont Bright demurred—"Cynthia!"
Everly was about to leave them. "When
do you sail?" asked his uncle.
"From Cherhong, the 14th." 'From Cherbourg, the 14th."

"No !" from Cynthia. "What a fortunate chance !" from Mrs. Belmont Bright. As Everly returned to Miss Bessie, nated himself.

"Who are they?" asked Miss Bessie.
"My Uncle Belmont's family."
"Is that swell-looking girl your cousin?"

"Yes," said Everly. As in duty bound, Miss Harmony Bright accompanied her brother to Pier No.—
The great vessel, having done its part, lav passively and let itself be pushed and prodded into its berth by four or five profane, petulant little tugs. The gangways were lowered; the prisoners streamed forth, read-eved, with turnult of feet, and cries of glad-eyed, with tumult of feet and ories of delighted recognition. Handkerchiefs waved, and those who could not get them-

selves heard made hideous faces, intended to project mimetic joy and welcome.
Sescom Bright, famous banker, famous owner of trotting-horses, had achieved for himself and his sister an enviable position near the first-cabin gangway. His face did not betray emotion, but little muscles just at the articulation points of either jaw alternately champs his bit so under re-

straint. When his only son appeared on the gang-way, he stared searchingly at the girl be-

"Sescom !" exclaimed Miss Harmony Bright, "it's Cynthia!"

"Dad and Mama are coming. Mama

was a moon, but Miss Bessie said it always awfully sick all the wav over, poor dearshe always is !'' Then as Everly stepped aside to salute his Aunt Harmony, Cynthia added, in a delicious whisper, "Well, I hope you're satisfied—I've rescued Everly!"

"You got my cable ?" "Of course. I persuaded dad to change our sailing date—and now poor Everly thinks he's engaged to me! It's a little rough on him, perhaps, but—Oh, there's Miss Tuthill now—the fat, red-cheeked girl-no, there, flirting with the purser !

"My dear Cynthia," purred famous banker Sescom Bright, in a fatherly aside, "couldn't you manage to make this engagement permanent?"

Cynthia laughed. "Ob, I can't prom-

lar?"

"Not much! I mean to chance it!"

"Wouldn't it be lovely if Perry and I should happen to meet you sometimes? Perry knows just where we're going to be every day for the next three months."

"Does she?" asked Everly, with immense animation.

Miss Bessie large.

A young lady, desiring to communicate with a certain society beau, was told to call him up by telephone at his club at a certain hour. She rang up the exchange, gave the number, and waited. Presently a voice

"Hello !" "Hello," she replied. "Is Mr. S. there?" "Mr. who ?"

"Mr. S." "Mr. S. ? No."

"Are you sure?"
"Yes, sure. We have no record of any
one of that name being here."

"Please look and see if he isn't where about." "There's no use looking, ma'am. have 'em all down in the book."

"Well, it is strange. I was told that he would be there at this hour." "Say, look here, what number do you want?

"Why, 2085." "Oh, that's the-City Club. This is the Morgue."-Lippincott's.

A Striking Fact.

A young man was riding in the cab with

locomotive engineer.
"Now," said the young man, shuddering, "suppose a stageload of children were to glide onto the track from that lanewhat a blessing it would be if you could "Blessing?" said the engineer. "Why, young fellow, if that stage you speak of were to appear now, and I could stop short

like a man walking, I wouldn't do it. In-stead, I'd keep right on and kill the kids." "Why ?" "Because it would be the more humane course. In one case there would be a stageload of kids slaughtered; in the other case there would be the slaughter of a trainload of people. The train is going at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, and the sudden stoppage of a train going at that rate would give the passengers precisely the same shock that they would get from a fall

of fifty-four feet-a fall from a housetop. Indoor Amusements for Little Folk.

A pleasant pastime for little ones on had slates a four-syllabled word. Then see

them in drawing, and cultivating in them a sense of humor and originality.

Free Free Free.

Fun and laughter for the children. genuine and complete circus with animals given away Free every Sunday, with the Philadelphia Sunday Press. Everything complete. Every child loves animals. The Sunday Press costs only 5 cents the copy. copy next Sunday. So many people buy the Sunday Press each week that you must order it in advance or otherwise. order it in advance or otherwise you may not be able to get it.

If your dealer does not bave it, send

your order to the Philadelphia Press.

--- With every visit of the stork to his home, George Cramer, a farmer, of Eldorado, Ia., gets a check for \$1000 from his father in Germany, and the stork has paid twelve visits. Although he has not been more than ordinarily successful at raising orops, Cramer has cleared \$12,000 raising babies.

——Uncle--Who is that man you said you were going to marry to reform him? Niece—It's Mr. Millions.

Uncle-Indeed! I didn't know he had any bad habits. Niece-Well, his friends say that he is becoming quite miserly.

ed "Grand Worshipal Master of the Tem-ple in my lodge."

Mrs. Mark—What will you have to do? Mr. E. Z. Mark-Guard the outside

Uncle-Well, here's the money you've been bothering me for. Now, remember the old saying that "A fool and his money are easily parted." Nephew—I don't know about that. I've had to coax

you for more than a week for this ! -State Treasurer elect William Berry attended a banquet given by the Democratic club of Williamsport at the Park hotel, Monday night of last week, being the principal speaker.

--- An exchange says a Clinton county woman during her fall hunting trip is said to have hugged a deer to death. It is not such an uncommon experience for a man to hug a dear to death.

—Madge—See here, what did you mean by saying I wasn't half witted? Yabsley—What shall I say? That you are half witted? -Meat trusts are unknown in Aus

tralia. Largely for this reason, mutton sells as low as two cents a pound. Hippe-Naw! I don't want any of your "Monkey Shines." Bee Keeping for Women

To one familiar with the care of bees it is surprising that more women do not attempt bee-keeping as a means of earning money. To many the word 'bee' is asso-ciated with thoughts of wild chases with tin pans and cow bells after absconding swarms, and later nursing innumerable painful stings. With the modern method of caring for hees, swarming is largely done away with, and there is little danger of stings. There are many reasons why bee-keeping as a money-making occupation should appeal strongly to women, says a writer in the September Housekeeper. The work is light; there is no part of it a woman of ordinary strength cannot do, except to carry the hives into winter quarters and set them out on their stands again in the spring. There is no dirty or disagreeable work about it as there is about disagreeable work about it as there is about poultry raising or gardening. It is a healthful occupation. Though not requiring a great amount of attention, one will unconsciously be drawn out of doors to note when the first pussy willows or alders blossom or when the bees begin to fill the tiny "baskets" on their legs with pollen, which is the food for the larva-baby bees. Bee-keeping can be carried on almost anywhere, whether one has a home of her own or not, or whether it be in city or

country. Bees have been kept in garrets, on the flat roofs of city buildings, in out-buildings, in boats which travel by night, in small back yards; in fact, almost any place where there is room to set a hive, and there are few localities where bees can not be kept at a profice if rightly managed.

Although there are certain tasks to be attended to at certain times, the work is not continuous. A forenoon or afternoon, once a week, given to the work during the busy season would be all that is necessary to care for a large number of hives when one has become thoroughly acquainted with the work. Two hives are all a person should begin with. One can learn as much from one or two hives as from a dozen, but it is better to have more than one hive un-til one has learned to winter them safely.

The Blessings of Cold.

In the Medical Era for October. Dr. Robert Peter maintains that cold is a blessing when you learn to endure it. He points out that its endurance can be acquired gradually if begun early in the season. He does not believe in coddling the body with woolens. "Better keep blood in circulation by outdoor exercise," says he, "so that if heavier clothing should really be needed the body will not require its encursivation of the surprises of the afternoon was the distribution of candy to all the guests from the hospital by Miss Frances E. Wegefarth. Miss Merriman, of Narberth: cumbrance too much."

us, will harden the body very much, especially when followed by vigorous exercises in graded temperatures. "I know a man," theatre, is especially interested wears not even a shirt, but only blue jeans | patient there during a serious illness some day and night, no die, and thoroughly en- view a theatrical performance a chance to

the subjects of ventilation and heating, which are important factors in the winter distributed among the inmates of the months, are not as well understood as they of the Home of the Merciful Saviour, Day might be, and he attributes much of the lilness during the inclement part of the Odd Fellow's Orphanage, Home for Friend year to the foul air and fuel gases, to less Children, Home for Aged Couples, which the baneful effects of indoor life are Home for Widows and Single Women, mainly due. According to him conditions Home for aged Veterans and Wives, Home days when getting out of doors is impos- should be eversed, and it would be wiser for Poor Children, Day Nursey, Germansible is for them to take their slates and to camp out and bask in the winter sun town; Point Breeze Settlement, Bethseda imagination of ills to come. It seemed to pencils and write across the tops of the and to stay at home in the summer shade. Orphanage, Santa Claus Association, Old how many sentences can be written with never be overdone, and especially is this Orphans, Penn Widows' Asylum, Gonzago the letters contained in this one word.

Sometimes quite a story can be made up of well ventilated. One-third of our lives is delphia Record. words containing the letters spelling one spent in them. A bedroom with southern

very long, many-syllabled word.

Writing letters to each other through the use of characters and pictures—called germ life. It will cut short a cold or ca-"pozzle letters"—also affords much amuse-ment to the little folks as well as training there. As we need the shade in summer, we need the sun in winter." After a consideration of the diet, which should be more stimulating at this season

of the year, the author emphasizes the fact that the respiratory organs mostly stand the brunt of the winter diseases. The doc-tor believes that we must look to the circulation to help us out in our prophylaxis. "After a cold is once contracted, however," he says, "open the flood gates of elimina-tion and equalize the circulation. A good

Every animal in creation, perhaps, has an instinctive horror and dread of the snake, and it is not strange that we find some of them clever enough to imitate the hiss, and thus gain a means of defense that is likely to prove very valuable in case of

Cats, we know, have a babit of hissing when attacked. Many animals would not hesitate to pounce on members of that tribe, but they would think several times before encountering an angry, hissing snake. The wildcat has ber home in a hollow tree, and her little kittens would nake a dainty meal for almost any prowling wild beast, had their mother no way

of scaring off intruders.

But when the beast looks into the hole, and sees the glaring eyes, the laid-back ears and the exposed fangs of the angry Mr. E. R. Mark--I've just been electities not to be wondered at that he takes

What is the color of the wind and the color of the storm?-The storm rose and Why do short men always rise early?— Because it is impossible for them to lie

long. Who was the first whistler, and what air did he whistle?—The wind, and he whistled "Over the Hills and Far Away."

Which is the Queen of the Roses?—The rose of the watering pot which rains (reigns) over them.

Why is the moon like a sword?—It is the glory of the (K) night.

Why is an unwelcome visitor like the Hoosac Tunnel?—A great bore. Why is a newspaper like an army?—Because it has leaders, columns and reviews. What day will New Year's fall on in 1925?—January 1st, of course.

Make five less by adding to it?--IV.

Relief from Rheumatiam

Your rheumatic correspondent, "M. H.," may find relief by eliminating from her dietary sugar and milk, or cream, together in any form, especially in tea or coffee. Either may be taken alone, but not at the same meal. A glass of pure water an hour before meal time; two meals a day of good cereal and hot milk, fruit, if wanted; a generous dinner of meat, vegetables, etc., will cure an aggravated and painful case of rheumatic trouble, as I can testify.

CONSTANT READER.

A SONG OF SOLACE.

When thou shalt wake to find that I am gone, Cry not; "Oh, lonesome day!" but rathe

say;
"He loved the dawn!"

In spring, in spring, When down our graden-path sweet per

fume blows, Sigh not, but smile with Memory and sing: 'He loved the rose! When thou shalt greet a night I cannot know,

Weep not, but say of moon and twilight "He loved them so!" Thus with the dawn, rose, twilight star and

I shall be near to thee and thou to me-Oh, blessed boon! —Clarence Urmy.

Rare Treat for Helpless Ones.

Crippled and 8'ck Guests at Play of Grand Opera There was unusual incentive for the

comedians playing at the Grand Opera house at a matinee during the first week of January to put forth their best efforts in funmaking, as a large percentage of the audience was composed of cripples and inmates of the Episcopal Hospital, many of whom had never before had the pleasure of attending a theatre. It was through the benevolence of the management of the theatre, G. A. and W. D. Wegefarth, and the chief comedian of the play, "Happy" Ward, that nearly 300 of these helples unfortunates were given an afternoo

rare enjoyment. Not only did the theatre provide enter-tainment, but it furnished the means of transportation. Three large 'buses, filled with paralyzed and crippled men, women and little children, ran from the hospital to the theatre and back again at the close

It was almost pitiful to see the eager joy of some of the little patients at their first glimpse of the inside of a theatre, but

umbrance too much."

Graduated baths, with friction, be tells

Wegefarth, Miss Merriman, of Narberth;
Miss Kennedy, of Cape May; Miss Basnes,

G. A. Wegefarth, the manager in graded temperatures. "I know a man," theatre, is especially interested in the says be, "who is always astir and who Episcopal Hospital, since he was himself a and blouse, all the year round. He time ago. The second matinee gave to a has his windows open all the year round, still larger number of people who rarely joys it. While this is an extreme case, it shows how one can inure himself to cold."

Dr. Peter expresses the conviction that "The Grafter."

For this matinee nearly 1500 tickets were "As to ventilation," says be, "it can Ladies' Home, St. Vincent's Home for

In Short Chapters

The United States leads the world in the consumation of tobacco, namely, over 440, 000,000 pounds every year. The second largest tobacco consuming country is Germany, with 202,000,000 pounds. Then follows Russia, with 150,000,000 pounds. The next largest users are France, 84,000, 500 pounds; Great Britain, 83,000,000 pounds; Austria, 78,000,000 pounds; Hungary, 48,000,000 pounds; Belgium, 44,000,000 pounds; Italy, 35,000,-000 pounds; Canada, 15,500,000 pounds; Mexico, 14,000,000, and Australia with 10,000,000 pounds. Per capita of the population, however, Belgium claims the first place, namely, 6.21 pounds, while the per capita consumation in the United States is about 5.40 pounds, and in the Fatherland only 3.44 pound

The Spirit of Winter.

The Spirit of Winter is with us, making its presence known in many different ways
—sometimes by cheery sunshine and glisening snows, and sometimes by driving winds and blinding storms. To many people it seems to take a delight in making bad things worse, for rheumatism twists harder, twinges sharper, catarrh becomes more aunoying, and the many symptoms of scrofula are developed and aggravated. There is not much poetry in this, but there is truth, and it is a wonder that more peois truth, and it is a wonder that more people don't get rid of these ailments. medicine that cures them—Hood's Sarsapa-rilla—is easily obtained and there is abun-dant proof that its cures are radical and permanent.

— "I believe I can truthfully say, remarked the self complacent man, "that I have only one fault, and that's a small

"Yes," replied the candid man. "That's just like the hole in a nickel. It may be a small hole, but it makes the nickel no

-Gaston-I tell you, old man, Miss Watkyns is a mighty sensible girl—the most sensible girl, I think, I ever knew.

Alphonse—I think you're right, my ooy. I wouldn't advise you to propose to

"Your wife certainly has a remarkable ommand of language," said Gray.
"Yes, I presume she has," rejoined smith, "but there are times when I am inclined to think it has command of her."

-"I hear that Bingleson has reform-

"Yes." "What was the cause?" "He lost the easy job he had and is compelled to earn the small wages he's

-"I make it an invariable rule," said Mr. Stormington Barnes, "not to talk about myself."
"Indeed?" "Yes. When I was asked recently who the greatest Hamlet is I refused to an

-Love is a subject in the considera-tion of which two heads are a million times

better than one.

HOW LINCOLN CLIMBED.

A Long, Hard Path to Reach a Good Fee Before the Supreme Court.

The lawyer who works his way up from a five dollar fee in a suit before a justice of the peace to a \$5,000 fee before the supreme court of his state has a long and hard path to climb. Lincoln climbed this path for twenty-five years, with industry, perseverance, patienceabove all, with that self control and keen sense of right and wrong which always clearly traced the dividing line between his duty to his client and his duty to society and truth. His perfect frankness of statement assured him the confidence of judge and jury in every argument. His habit of fully admitting the weak points in his case gained him their close attention to his strong ones, and when clients brought him questionable cases his advice was always not to bring suit.

"Yes," he once said to a man who of-fered him such a case; "there is no reasonable doubt that I can gain your case for you. I can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; I can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children and thereby gain for you \$600, which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to them as it does to you. I shall not take your case, but I will give you a little advice for nothing. You seem a sprightly, energetic man. 1 would advise you to try your hand at making \$600 in some other way."

He would have nothing to do with the "tricks" of the profession, though he met these readily enough when practiced by others. He never knowingly undertook a case in which justice was on the side of his opponent. That same inconvenient honesty which prompted him in his storekeeping days to close the shop and go in search of a woman he had innocently defrauded of a few ounces of tea while weighing out her groceries made it impossible for him to do his best with a poor case. "Swett," he once exclaimed, turning suddenly to his associate, "the man is guilty. You defend him; I can't," and gave up his share of a large fee.—Helen Nicolay in St. Nicholas.

STAGE EPIGRAMS.

The theater is the chastener of life .-Euripides.

An actor is a public instructor .-

Euripides. The theater is the mirror of life .-Sophocles. Actors are the only honest hypo-

crites.-Hazlitt. The theater is the devil's own territory.-Edward Allyn.

The stage represents fiction as if it were fact .- Betterton. The stage is the field for the orator as well as the comedian.-Roscius.

A passion for dramatic art is inher-

ent in the nature of man .- Edwin For rest. The drama is the most refined pleas-

ure of a polished people.-Dion Bouci-It is in drama where poetry attains its loftlest flight .- Don Luis I. of Por-

The stage is more powerful than the platform, the press or the pulpit .-Anna Dickinson

A comedy is like a cigar; if good, every one wants a box; if bad, no amount of puffing will make it draw.-Henry

James Byron.

Some Big Oysters. The usual size of the shell of an oyster is three to five inches, but away back in tertiary times there were oysters in California that had shells thirteen inches long and seven or eight inches wide. The animal and shell doubtless weighed fifteen or twenty pounds, since the shells were five inches thick. These oysters have long been extinct, but their fossil shells are abundant. If the oyster farmer could produce individuals of such enormous size now and the flavor were good in proportion to its size we-would be most fortunate. In that case a single oyster would be enough for one stew at the church festival.-St. Nicholas.

As late as the sixteenth century skates in England were very primitive, for we learn that the London apprentices used to tie bones to their feet and under their heels. Writing in 1661, Evelyn speaks of "the strange and wonderful dexterity of the sliders" in St. James' park, "performed before their majesties by divers gentlemen and others with scheets, after the manner of the Hollanders, with what swiftnesse they pass, how suddainly they stop in full carriage upon the ice."

An Eskimo Dainty.

The greatest treat known to the Eskimo boy or girl is a lump of sugar. Perhaps you think there is nothing very strange in that. The strange part is the very funny way they have of eating the sugar. They roll the sweet morsel in a piece of tobacco leaf. This they place in their cheek and, smacking their lips delightedly, hold it there until it is dissolved. This dainty is called "laloop" and is the choicest morsel known to the little Eskimo stomach.

Different Service. "Yes, sir," said the soldierly looking man, "I have spent fifteen years of my life in the service of my country." "So have I," volunteered the low browed individual, offering his hand.
"What were you in for?"—Houston

The Way of It.

The Missus-Mary Ann, please explain to me how it is that I saw you kissing a young man in the kitchen last night. The Maid-Sure, I dunno how it is, ma'am, onless yez were lookin' through the keyhole.—Cleveland Lead-