Democratic Matchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., November 30, 1906.

THE GREATER GIFTS.

In the first beginning of things, Far back when the world was new, God gave the eagle wings To rise and soar in the blue. To the lion he gave might, And rending claws of steel, To the horse the speed of light, To the dolphin and the seal Path and power in the sea From far-off strand to strand. But when man came to be, The gifts God laid in his hand Were neither strength nor speed Nor wings to rise to the sun But toil and warfare and need. And all earth's tasks to be done.

Then man, in his weakness, took His gifts and wandered forth ; Bravely, beneath God's look, He followed south and north The mighty creatures that ruled The forest and the sea, Till, by tireless striving schooled, He met them with mastery. Hourly his hand and brain Grew through the conflict strong Fire and weapons and grain, These were his servants ere long ; All the roads of the land And all the paths of the sea," These he learned to comma And greater ends to foresee.

Still is the lion as strong. The horse as fleet as of old, But how of man shall the long And the coming story be told ? The gifts of God are great, But man's forever the best, To strive on early and late And in nothing gained to rest. Power that in need begins Is his tailsman of might In the warfare that ever wins Toward nobler wars to fight. Wings to rise to the sun? Nay, better-feet to climb Till the voice of God's "Well done !" Rings at the end of time. -Priscilla Leonard

WHERE WILL YOU GO !

Dear little Red Rose, Where will you go When your beautiful garden Is covered with snow ?

Have you a crib. And a nightgown of white And a little rose-mother To guard you at night?

When your beautiful petals Are strewn o'er the place-Not a sign to be seen Of your sweet face?

I'll try to think, somewhere,

'Though folks say you're dead, You're tucked away safely In your snug little bed. -Elsie Parrish.

MISS LOIS

She had the beauty of an old-fashioned dablia. Prim as her Quaker casing was, uncompromisingly upright as her sleudeform held itself, she was yet-like the

In the surprise occasioned by her words, I spilt my buttermilk and choked on my cake. Miss Lois started up, the green straw-berry caps showering unheeded from her "Your husband-Miss Lois?"

She blushed scarlet. "Then thee did not know?" "How could I? Everybody calls you 'Miss Lois.' "

"That is true."

I was dying of curiosity by this time, and I burst out impulsively: "Oh, dear Miss Loie—tell me about it! That is—unless it's painful. Not that anyone's the least bit ashamed of divorce

"Then what have you done with him? Is he down in the cellar?"

"Child, thy frivolity will do thee great harm yet! My husband is over-seas. Nay,

we are not separated through any quarrel. It was in this manner. My sister died and left the twins. As soon as I heard the sad news I hurried down from Pennsylvania to claim them as my own. For what could a man do with two delicate little girls, harely four years old? I said to David Moffit, "Thee shall give me the children, and they shall grow up in my care at the North.' But alas! I could not make him see reason. All be would say was, 'Stay here with the children, Lois, until I come home again, and then I will tell you what may be done.

"Therefore I stayed. He voyaged in many waters, going out from Savannah. Nor did he return for eighteen months. Then, his hands filled with gifts and money, he entered when we least expected him, and for six dreadful months he rehim, mained in the village, visiting the children each day and lavishing worldly toys upon them, against which I protested in vain. Nor would he form any plan about the little girls, being filled with the remarkable obstinacy of men. Thee knows, Amy, they

cannot reason." "That's what they say about us," I auswered, cutting another slice of the golden sponge

"Nay, it is they that have no logic. For he saw how fearful I was of his ways, yet he would presist in coming near me, in making me presents, in saying comforting things of my care of the children, and in praising my manner of keeping house. And -and-bis taste was very poor, for he dis-tressed me much by calling my hair sun-shine, and my eyes blue cornflowers-thee has never heard such foolish, worldly talk. Thy youth would save thee.

I choked again on my cake. "Oh, poor man! Oh, Miss Lois, don't

vou see-But when she turned her innocent, inquiring gaze on me I could not continue.

"At last a terrible thing happened." She cast down her work and pressed her slender hands nervonsly together. "David came to me and said, 'Lois, marry me, and then you may have the girls as your own.' ''I cried out on him, 'Oh, David, David!

Has thee forgotten my sister?' "And he said doggedly, 'No, Lois, I love her memory still. But I love you better than I loved her.'

"I looked at him and my courage ro dreadful as he seemed, for he was tall and deep of chest and his voice like the rolling thunder, and his eyes had a fierce light.

"'David,' I said, 'shame on thee! Is not a man's heart shaped in one piece? Is thee quite a castaway to dream thee could love two women? Oh, David, David!' " "Oh, but, Miss Lois," I interrupted, "they—" I stopped. Tears were filling her eyes.

"Alas, child, how wicked of me to tell to anyone as it has to thee. Yet I would not draw thee into too deep knowledge of evil." "Poor David-he wasn't evil." I said stoutly. "Listen, Miss Lois. Once I was in love with two men-my own self!"

J. Pierpont Morgan has imported the most costly copy of the Bible ever brought into this country. The copy was made by the monks of Cluny, France, in the thir-teenth century. Packed in the same hox with this Bible was an old English manulap. "My husband!" she cried, in the tragic ones of one proclaiming "Wolf!" I rose also, and we faced each other quite script, the original warrant for the arrest of John Banyan, the author of the religious book next to the Bible in amount of sale. "Child, child," she said agonizedly. For the two, Mr. Morgan is said to have paid twenty-five thousand dollars. Accord-ing to the story told at the Custom House,

"what shall we do?" "Let me go out and meet him for you," I suggested boldly, being indeed more than our ous to see the dreadful David. "Shali New York city, this Bible was bought in I bring him in?"

competition with King Edward, of Eng-land, who was auxious to present it to the Chapel at Frogmore, where lies the hody of Queen Victoria. It was reported that Mr. "Yea, yea, he must come in! 'Tis his house after all! Nay wait, Amy-will thee first hand me my wedding ring out of yonder cracked teapot on the shelf while I Morgan intends to present the Bible to the Cathedral of Saint John the Davine, of unfasten this apron?' which he is one of the trustees.

I hastened to produce the fat, polished circlet while Miss Lois stripped off her checked apron. As she slipped the ring on her finger the deep voice outside hailed us On this Bible (whether the Bunyan manuscript was included or not we cannot say) the import duty was four thousand dollars, which was paid by Mr. Morgan's again: brokers without protest.

pale from mutual excitement.

"Rose Cottage, aboy!" Hurrying out I saw a great, broad-It was said of a sea captain who was spoken of by his neighbors as "forebanded," shouldered man, who was frantically try-ing to make his bicycle balance while he rode round and round near the gate. When that he had the handsomest Bible in the town. It was placed on the center table and much admired. He grew sick and sent he saw me he jumped off, rolling the wheel beside him, and came inside the yard. "Did Lois send you out to me, my pret-

for a minister of the old type, who asked him if he was "at peace with God." His reply showed that he was much disturbed about the future; but he said, "I have alty lass?" he asked, with a friendly admiraways believed in the Bible, and ever since tion in his eyes which at once established him in my good graces. "She did. She says you may come in." was married I have had one in the house."

house.

to you from it."

The passages that he read spoke of the

couldn't find anything better than that.

"Yes, I am, if God would help me."

I returned gracionsly.

His face, with its faithful brown eyes, lit

up gladly. "Oh, thank you, lass!"

"For a little while!" I added, not wishing to raise false hopes, and I saw his countenance cloud heavily. ""'For a little while'! And it's months

consequences of sin. The captain grew restless and asked the minister if he since I set foot here! But never mind! Wait till I get my bag, lass. It's strapped to the stern of this queer craft. Why, I've lost it-a blue bag, full of nickknacks for Lois and the kids. I left my trunk at the

hotel, you see." "There's a blue heap lying on the hillside," I answered, pointing up the decliv-ity he had just decended. He mounted instantly, though with some

difficulty, explaining that his craft was a difficulty, explaining that his craft was a clipper, but knew neither starboard nor larboard, making navigation uncertain. As he dashed recklessly off it was easy to see he had not long been accustomed to riding. However, he made gallantly up the steep hill, secured his bag and turned to come down. Then it was that the

to come down. Then it was that the bicycle got the upper hand, and, the brake story is in all its parts we have no means refusing to work, came tearing down at a rate which no ship will ever dream of of knowing. Its moral is that the value of the Bible consists in its truth, and there is equaling. Down, down it shot like the proverbial

no more saving power in this exquisite Bible than there is in those neat Bibles that the American Bible Society is selling arrow! The sailor, finding nothing else to to do, began wildly ringing his bell, so that when Miss Lois, scared by the incesfor thirty-five cents ; and there is no saving power in them unless they are read, believed and practiced.-Scientific American sant sound, hurried to the piazza she was

just in time to see the wheel, the sailor still madly ringing, dart straight for her picket fence, the hit the centre of a post, buck off with ardor of a bronco, and pitch the new-comer into the air, flinging him clean over the fence into the very middle of a choice

rose plot! Doubtless no harm would have been done, except for careless me. But alas, I had left a heavy iron rake lying in the rose bed, and when the back of the sailor's head struck this with terrible force as he landed the concussion left him senseless across the beaten roses. We two terrified women got him into

the house somehow; we are both tall and toilet articles, smokers' articles and opium sofa and then, with confusion and horror in my guilty soul, I ran for the doctor,

EARLY GENIUS. Men Who Were Young In Years, but Old In Hours.

Davy made his epochal experiment of melting ice by friction when but twenty. Young was no older when he made his first communication to the Royal society and was in his twentyseventh year when he first actively espoused the undulatory theory. Fresnel was twenty-six when he made his first important discoveries in the same field, and Arago, who at once became his champion, was then but two years his senior.

Forbes was under thirty when he discovered the polarization of heat, which pointed the way to Mohr, then thirty-one, to the mechanical equivalent. Joule was twenty-two in 1840, when his great work was begun, and Mayer, whose discoveries date from the same year, was then twenty-six, which was also the age of Helmholtz when he published his independent discovery of the same law. William Thomson was a youth just past his majority when he came to the aid of Joule before the British society and but seven years older when he formulated his own doctrine of dissipation of energy. And Clausius and Rankine, who are usually mentioned with Thomson as Said the minister. "Yes, I know ; I have seen it in the parlor. Have you read it ?" "No," said the captain, "I didn't, but I have always felt better for having it in the thirty. We may well agree with the "Well," said the minister, "I will read father of inductive science that "the man who is young in years may be old in hours."-Exchange.

CHINESE SKILL WITH AXES.

Carpenters of Cathay Will Compare With Occidentals.

"Not unless you repent." "Well, I do repent." "Are you sure," said the minister, "that you would not he just what you have been In judging the performance of the if you rose from your bed in your usual strength and lived for years?" native Chinese workman it is almost impossible to avoid the popular bias that addiction to their own methods Then the minsster read the promises to and tools invariably bespeaks fatuous the repentant. The story runs that the captain recovered, that he left the costly Bible where it had been, but always carconservatism. Though this is in many cases true, it will often be found on ried with him a small one for use. It also careful observation that what has passends heautifull, by the statement that he lived a religious life; read the Scriptures tue of innovation is in reality a keener to his men on the vessel, and led many of perception of comparative merits than them to become Christians. How true the the judge himself was aware of.

This is particularly true of Chinese carpenters. While most of their commonest tools differ in some radical way from our own, it is never safe to assume the superiority of the western product. Their small ax, for example, is a beautifully balanced tool, and they are remarkably adept in the use of it. being able to work as true a surface therewith as can be obtained with an

adz in the hands of the white man. On heavy work it is customary for two to hew together on opposite sides, striking alternate blows. Both hands are used, and the recover is over the shoulder, alternate right and left. There is a freedom of swing with an accuracy of delivery that is a treat to watch, and the rapidity of blows is almost bewildering .-- Engineering Magaartificial. \$7,000,000; champagne. \$6,000,- zine.

The Great B

LEGEND OF THE TOPAZ.

Why the Jewel Is Called the Stone of Gratitude.

The topaz is called the stone of gratitude, and the old Roman books record the following legend, from which the stone derives this attribute:

The blind Emperor Theodosius used to hang a brazen gong before his palace gates and sit beside it on certain days, hearing and putting to rights the grievances of any of his subjects. Those who wished for his advice and help had but to sound the gong, and immediately admission into the presence of Caesar was obtained. One day a great snake crept up to the gate and struck the brazen gong with her coils, and Theodosius gave orders that no one should molest the creature and bade her tell him of her wish.

The snake bent her crest lowly in homage and straightway told the following tale:

Her nest was at the base of the gateway tower, and while she had gone to find food for her young brood a strange beast, covered with sharp needles, had invaded her home, killed the nestlings and now held possession of the little dwelling. Would Caesar grant her justice?

The emperor gave orders for the porcupine to be slain and the mother to be restored to her desolate nest. Night fell, and the sleeping world had forgotten the emperor's kindly deed, but with the early dawn a great serpent glided into the palace, up the steps and into the royal chamber and laid upon each of the emperor's closed eyelids a gleaming topaz.

When the Emperor Theodosius awoke he was no longer blind, for the mother snake had paid her debt of gratitude.

PASSPORTS IN FRANCE.

The Kind That Were Issued In the Time of Louis XVI.

The mysterious cards of the Count de Vergennes each contained a brief history in cipher of those to whom they were given. De Vergennes was Louis XVI.'s minister of foreign affairs, and when strangers of a suspicious character were about to enter France he issued to them these strange cards, which acted as passports, and were also intended to give information concerning the bearer without his knowl-

In the first place, its color indicated the nationality of the man who carried it. The person's age, approximately, was told by the shape of the card. A fillet around the border of the card told whether he was a bachelor, married or a widower. Dots gave information as to his position and fortune, and the expression of his face was shown by a decorative flower.

The stranger's religion was told by the punctuation after his name. If he was a Catholic it was a period, if a Jew a dash, if he was a Lutheran a semicolon and no stop at all indicated him a nonbeliever.

So a man's morals, character and ippearance were pointed out by pattern of his passport, and the authorities could tell at a glance whether he was a gamester or a preacher, a physician or a lawyer, and whether he was to be put under surveillance or allowed to go free.-Sunday Magazine.

Bible Extraordinary.

flower-crowned with gold, and no satin petals were ever smoother than the sleek glory of Lois's wonderful hair.

But if she ever felt the stirring of a natural vanity, I, her frequent visitor could never discover it. The long tressees were concealed by a cap, and the quiet, beautifully gentle eyes, in spite of silky lashes, never shot a coquettish glance at any man in Domerville. Although Miss Lois was not yet thirty-five, she was not only indifferent to men-she feared them sincerely.

Since my arrival in Dormerville, a year previously, to live with my consin, Mrs. Glen, I confess that I had been the recip ient of very satisfactory attentions from more than one agreeable man in Dormerville. But I never dared take a man friend with me on my visits to Miss Lois, for she had freely confessed that such a proceeding would strain our relations sadly. "Miss Lois, I do wish you liked men,"

I said mourofully on one special evening as I sat enjoying her sponge-cake and a big glass of ice-cold butter milk, fresh from the cooling embraces of a big Georgia spring which formed her dairy. My ap-petite is always dainty before the opposite sex, but every girl of eighteen knows jolly it is to be greedy when you're alone with a woman. "They would be sure to like you," I continued encouragingly.

A look of alarm sprang into her blu eyes. She dropped, in her neat lap, the napkin she was hemstitching.

Thee knows that would be worst of all

"To have them all like you? Oh, now Miss Lois! You don't know what good

times they can give you." "Thee knows they frighten me," return-ed Miss Lois, quickly picking up her work.

"But why?"

Miss Lois flushed over her pretty, creamy skin.

"They-they are so big, so strange with those deep, terrible voices-and so stern."

"That's all put on," I said airily. "Men are just big babies. I should like to see one scare me! Why, Miss Lois, I've been engaged to three at a time!"

"Child, child," cried Miss Lois, "does thee play with fire so lightly? I cannot un-derstand thee! How can thee drive and dine and play with men when so many earnest women would be glad to have thee ncar them?" "Miss Lois, earnest women are well

enough. But just let me tell you that all -except you-have only one women-

"Only one use, child?" "To fill in the chinks of one's time when there aren't any men around."

"Thee does not mean thy wild, wild words! I am training my two charges to stay away from the boys of their age. I cannot bear to bave them associate." A vision of black-eyed twins, Miss Lois's

ten-year-old wards, seen piously exchang-ing heart candy-crackers with the two Rayburn boys, rose before me, but I said nothing. I knew that Miss Lois was doing her best to fashion her dead sister's ohildren in the right way, even though that sister, who had run away from Quak-er influence to become a Methodist wife and mother, had left them a heritage of

"Child, thy mad prattle assumed to comfort me is as nothing. Yet he stood cruelly to his offer. I must marry him, or

should not have the children. And now I loved them like my own flesh!"

'What did you do?'

"For many nights I wept and prayed Then an inspiration came to me. went straight to him and said, 'Is thee a man of thy word? And he answered, 'Yes, Lois.' Then I said, 'I will marry thee and never look on another man. But when thee has set thy ring on my finger thee must go away and never dwell under this roof, nor hid hold communion with me unless I thee.' "

"What did he say?" I asked breathlessly, fancying the explosion John Lock, for instance, would make on such a proposi-

"He grew quite white, save where his great hairy beard covered his face. For a w moments he stood wordless. And then the growl of his voice seemed softer than usual, and he said:

"'It shall be as you say, lass. But I claim the right to come home now and then aud ask if you're ready for me.'

"Thee may gness how thankful I was for such an easy way out of the difficulty! We were married immediately, for I was

more than auxions to hurry him away." "Well, but, Miss Lois," I observed as soon as I had recovered from my astonish-

ment over this arrangement, "wasn't such a marriage dangerons? Suppose you were to-to see another man and-and fanoy

"How could a married woman faucy a man other than her husband? Thee does not understand how fast marriage binds. And now, child, thee has my history. Wasn't it well done?" "I'm sorry for David," I said bluntly.

'Where is he now?'' "Sailing. During my sister's life he gave

up the sea. But I am sure he is very hap-py to get back to it. For the stormy waters are well adapted to men; they are wild and turbulent like themselves.²⁷

"Commend me to a good woman for un-onscious cruelty," I murmured under my reath. Then alond: "Miss Lois, you are corrigible. And so I don't have to call

you Mrs. Moffiit?" She shuddered.

"No, no, child. Call me Lois, as thee has done."

"I'm ready to help gather the green peas for tomorrow," I suggested, rising and dnmping my orumbs into the fireplace. Whereat we put on sunbonnets and spent an industrious half-hour in the orderly garden, rifling the tumbled green vines of swollen pods.

Then we picked a great bowl of straw-berries, that the twins might feast on their return from school that afternoon. Return-ing to the house we shelled the peas, and then, in the pretty kitchen, we began to hull the scarlet berries which would soon go deliciously with a pitcher of Jersey

I remember I had just found an extra

"Boys are so rude, so impetuous, so abrupt," continued Miss Lois, "that girls should be kept apart from them carefully. Though my husbaud thinks otherwise."

Miss Lois alone with a man ! Comforting myself that it could not be so very much after all. I hurried the doctor back to Rose Cottage. For surely a lit-

tle thing like the corner of a rake could not hurt a big strong man, accustomed to fight with ocean storms. When we reached the cottage I began to

feel secure, and when the doctor began his examination of the still figure I boldly assured Miss Lois that all would be well. My cheerful predictions were not so read-

ily verified. That rake came near gathering the sailor in as relentlessly as it would the dead leaves of a past season. Brain fever set in, and through long, long days he raved

of Lois, Lois, only Lois. And Miss Lois tended him with a faithfulness hard indeed to put into words. Her smooth cheeks grew thin, her blue eyes very weary, but she never faltered. At last one day the crisis passed and her charge was pronounced out of danger.

Miss Lois and I, alone together in kitchen, wept tears of thankfulness. "And you've quite forgiven me," pleaded, "for nearly killing him? "

"Child," stammered Miss Lois, and I saw that she was blushing, "I have no need to forgive. I am thy debtor!"

Her debtor for what? Could my Miss Lois be glad because a man bad suffered ? Had dislike so soured her gentle breast? I was called away that afternoon by my

aunt's sudden attack of rheumatism and I did not get back to the cottage for many a day. When I did come I found the invalid sitting in a big armchair, eating broth with

much satisfaction, and gazing adoringly over his bowl at his nurse, who stood flush-ed and strangely pretty beside him. "Oh, Mr. Moffit," I cried, "I'm so sorry

about that rake!" "Lady Lass," thundered the sailor in his booming tones, "I'll have you a rake made of gold and set with pearls for a breastpin.

That instrument got me the best harvest I'll ever glean! Tell her, Lois." "Why, Miss Lois," I cried, and flew to her side. "Is it—are you really—?" Through the pink color on her face the lovelight shone radiantly. She caught me and whispered in my ear:

"Child, thee was right-young as thee is! Men are just babies, I cannot send him away-be needs my care."-By Clinton Dangerfield in Watson's Magazine.

Dolls in Mourning.

A superb equipage drew up the other atternoon before the Newport Casino. The coachman and the foetman were in deep mourning, and the horses' harness and rappings were black. A French maid and a little girl, in black

from head to foot, stepped from the car-

The little girl carried a doll in her arms, a doll in a black gown, a black bonnet and a long black veil of crepe. In this there was nothing illogical, after

all. If horses wear mourning, why not dolls?

Conundrums.

What would you do if you were caught with a stolen watch?

"Give it up.

Why can't a bare-headed boy chop down oherry tree? Because he has not a hat yet (hatchet)

for smoking, made up the balance.

We Paid \$100,000,090 for Foreign Lux-

urles.

States from abroad to the extent of one

hundred million dollars during the fiscal

year 1906, according to the tabulations of

the Bureau of Statistics of the Department

of Commerce and Labor. These "luxuries"

are classified as diamonds and other pre-cious stones, of which \$40,000,000 was im-

ported; laces, edgings, embroideries and ribbons, \$40,000,000; feathers, natural and

Luxuries were purchased by the United

Tobacco, cigars and cigarettes were im ported to the value of \$25,000,000. This is more than double the amount spent abroad for such articles a decade ago. The item of largest increase in the above list is said to be diamonds, as the value for 1896 did not reach eight million dollars.

Opium for smoking was imported in fiscal year just ended to the value of \$125,-000 as compared with \$65,000 in 1896. The bulk of things classed as luxuries, other than tobacco, came from Europe, the diamonds from the United Kingdom. Netherlands, Belgium and France. The imported tobacco grew in Sumatra.

The Tobacconist's Effigy.

One of the most peculiar things in the whole history of signs is the fact, that while all other shopkeepers were patronizstrength of a mule and uses the sharp, ing the embryo painters, the tobacconist always called upon the wood carver on the bony quills of its wings as a cock uses Continent as well as in England. As long his spurs. ago as Elizabeth's reign the wooden image of the Black Boy was the favorite sign of the tobacco dealers. Later the customary

sigu was the Highlander, or a figure of Sir Walter Raleigh. In Holland, for some strange reason, the tobacconists adopted the dairy maid as their sign, with the motto, "Consolation for sucklings." The Indian, naturally enough, has always been the predominant sign in this country, although once in awhile a reversion of type crops out with the ancient Black Boy.

-"My dear," says the thoughtful hushaud, entering the house with a huge package in his arms, "yon remember last week when you secured such a wonderful hargain in shirts at forty-eight cents and neckties at three for a quarter for me?" "Yes, love," says the foud wife. "Well, don't think I didn't appreciate

your thoughtfulness. See, I have bought something for you. I noticed some beauti-ful green and yellow plaid goods in a show window on my way home, and bought you eighty yards of it at four cents a yard. clerk said it was a great hargain, and it will make enough dresses to last you two years. Why, she has fainted !"

---Ou the sixteenth of August, 1807. Marshal Michael Ney, Duke of Elchingen, having received orders to charge, turned to his men and shouted to them in a voice of thunder :

"My lads, I have an income of 300,000 francs, and you haven't a farthing. Keep your eye on your commander as he charged and do as he does."

So saying, he rode off as hard as he could gallop in the direction of the enemy. The whole army followed him as though electrified.

both sides is all in, do you think you will be able to form an opinion? Prospective Juror : No, sir. Attorney : Good ! You'll

-A bungry wan is hard to reason with. -The cheerful giver has no need of

press agent. Rosa. -Life is what we make it-death the way we take it.

The great bustard (Otis tarda), a bird still found in the southern provinces of Russia, is the heaviest European fowl. In size it exceeds the Norwegian blackcock. The old males attain a weight of thirty-five pounds, and where food is plentiful specimens weighing thirtyeight pounds and even forty pounds have been captured. These birds have disappeared from western Europe, where once they were almost as numerous as partridges, and are seen only in small flocks in the sand hills skirting the lower valley of the Dnieper and here and there along the north coast of the Caspian. The hen lays eggs as big as ordinary pears. A larger and heavier bird, the cassowary, is incapable of flight, but it can kick with the

Granted In Advance.

The young doctor who had lately settled in Shrubville had ample opportunities to learn humility if nothing else in his chosen field. One day he was hailed by an elderly man, who requested him to step in and see his wife, who was ailing. At the close of

his visit the young doctor asked for a private word with the man. "Your wife's case is somewhat complicated," he said, "and with your per-

mission I should like to call the Brookfield physician in consultation." "Permission!" echoed the man indignantly. "I told her I knew she ought to have a good doctor, but she was afraid you'd be offended if she did."

"Paradise Lost."

Milton's "Paradise Lost" was commenced between 1639 and 1642 and completed about the time of the "great fire of London" in September, 1666. Its author composed it in passages of from ten to twenty lines at a time and then dictated them to an amanuensis, usually some attached friend. It was first published in 1667 by one Samuel Simmons, and a second edition appeared in 1674. For these two editions Milton received £10 and his widow £8 more.-London Graphic.

Over and Above.

"Mother, does Dr. Smith wear his everyday clothes under that long white ners' class in Latin. gown when he preaches?" asked a little girl who had seen the edge of the curly hair.

minister's trousers under his robe. "Yes, dear," was the reply. "Well," she continued, "now I know why it is called a surplus."-Harper's

Good For Luncheon.

Weekly.

"At luncheon I had something which the good die young, and I don't want was excellent, but not substantial." to take chances on being drowned. "What was it?" "An excellent appetite."-Il Diavolo See?-Exchange.

The two greatest stimulants in the world are love and debt.-Beaumont.

Materialistic Man.

Sir James Crichton-Browne, the English physician, speaking before some members of his profession, protested against the tendency to adopt too materialistic an explanation of man. The raw material of a medical practice became a mere contrivance of matter and force; the brain of this poor consumer of pills and potions a "glue-like substance, nine-tenths water, with a little phosphorus thrown in." "They left us man," said Sir James, with a smashing figure, "a motor car, self made and self started, with no passengers and no chauffeur, moved by a series of explosions or redistributions of energy, and rushing on to inevitable destruction."

A Prayer.

Send some one, Lord, to love the best that is in me and to accept nothing less from me, to touch me with the searching tenderness of the passion for the ideal, to demand everything from me for my own sake, to give me so much that I cannot think of myself and to ask so much that I can keep nothing back, to console me by making me strong before sorrow comes, to help me so to live that while I part with many things by the way I lose nothing of the gift of life.-Hamilton W. Mabie.

Maude Was Willing.

A strict housewife said to a new maid, "I forgot to tell you, Maude, that if you break anything I'll have to take it out of your wages."

But Maude, whom two days had heartily sickened of her berth, replied, with a merry laugh: "Do it, ma'am; do it. I've just broke the hundred dollar vase in the parlor, and if you can take that out of \$4-for I'm leavin' at the end of the week-why, you'll be mighty clever."-Argonaut.

The Other One. "What is the meaning of 'alter

ego?" " asked the teacher of the begin-

"The other I," said the boy with the

"Give a sentence containing the

Long Sighted.

New Nurse-But why don't you want

Little Johnny-'Cause somebody said

Anxiety does not empty tomorrow of

its sorrow; it empties today of its

"He winked his other I."

to take your bath, Johnny?

strength .-- Maclaren.

phrase."