Bellefonte, Pa., Feb. 16, 1906.

HETTY MACDONALD'S BIRTHDAY

PARTY.

If any one had ever called Hetty Macdonald's attention to the matter, she would have agreed that it wasn't much fun to be the middle one. She adored her grown-up sister, tall, pretty, blonde Christine; and was scarcely less devoted to her second sister, Virginia, who was just about to leave school. And as to the twins, whose cleaves school. And as to the twins, whose classic names, Romulus and Remus, were always abbreviated to Omy and Emy, which was more convenient if not as imposing, it would have been hard to persuade Hetty that there ever had been or ever would be again two such darling, mischievous, lovable boys as they were.

Much as she loved the twins, there were times when Hetty found them rather.

Much as she loved the twins, there were times when Hetty found them rather a trial. They were only five, and of such unwearying activity that they still really needed the undivided attention of an athletic nurse with muscles of steel and no nervous system. But Mrs. Macdonald could not afford this luxury; and, as she was a very busy woman herself, the eisters had to divide the care of the boys between them. When Hetty came home from school she was always warmly welcomed by Christine, who had been more or less on duty all day; and by the twins, too, for Hetty was much more fun than the older sister, who had theories about prompt obedience, consideration for others, etc., obedience, consideration for others, etc., which were far too much of a handicap for

their free spirits. sheir free spirits.

Somehow it came to be known in the school that Saturday was Hetty's birthday. She didn't remember having mentioned it; there wasn't much time or money spent on birthdays in the Macdonald family. She would much rather nothing had been known about it. All the girls in her class, as their birthdays came round, had had a party. These had been the occasion of great excitement and anticipation. Hetty had been asked with the others, and had had been asked with the others, and that eagerly accepted the invitation. She knew she would be expected to reciprocate and, in her turn, to entertain the class. She had said as much as she dared on the subject at home, but had received no encour

"Please, Hetty dear, don't ask to have a party this year," said her mother. "I have all I can do now attending to Christine's company. Just rip this rufile off, and then run down and see what the twins

So Hetty dropped the subject, except for a scattering fire of broad hints, which were not even recognized as hints by the family. But, though dropped at home, the theme persisten ly bobbed up at school.

"Isn't next Saturday your birthday, Hetty?" asked Marion Dodge at recess.

The miserable Hetty confessed that it

"You'll be thirteen, woa't you?" went on the inexorable Marion. "Going to have a party?"
"Don't bother me, Mariou," said Hetty,

with unaconstomed incivility. "I've just got to finish this map before school be-But the subject was only postponed, not abandoued. After school, as the girls were getting on their hats, another girl opened it. This time it was Katharine Carter.

"Yon'll be thirteen Saturday, won't you,
Hetty?" she said. "Isn't it fun to have
your birthday come on Saturday? You're
going to have a party, of course?"
"Yes, Hetty," chimed in the eager

have a party?"

Driven to the wall, Hetty realized that

there was n possibility of evading the question. She never knew what spirit of desperation took sudde possession of her. "Yes," she said calmly; "I am. All of you come Saturday afternoon at three o'clock."

There was a joyous chorus of acceptances, and Hetty found herself a very popular personage, walking home in the midst of a lively group gaily plauning what they should wear and what they should do at her party. She found it somewhat difficult to enter into the spirit of the occasion, as her mind would wander to the question of how she should break the news to her mother, and how it would be received.

As she parted with Marion, the last of the group, and made the rest of her way alone, Hetty's heart sank lower. How was she ever going to face her mother and tell her what she had done? She resolved that she would do it right away, and at least have

would do it right away, and at least have that part of the problem off her mind. But when she reached home she sa at once hat this was no time to act on her resolu-

Her mother met her at the door. Her mather met her at the door.

"Oh, Hetty, child, I thought you were never coming," she said. "Please run right down and get some more sewing-silk to match these samples. Miss Gilbert will be all out of it in fifteen minutes. And you'd better take Emy and Omy with you. It is perfectly impossible for us to attend to them an i the sewing at the same time."

Hetty thought to herself rather grimly:
"I'll just say right out; 'Mother, I'm going to have a party Saturday."

But she thought better of it and started off on her errand, with the twins gily trotting at her heels or ahead of her,frolicktrotting at her heels or ahead of her, frolicking like young colts in their joy at being released from the bondage of indoors, and traveling four or five times each block of the way as they pranced back and forth. Hetty plodded along with unusual unresponsiveness, going over and over in her mind the various ways she could plan of telling her mother what she had doze. When she came home again there were lessons and the twins, the table to set and the twins, and a general hurry and soramlessons and the twins, the table to set and the twins, and a general burry and soramble till those little time-consumers had been put to bed. After they were asleep they looked so angelic, with their white nightgowns and their clean faces, that Hetty stayed for several extra kisses and felt mean that she had ever got tired of them. She determined to stay awake till her mother came up, in order to get the load off her mind; but the quiet and darkness were too much for her healthy and tired little body, and she never knew when her mother stooped to tuck her in and kiss her good night, nor anything more till she was awakened in the bright morning sunshine by a heavy pillow thumping her on the face as it missed Omy.

There was never time in the morning.

There was never time in the morning, when there was always a frantic rush to get through everything that had to be done before time to go to school; so Hetty start-ed off with her lunch and her books and the much heavier burden of black care rid-

On returning home, a strange serenity On returning home, a strange serenity reigned in the house. There was no one visible till Hetty went upstairs and found Virginia hard at work on her Latin, the high-school girls being released an hour earlier than those of the lower grades.

"Where's mother?" demanded Hetty.

"She's gone," said Virginia, absently.

"Aunt Ruth is ill and mother is to stay with her all night."

with her all night."

Hetty's heart fell like lead. All night In the morning it would be too late. Oh, why hadn't she told her mother at first? How much worse it was to have it all come upon her at the last minute! She was so worried that even her sisters noticed her depression and said :
"Are you ill, Hetty? For goodness' sake,

don't get ill while mother is away."

"I've got a sort of headache," stammered
Hetty; "I think I'll go to bed soon"

After she had gone, Christine said rather
anxiously: "The child looks pale, and she
never talks about headache. I do hope

she isn't going to be ill."

"Oh, she's just tired romping," said
Virginia, ea ily. "Do see if you can help
me make any sense of this Latin gibberish."

For once Hetty lay awake, heavy-hearted. When she did finally get to sleep, her last waking thought was a fervent wish:

"She "just hoped there would be an awful thunder-storm, so that the girls couldn't

But the gay morning sunshine blighted poor Hetty's hopes of a storm. Her mother came home about noon, to be greeted with as warm a welcome as if she had been gone a week. But Hetty watched the clock feverishly as the hours slipped by.

"Nothing will happen," she thought desperately. "Nothing will happen. They are all getting ready to come now."

The early afternoon sped quickly. It

The early afternoon sped quickly. It was nearly three o'clock when her mother came up-stairs, where Hesty was studying

her lessons.

"Hetty," she said, "I wish you would—why, child, what have you put on your best frock for?"

Hetty turned red, and the tears, so long ept back, sprang to her eyes.
"Oh, mother," she began, half sobbing. Somehow I never could tell you—" But at this moment Emy and Omy dash-d into the room, both talking at once and

dirty bursting with importance.

"Hetty," panted Emy, "is a lot of girls downstairs, all dressed up—"

"And they say," screeched Omy, drowning him out, "they've come to Hetty's

What in the world are you children talking about?" inquired their mother, in a vexed tone. Then, with sudden reali-

a vexed tone. Then, with sudden realization of Hetty's words and her dress, "Hetty," she said sternly, "did you know they were coming?"

"Y-yes, mother, I did," sobbed Hetty.

To Mrs. Macdonald, with her Southern instincts and traditions of bospitality, that "yes" transformed the girls from simple school-girl comrades into the sacredness of "invited company." with all its recognized 'invited company," with all its recognized rights.
"Boys," she said, turning to the twins

with swift decision, "go right down and tell the girls that Hetty will be there in a minute; I am just fixing her hair. And then you come back and get on your clean

The twins thumped down the stairs, pro claiming in piercing tones on each step:
"Hetty's got a party! Hetty's got a party!"
"Now, Hetty," said her mother, quietly,
"tell me all about it, quickly, while I braid
your hair. And, whatever you do, don't

Hetty swallowed her tears, and, while norus ; "do tell us. Are you going to her bair and tied on her best bows, stam

her bair and tied on her best bows, stammered out her story of how all the girls had parties on their birthdays, how she had never had a party, and when they asked her she couldn't hear to say me; and how she had tried to tell her mother.

"Well," said ner mother, decidedly, "I'll do what I can for you; but it is a partionlarly inconvenient day, and I never heard of anything so inconsiderate. Now go downstams and entertain them, and keep the partin door shut, and send Emy and Omy to me, and tell Virginia she may leave her practising and come to me here."

Omy to me, and tell Virginia she may leave her practising and come to me here."

He to turned to start, about as cheerfully as if she nad been going straight to the and ual school examination. Her mother saw the down-cast air and the pathetic appear in the little girl's eyes, and her wade mather-nature sprang to meet it. Busy and hurried as she was, her duty to the guests had been upperpose, but at that look came the thought of her duty to her own little girl. She gathered the child into a quick, close hug.

to a quick, close hug.
"Darling," she said, "never mind. Don't look so mournful. Go and have a good time. Mother 'll fix things for you."
"Oh, mother," gasped Hetty, "you are

so good!"

And then she ran downstairs with a feel ing of warm comfort around her beart which she had not known for days; and it was not many minutes before the chatter and laughter of the gay girls' voices con-vinced Mrs. Macdonald that the party was well under way.

vinced Mrs. Macdonald that the party was well under way.

To Hetty, in the parlor, the afternoon sped away like a happy dream. She caught a glimpse of Virginia flashing past the window on her wheel, riding like mad down-town. Then all auxiety rolled off her mind and the glad buoyancy of childhood asserted itself. Everything was all right. Mother knew about it; mother would see to things. Then it seemed no time before Virginia was in the parlor, in a fresh white dress and with her hair tied at the back of her neck with a perfectly enormous white bow, pounding out two-steps with athletic precision on the piano, while the girls gaily bobbed about the room, under the impression that they were dancing. Then from some mysterious corner Virginia produced a large black-and-white map of Cinderella,—it could hardly be called a picture,—with her foot poised ready for the calico slippers which the blindfolded girls did their best to pin on it. Such joyous shrieks as they stuck them widly on the walls and the curtains and one another, and everywhere but on the patiently poised foot! And where did Virginia get the pretty Japanese fan which Katharine Ellict waved proudly as the prize, and the red tin horn on which Gertrude Lansing loudly tooted her despair at being the booby? At the sound of the horn the twins could no longer be held in leash, but burst tumultuously into the room, in their clean duck suits, and were rapturously welcomed by the girls, who thought them "too cunning for and were rapturously welcomed by girls, who thought them "too cunning

nything."
From time to time Hetty caught sounds before time to go to school; so Hetty started for in the dinking of china in the dinking toom behind the folding-doors. The effect was distinctly "partyish" and deliabtfully promising. But when the doors at last rolled back, it seemed to the little girl as if her heart would burst with twitter of girls' voices there was an ever-recurring refrain of "Hetty Macdonald's party," "Hetty Macdonald's party," It was carefully darkened to give effect to

which poor Hetty thought would drive her the festive light of wax caudles. There the festive light of wax caudies. There was her mother, dressed in her best black-lace dress, passing around the prettiest painted plates. Christine, in her pretty new priegreen mousseline, with a knot of black velvet high up in her yellow hair, was pouring chocolate into the hest cups, and dropping generous "dabs" of whipped cream on top o each one. There were the most enchanting little rolled sandwiches and brown and pink and green ice cream. There were even crackers to pull. But the crowning glory was a massive white cake in the centre of the table. Hetty instantly recognized its fluted cornice and instantly recognized its fluted cornice and turret as adornments she had seen in the confectioner's window only the day be-fore. But, wreathed with vivid nasturtiums and with thirteen red candles burning in a dazzling circle upon it, it was indeed a

glittering vision. After it was all over, and Virginia had got out her camera and 'taken' the pretty group of girls in their white frocks out on the piazza, and happy Hetty had received the last assurance of "the loveliest time," "the nicest party we ever had," etc., and the last white frock had fluttered away, the little girl flew back to the dining-room, where her mother was busy "clear-ing up."

'Dearest, darling mother," she cried, "how good you were! I didn't deserve it! I had been such a sinner! But it was the beautifullest real party! How did you ever

nanage it ?" Not a word did Mrs. Macdonald say about the plans she had given up for that Saturday afternoon, or the economies she must practise to make up for the unusual

"Well, we did have to fly round," she said cheerfully; "but we are so glad it was such a success, for your sake, dear."
"I'll never ask for any more parties again as long as I live," said Hetty, con-

hope. Never neglect, though, to consult your mother first, for you may be sure that if it is possible and she thinks it wise, you can always depend upon her permission and help."—By Elizabeth Elliot, in St. Nicholas. "Oh, yes, you will, for a good many,

Received 101 Proposals When Only 14 Years Old.

"I was married at 14," said an old lady "It was married at 14," said an old lady.
"It was my hundred and first proposal that
I accepted. I doubt if there is another
woman alive to-day who has had as many
proposals as I. A hundred! It is a vast
number, isn't it?"

She looked dreamily into the fire. Then

he went on: "My father emigrated to California in 1848 and in 1849, when the gold fever in-flamed the land, I, a girl of 14, was on the scene. I was, as my grandson would say, 'Johnny-on-the-spot.' I lived in a town where, to one marriageable girl there were a thousand marriageable men.

"What a happy time that was. What at-

tentions were showered on one. Drives, flowers, candy, and daily two or three pro-

flowers, candy, and daily two or three proposals, some written, some oral.

"The proposal I accepted—number one bundred and one—was made by the bent old gentleman in evening dress, smoking a cigar and drinking coffee, who is seated at that little table by the window. He is very old now, wrinkled, feeble, but somehow he still seems straight and young and handsome in my eyes. I have never once regretted accepting proposal one hundred and one," said the old lady, with a tremulous laugh.—New York Press.

-Every time you stifle a good impulse you make it harder to start the next one.

the one that is feathered with stolen finery.

-You cannot cast your care on Hin until you are carrying some of another'

---It's a good deal easier to regulate traight.

There are always people trying to cure this world's drought by writing es says on irrigation. —The great question is not whether you have failed, but whether you are content with failure.

—Popularity is like sixteen year old beauty: Nice while it lasts, but does not last long.

—The less experience a man had the easier it is for him to fall in love.

---Our world has always had room everything but Heaven and love. -Everything that strengthens h

DIET'S EFFECT ON DREAMS

Eat Fruit to Commune With Spirit

A new and interesting point in the study of the occult is being discussed, says a London cable dispatch to the New York American and Journal. It s the effect of diet on dreams and com-

munication with the spirit world. It is suggested that to obtain clear freams-dreams which are free from anything of a fantastic, horrible or distorted nature—it is not only necessary to retire to rest with the mind calm and contented, but the body also must have been nourished with light and easily digestible food.

Most people have experienced night-mare, due in the great majority of cases to a heavy meal before going bed, but apart from this no pers seems, can attain the perfect dream without a special course of diet.

B. A. Cochrane of George street, hester square, London, who is an authority on the subject of dreams, which he has studied for ten years,

"I have discovered that no clear dream is possible on the ordinary diet. No meat or similarly heavy food or anything containing alcohol must be taken if the right kind of dream is to come. I am a fruitarian myself, and fruit is the best kind of food for the perfect dreamer, although anything very easily digestible will serve the purpose. Such a diet will enable people to get into real touch with the spirit world, and they will be able to recollect their dreams on awakening.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

A Washington's Birthday Dinner.

Under a graceful festoming of red, white, and blue ribbons that pass in long, droot-ing lines from chand-lier to walls, your ing lines from chandelier to walls, your dinner-table sparkles with silver and glass. White linen covers the table; in the centre appears a long mirror upon which standstatuettes representing mythological characters. This was the favorite decoration at President Washington's state dinners, therefore it is your choice for this evening.

At each plate stands a silver mug to be filled with heer. This always appeared at the first President's plate. The folded napkin at each plate covers a slice of bread. Your guests must forget that they live in a world of grapefruit and salad courses. For tonight they must slip back into those days of the seventeen hundreds when the days of the seventeen hundreds when the course dinner was a thing unknown to fashionable America. They are to be led out to your "groaning board" upon which the entire dinner is placed. The carving and serving are done by those at the ends of the table. Cover with plated silver covers your meat and vegetables while the same is being served from a tracer. One soup is being served from a toreen. Our modernness demands a few alterations, but in general this is a fairly representative menu of the seventies :

Beef soup. Strips of bread an inch in thickness.

Radishes Roast turkey. Baked ham with cloves. Cranberry jelly. Celery. Mashed potatoes. Lima beans. Stewed

tomatoes.
Quince jelle with vanilla frappe. Assorted fruits. Auts. Raisins.

After dinner a basket containing the fa After dimer a basket containing the favors is pa-sed, and it is then that the contest goes on—a contest that tries the historical knowledge of every one. These articles are wrapped in red, white, and blue tissuepaper, so that the choice is a random one, and no one can complain that his was more difficult to guess the meaning of they consther?

Each favor represents some incident in Washington's career, and it is the duty of the one who draws it to relate the incident. Perhaps, if you are a bit tender-hearted, you will give your guests a hint to rub up rusty history before coming to the dinner.

After the little stories are told and the

ostess has read from her key the explana hostess has read from her key the explanation of any favor over which there has been
doubt and discussion, a vote is taken as to
who gave the most complete, correct, and
entertaining narration, and the prize, a silver hatcher, is awarded.

The Rappahannock house is cut out from
card board and painted red with a brown

The tobacco leaf is of cardboard covered with green paper or painted green. Touch in the veins with water-color. Be careful to cut the base in the peculiar shape shown, for that is the distinguishing feature of the

The bounds of the illustration are of china, and were purchased at a toy-store for twenty-five cents. If you cannot find them readily, you may be able to sketch them on a card.

them on a card.

The button is made of cardboard covered with gold paper, and the design drawn with a needle-pointed pencil.

The flag is painted upon cardboard. The stripes are red and white, the cress red and white upon a blue field.

The boat is a five cent wooden affair purhead in the cheek part and in the card i

chased in a toy shop. Row boats of imita-tion silver can be found where favors are

The horse can be represented by any white toy borse.

The phrase is painted upon a disk of cardboard.

where fancy candy boxes are sold. It costs twenty-five cents. If you fill it, it would be well to let cinnamon drops represent the traditional cherries.

The flower-basket was purchased for twelve cents. It was chosen for the long handle in use in old times. Artificial flow-ers are held in place by the bending of their

The music is written in water colors upon

a strip of cardboard.

The key is cut from cardboard and paint The key is out from cardboard and painted in ink to represent its dingy iron color. All the favors should be tied with red, white and blue ribbons, and should themselves be made in these colors wherever possible. The following key must remain in the hands of the hosters until the guessing is at an end. It can be copied upon twelve strips of cardboard in a pretty handwriting, the strips adorned with the prevailing colors, and given to the guests after the awarding of the prize to the successful guesser:

1. The Home of Washington's Boyhoud— This was on the bank of the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg. Very soon after George's birth his family moved there and all the stories of his boyhood are associated with this little house.

2. A Tobacco Leaf.—Washington was known in both America and England as the grower of the best tobacco in Virginia. 3. The Hounds -Riding after the ounds was always his favorite pastime. 4. The Button of the Old Military Coat .-

Washington was Colonel of the Twenty-second Regiment of Virginia, for which the "22" on the button stands. 5. The Blag that Washington Unfurled at Cambridge.—This was the new flag at the time that he went to take command of the

army. The thirteen stripes appeared, but the stars had not yet been adopted, and the British design was adapted for this flag.

6. The Boat that Crossed the Delaware.—
Through floating fee, in the night, Washington and his men made their way across the river in order to reach Trenton and at-

mas evening, 1776. 7. Nelson, the Horse of the Revolution.— This was the veteran to which Washington was devoted. They grew old together at Mount Vernon.

tack the Hessian forces. This was Christ-

8. Whom Now Can We Trust ?- This the grieved exclamation uttered by Washington to Lafayette upon hearing of the flight of Benedict Arnold.

9. The Ham Stolen by Vulcan.—This was one of Washington's favorite jokes. A fine hound named Vulcan had been sent him as a present by Lafayette. On the occasion of a dinner party at Mount Vernon the dog snatched a smoking ham and made off with it, greatly to Lady Washington's distress.

10. A Flower Basket from Trenton Bridge.—When Washington was on his way to his inauguration he was met at Trenton Bridge, where he had once won so great a victory, by thirteen girls carrying baskets of flowers, which they strewed be-

11. The Washington March.—The opening notes of the famous march composed by bandmaster Phyla. It was in honor of by bandmaster Pa the inauguration.

12. The Bastile Key.—Lafayette sent this to Washington when the great prison was destroyed. It is now preserved at

Mount Vernon. Tom Paine, asked to forward the key, added : "That the principles of America opened the Bastile is not to be doubted therefore the key comes to the right place."—By Kate Hopkins, in Har-

OLD TIME TRAVELING.

The Stagecoach In England In the Seventeenth Century.

The first stagecoach between the two capitals, London and Edinburgh, appears to have been started in 1658. It ran once a fortnight, and the fare was £4. The time taken to the journey is not accurately known, but between York and London it was four days. This lavish system of communication was not, however, kept up, as in 1763 the coach ran between London and Edinburgh once a month only, taking a fortnight, if the weather was favorable, to the journey.

In the days of stagecoaches people sometimes clubbed together and hired a postchaise for their journey as being quicker and less expensive, and Scottish newspapers occasionally contained advertisements to the effect that a person about to proceed to London would be glad to hear of a fellow "adventurer" or two bent on the same journey to share the expense.

In 1754 a heroic effort was made to improve the London and Edinburgh coach. The Edinburgh Courant for that year contained the following advertisement: "The Edinburgh stagecoach, for the better accommodation of passengers, will be altered to a genteel two end glass coach, being on steel springs, exceeding light and easy, to go in ten days in summer and twelve in winter, to set out the first Tuesday in March and continue it from Hosea Eastgate's, the Coach and Horses, in Dean street, Soho, London, and from John Somerville's, in the Canongate, Edinburgh, etc. Passengers to pay as usual. Performed, if God permits, by your dutiful servant, Hosea Eastgate." -Chambers' Journal.

IRELAND'S RUINED CASTLES. The Green Isle Is Rich In These

Ireland is rich in castles and ruins. One of the most ancient of these is the Grianan of Aileach, a ruin that stands on the heights above the Swilly and which was centuries ago the stronghold of the northern princes.

Around this fort many battles were fought. Hosts swarmed over the adjacent hills or fled down the river, and in those deadly engagements scenes were enacted that often cast a gloom over the whole country and wrecked the social life of Erin.

As England gained power she strove again and again to exert her influence over the sister isle, but warriors like Strongbow spurned a "foreign" supremacy and when the battle went against them found a safe retreat in the bogs, the valleys and the hills of that lonely country, only to sally forth to avenge themselves anew upon their

The rock of Cashel, Dunluce castle and many other spots were the cenfers

The picturesque ruins of Sligo abbey, built by Maurice Fitzgerald in A. D. 1253, and the more imposing proportions of Donegal castle are silent wit. nesses of a progress that proceeded steadily in spite of these disturbances. -Pearson's Weekly.

Vital Heat of Vegetables

It will be a novel thought to many that not only animals, but vegetables also, generate a degree of heat by their life processes. It has been ob-served that the sap of healthy trees is not affected, as other liquids are, by frost; that the inner parts of fibrous plants are warmer than the air on cold days, and that snow melts more rapidly at the foot of living trees than around dead ones. Some vegetables of their own accord grow warmer until midday and then cool off again as the sun declines. The act of flowering has also been found to give rise to an increase of temperature. The stalk of an Italian arum may have a daily increase of no less than 10½ degrees, and the stalk of another plant has been known to be as warm as 109 degrees F.

Some Brief Epitaphs. The following are among the brief and curious epitaphs seen in European cemeteries: At Worcester, England. the slab erected over a departed auctioneer is inscribed with a single word, "Gone." In Sussex the initials and date of the death of the deceased are followed by two words, "He was." On the monument of Charles the Great of Germany the brief inscription is "Caralo Magno." The most remarkable is at Cane Hill cemetery, Belfast, where the inscription says, "Left till called for."

Welsh Wedding Custom In the following quaintly formal let-ter the parents of Welsh brides sometimes bid their friends attend the wedding and bid them also not to come empty handed: "Whatever donation you may be pleased to bestow will be thankfully received and cheerfully repaid whenever called for on a sin casion. The parents of the bride and bridegroom elect desire that all gifts due to them will be returned to them on the above date and will be thankful for all favors granted."

Contains the Alphabet. There is a verse in the Bible which contains every letter in the alphabet and it is said there is only one such. It is the twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra and reads, "And I, even I. Artaxerxes, the king, do make a decree to all the treasurers which are beyond the river that whatsoever Ezra, the priest, the scribe of the law of the God of heaven, shail require of you it be done speedily."

INDIAN ARROWS.

Why There Are Always Three Grooves Cut on the Shaft.

In making the Indian arrow three small undulating grooves are cut on the shaft, running down to the head from the lower end of the feathers. This has attracted the attention of some of the ethnologists, who gave the matter considerable study and wisely concluded that the little lines were made for the blood to run through or that they represented lightning. An old Omaha who had the reputation of being very skill-ful in cutting the grooves in arrow shafts was called by the chief to do that work for him on some arrows he was making. The chief himself was a fine arrow maker, but he recognized the skill of the old man in this particular line. While the work was in progress the chief's son, who had reach the inquisitive age and was looking on with wide eyed interest, suddenly asked, "Venerable man, why are you making those crooked lines?" The chief gave a hearty laugh and said. "Father. tell him, for he will be making arrows himself some day, and he should know." "Every sapling," answered the old man, "out of which the arrow is made has some defect, however faultless it may appear to be. The good arrow maker takes a great deal of pains to smooth out and straighten the imperfections by ofling and heating, but the wood in time will spring back because of its inherent defects unless these grooves are cut in the shaft soon after seasoning and straightening." - Southern Work-

SOURCE OF THE MISSOURI.

Six Rivers Joined Together Form Its Actual Head.

The actual head of the Missouri river r what should be known as such had it been intelligently named is De Lacy's or Shoshone lake, in the National park. This lake, a considerable body of water, is the source of the Madison river and forms with the river the drainage outlet for most of the water of that portion of the National park. The Gallatin, or left source of the Missouri, is formed by two streams, the East and West Gallatin, which unite about a mile above its junction with the Missouri. The Madison and Gallatin are both somewhat smaller than the Jeffer-

Had Lewis and Clark ascended the Madison instead of the Jefferson, which, becoming the larger stream, they naturally mistook for the continuation of the Missouri, they would have discovered the famous geysers in Firehole ba-sin, Shoshone lake and all the country which is now incorporated within the limits of the National park. The Big Hole and the Beaverhead rivers flow into the Jefferson at Twin Bridges, a few miles from the confluence of the Jefferson with the Missouri, so that in reality there are six considerable rivers, all joining one another within a radius of a few miles, which unite to form the longest river in the world, measured from the gulf to the Rocky mountains.

Sneezing

Sneezing itself is a reflex nervous action and is brought about by mechanical irritation to the ends of the nerve fibers which occur in the tissue of the ose. When this irritation occurs, whether it be due to a foreign body or change of temperature affecting the tissue of the nose, a nerve impulse is transmitted to the brain, and certain nerve centers in the medulla oblongata are affected. This results in certain mpulses being transmitted along the nerves to the muscles controlling respiration. By this means the egress of air during expiration is delayed, and the various exits are closed. When the pressure, however, reaches a limit the exits are forced open, "a powerful blast of air is expelled, and the patient

A military story comes from Ireland. A noncommissioned officer, entering a barrack gate in Dublin, was mistaken by the "fresh one" on sentry go, who mmediately saluted him. The noncommissioned officer, unaware that his colonel was just behind, returned the salute, a thing not permissible under the circumstances. Arrived at his quarters, he was surprised to find an order for him to attend before the colonel. On presenting himself he was asked how he came to return the salute, knowing full well he was not entitled to it. Not in the least embarrassed, he promptly answered, "Sir, I

"Would you mind walking the other way and not passing the horse?" said a London cabman with exaggerated politeness to the fat lady who had just paid the minimum fare. "Why?" she inquired. "Because if 'e sees wot 'e's been carrying for a shilling 'e'll 'ave a fit." was the freezing answer.

always return everything I am not en-

titled to." The colonel, taken aback by

his ready wit, laughingly dismissed

him.

A Bold, Bad Man.

The phrase, "A bold, bad man," now worn threadbare and comic, belongs to penser, who applied it to the Archimago of "The Faerie Queene" (i, 1, 37): A bold, bad man that dared to call by

name Great Gorgon, prince of darkness and dead night.

The key to success in any department of life is self denial. Idleness, laziness, wastefulness, come from lack of it, while industry, promptitude, economy, thrift and a successful career are the result of it.

A drop of water has all the properties of water, but it cannot exhibit a