Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., March I, 1907.

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE.

A fire-mist and a planet,-A crystal and a cell,-A jelly-fish and a saurian, And cases where the cave-men dwell: Then a sense of law and beauty, Aad a face turned from the clod,-Some call it Evolution, And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon, The infinite, tender sky, The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields, And the wild geese sailing high,-And all over upland and lowland The charm of the goldenrod,-Some of us call it Autumn, And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach. When the moon is new and thin, Into our hearts high yearnings Come welling and surging in,-Come from the mystic ocean, Whose rim no foot has trod-Some of us call it Longing, And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,-A mother starved for her brood,-Socrates drinking the hemlock, A Jesus on the rood:

And millions, who, humble and naneless,

The straight, hard pathway plod,-Some call it Consecration And others call it God.

-By Professor William H. Carruth.

THE LADY ROWENA.

"You are upreasonable -- 1 may say exceedingly unreasonable," remarked Rowena, frowning with displeasure and feigning to stare at the tennis playere. These were so far distant across the stretch of greensward that even their cries of score came to us but faintly. Besides, we had not the slightest interest in the game. So I knew that, no matter how far fixed Rowena's gaze, she was in reality regarding me and

especially. But when Mrs. Stacey wrote that you had ventured the opinion I might be induced to come, I jumped at the conclusion

"Aunt Margaret had no warrant for any such high-handed proceeding," she inter-

I endeavored to be calmly convincing. "I naturally jumped at the conclusion that you had something to say to me at last," I finished. While I spoke ten-year old Harold came into view down the lane. We marked him stop and hold converse at the gate-keeper's lodge, his tiny fox terrier yelping at his feet.

"There are never any conclusions at house parties," remarked Rowena. "There may be beginnings, but that is all. And jumping at conclusions is a form of gymnastics which may develop mental muscle, but of what avail can it possibly be?" "Truly of what avail?" I echoed gloom-

ily. "It is a practice fit for children only"my preceptress seemed to be fairly launch-ed. "Harold, for instance-"

"Harold might jump at the conclusion that yon and I were enjoying a pleasant conversation. He might, and probably he

"I give you my word of honor that Rebecca basn't had a word with me," I pro-His mark.

"Oh, bother Rebecca! I mean Rowena She got me to talk about it. I wouldn't for a while, but she kept on worrying me to tell her who was Wilfred. It's only a little while ago that she was playing book with me herself. I'll never tell a girl any-

tested

thing again." "Harold," I said feelingly, "if you stick to that yow during your natuaral life you will be a man apart, but a happy man." "You'll probably guy me about it, like all of 'em do when they find out," said the boy defiantly. "But I don't care. Anyway it was Rowena herself that suggested you for Wilfred. I had you picked for De Bracy."

"You flatter me," I rejoined. "And don't think I intend to make sport of your interesting experiment in types. What I'm going to do is to help you see that this modern edition of 'Ivanhoe' is developed ous squire than I. From the frequent apaccording to tradition. Between us, my boy, we must see that hereafter the Temconfines his attention entirely to the fair Rebecca. And Rowena—" I paused, for the youngster was looking at me more keenly than I had bargained for. When understanding comes to a child it does not approach stealthily, but with a the good cook, alias Rebecca, could be con- ed Rowena. "Where is the Templar?"

"Cousin Rowena?" asked the boy expectantly.

I felt my composure shaken. "In the hook, you know, Harold, at the end, the Disinherited Knight lands the Lady Row-ena," I finished, lamely enough. "You mean you're mashed on her ?"

I gasped at the direct attack, but rallied. "To put it blantly, young sir, that's about it," I answered. "You've guessed it." "Humph!" remarked Harold. "It wasn't

exactly guessing. Anyway, she's known it for some time,"

Now I enould have a real ally. I knew. I grasped his hand while the ridiculously small terrier spun around us in frantic circles, anxious to be off. "Let's go out to the stables," I suggested. "I have'nt looked at the horses yet. We can talk over things better out of doors. And, unless you object, let's not tell Rebecca about the Templar, at least not yet."

"Say," said the boy as we went upon the veranda into the Sunday country still-ness, "I believe you used to play at make-

not the netted turf. "What did you fancy I came for?" I asked. "It wasn't the easiest thing in the world to get away for the week, this week especially. But when Mrs. Store of the sto know!

Little recked Rowena of our league and paot, else she would not have smiled with such deliberate unconcern at Harold and me as she and the Templar wheeled into the driveway with a flourish. All thrcugh the driveway with a flourish. All through luncheon they prated laughingly of the vil-lage choir and the village parson's hedge Latin, trotted out, they inferred, for their especial delectation. As for myself, I fan-cied I recalled that the Templar's freshman attack upon Livy and the satires of Horace had been anything but a gallantly conduct-ed siege, but I said naught. It would not

have been magnanimous, I argued, in the light of events for the happening of which Harold and I had arranged.

Upon the following morning the leaven begau to work. To me, at ease in a striped hammook, enjoying an after-breakfast cigarette, came the Templar, possessor of a mystefied frown. He proffered me a bit of brown wrapping paper, bearing sundry scrawls in ink, and, I regretted to observe, many finger smudges. "What do you think of this, Dick?" be

asked. I found it upon my dressing table."

Outward appearance and mode of expression had been left entirely to Harold's Rowena colored with displeasure. "Har-old is an absurd child. He has arrived at trend of communication, and I saw that the novel-reading stage. For the last my ally had not foiled in his part. I read FALSE TEMPLAR : Forgoe your mash upon the nobel ward boe: "Lucky Harold!" I exclaimed. "I re-member my first taste of romance. The fla-by the nobel falshion of Wilfred, the Disinherited. Rebecca noes all. LOCKSLEY,

LOCKSLEY (delivured by Allen-a-Dail.) the earth from its roots. Finally floating ed while we moved slowly toward the but. Roller 'Now, honestly, aren't you ashamed ?"

she demanded. "Really, my lady," I observed, handing back the letter. "We live in parlous romantic times. One is but a weakling when surrounded by Robin Hood and his merry men."

I should have said more, mayhap, but with a stamp of the foot-a most becom. their merriment, however. The Templar's corner or the rick she came, her face scar-ter and arms flying at sixes and sevens, as is ever the case when a woman runs. But there was no langhter in her eyes as they met mine -regarding my carth-stained sounded palpably put on. Rowena's voice knees, my fingers grasping a dented tin -- I gloated as I detected it--was also deli-trumpet and the key of her own manufac-

ous squire than I. From the frequent ap-pearances of brown wrapping paper throughout the house I could have imagined that the child sat up o' nights to complete his correspondence. I have reason to know that even Bridget received a terrifying communication signed "Friar Tuck," and it needed some irrational pacifying ere vinced that the sprawling characters did not contain an evil portent from a priest in the village, whom Rebecca indeed had nev- she pleaded. Rowena in really abject terer seen, but whose name she vowed might ror was a new and undeniably delicious be Tuck for all she knew. It was Harold | tableau. "Did you think I'd have asked who brought me the news, and it was I him to come? I wanted to laugh at you who calmed Rebecca's soul and secured a all by myself." promise from her that the matter should go no further. Mrs. Stacey was a long suffer-Eg soul-according to Rowena-but even she, I was sure, would not tolerate my

It was Thursday, I think, when I was had left, to be an unforeseen succor in time aroused from slumber by the sound of a of need. Enter King Dodo. trumpet, uudisguisedly tin, wound with-out my chamber window. I had slept late that morning, and I was not yet fairly awake when I poked my head through the open casement, which looked out upon a then after one or two circuits of the rick, choice corner of Mrs. Stacey's garden. Lo ! began eating at the hay as if he would it was Harold, and I was not too heavy lidded to mark that he had been performiing upon an instrument which he loved to eats as far as our toes," I said by way of favoy Locksley's hunting born. Plainly comfort. We sat that way for many minfancy Locksley's hunting born. Plainly he was in romantic mood. The sight of utes. The sun flamed his way toward a flowers and green grass, with the soft odors comfortable drowse in a remarkably pretty of a late summer morn, swayed me weakly toward his bent. "Did I hear the three nots, good Looksley ?" I called.

The boy danced in glee. "You didst," The boy danced in glee. "You didst," he cried in reply, and waved another frag-ment of brown paper at me. "May I come up? This is from—you know." He jerk-ed his elbow toward the south, where, by leaning out at a perilons angle, I could glimpse the jutting gable which marked the Lady Rowena's orial window. With my nod he was off like a shot and soon I heard the clatter of his feet—Harold was not the sort to steal upon the fallow deer ner." without warning-in the passage, and I made him welcome.

"I thought you never would get awake," he said, perching upon my steamer trunk and watching me haul out my shaving tackle. "She's given in. They all do after a while. And she's begun to play the game with us.

I took the brown-paper message. "You

mean, good forester?" "Cousin Rowena," he explained with a grin. "Mayhe the Templar won't be sore. She gave me this after breakfast when you didn't show up." Of a truth if the Lady Rowena had be-

gun to play the game with us, then ---- I vas afraid the expectant youngster migh hear the pound of my heart as I read the printed letters. Rowena had made them remarkably like the sprawling handiwork of her youthful cousin. I read :

to me an occasional call from the tennis your fine sense of hom court. I smelled the fragrance of the half- don't tell Rebecca."

surely that was Rowena's scream and. doubtless the Templar- Around the corner of the rick she came, her face scarlet and arms flying at sixes and sevens, as met mine-regarding my earth-stained

azine.

I understood. There was the rick at hand, and a few yards away was the thickset hedge, impervious even to Harold's wriggles. I had heard of King Dodo, Mrs. Stacey's blue-ribbon Holstein. One dart to the rick's edge, and I saw him caracoling deliberately toward us, anger unmistakable in his bulging hide.

But there are things to remember even in the face of great danger. So I confrontdemanded. "Don't be asking silly questions, Dick,"

Once, just once, but with excellent ar-ticulation. King Dodo beyond bellowed. "Come here," I commanded. She came, and I telt her all of a tremble as I tossed she, I was sure, would not conclude in a treat of a tre

> chew his way to where we were instanter. "But he'll get indigestion long before he crimson blanket, the crickets chirped practice crescendos-and King Dodo ate, with now and then a glance askance and above. "This might be the pavilion at Ashby,'

heard the clatter of his feet-Harold was bly, and we've both got to dress for din-"Ha!" oried I. "I have it! Good Locks-

ley did say that three mots upon his stout hunting-horn would do the trick." I raised the tin trampet to my lips-somehow I had kept hold of it-and blew tudes. three cracked, heart-rending shricks.

There was a rustling in the hedge beyoud. A smartly propelled, if blunt, ar-row struck the black and white flank of King Dodo, and with a shrill cry of "A Locksley to the rescue," the radiant front of Harold, upborne amid the twige, confronted us.

"Harold, get right down!" called Rowena in anguish. "If auntie sees you with an-other jacket ruined." "Thanks, good Locksley," 1 Make thee for the castle-and tell the stablemen to bring a stout pitchfork," I added. With a shout of delight the young-With reference to movements of the ster was off upon his errand. I looked at Rowena, but she did not look at me. Then I gazed away toward the sunset. But when I looked at her again I seemed to mark a difference. I could be sworn her anger had been banished, leaving behind only wearisomeness, memory of a justifiable vexation, and a proneness to tears. Upon the hay, well etched against a mass of brown cloverheads, lay the Lady Rowena's hand. There was dauger, perhaps, but we had already weathered one peril.

through the high thorn barrier there came ternut-tree. "We shall pin our faith to to me an occasional call from the tennis your fine sense of honor. And, above all,

"Aw, what's the use of playing pretend any longer?" asked Harold. 'There ain't any Rebecca-There's only Bridget-now.' As we strode on ward a change seemed to have come over the face of things. There was no stile; moated castle had shrunk to a mere country house; belted knight and faithful squire had been transformed into plain gentleman of the town and a ten-year-old boy, the pet of a pastry cook. A transformation, indeed! I was not sure whether I was resigned to it all.

But then-there was Rowena.-By Robert Eumett MacAlarney in Scribner's Mag-

on the Weather of New York City!

The following letter, by Mr. James Page, was sent in reply to a gentleman who had been cold that a mild winter in New York city was due to the fact that the Gulf Stream is running sixty miles nearer shore than previously. We hope that its publication may contribute to correct the numerus popular misapprehensions relative to the important part played by the Gulf

Stream in the economy of pature. The Weather Bureau is in almost daily eccipt of inquiries of this and a similar nature, all having their origin in a misconception of the character and extent of that motion of the ocean waters to which the name Gulf Stream may properly be applied. Speaking with precision, the term should be limited to that continuous discharge of the water of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico which takes place through the Straits of Florida, a parrow outlet bounded on its western side by the State of the same name, and on its eastern by Caba and the Bahama Islands and Bank. Through this channel, con-stricted in its narrowest portion to a width cf 62 miles, there is a constant outflow of the warm, equatorial waters heaped up in this vast and almost landlocked basin by the presistent action of the trade winds. rising at times in mid-stream to a velocity of four or five knote, and having a constant temperature of 81 deg. or 82 deg. F. The impetus imparted to this water by the pressure from the rear is moreover sufficient to maintain it in motion for a considerable distance beyond the actual point of exit from the channel proper, which may be considered as terminating at Matanilla Shoal, the northern extremity of the Great Bahama Bank, in latitude 27 deg. north. As a result the stream continues to be felt as a distinct body of warm water about forty or lifev rulles in width, moving steadily onward, but with uniformly diminishing volocity and temperature, until a point, opposite Cape Hatteras is attained, or even opposite the Capes of the Chesapeake. Be vond this point, however, the warm current sprea is out over the adjacent area of the ocean like a vast fan, and the identity of the stream is consequently obliterated in the general eastward drift which characterizes the waters of the temperate lati-

Speaking then with precision, the Gulf Stream is a current of warm water, forty or fifty miles in width, which emerges from thd Straits of Florida, follows the coast of the United States northwest as far as the Capes of the Chesapeake, and is there merged in the generally eastward drift underlying the prevailing westerly winds of the temperate latitudes. To describe called. the ocean, having its fountain in the Gulf of Mexico and its mouth in the Artic Seas is picturesque, but highly exaggerated and erroneous. ly makes us more or less uninteresting, lazy

Skating is Good Health.

Fashion has done a good thing in again ntroducing that good sport, roller skating. o learn it, unless you already know how. Go to the nearest rink, forget your age, our dignity, your wrinkles.

Skim around with the youngsters and smile with them as you see their bright, happy faces. This splendid pastime, so old, so long neglected has come back to stay. One of the strongest recommendations of

roller skating as an exercise is the social element.

In gymnasium work one works practically alone, even though surrounded by a crowd. Oftimes, the influences, though for the most part wholesome, are not the most refining nature. In the skating rink, however, all this is

changed. Here one rolls around easily and lightly accompanied by friends. The element of gross competition is absent, and good fellowship pervades the exercise.

Whenever anything is great exercise and fine fun, that thing is worthy of careful attention.

As an exercise roller skating calls for large, free movements of the body. It de-mands no excessive exertion of mind or muscles. It brings into easy and harmonious action every important muscle in the body, especially the much-used, much-needed muscles of the legs and waist.

Then it is an exercise that is epjoyable and exhilarating. The lights, the music, the sight of friends, the good-humored laughter at falls or collisions—all form a set of conditions that are conducive to general health.

For the girl who has been all day at the counter, for the man at the desk, for the weary or brain-fagged, no matter what the age or occupation, roller skates for an hour in the evening will prove not only enjoy-able, but a most beneficial exercise. Of course it must not be overdone, the

atmosphere must be pure, the floors free from dust and all the conditions right. Then there is the skating on ice.

Go out in the park any cold afternoon or evening for the next few months and you'll remember those better days when you were 16 and belonged to the National Skaters Union.

There is something so exhiliarating about the sport that it must appeal to even the laziest of mortals.

Fun abounds to such an extent that it. too, is an exercise most alluringly pre-sented. It isn't at all irksome, like swinging Indian clubs or going through the usual athletic performances. It is impossible to name any exercise more beneficial

to health and the pocketbook than skat-ing, for it is decidedly inexpensive. Breathing in the cold, crisp air is re-vitalizing to the lungs and the increased circulation of the blood is in itself tremendously excellent for muscular development.

The back gains strength and the swing-ing of the arms, even in the straight ordinary skating, opens the walls of the chest to a far greater extent than either walking

or running. Walking often proves fatigning and laborious, but energetic, graceful gliding is seldom tiresome and five minutes' rest is so refreshing that the skater is ready for another half hour of the sport.

Let the pale girl who would have rosy cheeks and fine upstanding chest take the hint.

Let every girl who would be well and strong and well formed and stimulated with the delicious fire of vitality and strength go and buy herself a pair of skates. Warmly clothed, the skaters cannot take cold. Besides, a little endurance is a good thing to cultivate. All of us are quite too fond of being comfortable, which eventual-

As an appetizer-well, it is not neces-

flas the Gulf Stream Any Influence

month he has been gorging himself with 'Ivanhoe.'

"Lucky Harold!" I exclaimed. "I revor departs in time. However, let me crave leave to humbly address the Lady Rowena.'

"Don't be silly," she snapped. "Harold has other ideas equally foolish. He has named all of you. The gatekeeper, to whom he is gesticulating at this very moment, is Gurth, the swineberd. Harold's own spaniel is Fangs. Percy Winslow is Wamba."

'Well cast, Harold," I murmured. "Go on please."

'Rawlins Richardson is the Templar."-I mentally rated Harold as keen beyond his years-"Horace Trevano, the Black Sluggard." She laughed silently. "And the cook, Dick, the cook, for whom Harold cherishes a really tender regard-she is Rebecca.

I paused ere I joined in her merriment. There was yet a pertinent inquiry concerning the matter in hand.

"Your cast of characters lacks one neces sary principal," I announced. "To whom will your impressario intrust the role of Wilfred?" The hint of warmth upon her cheek enlightened me beyond peradventure. "Then, if the Lady Rowena pleases "We have chattered about a stupid

child's game long enough," remarked her ladyship, rising abruptly. "I am going over to the tennis court." "Desdicbado!" I cried triumphantly as

I followed her. "Harold flatters me more than some other persons I wot right well of. And I shall do my utmost to merit his esteem.

Was it a sneer that I marked upon Rowena's face? Let us call it-for want of a better term-a sniff. At least it was betwixt and between.

This was of a Saturday. Sunday morn-ing after a late breakfast I thoughtfully watched Rawlins Richardson and Rowena drive off in the runabout to attend service at the village chapel four miles distant. The house was very dull. There had been much and late bridge the night before and, besides the servants, Harold and I alone seemed to be left with a yearning for activ-ity. I encountered him in the hall, evidently bound outdoors by way of the pan-try. He would steal a glimpse of Rebecca then, I fancied. But I stopped him, Fangs -pro tempore-at his heels

"I'm dreadfully put out for something to do," I began, having learned long before from certain small nicces and nephews that it is well for an oldster, if he would estab-lish diplomatic relations with childhood, to throw himself at once upon the latter's mercy. There is a deal of latent chivalry in ten and twelve, to all of which, how-ever, there lies but one route. I had plot-ted well. Harold aved me suspicionals ted well. Harold eyed me suspiciously then frankly. "It is stupid of a Sunday," he agreed.

Chief of the merrie Foresturs. His mark.

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"Somebody is getting funny," said the Templar. "What I want to know is, is it the kid. Harold, or some of the servants?'

"It seems to be a well-meaning note," I remarked, turning it in my hands and remarking that, after all, brown wrapping paper passed fairly well for twelfth-century "The question is, have you parchment.

done anything to deserve it?" "I showed it to Rowena," said the Templar. "She laughed in a queer sort of way and then said she thought I owed her aunt an explanation."

"H'm," I mused. "Evidently you and deeply involved." My words seemed to nettle him. "Don't

be an as Dick," he cried. "What is it all about, and who the deuce is Rebecca?" "Ah, that is just it. Who is Rebecca?"

It was 'Rebecca' that Rowena probably thought needed explaining." He turned to go. "I don't mine prac-tical jokes if they aren't too deep to under-

stand," he complained. "Did you ever read a book called 'Ivan

hoe'?" I asked. I was reasonably sure be hadn't.

"It's one of those old ones, isn't it?" inthe old ones."

"Better borrow Rowena's copy," I called after him.

But when Rowena approached me a half hour later, bearing a ragged square of the now familiar brown-paper parchment, she was masking her merriment tolerably well. In fact her eyes blazed as she sat her down upon the veranda railing and regarded me with an incriminating stare.

"Well!" she said, indicating that I should take my one. "I am fairly well," I answered. "I did have a bit of a headache, but the Templar has been with me. The Templar is espe-

cially amusing this morning. "Look here, Dick-"

"But 'Dick' isn't my programme name," I protested. "I am Wilfred, and if you could only see with the clear eyes of a child you would observe that I am sworded and h cklered, with an uprooted tree upon

my shield!" "The clear eyes of a child, indeed!" re-torted the Lady Rowens. "The tricks of two children you mean. I am ashamed of

you. It isn't pretty to teach ten-year-old cousins to be disrespectfully forward." "It you would let me examine the ex-hibit in the case,"I suggested. She handed me the paper square, which was, save in the substance of its tottering letters, a re-plica of the one the Templar had shaken in my countenance. Harold's pseudo-parch-ment read :

To the good knight, Sir Wilfred of Ivan-

This is to saye thatte the ward of Cedrick hath word for thy ear alone. But I maye notte tell itt thee by speaking, so this day I have writ a letter which thou mayest find by the key which I doe sende herewith by the merrie woodranger, Locksley, whom] trust well in alle things.

THE LADYE ROWENA. "Give me the rest of it." I demanded of Harold. Rowena's parchment evidently had given out, for the key was indited up-

on a sheet of her own monogrammed paper. I studied it : Walk south from the barbican until the stile that leads to the mead through which

the brooke runneth. Fare forward in a straighte line until the blasted butternut tree. Put thy back to itte and walk fifty aces due weste. Here there shouldst be a blighted wild rose bush. Digge beneath the rootes of itte and read what thou find-

Alas, Rowepa! Even in the twelfth cen tury, then, the dames ran to postscripts. Thon muste come alone and unattended even by the merrie woodranger, Locksley. -R.

I whistled, while Harold wagged his bead in appreciation. "It's great, isn't it?" he said. "Row

ena always could play better than any of us when she felt like it."

"I misdoubt me, good Locksley," "It's one of those old ones, isn't it?" in-quired the Templar. "I'm a bit foggy on see, the key indicates that I am to go alone You and unattended. The Templar may be concealed behind that butternut-tree, for

all we know, waiting to spit me with his

Harold leaped off the steamer trunk and stratted up and down, motioning as if he were drawing baok the notched end of a good gray goose shaft. "Be of cheer, Sir Wilfred," he chirped. "I shall give thee my trusty hunting-horn. Blow but the three familiar mots an thou art endanger-ed, and Locksley and his trusty band shall be thy succor."

Wotting that this was no time for laugh ter, I received the battered tin trumpet im pressively, and with a mystic signal, which the boy tried to make meaningful and not to be confounded with the coarseness of a wink, my ally disappeared.

At the hour of four, according to instructions, I might have been noticed making my way from the bonse, the fateful key clutched in one hand and Locksley's horn wall, I decided. So far, so good. And, truly, there was the meadow with a swingstuly, there was the meadow with a swing-ing gate which served well enough for a stile. There, too, was the butternut-tree -I suppose Rowens had put in the "blast-ed" for effect. I placed my back against it, and calculating my points of the com-pass with the utmost nicety, strode for-ward to complete my two hundred and fif-ty naces. ty paces.

"Besides," I continued, "the Lady Row-ena has gone off driving with the Templar, which is not at all according to the book. I suppose yon were even now npon your way to inform Rebecca." Harold's eyes blazed. "She's been and told!" he cried. "She's the only one that could, for I haven't told anyone else. I call that downright mean."

"Rowena," said I. "I'm sorry. But it hasn't been all in fun, you know. Back of it all I was in earnest. I breathed a prayer that the stablemen and Harold might be long in finding the

pitchfork. For she whispered, "Really and truly in earnest, Dick?" "Really and truly. And how was I to steel myself against the sight of you and the Templar if I didn't make believe?"

"The Templar is tiresome." Of course I should not have done it. But leaning forward to put my arm around her, I slipped. The loosened grass sagged, and then with a peppery cloud of hayseed and a view. stifled cry from Rowena, we slid to the ground under King Dodo's very nose. High went the black and white head; for a

moment the keen horns shook menacingly, and then, with a snort, a very much terri-fied blue-ribbon bull wheeled and fied across the meadow, followed by the shouts

of Harold and the stablemen, who had appeared upon the horizon. "Goodness!" was all that Rowena was capable of saying. As for me, I spoke not, but looked at the uprooted rose-bush and would have bent me again to bunt upon

the ground. "Don't, Dick," she begged.

"But why?" "I want to find it, you

"But why? I want to had it, you know. The key says —."" "Bother the key and don't—Harold is coming," cried she. "There really wasn't anything beneath the bush. I meant to hide behind the rick and when you hadn't found anything and were very much disappointed, I was going to slip out-and then maybe I might bave been kind to you." Harold had been too long my confiden-

tial for me to let appearances assume a false value. So I eyed him with fortitude as he reached us, flushed and grasping a bow and quiver. There was realization in the child's stare and truly I did not think of deceiving him.

_" I said. 'Good Locksley-

"Huh! you didn't need us, anyway, broke in. "King Dodo is an awful cow-ard. He'd have run if you'd throw a handful of hay at him. I was hid in the handful of hay at him. I was hid in the hedge waiting for you to blow the horn." "At the end of the book, you know, Har-

lands the Lady Rowens." "Well, she landed," said I. "Ask her

"Are you, Cousin Rowena?"

She was braver than she had been when King Dodo charged. "I think I am, Har-old," she murmured, bending to kiss the bild, who struggled free. "Huh!" he remarked. "That's the trop

ble with grown-up folks. They play the game too fast. There was a whole lot to happen before the end of the book."

"It's a matter we sha'n't care to tell a bout just yet, good Looksley," I suggest-

and selfish. stream (viz., changes in its location as a whole), reports of which, furnished sary to dwell upon that point, since each one of us has beheld the spectacle of a navigators, appear from time to time in the daily newspapers, it may be said that these probably do exist, although within narrow small boy coming home from the skating pond ready to devour eight or ten doughlimits. Observations of the "set" experinuts as fast as the human speed limit will enced by vessels crossing the stream, as allow also of the warmth of the surface waters, show that the position of the axis, or line of greatest velocity, as also that of the line of maximum temperature, may vary from day to day over a range of fifty miles. The methods of observations employed are, however, so replete with sources of error that little confidence can be placed in any single result. That such movements can have any effect upon the climax in the vicinity of New York is highly improbable. the stream itself in these latitudes beirg so disposed as to be almost indefinable, and the modifications of the surface temperature of the ajacent waters wrought by a temporary change in its position be ng certainly negligible.-Monthly Weather Re-

"Bull Run" Russell's View of Lin colu.

Russell, the famous correspondent of the London Times, after a visit to the White House thus described the President:

"A figure entered with loose, shambling gait, tall, lank, with stooping shoulders and long, pendulous arms. The hands were of extraordinary size, the feet still larger. In his ill-fitting, wrinkled black snit he looked like a London undertaker's flying ends. The turned down collar re-vealed a sinewy yellow neck, surmounted by a strange, quaint face; this nestled in a mass of coarse, bristling black beard, stiff like mourning pins. The head was thatched with wild republican hair, which did not with wild republican hair, which did not conceal large, widely projecting ears; he-neath sheggy brows, were eyes deep set, penetrating, almost tender; the mouth was stern but amiable, the features generally full of kindness, sagacity, and awkward honkomic ? onhomie."

World's Honey Supply.

One hundred and sixty million pounds of honey seems like a good deal for insects the size of bees to collect every year, and yet this is credibly reported to the Depart-ment of Commerce and Labor by Vice Con-sul Charles Karminski, of Seville, to be the regular annual supply of the world. Germany, he says, leads the nations with 20,000 tones a year, followed by Spain with 19,000. Anstria is a good third with 18,-000 and France brings up the rear of the 000 and France brings up the rear of the principals with 10,000 tons per annum. Several other European countries are cred-ited with a few thousand tons, but the United States in a to a manufacture of the the United States is not even mentioned in the list. So far as the reader might gather there might be no bees in this country at all. As a matter of fact, however, the American bee is quite busy, so say govern-ment figures, for, according to the census of 1900, the bees of 1899 produced 30,600

Mothers who are overzealous in the care of their daughters' health should bundle up the girls and send them skating every fair day when the ice is firm and the weath er not too biting. If they exercise most of the time they cannot possibly take cold and they will be come stronger and more robust than if cod-dled in steam-heated homes. It is the lack of exercise and fresh air that makes children weak and pale. Let a pair of thin little legs skip across the roller skating rink or the ice pond most of the winter and next spring you will be able to discover good firm muscles spread over little shanks

And this isn't saying a word concerning the benefits to the little lungs.

The Spider's Web as a Negative.

To one on a vacation and interested in photography, the good part of a day may be spent in collecting and printing cob-webs. The process is easy. Let him get the farmer's potato sprayer, put in it some "sizing japan," thinned with turpentine and colored from a terra cotta tube. Then let him take some old window glass, or a few cleaned photo plates, and go in quest of a clear web with a good center. He will mute. A rope of black silk surrounded his neck, knotted in front into a bulb, with flying ends. The turned-down collar relift it from its moorings. In a couple of hours the web will be dry, and so hard that the plate can be washed without any injury to the web. From plates thus secured may make prints to his heart's content. To make combination pictures, put the plate over any clear negative and print through both of them. For printing the webs themselves, blue print paper may be used to advantage, inasmuch as it simplifies the work.

In finer experiments I have tried dyeing the web, spraying it with a tincture to make it opaque, then taking a fresh damp photo plate which had previously been exsed to the light and washed in a bypo bath, to lift it. The filaments of the web were so fine, however, that though perfect-ly preserved it was impossible to make a print from it. So that for photos I still stick to the enameling process ; that is, to spraying with "sizing japan." The japan is the same as used for gold lettering. -Scientific American.

-"It strikes me that you are loaded," said the pistol to the double-barrel shotgun.

"Oh, not quite," rejoined the latter. "I'm only half-shot."

Whereupon they both exploded with laughter.

-He-Are you fond of Chopin, Miss

Fangle? She-Yes, I enjoy it as a rule but the shops are fearfully overcrowded just now.

-Do more than you are paid for. Remember it takes some people a long time

tons of honey. "Ab. dearest, now that we are en-

old," I began again. "Yes, I know," said the boy. "You said that at the end of the book Wilfred

vonrself."

gaged I feel that the eyes of all the world are upon you." "O, George, do I look all right behind." to pay their bills.