Bellefonte, Pa., December 7, 1906.

#### INTO THE WORLD.

Out over childhood's borders, Manhood's brave banners unfurnished, Weighed down with precepts and orders, A boy has gone into the world.

Nobody thinks it pathetic-For he is a strong-armed youth; But where is the vision prophetic To torecast his future with truth?

No more a child to be petted And sheltered away from the strife Henceforth a man to be fretted And worn with the worries of life.

Henceforth a man with others, To scramble and push in the race, To jostle and crowd with his brothers, To struggle for gain and place.

Now, though his heart is breaking,

Henceforth his lids must be dry; Now, though his soul is aching, He must not utter a cry. Now, if his brain is troubled, Now, if his courage has gone,

Still must his strength be doubled Still must the battle go on. Now, if success shall crown him, Oh, how the world would cheer! Now, if misfortune shall down him,

h, how the scoffer will jeer! Virtue and truth attend him Into the vortex whirled; God and His angels defend him-A boy has gone into the world.

#### AT THE GATE OF HOPE.

The pall of the approaching storm began to settle over the hills. The guard-towers stood in silhouette against the black back-ground as though chiseled from the angry eavens. A hush, deep and insistent, hung over the great Folsom prison. Nature's token of impending wrath was at hand.

In the ravine below the prison, a hundred convicts toiled. Chilled and wet, they swung their heavy hammers with deadened muscles, or pried with ill-directed energy at the great stones. To and fro they moved, spiritless automatons, acting the will of an offended law. The guards, alert and watchful, paced

knew the deep, smoldering ferocity that lurked in those silent, moving forms.

At the end of the line of convicts nearest

the river toiled two, a little apart from the rest. One was a life-timer, whose gray hair and bent shoulders told that he was long past the meridian of life. The glisng eye, the full face, and above all, the restless energy that moved the giant frame of the other, spoke the bloom of manhood. A noiseless confab was passing between

"The storm will soon drive us in," said the life-timer. The other did not answer. his eyes moving covertly over the hills; the guard-towers, the prison, the approaching storm-nothing escaped them. "Say," continued the life timer,

'Yes, I am," interrupted the other, alter-

nate flashes of hope and despair on his clearcut features. 'Ob. give it up ?" said the elder. "No! I'll not rot in this living hell!" "You'll not get to the top of that bill,"

stretcher." "I'll not try," was the cold answer. The river lapped and purred its way through

the deep gorge far below them. Their eyes met; the life-timer shook his head and was silent. The clouds now settled and enveloped them, fierce gusts of wind shrick-ed and tore through the gullies, carrying thin sheets of stinging spray. The prison the guard-towers, the surrounding bills were swallowed up in the rush of the storm, but the cry of the guards, "Line up ! line up !" rang out sharp and clear.

"Do you expect aid?" asked the life-"I expect nothing," answered the other. "Good-bye, then, and luck," said the life-timer. Without answering, the gazing across the city. man, with a quick motion, slid head-forebank into the deep out. Dirt most over the and sand filled his mouth and eyes as, bruised and battered, he reached the bottom, but when he arose the dead. hopeless look had given way to one of intense action. His whole being was vibrant under

that impelling desire-to escape, to be free! "In one minute I can reach the mouth of the cut; in two more I can gain the bend. If the alarm gun sounds before then, it's the river! the river!" he reasoned, as down the cut he dashed over rotting sluiceboxes and through thick clumps of manzanita. Twice he fell on the jagged rocks causing cruel wounds, but he was up again, spurred on by the maddening desire of freedom, the haunting fear of the pursued. He reached the mouth of the cut and turned down the river under the fringe of willows; still the alarm had not arisen. breath came in hoarse, deep gasps like that of a dying animal, but he did not pause.

The wind bellowed and roared; cataracts from the open sluices of heaven were dashed to earth, rebounding to be driven along in filmy wraith; the God of storms was with him ! He reached the bend and sank down for a short respite. For a few seconds he lay, pressing the bounding heart within. His body was bruised and cut, and blood trickled out upon the sand. His hat and one shoe were goue, his clothes were torn in a score of places. He saw it all in a vague way and his reason asked whether he were still human. A few long drawn breaths and he was up again.

The early winter night, hastened by the enveloping storm, had begun to settle, and still the warning gun was silent. Hoarding his strength he started swiftly westward along the river that rippled and sang at his feet and seemed to call to him, "Come with me, come with me," but with a grim, de-termined smile he answered, "Not yet-

Suddenly there was a lull in the storm and echoing sullenly down the gorge came the roar of the signal gun, telling those free and those in bondage who heard that a conviot had escaped. Then everything was again swallowed up in the onslaught of the storm; it was as though Nature had held her breath to give him warning.

ly and without danger. He crossed the er; now it hore upon him as a thousand county road and moved parallel, taking pounds, but he clung with the grim resolve

Falling and rising, filled with a desire that knew not despair, the convict struggled on, mile after mile. At times he passed close to some farmhouse, from the windows of which gleamed an alluring light. How happy they were! and a wailing sob arose within him at the thought of that peace so far from him now. By and by the convict to the water and a wailing sob arose far from him now. By and the conviction of that peace so far from him now. By and the conviction of the convict storm, and he knew the midnight bour but after a while these grew smaller and smaller, mutely telling him of his nearness to Sacramento. Over the railroad track,

The clock on the cathedral tower struck past the little station of Brighton, on through the vast gardens of the Italians, till the twinkle of the distant lights of the city showed through the falling rain. With the acute sense of the hunted, he skirted the city on the south, stealthily moving from cover to cover, still shielded by the incessant rain, till with trembling limbs he stood on the great levee that guarded the city from the waters of the flood

For a moment he gazed out upon that rushing, feaming expanse that almost topped the summit where he stood. It purred and lapped at his feet and to his reeling brain again came the pleading. "Come with me, come with me." He staggered a few paces and sank down among a pile of earth-filled sacks under the lee of the levee. His great frame seemed numb and dead, but his mind worked fresh and fast. The deep gash in his head had ceased bleeding and only at times came sharp, piercing

As he sat hugging the slimy sacks the rain ceased, the lowering clouds raised and he could see before him the panorama of the sleeping city. The electric lights, swaying to and fro with the falling wind, reason brought with it the touch of cold reality. Before him lay the silent city. So near to this multitude he fancied he could hear the rhythm of their peaceful slumber, yet a world apart from him were they. Far across the twinkle of lights rose the white column of the state capitol. How bright it showed under the girdle of lights and its cupola! Above them and against the skyline loomed the great golden ball symbolic of the wealth and strength of the mighty state. Ah, that gold! how as a boy he had looked at it wonderingly and entranced: how as a man he had become defiled by the same power ! An involuntary gesture as though to turn these thoughts escaped him. Had he not dishonored it

He looked again and sought the city be tween that glistening column and where he crouched. There lay—ab, he could see it plainly now—a little white cottage whereeven now sleep the suffering wife and their two babies. There were the two elms standing in the little grass-plat before the house. They had planted them together, watching their growth, noting the coming of the first leaf in the spring, and its dropping in the fall. They were surely large now, and their branches must cast a cooling shade. And the red and white oleanders, each in its corner of the yard, what volumes of blossoms mus. burst forth now! In his thoughts he passed up the violetbordered walk. He could see her vet as ed in dismay and held her sweet face up to his for that never-failing welcome. Again Jewish Sabbath upon the Christian Suninterrupted the life timer. "I tried it he lived, and walked arm in arm into that day, the crime thus punished was theft. which bore evidence of the potent touches of her magic; her guitar leaning preten-tionsly here, his books in evidence there. Ah, that little parlor had sometimes given him a pang then when he thought of all he had taken her from, but, when his look or word betrayed his mind, how her Ruth-like answer, "Thy way shall be my way," would thrill his heart! He bowed his head; a thousand times had be seen all this, yet now when so near it seemed more than he could bear. Would be go to her once more before leaving the city forever? Could be risk it? The clock far away on the cathedral chimed thrice. Yes, he would go! Numbed and sore he arose and for a moment stood

Suddenly there appeared near him a thin white streak that ran hissing to the foot of the levee. Larger and larger it grew, louder and harsher the hissing. Stupidly be stood staring as though entranced, then the truth came to him at last-the levee was giving way! He turned and fled, a new fear filling him. Should he cry the alarm and meet his doom? Never! Then there arose before him the vision of the little cottage of which so late he had dreamed. He paused and turned as though struck by a blow. It was their all: for that he would

stay ! The little stream had now grown to one several feet wide; every second the bank was breaking away at each side. With an inarticulate cry as of an enraged animal, the convict bent his huge back and grasping one of the bags of earth that lay near in long tiers, hurled it into the break. It paused a second, trembled, and then went hurtling down the embankment, swept along by the ever-growing waters. once he saw the folly of thus acting. Catching up the second bag of earth he laid it near upon the cap of the lever, then anoth. er and another till fully twenty lay near

the crambling bank. Fast and with-insane fury he worked, the bones of his giant body creaking as he hurled the sand bags about Without pause he caught up one and sprang into the break, the chilling water reaching to his knees. Sinking the bag beneath him he bore his great weight upon it. Another and another followed till all within his reach were gone, but he had gained, for the bags held firmly on the bottom and he could scarce keep back the cry of joy. Again he rushed wildly upon the tier of bags, tearing them from their place as if they were playthings; again he stood on the now shaky founda-This time the last bag wellnigh topped the hungry waters and a grim, exul-tant smile shone on his ghastly face, but his arms moved slower, his legs trembled at times as though loth to bear his great bulk, the wound upon his head gushed forth afresh and ran a thin, warm stream down upon the striped shirt. He staggered down the bank and sought the bags. Was

he growing blind? No, he had got the last.
For a second his heart seemed to pause.
Was he to meet defeat with victory so near? At the first sound he turned quickly up the bank, his eyes in feverish haste seeking some mark of recognition. A cry of joy escaped him as he saw he had passed the last guard line. The river murmured and sang to him, but its voice had lost its enchanting call. A scale he had better had been supported by the last guard line. The river murmured and sang to him, but its voice had lost its enchanting call. other bags near! He groped under the shadow of the levee, the water urging him on. chanting call. A goal he had set for himself—a goal he would reach or die.

He left the river and, passing through
the thin line of timber, made his way into
the open fields where he could travel swiftlarger without danger. He accessed the

advantage of every byway to hasten his progress. The wind had died away, but the summit of the quivering tiers he sank down for a moment, shedding tears of anger

peace so far from him now. By and bye these lights became less frequent, till at last he was alone with the darkness and the hands and wet his fevered, blood-clotted He crawled to the water's edge and drank face. It seemed to give him back his must be close at hand. At times he moved strength, and again he staggered down the through long lanes of leafless peach or bank. This time his efforts were reward-cherry orchards that bordered the highway, ed, and like one in a drunken glee he laid

five. He heard and knew its import. Al ready the dawn was streaking the east beyoud the blue line of the Sierra Nevada. A milk wagon rumbled by in a nearby street, and far away, he heard the whistle of a locomotive. The city was awakening. He knew his chance had fled forever, but somehow that flerce, burning desire to e-cape nad left him-he only wanted rest-rest. He felt the tier of bags tremble and vibrate as the flood poured past; his wavering reason told him they would not hold for long. He must call aid—he would give

up at last ! Raising himself by holding to the grimy bags, he glanced along the levee. In the growing light he saw the figure of a man approaching. He called aloud, his voice sounding strange and haish to his failing senses. The watchman ran forward, peer-

ing down upon him.
"A break! A break!" he cried, glanc "Yes," answered the convict weakly.
"I've stopped it for the time—get aid—it will not hold for long."
The watchman flew down the lever, cry-

ing the note of alarm. The city awoke to cast weird shadows that rose up as if in the danger that threatened. Men rushed to menace only to disappear silent, magic-like. His mind was clear now and a calming came first saw the officials take from the ground the body of a man that scarce seemed human. They found him sitting behind the bulwark he had erected, his broad shoulders braced against it as though to hold it with his very weight. His hands hung limp and motionless, his life-blood covered his face and blotted out the black number on the striped shirt that designated his position of dishonor. Many knew him even then, and knew that he had saved the city. He had cauceled his debt.—By Len

#### Myth of Man in the Moon.

Of all the myths which have sprung up around the moon, before Galileo's telescope revealed another world with lofty mountains, deep valleys and vast plains, the oldest and probably the most familiar to all is that of the human inhabitants. Every nursery has heard the story of the man who was found by Moses gathering sticks on the Sabbath and condemned to dwell in the moon till the end of time.

Originating, doubtless, in the superficial resemblance of some of the moon spots to a man with a bundle of sticks on his back, it would be handed down by the zealous Sabbatrians as an edifying warning. It has even been referred to on biblical authority. German nurses commonly vary the tale by saying that the offender was given the choice of burning in the sun or freezing in the moon and that he preferred a she arose from among them, her white hands grimy with the soil while she laugh. lunar frost to a solar furnace. But in the middle ages, before Lutherans and Puritans

It is possible, however, that the antiquity. Primitive man bad a tendency to personify those natural forces whose laws he could not comprehend, his imagination endowed them with human force and human feelings and with superhuman knowledge of power. Hence the moon acquired a sex and a gender in Sanscrit and all derivations except Greek and Latin, and such modern languages as have come under the classical influence, it is masculine. And doubtless this is the reason why the legendary "woman in the moon" is not nearly so prevalent as the legendary

Be this as it may, it is certain that in Tentonic fable the moon is inhabited by both sexes. For, according to Mr. Barin-Gould, the familiar nursery rhyme about Jack and Jill is derived from the Scandinavian myth of the two children Hinki and Bil, who were taken up into the moon with their pole and bucket as they were drawing water. They symbolize the waning of the moon, while the water they were carrying refers to the in-fluence of the moon's phases upon the rainfall.

# Our Coal Production

The production of coal in the United States in 1905 amounted to 392,919,341 net tons, having a value at the mines of \$476,756,963, surpassing in both quantity and value all previous records in the history of the country. Compared with 1904, the output in 1905

exhibits an increase of 41,102,943 net tons, more than 11 per cent. in quantity, and \$32,385,942, or 7 per cent., in value. Of the total production in 1905, 77,659, 850 tons were Pennsylvania anthracite, with a value at the mines of \$141,879,000. The total production of bituminous coal and lignite was 315,259,491 tons, valued at

The production of anthracite coal in Pennsylvania in 1905 was 4,500,551 tons more than in 1904, while the increase in the production of bituminous coal and lig-nite was 36,599,882 tons.

The larger part of the increased production in 1905, says the New York Sun, is credited to the great activity in the iron in-dustry, as is shown by the fact that the amount of coal made into coke increased from 31,278,573 to 42,412,328 tons, and that the larger increases were in the coking coal producing States and those which furnished fuel to the iron furnaces.

---He: Upon my word, you grow prettier every day.

She: Just now I am living on brown

bread and water, to improve my complex-He: How long can you keep it up? She: O! indefinitely.

He: Then let's get married. -"I am convinced," said the nervous

man, "that we ought to rearrange our holidays." "In what way?" "So as to bring Thanksgiving Day on the fifth of July. I always feel most devoutly grateful to find all my family with me uninjured."

'Will alcohol dissolve sugar?" "It will," replied Old Soak; "it will dissolve gold, brick houses and horses, and bappiness, and love, and everything else worth having."

#### All Records Farmers.

Of all the 80,000,000 odd citizens of these United States of America none have better right to give thanks today than the great American farmer. Once again he has proved his supremacy in the world struggle for

the prosperity cup.

Not only has the American farmer supplied the nation with the food it needs but he has filled the fleets of the ocean with his products. Nor is there the slightest indication of a lapse in his record breaking strides. If anything, the future promises to be greater than even the great present.

Here are some of the thin s the American farmer has accomplished in the past year, and for which today the whole Republic may join in rendering thanks : His year's products reached the stu-pendous total of \$6,794,000,000.

He exceeded his products for 1905 by Of grain he raised 4,688,000,000 bushels, 120,000,000 hushels above the output of last year.

From his surplus he loaded the ocean

fleet with products to a value of \$976,000, 000—enough to build a high class railroad half-way around the earth. He secured a national credit in world's balance sheet in favor of this nation of \$433,000,000. Other American

producers, all told, got a credit of only \$85,000,000. NINE ANIMALS TO THE SECOND.

Every time the clock ticked off a second during the 10 hours of a work day he led nine meat-producing animals to the butcher. To the average family he has supplied 1014 pounds of meat.

Each family asked for over one third of a calf, over two-thirds of a steer or cow, over three-fourths of a lamb, nearly threefourths of a sheep and two and one-half hogs. He supplied it.

After supplying his home market he had one-eighth of his total left over-sufficient to feed the United Kingdom of Great Britain or the German Empire for one-half

These fact are given by Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture.

And he of all men knows. They are derived from his storehouse of information, gleaned by trained men and tabulated and compared by experts in his annual report. No wonder, therefore, that the Secretary bursts forth in a pean of thanksgiving for the American farmer's success, in the midst of the facts and figures enumerated in his annual report :

"For the abundance that the Creator has sustained the farmer in supplying, for the stability of the national agriculture, and for the comforting prospects of a potent fu-ture, there are many evidences that the people are ready to join in a day of reverent

#### and joyous Thanksgiving.' DETAILS OF FARMER'S WORK.

Taking the farm products at that point in production at which they acquire com-mercial value, the Secretary makes a number of interesting comparisons with past performances of the agriculturist. Using the value of the total products of the year 1906—\$6,794,000,000—as a basis, he shows that not only did it exceed the value of the production of 1905 by \$485,000.000, but exceed the value for 1904 by \$877,000,000 and that of the census for 1899 by \$2,077.

A simple series of index numbers is read ily constructed, which shows the progressive movement of wealth production farmer. The value of the products of 1899 being taken at 100, the value for 1903 stands at 125, for 1904 at 131, for 1905 at 134, and for 1906 to 144.

about \$40,000,000 below the total of 1905. and about \$12,000,000 below the total of 1904, the number of husbels for 1906, which was 4,688,000,000, was 120,000,000 bushels above the yield of 1904, and 835,000,000 bushels above the yield of 1903. Corn remains by far the most valuable crop, and the figure that it way reach this year is \$1,100,000,000 for 2,881,000,000 hushelsperhaps a little under the value of the next largest crop, that of 1905.

# Curious Yarns.

Two English women-a physician and her sister-were attending the women of the palace of the ameer of Afghanistan. One day when Miss Brown was sitting with the queen the ameer came in. He chanced to have got a bit of coal in his eye and was suffering considerably. Miss Brown offered to remove the irritant and did so deftly, ber sister holding a lamp to enable her to see. His highness at one? called for his purse and forthwith presented Miss Brown with 50 gold tillas (about \$175) and her sister with 30 tillas.

How strong is the influence of the brigand in Sicily is shown in recent proceedings at the Coltanissetta assizes, where four of the band of the notorious chief Failla Molone were to be tried. The jurymen and witnesses, instead of appearing, sent a joint petition to the court, praying to be excused so long as the chieftain, who has already a dozen assassinations to answer for, remained uncaptured.

An American traveling through the Ar dennes stopped for a cup of coffee at a re mote inu. Sugar was not forthcoming and the waitress begged the traveler to be good enough to wait until the party at the next table had finished their game of dominoes, for which the lumps of sugar, duly marked with pencil from 1 to double 6, were serv-

# Miss Noah.

A child was brought to a Yorkshire vicar for haptism. As he was told that the name was to be Noab, he naturally referred to the infant as "he" in the course of the serv-ice. Soon he felt his surplice pulled by one of the women, who whispered to him that

"But Noah is not a girl's name," said the parson.

"Yes, it is," spoke up the child's father. An adjournment was made to the vestry to settle the point. The father said that whenever he had a child to be named he opened the Bible and chore the first name of the proper sex that met his eye. olergyman insisted that in the present case a mistake had been made, whereupon the father opened the Bible at Numbers xxvi, 33, and read, "The names of the daughters of Zelophebad were Noah," etc.
There was no more to be said.

-Johnnie: Pa, an equine is a horse, Father: Yes.

Johnnie: And a cow is a kind of an ox,

sn't it? Father: Yes, sort of an ox. Johnnie: Then what is an equinox?

-No man excuses himself by accusing his neighbor. -Learning without love is like light Canine Intelligence.

That a policeman on night duty in great city would be more respected by criminals if accompanied by a powerful and sagacious dog, is a reasonable supposition; yet it remained for little Regium to carry out this innovation in Antwerp, Ghent, Mous, Bruges and Ostend—an innovation which has now spread to other parts of Eu-

As time went on and the number of dogs was increased, it became apparent that night crimes, even in the worst quarters of Ghent, almost disappeared. Conning roffians had often contrived to outwit the soldiery patrol, but these big, swift, silent-footed and sagacious sheep-dogs inspired terror in the most desperate evil doers.

The night service of the city is now made by about one hundred and twenty guards, assisted by fifty or sixty perfectly trained dog police. The city is divided into a hundog police. The city is divided into a hundred and twenty sections, so arranged that good grades of oleomargarine cost from 22 man and dog can always count on their to 25 cents a pound. But the good old neighbors' support if occasion should arise. neighbors' support if occasion should arise. Careful check is kept upon the men, that they visit every part of their heat; but even if the men are inclined to shirk their

Relating the achievements of his dogs, if. Van Wesemeal told of an arrest by one them named Beer. One night Beer came upon five drunken fellows wrecking a saloon on the outskirts of the city. The men were making a great uproar, and a resolute resistance to the law was feared. Beer's muzzle was removed, and the fine animal sprang forward without a sound. When the patrol reached the spot, four of the men had fled, and Beer was clutching the fifth by the leg. The moment the offi cer appeared, Beer gave up his prisoner, and was off like the wind on the trail of his fugitives. The patrol followed with his prisoner, guided by a series of short, sharp barks. Presently be came upon the other four, who had turned at bay and were trying to keep the dauntless Beer from tearing them to pieces. Thoroughly frightened—sobered eveu—the men offered

of sheep. Tom is another dog no less alert. winter night in a quiet street near the docks he met a man with a sack. Tom was alone at the moment, but as both sack and man seemed queer to him, he gave the alarm, repudiating all attempts at auxious conciliation. In a minute or two Tom's sack. The explanation being somewhat lame, the man was invited to the police bureau. There he confessed that he had stolen a piece of beef and several dozen eggs from a small store on the outskirts of the city.

Tippo is another terror to burglers. He is a record racer of great weight and strength, long and lean of fang, a fast swimmer, a high jumper, and so daring that not even point-blank revolver-shots will turn him from his duty. He has been wounded more than once and has parrowly escaped

### Clothes Made of Wood.

The old saying of giving a man a "white pine overcoat," meaning thereby the cover-ing provided by the undertaker, as a last and outside shell, is likely to be realized in a more practical way, and for the living, for clothing is now being made from wood, or, more strictly speaking, wood pulp. The extreme cheapness and durability of clothing made from this material is a very important item, and will solve the question of cheap clothing for the workingman. For scarcely to be called wood, for it is separated from the woody matter of the stalk ry. I never had a historical mind. Let it in practically the same manner as is the fiin practically the same manner as is the fibre from the flax, but, being course, longer and not often used for anything but coarse cloth, bagging, etc. The material for wood clothing is a different process, the wood being ground and masecrated to a pulp and when of proper consistency the mixture is forced through holes in iron plates, coming out in long strings from one-half to one-quarter inch in thickness. While moist these strings are very easily broken, but when dried and tightly twist ed and then woven into fabric they become strong, elastic and durable. Ere long the department stores will have wood clothing for sale on their counters, even if merely to show they are keeping up to the times. And thus another and a very large use for timber and lumber looms up, but in this case culls and waste stuff can be used, principally pine and spruce.

# The Longest Word.

Fortunately for the celerity of our speech, words of seventy syllables are not frequently met. If they were, most of us would doubtless walk around rather than through them, and none would question the discretion of such evasion. The jawbreakers hereto appended are not recommended to general use, nor should they be taken in any but homeopathic doses. The first word offered is said to be the longest word in the English language, used often in old plays, and placed in the mouth of Costard, the clown in "Love's Labor's Lost," act v scene 1, "Honorificabilititudinitatibus.' The next in "Pilgrims of the Rhide,

"Amoronthologosphoras." The next from Rabelias, "Antipericata-metananaparheugedamphic Ribrationestoo-

The next is the name of an officer recent ly in Madrid, Don Juan Nepomucenode Burionagonatoacagageazoecha The next is a town in the Isle of Mull, 'Drimtaidhvrickhillichattan."

# Zion City Owes \$6,000,000.

Announcement was made that John Alexander Dowie, Wilbur Glen Voliva and the other leaders of the Christian Catholic church in Zion are prepared to assign all their interests in the industrial affairs of the church to Zion city's creditors. Henceforth Zion's factories will be administered by the board of directors consisting of seven members headed by Receiver John C. Hately. The indebtedness of Zion City amounts, it is said, to \$6,000,000.

-Modesty is to merit what shade is to the figure in a picture-it gives to it

-Those who are strictest with themselves are generally most lenient to others.

-Men of characters are the conscience of the society to which they belong.

All Signs Point to a Flat Pocketbook

Once upon a time there lived a man who had a beautiful touch. Everything he touched turned to gold. His name was Midas and he had John D. Rockerfeller sleeping in a trundle bed when it came to having the shiny yellow gold. But if King Mide was living shortly before Christmas, 1906, in these beautiful United States of America he would never be troubled with superfluous flesh, because he would certainly have to go some to provide gold with which to purchase butter and

eggs for the palace.
"Butter will go to 40 cents a pound before Christmas," said a well known pro-duce dealer the other day. "I have received word from Pittsburg and Chicago dealers that butter is to be higher than for some time.

"Of course, it is possible to get storage great deal more than for some time before many weeks.

"Strictly fresh eggs will bring 40 cents a work, the dogs will keep them up to it. If the night guards are used by day, they get The man who makes from \$1.50 to \$2.00 a extra pay, and a corresponding number of hours is taken from their next night watch.

And if he has them for breakfast Christmas day they'll remind him of replicas of gold pieces. The weather last week was excep-tionally warm, you know. Eggs dropped from 23 cents in Chicago to 19, but the price went hack again. There are plenty of storage eggs, of course, to last the season. These cost about 30 cents a dozen. But the fresh eggs are going to be high."

All signs point to a flat pocketbook.

### Noble Origin of the Three Balls

The origin of the pawnbrokers' sign, the three golden balls, is accounted for by hu-mor, legend, and fact. Some early English wit said they were used to indicate that the chances were two to one that the articles pledged would never be redeemed. On the other hand they are ascribed to the good Saint Nicholas.

A nobleman of that city, so the story to give themselves up if Beer were controlled and muzzled. This was promptly done though not without a little protest from his three daughters. The news of his sad Beer himself, and the procession started for the central police bureau, with the victo- op, who immediately came to the resone by the central police bureau, with the victo-rions Beer, now at liberty to give vent to placing three bags of gold in the uoblehis joy, barking and racing round his pris-oners, exactly as if they had been a flock ing a sufficient dowry for one maiden. The three purses accordingly became the emblem of Saint Nicholas, and when the bankers of Northern Italy took up the business of lending money, they appropriated it, evidently considering themselves good

followers of the generous saint. The fact, however, seems to be that the conciliation. In a minute or two Tom's three balls were taken from the lower part colleague came along and asked about the from whose dominions the first money lenders emigrated to England. This explains why some of the ameient pawnbrokers used five blue balls; for the coat of arms in heraldic language is described as five bezants azore.

### Mark Twain's Kind of History

That Mark Twain has really hit upon a fresh and vigorous method of narrating his-tory is shown anew, in the instalment of his Autobiography which appears in the current number of the North American Re-niew, in the delightfully inconsequency set satisfying manner in which he tells of his

ncestors; as:
"After Jere Clemen's fame as a Senator passed away, he was still remembered for many years on account of another service which he performed. He shot old John Brown's Governor Wise in the hind leg in a duel. However, I am not very clear about this. It may be that Governor Wise shot him in the hind leg. However, I don't think it is important. I think that the only thing that is really important is that one of them got shot in the hind leg. a long time collars, shirts, napkins, table. It would have been better and nobler and cloths and other fabrics have been made more historical and satisfactory if both of from the fibre of hemp, though this fibre is them had got shot in the hind leg-but it is of no use for me to try to recollect histo-

# Experiment Kills Ten

As a result of experiments with cholera virus at Billbide prison ten prisoners out of twenty-four who were innoculated have died. The experiments were conducted by Dr. R. P. Strong, of the bureau of science. The death of the prisoners took place a few days after they were incculated. It is declared by the investigators that the fatalities resulted from contamination of the virus with the bubonic plague virus. Cholera virus is in constant use at Manila, and it has proved beneficial previously. It has been used in Spain in thousands of cases and with excellent results.

Governor General Smith in a statement to the public, exonerated Dr. Strong, and declared that the commission would take care of the families of the dead prisoners.

-The late W. H. Reed, of Kansas City, at one time delivered an address to the Missouri State Sunday school convention. After his address a number of questions were asked him, and one questioner said, I would like to ask "Colonel" Reed. etc. Mr. Reed said, "I will answer the question though I am not a colonel." After the question had been answered the questioner asked, "Let me ask how many simneys there are on your house?" Mr. Reed answered, said he, "in our section if a man lives in a shack they call him captain; if his, house has one chimney they call him major ; if it has two we call him colonel; so you see I was right after all in the title.

-Mrs. Gadabout: "My husband is so slipshod. His buttons are forever coming

Mr. Grim: "Perbaps they are not sewed on properly,"
Mrs. Gadabout: "Thats just it. He is so careless with his sewing."

—My son, don't start a row if you can help it. Look at the late war. It began in a minute, and see how long it takes to stop it. Observe also that the victors are the most dissatisfied people on earth today.

Beware of carelessness; no fortune will stand it long. You are on the high road to ruin the moment you think your-self rich enough to be careless.

—Every man makes his own oppor-tunities, for if he is unprepared or unequal to an opening before him, he has no pros-pect of success or elevation.

----He who is puffed up with the first gale of prosperity, will bend beneath the first blast of adversity.

-No wealth is useful save to him who can put it to a good use.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.