# Democratic Watchman.

### Bellefonte, Pa., February I, 1907.;

#### THE UNIVERSAL ROUTE.

As we journey along, with a laugh and a song We see on youth's flower-decked slope, Like a beacon of light, shining fair on the sight The beautiful Station of Hope.

But the wheels of old Time roll along as elimb,

And our youth speeds away on the years And with hearts that are numb with life's se rows, we come

To this mist-covered Station of Tears.

Still onward we pass, where the mileste alas!

Are the tombs of our dead, to the; West, Where glitters and gleams, in the dying beams,

The sweet, silent Station of Rest.

All rest is but change, and no grave can estrange The soul from its Parent above ;

And, scorning its rod, it soars back to its God, To the limitless City of Love. -By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

#### THE BARY.

Where did you come from, baby dear ? Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue ? Out of the sky as 1 came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin ?

Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear ? I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and

high ? A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm, white rose ?

Something better than any one knows

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss ? Three angels gave me at once a kiss

Where did you get that pearly ear ? God spoke, and it came out to hear

Where did you get those arms and hands ? Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Fest, whence did you come, you darling things?

From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you ? God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us you dear? God thought of you, and so I am here. -By George Macdonald.

### VIGNETTES OF WESTMORELAND.

Tom Bindloss lived in the lonely valley of Grisedale, which lies far from the main centers of activity. It never hears the hum of the outside world, and except for a few weeks in the bright summertime, is seldom visited by the stranger.

Tom's farm, for the name still clings to it, is almost hidden by a group of tall firs and attracts no attention save when the smoke curling from the homely "Wordschimney causes the stranger to worth" stand for a few quiet homestead. Perhaps the lonely valley was responsible in some measure for the molding of Tom's character, for he was as if he were we white locks, a hooked nose and thin hard neighboring "slipping" bad never been from home. It is hard to differentiate between the beart. claims of daily routine and environment which, with some men, preclude the diversions enjoyed by others, and mere stolid indifference to change of scene and place. To have credited him with anything approaching a fine ethical decision in such matters would have been the task of the idealist with a predilection for the creative and vivid, in preference to cold facts and true values. The choice seemed to have been made for him and not by him. Bindloss had inherited his ancestors possessions and adopted their views of life. just as easily as be wore the shepherd's plaid which had done service for his grandfather. He would never have sold the plaid, neither would be extend his mental ontlook. "It was good enough for me fadder and it's good enough for me" was one of his terse and emphatic declarations. His ancestors had passed away after a strenuous life with little variety. Each year they had performed the tasks of the different seasons till there came a day when they failed to do so-and that was all. Their record for hard work was proverbial, and as Tom noticed the signs of a past activity, 'round and about the farm, he smiled with the satisfaction of the materialist. For some years after his pareuts' death Tom remained a bachelor and engaged a housekeeper, "to tidy up a bit and lenk efter things." The woman was cast in a finer wold than the farmer, and the neighbors wondered "how she could stand a cross-grained fellow like him,' but she was a simple woman and did not look at the deeper side of life analytically. When Tom was well advanced in middle and then Alice told them to life he was sitting one evening by the fire watching Jane's preparation for supper. He glanced at her intently for some time and then became impressed with two facts: that a wife was cheaper than a housekeeper, and that Jane could lay claim to a sking, and pleasing personality. The wooing was un-usual, but it had the same ending as the They ling most orthodox. They were married at the little chapel and Tom hurried back after the ceremony "to git t' hay in, es it leuked like thraw-ing a shooer." A few neighbors were pres-ent and gave little account of the wedding beyond the fact that Tom, on replying to the momentous question, "Wilt thou have this woman?" said impatiently, "Why it's just what a com for, to be sure." When Mike was born the old man said reflectively, "It's a good job it's a lad and nurt a lass; he'll be handy aboot t' farm befoor lang," but many years passed away before the lad could fulfiil, even in a small degree his father's ambition. Mike was frail and delicate, and for once there was a break in the succession of the stalwart Bindlosses. Early manhood was reached before the lad was of substantial service on the farm. Then he grew stronger, but as the old man watched him among the sheep and in the harvest field, he said somewhat harsbly, "T' lad will nivver be a Bindloss in this world." Mike felt his father's censure even when it was unexpressed, and he shrank from it as something unjust and numerited. Under more favorable circum-

feelings of which he did not rightly under- | was dark when he entered and his father Robert E. Lee's Century of Birth Restand the value or significance; which were was sitting near the fireplace from mere his by divine heritage, but which seemed force of habit, as the fire had long ago died

out of place on that bleak hill-side farm. out. The night was warm, but Mike felt a chill as he sat on the end of a bench Any feeble encouragement his mother was able to give was soon withdrawn, for which ran the length of the long, low winwhen Mike was yet at school, she gave up a life that had seen little sunshine, but of the noonday and entered a gloomy had felt the shadow of a great sorrow. old ruin. Mike felt the contrast as thoughts returned to Deepdale.

"Why he's gitten a dowter hesn't he,

Mike offered no solution and the father,

who slept the greater part of Sunday after-

noons, seemed indifferent to further dis-

It was now the lambing season in West-

moreland and the farmers were busy from

the earliest streak of dawn till the long

slanting shadows falling on the sides of

the valley allowed them a brief respite he-

fore another dawn. To the farm hands

that spring was the same as others, it was

one of many and only swelled the sum

total of the past. But Mike was lifted

above his fellows because he had orme into

his own. There is a quiet dignity about such a courtship which kings might envy,

and the silent mountains were the eternal

at a trysting place between the farms and

home Benson had "just been't 'round o't

lambs" and was smoking his long clay.

"Fadder," he at length began, "I want

hav'n't been a had son to thee noo, hev I.

Old Bindloss slowly finished his pipe,

There was little comfort

One bright afternoon the two had met

witnesses of a pure trust.

were discussing the future.

what meks him lonely?"

nothing.

The Dalesfolk said she might have lived "if nohbut for Mike's sake," but the wiser "if nobbut for Mike's sake," but the wiser onessaid, "You don't ken o'," and this Bindloss. "I thowt thoo was nivver comwas significant of much. Within a few weeks of his wife's death ing back yam." His voice seemed indistiner, for Mike heard as in a dream and

presently he kicked off his boots and silent-Tom went to a neighboring fair and bought a new cart horse. He then adjournly walked up the oak staircase to bed. ed to another part of the town where the half yearly hiring was held and engaged a "general." After this combined call upon sleep hefore the work of the day. He had many thoughts, but they were a mere his purse and energy he tramped home again, refusing to stay to the market day dinner, on the plea that he "bed hed a nip o' cheese and bread and a glass of ale, which bangle and did not represent any design. During the next twelve months he was missing on the majority of Sunday afternoons and explained matters by saying would put him on till he gat yam." Mike's life grew more distasteful as he "Old Dent asked me to gang ower noo and

grew older, for the old man became steraer then, as he is a bit lonely. -if that were possible. He worked hard from more till night and failed to satisfy his father, who looked for the impossible. "Young fellows noo, a days don't kua they'r born, they don't ken what wark is." and then would follow a recital of his life as a boy. Mike was weary of such recitals, but listened without comment. It seemed strange that he did not leave the old homestead and begin life under happier condi-

But he lacked the energy and he often heard the threat, "If thoo waint do es I say thoo'l nivver hev a penny of mine." Mike received no wages except a few shil-lings at odd times, which barely kept him in clothes. It was perhaps fature prospects which kept him submissive, added to the lethargy which sooner of later claims the indifferent and makes him a bondsman. In comparing his position with others Mike had only suffered from faint contrasts, in which there was little above the common-place.

But one day the old man fell ill and that Before them loomed the figure of Bind-loss, and he seemed to be magnified as they looked at him, just as Mike had seen the turned the current of Mike's life, just as the floods of the winter changed the channel of the little brook which ran behind the house. "Thoo mun go to Dent's this efternoon and see aboot that lile job we bring t'auld chap 'round neah fear,'' said hev between us.'' Mike listened to details and set off at a rapid rate to cover the nine Alice shook her head, and there were tears in her eyes as he left her and waved his miles between the farms. hand at the corner of the footpath, which

He had never been there before and was interested in the prospect of seeing the 'stock," for Dent was the leading farmer home Benson had "just been't 'round o't in the valley of Deepdale.

'statesman," as is customary under such future depended. circumstances. Mike did not fail to notice the signs of prosperity as he approached different?" the farm and said to himself, "T' farm is "Fadder well managed and neah mistek aboot it."

to marry Alice Dent. Thoo knas what a dim. Alice Dent was inspecting her little fine lass she is, couldn't we live in't lile garden plot and saying to herself that it cottage-nobody's been in for a time noo -and then we need'nt bodder thee in any wanted serious attention when she heard a way. I've hed neah wages so far, but thoo step on the garden path. Turning round wod give me a trifle, fadder, eh? We don't she saw Mike, and the young fellow raised want thee oot's war and thoo knas that his head and gazed for the first time at the lovely face and tall, slender figure of the weel enough, but we don't want to wait langer and well nivver be younger. I statesman's daughter.

Her perfect oval face, the firm mouth, the large kindly eyes, with their depth of Mike continued to make his disjointed and sympathy, and wealth of brown hair would pathetic appeal and the old man smoked have made her the beauty of any season in silence. if the magician's wand could have lifted her from the environment of her dale and the ardent on the one hand and the lao-placed her with her sisters of higher rank. dicean on the other, and Mike felt he was representative Virginia gentlemen and to No wonder that Mike forgot his errand only beating the air. and stared dumbly at Alice Dent. Her minutes and look at the beanty made him realize, as he had never knocked out the ashes and tossed it on the this railroad was called at the Western concerning the beanty wale him realize, as he had never knocked out the ashes and tossed it on the this railroad was called at the Western concerning the beanty wale him realize, as he had never knocked out the ashes and tossed it on the this railroad was called at the Western concerning the beanty wale him realize, as he had never knocked out the ashes and tossed it on the this railroad was called at the Western concerning the beanty wale beanty made him realize, as he had never knocked out the ashes and tossed it on the this railroad was called at the Western concerning the beanty wale beanty made him realize, as he had never knocked out the ashes and tossed it on the this railroad was called at the Western concerning the beanty wale beanty made him realize, as he had never knocked out the ashes and tossed it on the this railroad was called at the Western concerning the beanty wale beanty made him realize, as he had never knocked out the ashes and tossed it on the this railroad was called at the Western concerning the beanty wale beanty wal

calls Life of the Man.

It was with his Mexican laurels still fresh upon his brow that Robert E. Lee (horn 100 years ago on the nineteenth day of January ) came to make his residence in Mary land in the spring of 1849. Immediately preceding his coming to Baltimore he had been appointed, with other army officers, to examine the coast of Florida, its existing defensive fortifications, and to recommend localities for new ones. In Maryland he was assigned to the construction of Fort Carroll, with which task he was occupied for about three years, and lived dur-ing that time in a house on Madison Ave., three doors above Biddle street. General Lee's son and namesake, Captain Robert E. Lee, in his published recollections of his father, gives a delightful picture of his own childish memories of their residence in Baltimore.

SON'S TRIBUTE TO FATHER.

I used to go down with him to the fort quite often, writes the son. We went to the wharf in a bus, and there we were met by a hoat with two oarsmen, who rowed us down to Sollers Point, where I was generally left under the care of the people who If he had his suspicions he said lived there while my father went over to the fort, a short distance out in the river. These days were very happy oues for me. The wharves, the shipping, the river, the boat and oarsmen and the country diffners we had at the house at Sollers Point all made a strong impression on me, but, above all, I remember my father, his gentle, loving care of me, his bright talk. his stories, his maxims and teachings. I was very proud of him and of the evident respect for and trust in him which everyone showed. These impressions, obtained at that time, have never left me.

He was a great favorite in Baltimore, as he was everywhere, especially with ladies and little children. When he and my and little children. mother went out in the evening to some entertainment we were often allowed to sit up and see them off; my father as I remembered, aiways in full uniform, always ready chiefly the epaulets.

In Baltimore I went to my first school, that of a Mr. Rollins on Mulberry street, and I remember how interested my father was in my studies, my failures and my little triumphs. Indeed, he was so always, I wish only that all of the kind, sensible, in that impressive face. but "when was it useful letters he wrote me had been preserved. My memory as to the move from Baltimore, which occurred in 1852, is very

> During his residence in Baltimore General Lee attended Mount Calvary Protestant Episcopal church, and his home-now No. 908 Madison avenue-bears upon the wall fronting the avenue an appropriate tablet placed there as a tribute of remembrance by the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

#### A BIOGRAPHER'S IMPRESSION

General Lee returned to Baltimore several times in later life, and always seemed to feel for the city and its people a peculiar It is always an unequal hattle between affection. He came in the spring of 1869. urge the construction of the Valley Rail-"road. A special meeting in the interest of was, and he felt her critical survey of him git wed't, ch? well its neah girt matter I ette street, near Westminster Presbyterian

## Points About Needles.

One needle is a pretty small item, but the daily consumption of something like 3.000,000 needles all over the world makes pretty big total. Every year the women of the United States break, lose, and use about 3,000,000,000 of these little instruments.

Our needles are the finished products of American ingenuity, skill and workman-ship, and yet how many people, threading a needle or taking a stitch, have ever given a thought to the various processes through which the wire must pass ere it comes out a needle? The manufacture of a single ueedle includes some twenty-one or twentytwo different processes, as follows: Cut-ting the wire into lengths; straightening, by rubbing while heated; pointing the ends on grindstones; stamping impression for the eyes; grooving; eying, the eye being pierced by screw presses; splitting, threading the double needle by the eyes on short

stamping; breaking, separating the two needles on the one length of wire; heading, heads filed and smoothed to remove the burr left by stamping and breaking; bardening in oil, the needle is thus made brittle; tempering; picking, separating those crooked in hardening; straightening the crooked ones; scouring and polishing; bluing, softening the eyes by heat; drilling or cleaning out the sides of the eye; head-grinding; point setting, or the final sharpening; final polishing; then papering, and finally, labeling. For wrapping, purple paper is used, because it prevents rusting, There are many sorts and kinds of needles: First, there is the surgeon's grewsome outfit-the probing needle made for tracking bullets or bidden cavities of pus; the hairpin needle, the long pins for pin-

ning open wounds, the post-mortem needle of curious pattern. Some of these little instruments are thin, some are thick; others are long and straight; again, curve once, twice or three times. The veterinary surgeon has his special outfit also. The cook's needles are wonderfully, fearfully looked at him, just as Mike had seen the figures of his fellow shepherds rise like giants in the mountain mist. "Oh I'll bring t'auld chap 'round neah fear," said Mike, putting hope before conviction. go to sleep with this beautiful picture in of a Christmas turkey. It is hollow, and my mind, the golden epaulets and all- has a large opening into which the sauce

is poured. Nor less interesting are the needles which the upholsterer uses. Some are half curved, and some have round points. He has needles with curious eyes -long. round, egg, and counter-sunk eyes; the same kinds of needles are used by Dent, like old Bindloss, owned as well Mike sat down and paused a moment be-as farmed the land and was called a fore asking the question upon which his as long as I was at school and college, and collar-makers. Then there are the delicate needles used by wig makers, glove makers, and weavers; these are often as fine as a hair. The glove needles are splendid specimens of skillful workmanship;

the finest of them have three-cornered points. The great sail needle, which has to be pushed with a steel palm, would puzzle most people; so, too, the broom-maker's needle, which must also be pushed with a steel palm. The curious knitting machine needle, with its latchet; the arrasene and brewel needles, and the needle for sherring machines; the weaver's pin for picking up broken threads, with an open eve in the hook. The long instrument

used by milliners, the needle of the ragbaler, the knife point ham needle used in the stock vards, the astrakhan needlethese and other varieties do not call for special notice.

The needle, as we see it to-day, is the In its primitive form it was made of bone, ivory, or wood. The making of Spanish ing the reign of Oneen Elizabeth, Point

Peary's Fight With Ice.

#### When King Edward Travels.

Going north, His Majesty always travels at night, says Chambers' Journal, appropos of the journeys of King Edward. and sleeping berth are lighted by electricity. Between each carriage and the guard's van there is electrical communication, in addition to a special cord placing the guard and the driver instantly in communication. In a carriage in the rear of the train rides one of the principal officers of the company and the carriage superintendent. They are in command of a full complement of artificers, ready to meet every one of the almost impossible emergencies that might arise on the jealously-guarded journey.

A lookout man stands on the engine tender. Differing from the lookout man on board a ship, he turns his back to the approaching prospect, keeping watch toward the rear of the train, ready to note any signal that may be given. There are two guards, one in the front van and one in the lengths of fine wire; filing, removing the "cheek" left on each side of the eye by scribed, the royal train might be left to make its own way. That is not the view taken by those responsible for the King's safety.

Fifteen minutes in advance of the royal train runs a pilot engine. If there be any danger in the way it will bear the brunt, and timely warning will be given. A person of fertile, not to say criminal, imag-ination, might suppose that, accidentally or designedly, the rail could be blocked within the space marked by the passage of the pilot engine and the arrival of the royal train. This would be found impossible. The intervening space, at distances not exceeding a quarter of a mile, is guarded by a line of platelayers provided with hand signals and detonators. Each on his beat carefully examines the line before the royal train approaches.

By an exaggeration of caution, the ob-ject of which is not immediately apparent, every man must remain at his post ten minutes after the royal train, flashing by, has disappeared in the murk of the pight. Each keeps within sight of his fellow on the right hand and on the left. So they stretch, a living line of the prime of British workmen, all the way from Sutton Sta-tion to Ballater, in the far-off highlands. Even these elaborate precautions do not satisfy the anxiety of royalty's guardians. It will be seen that the line on which the King travels is kept under surveillance for at least ten miles ahead, the distance at which the pilot engine leads the way. But there is the possibility that a train passing southward as the King journeys northward may break down within the limit of this jealously-guarded ten miles and obstruct the parallel line. The contingency is met by a simple peremptory edict.

The up-rail of the down parallel with that on which the King's train runs is temporarily devastated of traffic, not only at the actual hour that the royal train will pass, but for a precedent interval. For thirty minutes before it is due to pass a given point no engine, train or vehicle is allowed to proceed along or across the line. Heavy traffic is temporarily paralyzed, it being decreed that for a similar period all shunting operations on lines adjoining the main road must be suspended.

When in the early days of Queen Victoria's journeys to Scotland, these rules were drawn up, it was ordered that no trains or engines might be allowed to travel between any two stations from the time the pilot engine was due until the royal envolved product of centuries of invention. | train had passed-that is to say, for a period of fifteen minutes. This regulation proved a little too drastic even for so royal needles was introduced into England dur- a body of men as those who sit at the board of railway direction. The order was m fied by an exception in favor of passenger trains and of fish trains, with respect to which a special arrangement is made for rapid unloading at the terminal. Obviously it would be a serious thing for a train laden with cod and soles to be pulled up for a bad quarter of an hour, while Billingsgate, only partially succeeding in mol-On the evening of September 16, writes lifying the language of its commentary, was waiting for the contents.

ighed in the balance and stern and forbidding. A tall man with found wanting. Had she been an apparition Mike could only have continued lips, which intensified his austerity. He looking in that half dazed, half admiring had lived his long life in the valley and way. In his modesty Mike hardly took with the exception of a day's holiday to a counsel with himself, and did not consider he was an attractive young fellow, but the girl did, and pondered these things in her

> "Do you want to see father?" and Mike nodded at this interpretation of his errand. "Well, come in and sit down a bit. He wont he long, for I expect him back any minute." Mike followed into a pleasant kitchen, not unlike the one at home, but this had a different air, for Alice Dent was "hoose proud" and made the best of her materials. Mike sat down on a settle in a state of mental unrest. He welcomed the scrutiny of the suspicious sheep-dog and patted its massive head, as he became dimly conscious of new conditions-of obstinate questionings.

> Mike's introspection gradually succumb ed to Alice's volubility. She brought her womanly influence to bear on him. Little by little he told her of his home life, and in this unfolding of a sad experience the lad unconsciously won the heart of the statesman's daughter while he as yet "worshiped afar off."

He watched the preparations for tea with a new interest. The spirit of the home took possession of him and he slowly discerned the cleavage between the old and the new world, into which he was entering. By the time old Dent came home Mike was already thinging how he could elude the vigilance of his father and pay another

visit. "Well. lass,and is't tea ready? I'se gaily hungry," and Deut came into the kitchen. "Gitten company et? Why its Bindloss's lad to be sure, thoo waint ken me, but I yance sa thee et Grisedale, hoos's auld man? thoo does hurt tek efter him et o." Mike in confusion mattered something about being "o reet and heped he was, and then Alice told them to "draw up," which meant tea was ready. Mike had never been so happy before, and drew various pictores in which Alice was the central figure. He would have had little tea if she had not filled his cup without asking, and kept saying, "Make yourself

They lingered at the meal till the prac tical farmer scraped his chair as he pushed it back and said: "If thoo's done we'll hev a peep into't shippon and aboot't farm." Mike mechanically followed Dent, and Alice watched them crossing the yard till they entered the outbuildings. "What a kind lad, he's different to the young fellows about here," she reflected, as she slowly cleared away the tea things and made many mistakes in the process.

The hush of evening was on the valley as Mike set his face to the west. In th distance the lake glistened, the purple was slowly dying from the hills. It was a time of peace. The dalesman felt its influence as he stole along and tried in vain to grasp the fullness of the new life. The spiritua in Mike was stirred. Part of an old Sunday school lesson, which had been buried are. beneath the years of indifference, came to his mind and he murmured it with a vague seuse of its relativity, "who passing the through the valley of Baca make it a ion. well." He walked along for a while and well." then recalling the latter portion of the text, repeated it somewhat somnolently, "the rain also filleth the pools."

numerited. Under more favorable circum-stances he might have developed the finer home and halted for a time. The kitchen his back.

can tell thee, for I've gone through it my church sel. There's plenty of time to do that efter

I've gone," and he chuckled as he added, "that will be a hit yet I expect." "But fadder," urged Mike, "we er doing thee neah harm, I nobbut wan't wages thoo wod give a man, and thoo will likely leeave ma't money efter thy time."

"Thoo'l hed to wait till then like I did," and the old man snapped out his verdict. Had he looked 'round he would have seen adored." Mike whiten to the lips-but he did not notice

Bindloss had his breakfast alone next morning and the servant said, "Mike had gone efter't lambs aboot three o'clock." The day wore on, he did not return, and when a streak of light touched the face of the eight day clock the old man felt a vague unrest, and went to look for him. He called on his way for some neighbors and they went silently over the ground Mike was in charge of. About two miles from the farm is a lonely bleak tarn. Forbidding rocks rise 'round about it, throwing a cold shadow over the water which looks black and has few contrasts. Sometimes the playful breeze stirs it into motion and the little white waves relieve the monotony of the surface as they chase one an-

other to the shore. A gleam of light kindles it for a moment and is gone. It is the haunt of the buzzard and the raven. It has many transitions, but they are the reward of the searcher and seldom that of the chance visitor. The band of farmers swept the land-

scape with their sharp eyes. At last one gave a shout and pointed to the tarn. Mike's collie was sitting by the side of the water watching with pathetic eyes for the master who would never return. They found the hody a few feet from the shore

and drew it to land. The sad band return. ed to the homestead. The grief of the old man made his com-

panions shudder as he stumbled along the mountain path.

Mike was buried in the village churchyard and all the neighbors followed the coffin, for the dalespeople have deep sym-pathies. Old Bindloss caused a simple chantment. We think, 'Why he is only a stone, hewn from the local quarries, to be placed over Mike's grave and the shadow man.' But in this case my experience was just the reverse. Before the introduction of a fine old Norman bower falls across I felt no trepidation, but as the conversa-

Sometimes a white haired old man, in the dusk of the evening, is seen to stand by the stone. His thin lips tremble as he reads the inscription, which is a prayer both for the dead and the living: "Enter not into judgment with the servant, O Lord."

Ambleside, Westmoreland, England .-By James A Walmsley in The Christian Advocate.

-You can never get life's perspective from time's platform.

-If you dare not face a head-wind, you need not look for your harbor.

> -What a different world this would be if we were all as smart as we think we

-It is not the sign of the cross, but the spirit of the cross that makes true relig-

-A map may be able to give advice and still unable to fulfill a promise.

-'Tisn't always the man who puts on the bold front that is talked about hehind

by point the manufacture has improved, A recent biographer who attended that until the little instrument is one of the meeting writes : "The business of the occa-sion seemed to vanish in the overwhelming highly-finished products of nineteenth century machinery and skill. rapture that marked the entrance of Lee. The spacious hall was filled to the utmost with men who had followed his standard and for once the claims of the material

world passed out of memory in the ecstatic

A LOVER OF NATURE

terest in a strange crowd."

of wife and children.

let me look at the cats."

ginia, writes :

Commander R. E. Peary, in Harper's Mag-azine, with the turn of the floodtide, a homave bestowed upon the man whom all large floe pivoted around Cape Sheridan, crushing everything before it, until at last General Lee found in communion with it held the ship mercilessly between its nature the sympathy and strengthening own blue side an! the unyielding face of which less reserved and self-contained charthe ice foot. Its slow, restless motion was acters ask of their fellow-men. In a letter frightful, yet fascinating: thousands of tons to his wife written in their early married of smaller ice which the big floe drove belife he says : "In the woods I feel symfore it the Roosevelt had easily and gracepathy with trees and birds in whose comfully turned under ber sloping bilges, but pany I take delight, but experience no inthe edge of the big floe rose to the plank-sheer, and a few yards back from its edge Again he writes in December, 1856, from was an old pressure ridge which rose high-Fort Brown, Tex. : "I rarely see any one outside the garrison. My daily walks are

er than the bridge-deck. For an instant, which seemed an age. alone up and down the banks of the river, the pressure was terrific; the Roosevelt's and my pleasure is derived from my own ribs and interior bracing cracked like the thoughts and from the sight of the flowers lischarge of musketry. The main deck and animals I there meet with. The birds amidships bulged up several inches, the main-rigging hung slack, and the masts of the Rio Grande form a constant source of interest and are as numerous as they are and rigging shook as in a violent gale beautiful in plumage. I wish I could get then, with a mighty tremor and a sound for you the roots of some of the luxuriant which reminded me of an athlete in taking vines that cover everything, or the seeds of his breath for a supreme effort, the ship the innumerable flowers." The letter is jamped upward. The big floe snapped full of tender yearning for the home fire against the edge of the ice-foot forward and side at Arlington and the companionship aft and under us, crumpling up its edge and driving it inshore some yards, then From Fort Hamilton, in 1846, he write came to rest, and the commotion was trans during the absence of his wife and chil-dren : "I am very solitary and my only ferred to the outer edge of the floe, which crombled away with a dull roar as other company is my dog and cats, but Spec has floes smashed against it and tore off great become so jealous now that he will hardly pieces in their onward rush-leaving us stranded but safe. This incident, of course Professor Milton W. Humphreys, who put an end to all thoughts of farther adsucceeded Professor Gildersleeve in the vance, and to provide against the continchair of Greek at the University of Vir gency of a still more serious pressure rendering the ship untenable, all supplies and "When a man has become famous there equipment, together with a considerable is usually a feeling of disappointment when quanity of coal, were landed, officers and we first form his acquaintance, and the near approach removes much of the en-

crew and Eskimos, including the women and children, working almost without interruption for the next thirty-six hours.

#### Our Teeth Growing Worse.

tion proceeded I began to feel embarrassed, It is sometimes candidly pointed out by the dentists that in spite of all the re-sources of their science the teeth of the Anglo-Saxon race are growing worse from generation to generation. If there is any unsuspected cause for this it is all the more necessary that the teeth of school children should be looked after, and probably there is much to be said for rate-aided supervision as for rate aided meals. Some attempt is being made in Germany to carry out this kind of examination, and a consular report from Frankfort gives some suggestive figures of an examination of the teeth of 1020 children whose teeth were examined at Hocheide. There were 482 boys and 538 girls. The boys had 12,826 defective teeth and only 2116 sound ones. Only nineteen boys had perfectly sound sets o teeth. Of the teeth of the girls 15,747 were teeth. Of the teeth of the girls 15,747 were defective and only 931 sound. Only six-teen girls had perfect sets of teeth; 293 girls were suffering in their general condi-tion in consequence of decayed teeth. The total result showed that ninety per cent. of all the teeth examined were defective; — Let the form ont of 1000 oblighters had been being overfed by some foods that cannot readily be digested, and will show the characteristic lameness which re-sults in horses when they are overfed with anything. — His Married Granddaughter (in only thirty-five out of 1020 children had

## German Soldiers in America

The Troedel Market is on a little island in the heart of the old town of Nuremberg. Along the north branch of the river is an old, low-eaved house with a little darkling doorway. When you have got so far you are met by a little old man—a rusty little man who looks as though he were made of metal-who leads you into the great mysterious warehouse of toys. 'Round all the walls they are ranged-guns, cannons, mo-

tors, steamships, trumpets, sabers; and everywhere the soldiers. How many millions of metal soldiers have marched away from the Troedel Market not even the rusty old man could tell you-mighty armies of pewter and tin. Hundreds of regiments, of hattalions, of divisions are drawn up on the shelves, waiting for the day when they shall be sent out into battle. And with a kind of pride the rusty old man says : "They are Edifying Soldiers."

That is the German way of putting it. What it means is that each army illustrates a battle or a campaign-the war of Troy, the ca apaigns of Alexander, the exploits of Cour de Lion, the war of Thirty Years, the siege of Orleans, the victories of Napo leon, the battles of 1870, and (the one I liked best) that desperate battle in which a tiny tin hero with gleaming teeth roughrode it up San Juan Hill. In a word, the Edifying Soldiers teach history, geography,

strategy. The soldiers are sold by the hundredweight, he says, and last year nearly fifty thousand quintals were sent into the United States. A pound box, which contains about one hundred and fifty pieces-infantry, cavalry, artillery, with such accessories as trees, bastions, camps, the wounded soldiers and the dead-you may buy yonder in the Troedel Market for sixty cents. As every one knows, there are two kinds of toy soldier-those stamped out of flat metal and the finer kind made in molds. Modern machinery—as you may see in the great factories outside the city walls-has stripped the process of romance. The only hand-work is the painting of the little figures, which is done by women and girls.-Vance Thompson, in the Christmas Everybody's.

-The farm which is well fed will feed the farmer. It must be applied to the stock as well as to the land, and by feeding the stock well the land may be fed with the greatest accuracy, and so the circle of feeding be made complete.

-Cows will founder the same as will horses from being overfed by some foods

-His Married Granddaughter (in sound sets of teeth. In 396 children a 1973)-"Oh, grandpa, is it possible! You poor bodily constitution was due to poor surely don't remember when 290th street teeth.

She-"I presume it is because no on ----Gunner--"Do the automobiles in London have the same kind of horns as

those over here?" Guyer-"Oh, no. In London they have fog horns."

mured the beautiful girl.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

case.' the best?" else would stand it.

-"I'll be as steadfast as steel," mur-

"Common or preferred?" inquired the young broker, absently.

and the feeling grew steadily. When the interview was over General Lee seemed farther removed, less numan-I might say more superhuman-than he did before, and every subsequent interview intensified that feeling. General Washington also is said to have possessed this characteristic, and I do not know whether any one has ever

offered a satisfactory explanation in either -----He-"Why do we do the meanest and most hateful things to those we love