Aemocratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., November 23, 1906.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

THE HOME THANKSGIVING.

O men, grown sick with toil and care, Leave for a while the crowded mart: O women, sinking with despair, Weary of limb and faint at heart, Forget your years today, and come

en back to childhood's home. Foliow again the winding rills, Go to the places where you went When climbing up the summer hills, In their green laps you sat content,

And softly leaned yeur head to rest On nature's calm and peaceful breast. Walk through tho sere and fading wood,

So slightly trodden by your feet When all you know of life was good, And all your dreams of life was sweet, And ever fondly looking back

O'er youthful love's enchanted track. Taste the ripe fruits from the orchard boughs Drink from the mossy well once more; Breathe fragrance from the crowded mows, With fresh, sweet clover running c'er. And count the treasures at your feet, Of silver rye and golden wh

Go sit beside the hearth again Whose circle once was glad and gay; And if from out the precious chain Some shining links have dropped away, Then guard with tender heart and hand The remnant of thy household band.

Draw near the board with plenty spread, And if in the accustomed place You see the father's reverend head, Or mother's patient, loving face, Whate'er your life may have of ill, Thank God that these are left you still.

And though where home has been you stand Today in alien loneliness; Though you may clasp no brother's hand, And claim no sister's tender kiss; Though with no friend nor lover nigh, The past is all your company.

Thank God for friends your life has known, For every dear, departed day; The blessed past is safe alone-

God gives, but does not take away; He only safely keeps above

For us the treasures that we love. - Phoeby Cary.

THE SPARROW-HAWK.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

Miss Anva Sparrer lingered at her breakfast table, dividing her attention between an open letter lying by her plate, and a teaspoon she was balancing on the edge of her onp. It was no one's affair if she linger -the pity of it, she thought. She lived alone, and feit her loneliness keenly. She was rather a bright woman, and she tried to be a good one; but she wasn't pretty, and she had never had a lover in her whole

All the other Sparrers had gone to try the further life of the unknown. Even the house had been changed, as one half of it had been sawed off and moved away ; and the scars were covered now by a huge grape inside wall by her beautiful mahogany sec- never failen London had never risen. retary with its bevelled glass, its brass inlay and exonisite metal monute. She expended much time and labor on that brass; and she always felt that her dead and gone people were doing something for her as she did so, since at such times she was unable to think of her loneliness.

"I have nothing to sell," said Miss Spar- Andrew a dollar for it, and I bought no mies. To him she was the "lovely lady richly dressed" of the ballad. Even those who did know of those econorer icily, not asking to sell, " said Miss Spar-rer icily, not asking her guests to sit down, and acgry with herself and with them that she so violated the laws of hospitality. "Now you mustn't be offended," said mies felt, in some mysterious way, that she was one defrauded of her rights. Some of

was one defrauded of her rights. Some of the splendor of the old squire hung about her still; and they took her on her own valuation, as people will, and felt honored by her recognition and her calls. They would have been sure that anything she chose to do was propriety itself, and they enjoyed their rather ceremonious half hours in the parlor where the generations-old car-pet was too threadbare to discover the pat-tern, a room quaint with well-kept Chipthe first one. "It's nothing personal, you know. It's simply a commercial matter. You don't know what wealth you have in the first one. these things ! Perhaps you don't know that we could give you two hundred dollars for that secretary, and still make a profit on it, and one hundred for the clock, and as much more for the high-boy and the low-boy, and twenty-five dollars a-piece tern, a room quaint with well-kept Chip-pendale and Sheraton furniture, --although for these chairs ---- "

"Yes !" cried the other coming back no one there knew that it was Chippendale or Sheraton, —and illuminated with bits of precious china. But they smiled at the ancient spindle-legged English piano, whose strings, with their cracked tinkle, had known no tuner in a half-century, but from the little dining room where she had adventured. "Any day you care to sell us the furniture in these two rooms, we can give you some good modern farniture, look-ing very much like it, only, -well, -made yesterday, --but your neighbors would nevweight in gold for its maker, its age, its shape, its inlay of ivory. er know the difference-and-let me see-five and five are ten and ten are twenty, and-yes, all of three thousand dollars in money. And of course," she went on so breathlessly that Miss Anna hadn't the chance to put in a word, "we won't ask you to decide on the spot. But there's our in the midst of wealth but knew it not. This was Grandmama's and that was Grandpapa's; and in that harp-backed chair Mama was sitting when Papa propos-ed; and in the drawers of that low-boy she kept her marriage certificate, and her fan, and her few love letters; and at this thou-ourd lowred breakfast table, larger then by a leaf or more, they had all slipped their tea or their port after blessing had been asked. for these things may stop any day and the prices go down. It would be a pity for you to lose the chance. You are sure you don't want to sell today? That old looking glass, for instance?'

That looking glass ! Her mother and And when the old clock in her little vestibule pealed the hour, she heard again her grandfather's voice as he drove into the her graudmother had dressed to be married before it. It had reflected the young bridal yard on a snowy day, and the lingering cadence after it had struck was like the beauty of her great-grandmother ! Sell it ! She opened the door, and the young wom-en found themselves outside, and heard the sweetness in her father's voice when he sat singing songs of Robby Burns' and sipping bolt snap without another word spoken.

gilt-edged out-glass tumbler that held his Aud then Miss Anna pulled down her toddy, the spoon with which he stirred it, shades vindictively, and sat down and cried with anger, and an assurance of havwith its crest of a sparrow-hawk, were things as sacred as if he had been a saint ining been treated with grevious impertinence stead of an immensely good-natured scamp. One day, when Andrew brought her daily And then she felt how miserably lonely she was, with no one to screen her from such behavior, and what a barren waste ber life pint of milk from Mrs. Burrage who gave him his living, such as it was, for his chores, she had him sit at the table and share her breakfast, and she gave him her was, with no one to care for her, and she caring for no one. But as it was prayer-meeting night, and the bell just ringing, she put on her things, and went and forgot own egg, and buttered him generous slices of toast, and made a bowl of coffee and herself and her little woes in the service, stirred it with this very spoon, "My father would enjoy its doing a kind office, I know," she thought with a smile. She and walked home in the snapping frost of the November night under an immense sky full of blazing stars that a high wind seemscoured it, however, a little, afterward. ed to blow into white flame, quite light-hearted and content forgetting for the mo-ment how lonesome she was, and the way Somehow, it always seems as if an angel and a-an evil spirit, were contending in me," she murmured, as she did it. in which those young women had brought But Andrew had enjoyed his breakfast. home to her the fact not of her wealth but of her poverty. She had just put away her cup and sau-

It seemed to him banqueting could go no further. To have such breakfasts as that —she had added a little of her peach syrup to it-Miss Anna Sparrer must possess un bounded riches. At Mis' Burriage's he would have had cold porridge, and not enough of that. Miss Sparrer had enjoyed the breakfast, too; she had liked to see I've tended on 'em all summer. his hearty appetite,-her own picking was vurry big. You can hev it fer a dollar." very dainty; it had been pleasant to see his eyes brighten, his freckled face grow rosy, to see him laugh and show all the white

teeth in his wholesome moath. She had thought him a little dull, maybe; but it was plain that if his little body were well nourished his intelligence might thrive with it. It was a pity, she thought, that poor little Andrew had fallen on such hard vine that grew as if it knew what was ex-pected of it. She had covered part of the a rich woman,-Well, well if Rome had

no one there knew that it was Chippendale

which might have been worth nearly

Poor as poverty, Miss Anna Sparrer sat

The things stood to her in the place of peo-

ple and of family; for they were thronged

something he called mountain-dew.

with memories.

its

"You paid Andrew a dollar ! He never "You paid Andrew a dollar ! He never

give me no dollar ! That's where it is That's where it is ! My Johnny, I guess Here !" And she led Miss Anna, without asking if she would or no, into the bed-room where Andrew lay burning with fever. "Andrew Maclane !" she cried. "You

jest git up outer that bed this minute and tell me the truth about them turkeys !" There was a moment's silence, and then a sullen voice muttered, "I told you."

"No, you didn't. You told a lie to me. You

"I told you all I'm goin' ter," said the sullen voice. "Ef you don't say jes' what happened about them turkeys, Andrew, I'll send you to the poor house before dark ! And I'll lam ye 'ithin an inch o' yer life inter the bargain ! You hear me ?"

The boy said nothing. "You hear mt?" she said again.

'Oh, Mrs. Burrage, don't (peak so!') ex-laimed Miss Sparrer. "The child is claimed Miss Sparrer. sick." Then Andrew looked up with his big burning eyes, started and dazed, seeing the lovely lady. "Andrew," said she, "have you told the truth?" the lovely

He closed his eyes as if to shut out a nightmare; but still he said nothing. Mrs. Burrage stood with her hands on her hips, waiting "Andrew, you must speak," said Miss Anna. "You must tell Mis. Burrage the

Still obstinate silence.

"Andrew!" said Miss Anna. She stood there gazing down on him, knowing that she looked dominant and overbearing. But her heart was full of pity. She didn't know what to do. He must be made to speak, of course. But he was so little, so poor, so ill, so weak,--it was shameful of her to take advantage of the difference be-

tween them. She seemed to herself an oppressor, a cruel and ignoble creature. She would let it go. She would tell Mrs. Bur-rage there had been some mistake and she should have her teu dollars when the next Saving Bank dividend came in. A noise in the other room called Mrs. Burrage away a moment. Miss Anna was

just about to follow. And then the boy looked up again with those great shining eyes and burst out crying. "I meant to pay it back!" he whispered between his

"Ob, Andrew!" cried Miss Anna. "I'm so sorry !" "So'm I! Ob, so'm I!" he sobbed, piti-

fully. "I — I ain't got no cold. It's jest because I done it, ob, I feel so awful bad!" "Andrew! Andrew! You poor child!"

cried Miss Sparrer, stooping over him. "I forgive you this minute! God will forgive cer, the next morning, when Andrew ap-peared at the door with a small tarkey in his arms. "Mis' Burrage said mebbe you'd like ter buy one o' her turkeys," he said. "She's got ten. An' they're good ones. you; I know He will. You'll never do it

"Oh, you bet I won't!" sobbed Andrew, with deep conviction 'Taint

"You get right up and come home with

bless the boy !" said Miss Anna. "I don't know as I ought to have a turkey, if I do, before the real day comes, or before I can get through with it. To be sure," she thought rapidly. "I can many it out," she thought rapidly, "I can warm it up, for the matter of that, and ask the Minister and Mrs. Hollis to dinner one day. And it'll still do cold for supper and have Mrs. Green and Miss — Yes, Andrew. I'll take it. And I hope you'll have good luck with the others. There's a bright silver dollar there was something in the boy. She

could not leave him here in And then she looked for her sweet herbs, and decided that as she had the squash she ences, let come what would come. She would not! She must take him home and make an honest man of him. That is what had raised herself, and some barberries she had picked and made into jelly, she would the Minister meant. And oh, thank heav steam a slice of her rich cake for pudding en, she would never be lonesome again! Aimost at the point of tears berself with and make a foamy sauce, -you could make her thronging thoughts, she bent and put her arms about the hot and fevered boy, it with one egg,-and have company, not waiting for Thanksgiving. And so she did. and held his head on her breast, and kissed It was the morning after this festivity, that Miss Anna Sparrer sat balancing her him, and began to love him from that teaspoon on her cup, and glaucing, between moment. "There-there ain't uobody kissed me since Bates was hung!" he sobbed. the feats, at the note lying beside her plate. She had received it yesterday, and had sent an indignant reply by the Burrage obild Miss Anna borrowed ten dollars of the Minister that day, and satisfied Mrs. Butwho brought it. rage. And the two young women who 'Mis Sparer : Ff you cud pay me terday fer the ten turcame with their vans the next week to kies jess wells not that Andru soald yon ide be bring her the modern furniture and take oblegged zi want the munny fer Thanksgivin the away the old, stayed to hang their gift of some pretty silk curtains at her windows wust way. Andru is sum sik obed, his ize runs an his knose an his bak akes an his hed akes and and to put in place the new things made hese hot an' coald by spels so Jonny will fech the munny. Your respekte Missis Burrage. so much after the pattern of the old that she need not feel the difference very keen-

FIGHTING BULLS.

They Are Easily Managed When They Are Massed Together. In Spain accidents to bullfighters are

of frequent occurrence, and it is interesting to see the hero of many fights swing into the chapel attached to the bull ring and kneel before the effigy of the Virgin Mary before entering the arena.

Bullfighting is the national pastime. Boys play at it in the gutters, and there are bullfights for amateurs all over the country at which only twoyear-old bulls are used and young and made him one of the most conspicuous old descend into the arena. Astounding is the enthusiasm.

Interesting, too, is the psychology of bulls. When herded together they are Society called them eccentricities and docile enough, and it is a picturesque sight to see the bulls brought into the paddock prior to the fight through the streets of the city when all are sleeping. A cow trained to the business, with a bell around her neck, is all that is necessary, and the bulls follow quietly behind her.

In the plains where the bulls are. reared men on horses manage them quite easily so long as they are massed together. Three bulls in the ring together would be useless for a fight, but each bull separately will fight to the death.

Bulls literally see red. Were it not that a bull will always dash at anything red the men in the ring would have no chance whatever. Occasionally bulls have what is called the evil eyo and remain indifferent to the red capa extended to them, and then the list of casualties is generally high.

Sometimes a bull which has shown prodigious power and fight is pardoned by the populace. A cow, kept for the purpose, is then sent into the arena, and at sight of her the bull forgets man ap' the fury of the battle and generall, trots behind to the paddock, as meek as any heifer.

Many are the curiosities about bulls, which sometimes refuse to attack a particular horse and when a man is down, motionless, disdain even to paw him. Some bulls make instinctively for one man and will chase him all around the ring, leaping the barrier if he vaults over it, and if he falls will kneel upon his body and gore him to shreds. There is no mercy in bulls, and none is shown to them.-Nineteenth Century.

PASSWORDS AT THE BANKS.

A Secret Sign Given Those Who Cannot Write Their Names.

The banks give secret passwords to depositors who cannot read or write. When one of these depositors goes to draw out money the cashier leans forward and whispers:

"What's your password?"

The depositor whispers an answer, and if the correct password is given

the money is paid out. In a bank the other day a negro woman sat upon a bench, her face indicating intense application of mind. The shier nodded toward her and said: "She's forgotten her password and is trying to think of it. She came to the window awhile ago and wanted to get some money. She only wanted a small amount. But she can't write. She's one of quite a number of our depositors who are given passwords when they open an account. When she came in I asked her to give her name and address. She answered right up. 'What's your password?' I asked her.

A QUAINT CHARACTER

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF THE ITALIAN MARQUIS DEL GRILLO.

Grim Joke by Which He Attempted to Revolutionize the Administration of Justice In Rome-Giving to Caesar What Belonged to Caesar.

The Marquis del Grillo, husband of the famous actress, Adelaide Ristori, was one of the best known characters of his day. Rich, bearing a title that figures in Roman life, and absolutely indifferent to what others thought of him, he indulged in all sorts of pranks. pronounced him slightly unbalanced, but in reality he was possessed of unusually bright faculties. He had a keen sense of humor, loved excitement and was thoroughly awake to the shortcomings of his generation. His eccentricities were so many object lessons, which it pleased him to administer in his own quaint way, and they seldom went wide of the mark.

His first attempt at a practical joke, if such it may be termed, bade fair to revolutionize the administration of justice in Rome.

Punctually at 10 one bright spring morning every church bell in town began to ring "a morto," a long, peculiar toll used to announce a death. Plus IX. was then reigning pontiff and, hearing the general tolling, asked who the great personage was that all Rome was mourning. None of his "suit" knew, but inquiries at St. Peter's elicited the fact that the Marquis del Grillo had sent the order without specifying who was dead. The pontiff was even more mystified, and when word had come from other churches to the same effect he sent for the marquis, who promptly answered the summons.

"I hear," said Pius IX. to the marquis, that it is at your bidding that every bell in Rome is tolling. Who, then, is dead?"

"Justice, your holiness," was the enigmatic reply.

"Justice?"

"Yes, your holiness-justice. The goddess is no more in the pontifical states."

And thereupon he related to the astonished pontiff how, becoming aware of the corruption existing in judiciary circles, he had made an experiment. Claiming that the farm of a poor neighbor of his belonged to him, he brought the poor man to court and by liberal bribing obtained possession of the whole estate, to which he had no right whatsoever

The pope, after listening attentively. censured the marquis severely for the method used, but history tells us that the lesson bore fruit and that many changes took place in important civic positions.

At another time the marquis, who always dressed very modestly, made his way on foot to the palace of Prince Massimo, where a big reception was being held. As he approached the entrance a pompous lackey looked him over from head to foot and then barred the way. "No admittance tonight," he said in solently. "A reception is going on."

Miss Sparrer's loneliness oppressed her. She looked at other women with their hus- | artistic taste of the natives." bands and children with silent envy. If checked the thought as an indelicacy. And ment. there ! If she had ten sons, what in the "By all means and every means. But world could she have done with them? the duty nearest at hand seems to me the their minds and souls expanding, to have clothes, and cold weather coming on." only one of them come storming in in snowy weather, to have his love and com-panionship, his arms clasped round her belong to me. It belongs to the Society. neck, his head lying on her shoulder when at twilight she told stories and sang songs and they exchanged the day's coufidences together. Oh, how bitterly lonely she was ! you know." She hadn't even a cat, for she couldn't afford meat for one and there wasn't a mouse in the house. And she didn't like cats, either. She was afraid of them; and they made her sneeze. She would have been glad of a dog. But there again-a dog liked his bone. So one dull day was like another; and although she was not unhappy, she constantly felt how much happier she might be, with some one to love and some one to love her.

Miss Sparrer held herself rather loftily. Her father had been the village ne'er-dowell, indulged, beloved, pitied and par-doned by every one. But his father had been the Doctor, and the father before that the Lawyer and Squire of the place. There are some things that long descent make obligatory, fine manners, and a certain kind-ly condescension among them. And in those Miss Sparrer never failed. She maintained the tradition of her great-grandfather's hospitality by a tea-party in winter, along towards March when her hens were laying well, at which all the parish was made welcome; the refection of which, it was understood, was to be scrambled eggs, her famous cream o'tartar biscuits, rith some of the honey of her two hives, and a dish of peach preserves. The little her a few jars, and they were treasured so long that they were candied.

In summer she gave a garden-party to the same guests, who each brought her own basket. And if with any generous inten-tion they brought more than could be used, the next day Miss Anna made a round of brief visits, taking to Mrs. Green some of Mrs. Brown's delicious cakes, and to Mrs. Brown some of Mrs. White's flaky tarts, and to Mrs. White some of Mrs. Green's delicate rusks, so it could be seen that none

of these dainties were reserved by herself. On the contrary, she often bestowed charity. There was Andrew Maclane-how many a time had she called him in and given him a slice of bread and butter, spread thickly with brown sugar? How many a time had she given him a penny? She had gone without her dinner more than once, in order to feed a hungry tramp. It gave her a sweet sense of the bountiful behavior of ome fictitious lady of the manor.

Andrew, at any rate, had an idea that Miss Sparrer was a person of vast riches and exalted rank; and he always stopped pitching coppers and swearing at the other boys when she passed by. But Andrew knew nothing of her multitudinous econo-

Occasionally the minister came to see Miss Sparrer. He found her one day sewing on some garments that the Missionary Society was to send to Sinpooranhad, on the other side of the world. "Yes." said the Minister, as she dis-

played the work. "Those stitches are ex-quisite. I think they can't but satisfy the

"Why, I thought you approved of foreign one of those boys were hers ! But she missions !" she said, looking up in amaze-

She, who could barely keep herself ! But it one that claims us first. The families would be so pleasaut to see them growing, down at Starveley Cove are suffering for

> And I don't believe I have a thing myself those people can wear. But I'll tell the Society -- it wants to do about what's right,

"Certainly. Perbaps they can do this and not leave the other undone," said the Minister. "There's that poor little An-drew Maclane, too. That unfortunate hoy and his influence-dear me !-- What can I

the seams, and the weather would soon be bitterly cold !

"Heart alive !" said Miss Anna. when Cove. be had goue. "If religion's worth having, it's worth paying for. And that dear man's Non going to have a good, substantial, new overcoat whether the box goes to Sinpoo-ranbad or not !"

The Minister's visit remained with Miss Anna like something uncomfortable in the digestion. And she was quite low-spirited, with a sense of not having done all her duty, sitting in the twilight by her small fire whose flicker flashed here and there and made a brightness in the room, when she was startled by a noise outside the window, and then by the sight of the faces peach tree. if the summer were warm, gave pressed so closely against the pane that the noses and lips were mere blue and white blotches. Immediately afterwards came a tap at the door;-Mise Anna never opened the door after dark without inquiring who

was there. "Oh, it's only us !" came a girl's voice. "We want to come in just a moment, if you'll let us. We want to see you on some very important business."

She opened the door carefully, the poker in her other hand, and two young women

came in. "Oh !" exclaimed one of them. "We

"Oh !" exclaimed one of them. "We were going by, and you hadn't pulled down your shades, and the room looked so like an old picture in the firelight —..." "And we saw the shining of your won-derful mahogany !" cried the other. "And we felt we must see it nearer ! Oh, do excuse us !'' as Miss Anna's manner grew yet more stately. "We shall have to confess the truth. We are dealers in old furniture, and we often go through the country vil-lages at nightfall, because often then we

can see through the windows what there

"And oh, if you want to sell we want to buy, any of it, all of it _____" "And we give good honest prices !"

Ten turkeys ! What in the world did it. ly. mean ! She had bought one, and had paid troubles me sorely. He is growing up to bad ends, where he is; and there's good in him. Johnny Burrage is non compos, hut he's about as bad as if he had all his wits; was a big boy, balf witted, and wholly

and his infidence—dear me !—What cau I do? I've six mouths to fill, as it is !'' To be sure he had, the poor man ! It was a wonder he could do what he did. His overcoat was thin, and shiny and white at the seams and the world soon white at ten turkeys at once. And he had spent the money at the tavern over by Starveley

> Now the question was, should she let the affair go, and remain under the stigma of having taken a poor woman's property and relused to pay for it, or should she go over to Mrs. Burrage's and have perhaps a vulgar altercation with her, and, any way, challenge Johnny with his wrong-doing. Either way was difficult to her. The third way, that of giving the woman ten dollars, was not only to acknowledge herself in the wrong, but was impossible. First Miss Anna looked at the note with

First Miss Anna looked at the need on a its smears and blurs, written in pencil on a blank leaf torn from a book and then she every day of our lives!"—By Harriet Pres-cott Spofford in *The Delineator*. looked at her teaspoon as if for inspiration and guidance. She had always supposed the crest on that spoon, worn to a mere outline now, was a sparrow, inferring that the family name was a corruption from that word. But the minister had told her that, on the other hand, it was a sparrowbawk, and probably marked the robber hawk, and probably marked the robber prowess of her ancestry. That is to say their cruelty, she thought. And she recog-nized the sparrow-hawk in her nature that would challenge and defy Mrs. Burrage and her simple-minded boy. But that spon—it was the one which had her always used by her ne're do weal

had been always used by her ne'er-do-weel father who had a kind word and an open purse—small though it was—for every one. And then she felt the father in her-

self while wishing she had the ten dollars to give and be done with it. Reluctantly Miss Anna warmed her over-

shoes, and dallied getting into her cloak and tying her bonnet and adjusting her tippet.

"My Johnny !" said Mrs. Burrage in-dignatly. "Ain't you 'shamed, Miss Sparrer ! A poor feeble-minded boy like that !"

"Mrs. Burrage," said Miss Sparrer with have dignity, "I bought one turkey, and I paid auto."

"I suppose you don't want to sell that old silver? It's quite thin," said one of "It's really worth a great deal of them. money."

"Why, no," said Miss Anna. old family silver. And my boy-Andrew, -will grow up some day and like it with the family crest on it. But I'm going to make you a present of two of the spoons. For you've made me a great, a tremendous, present! Yon've given me this boy, and days and nights that will never know loneliness, and a heart full of thankfulness!"

She took the boy on her knee when they had gone, and tea cleared away, and told him a Bible story, and sang him an old ballad; it was yet an hour before pravermeeting. In the firelight the rooms looked much as they had done before. It was only a matter of sentiment. That was in a way dead sentiment. But this was alive, alive, and made life worth living! She could love her own dear people still, without their old furniture. But she couldn't have this dear boy to love, and the furniture, too. "Tomorrow is Thanksgiving," she said, as she tucked him into bed before the bell rang. "But for you and me, Andrew lad, I think bereafter it will be Thanksgiving

"This Little Pig" in China.

The mother of a Chinese baby counts her little one's toes just as American mothers do. When the gay, embroidered shoes are taken off she pinches one tiny toe and then another, as she sings:

"This little cow eats grass, this little cow eats hay This little cow drinks water, this little cow runs

This little cow does nothing, but just lie down all day. We'll whip her!"

Tar : Ay, ay, sir. Captain : Let him have one of those 12 ach shells in the eye.

Tar : Which eye, sir? "Say, dad."

"Well, son." "What's a pedestrian?" "A pedestrian, son, is one who doesn't ave time to get out of the way of an

"'M-m.' she exclaimed, pursing her lips, 'let me see. Ain't dat peculiah? Hit done 'scaped mah mind now.' "'Can't you think of it?' I said. 'You know I can't pay the money until you give me the password?'

"'Lord, honey,' she exclaimed, 'Ah's mighty nigh dat money! But Ah jes' can't 'member hit now.'

"'Well, sit down and think it over,' I suggested to her. 'It may come to you.

In a few minutes the old woman arose with a happy look upon her face and went up to the cashier's window. She put her face as far inside the narrow window as she could and whispered:

"Abraham Linkun,"

"Correct." answered the cashier, and he paid her the money she was after. "Ah jes' couldn't place dat man's name at first," she said as she went out.-Kansas City Star.

Over Eight Feet Tall.

King James I. had a gigantic porter eight feet six inches in height, but he was not perfect, being round shouldered, knock kneed and lame in one foot. Of a similar height was Charles Munster, a yeoman of the Hanoverian guard who died in 1676, and seven years before there was being exhibited in London a Dutchman eight feet nine inches high anent whom in Pepys' diary we find the following entry on Aug. 15, 1669: "Went to Charing Cross to see the great Dutchman. I did walk under his arm with my hat on and could not reach his chin with the

Whipped Cream.

"Look here," shouted the irate neighbor over the fence, "your youngest son has been stoning my cats and pilfering my apple trees! He is a scamp!"

"Don't talk that way about my son," blurted the fond parent. "Why, he is considered the cream of our family." "The cream, eh? Well, I'd like to see

First Crook-I'm getting tired of work. Second Crook-What's the matter now? First Crook-I raised a check from \$10 to \$1,000 and tried to get it cashed, and the cuss didn't have that amount of money in the bank .- New York Press.

There is a great secret in knowing what to keep out of the mind ac well as what to put in .-- Emerson.

The nobleman stood amazed, for even over princes he often took precedence, but then he saw the humor of the situation and, smiling to himself, walked away.

Half an hour later a magnificent coach drew up before the palace, and out stepped the marquis, resplendent in a gorgeous court uniform and scintillating with decorations. In a minute the whole house was astir, and the hostess herself met him and led him in. The night was warm, and soon she invited him to have an ice, an offer which he promptly accepted. Imagine her feelings when, instead of eating it, he coolly and deliberately proceeded to spread spoonful after spoonful over the front of his uniform and on his numerous decorations. "Why, marquis," she exclaimed in

alarm, "what are you doing?"

"Giving Caesar what belongs to Caesar," was the quiet reply. "Your servants refused to let me in in the garb of a plain gentleman, but promptly admitted my costume and decorations when I carried them in. Is it not they that should be rewarded?"

A peculiarity of the marquis was his refusing to have as personal valets any but the most quick witted of young fellows, who could help him in his little escapades without having to be coached too much. Many amusing tales are told of his experiences in engaging them. In one instance he was sitting at the piano trying some church music when a new applicant was ushered in. He didn't stop playing or even glance around, but began to ask questions, the answers to which evidently did not appeal to him, for he suddenly struck a loud chord and, following the tune of the music, chanted in a loud voice, "You will never do for me." Then he rose and without a look at the man started to walk out of the room. Quick as a flash the applicant stepped to the piano and, striking the keys with both fists, chanted back solemnly on the same air, "I'm very glad of it, because I don't like you a bit."

Any one else would have had the man thrown out for his impudence, but the marquis paused at the door and smiled with appreciation.

"I guess we shall get on nicely, after all," he said pleasantly. "See my 'maggiordomo' and speak to him about terms."-New York Times.

His Money's Worth

Laundryman-I regret to tell you, sir, that one of your shirts is lost. Customer-But here I have just paid you 12 cents for doing it up. Laundryman -Quite right, sir; we laundered it before we lost it .- Harper's Weekly.

Nothing is easy to the unwilling .the Gaelic.

him whipped."-Chicago News. Work For Nothing.

