

Bellefonte, Pa., March 29, 1907.

EASTER

Within a rock-bound sepulchre asleep, The mangled body of the God-man lay, Watched by the Roman guard by night and day;

What though the air with lamentations deep Is filled, the sobs and cries of those who weep Unheeded are. The angels guard their prey, Defy the foe, great Casar's laws obey; What power can wrest the charge they proudly keep?

But, lo ! the startled earth with terror quakes, A seraph from the throne of God descends, The Roman soldiers strew the ground for

lorn; The Lord of battles from His slumber wakes, A Victor! Man's redemption grandly ends; Hail, Hero-King ! hail, resurrection morn ! Chazy, N. Y .- By the Rev. Joseph C. Booth.

THE PASSING OF THE FRIGID

ZONE.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" sang a gay voice as Elsie Stanton whirled into the room.

"To the frigid zone!" answered Mildred Gates, grimly folding her skirts. "To the frigid zone! What arctic explorer has consented to be burdened with the giddy Miss Gates?"

For mercy's sake, Milly, don't go off exploring any more counties. There are too many now," groaned another girl, with an open "Physical Geography" clasped to her breast and a tragic expression on her round face.

"Don't you worry, Susie. I've explored every nook and corner of the frigid zone I'm going to, and I'll never be tempted to write a book about it. I ought to be well balanced in regard to climate, for I spend my time in the frigid, the torrid, and the

temperate zones alternately." "Why, Milly, you told me you never was ont of the United States, and I am sure this country don't run into the torrid zone.

"My dear child, I was speaking figuratively. My summers are spent with Aunt Clara—that is my torrid zone, for she fusses after me and keeps me in hot water con-tinually about my clothes, behavior, and life in general. She is a society woman, siders it her duty to fashion me for and cons balls and parties. The temperate zone is at Aunt Flora's. She has a whole tribe of boys and girls, and it is a fine place to live, if she hasn't much money. I spend most of my time with her, though Aunt Maria has told me more than once that she intends to leave all her money to me."

"All the history that was ever worth recording happened in the temperate zone," put in Susie. "Professor Brown said so this morning."

"Don't interrupt the lady," said Elsie, frowning at Susie. "Go on, Mildred, Tell us about the frigid zone."

"Well, that is at Aunt Maria's, and I am packing to go there this blessed minute. Of all the chilly places I ever was in, her big elegant house is the chilliest."

"I am truly sorry for you," said Elsie. "It must be dreadful to visit there, and at Easter of all times in the year. It seems to me Easter should bring joy and happiness to every living creature more than

think you are old enough to hear her sad story, and I am sure you will be more sor-ry than ever for her. Before you were orn her only son stole a large sum of money and ran away. Her husband was one of the stern New England Puritan descendants, and would allow her no communication with the boy, though he paid the debt. After he died Maria tried in every way to find James, but has never heard a word from him."

"I never knew she had any children," said Mildred, with wide eyes. "So this is the reason she always seems so cold. Poor Aunt Maria!"

"She has never been the same woman since James ran away. I think he must have died in the West under an assumed name, for he was a delicate boy. Let us talk of something happier, so you will have pleasant dreams tonight, Milly." So motherly Mrs. Bliss told of the rabbits and candy eggs safely stored in the drawers of her dresser, to be brought out on the joyful Easter morning, and of the beautiful lillies to decourt the stored of the beautiful lillies to decorate the stately church, but it was long after midnight before sleep came to Mildred. She finally closed her weary eyes with a fervent prayer that Aunt Maria might find her lost son. Mildred and Bess arrived at Mrs. War-

ren's late in the afternoon, but that lady was in bed with a sick headache, and the house seemed gloomier than ever. The cook gave them a lunch in the solemn dining room, and then they wandered to the library to read and doze the gray hours away, for a fitful rain prevented them from going ont. On one pretext or another the housekeeper, who had been in the house almost as long as the mistress, wandered in and out till both girls had the uneasy feeling of being watched. At last she said, "Miss Mildred, if your friend will excuse you a few minutes I'd like to speak to you. Your aunt is no better."

Mildred hastily followed her from the room, expecting to hear that Aunt Maria was dangerously ill, but the instant they were alone in the housekeeper's room the old lady said, "It is not about your aunt, except indirectly, that I want to speak to you. It may be that my eyes are bad, but that young girl in the library looks so much like Miss Maria's poor dead sou that I am afraid to have them meet. Who is she and where is she from?"

"Her name is Bess Adams and her folks live in Montana," said Mildred, astonished beyond measure. "Her father is living, though."

"It may be only an old woman's fanoy but she is the image of poor James. The same delicate, dark face, the same eyes and everything. Your aunt will not be down this evening, so you show her the portraits in the old family album. It may be she will speak of the resemblance, for there are many pictures of him there. Adams is a family name, too. Your aunt was Maria Adams before she was married."

It was like a dream to Mildred as she went back to the library and got down the big leather-covered book. "You look pale, Milly. Is your aunt worse?" asked the unsuspecting Bees.

"She can't come down to tea this even ing, but Mrs. Mills thinks she will be able to be up tomorrow. Come over by the window; I want to show you some pictures. When I was a little girl I always brought out the family album on all occasions, so I'll play I'm six today. Aunt Maria has a few of my baby faces in here that you would never recognize."

"I'll fix up the fire and turn on the lights," said Mrs. Mills, hovering near as the girls established themselves by the window.

that Milly will think she is the forlornest girl in the world. You don't either one of you know what real trouble is. This morn-ing Professor Brown said if we not solve that is the indressing and the method trime of the solve the indressing and the method. "He wears it in a little locket hung around his neck. I never saw it but once, but I remember the lady wore a dress like this and had her hair all piled up, till I wondered if it took a whole paper of pins to do it." Mrs. Mills' fingers shook so hard that she could scarcely trust berself to handle the costly vase in which she was slowly arranging some roses and waiting breathless y for Bess to see the boy pictures of James Warren that followed those of his father and mother. "Why this picture looks like papa!" laughed the innocent girl. "Isn't it funny that I thought the lady resembled the portrait in papa's looket, and here is papa himself, only, of course, he is older now? "What is your father's name, child, and where is he?" asked a trembling voice from the shadowy doorway, and Mrs. Mills attered an involuntary scream to see her mistress standing pale and tearful before

SURPRISED The Picture That Brought a For-

tune to a Poor Painter.

AN AUCTION ROOM ROMANCE.

Dramatic Incident of the Sale That Brought a Dealer and a Collector Into Competition For the Starving Artist's Masterpiece.

Samuel Duhobret was a poor painter whom Albrecht Durer, the famous engraver and artist, had admitted into his school out of charity. He was employed in painting signs and the coarser tapestry then used in Germany. He was about forty years of age, little, ugly and humpbacked. He was the butt of every ill joke among his fellow disciples, but he bore all with patience and ate without complaint the scanty crusts given him every day for dinner, while his companions often fared sumptuously.

Poor Samuel had not a spice of envy or malice in his heart. He would at any time have toiled half the night to assist or serve those who were wont oftenest to laugh at him or abuse him loudest for his stupidity. True, he had not the qualities of social humor or to who wit, but he was an example of inde- plying. fatigable industry. He came to his studies every morning at daybreak and remained at work until sunset. Then he retired into his lonely chamber and wrought for his own amusement.

Duhobret labored three years in this way, giving himself no time for exercise or recreation. He said nothing to a single human being of the paintings he had produced in the solitude of his cell by the light of his lamp. But his bodily energies wasted and declined under incessant toil.

One morning Duhobret was missing at the scene of his daily labors. His absence created much remark, and many were the jokes passed upon the occasion. No one thought of going to his lodgings to look after him or his remains. Meanwhile the object of their mirth was tossing on a bed of sickness. Disease, which had been slowly sapping the foundations of his strength, burned in every vein; his eyes rolled and flashed in delirium; his lips, usually so silent, muttered wild and incoherent words. In his days of health poor Duhobret had his dreams. as all artists, rich or poor, will sometimes have. He had thought that the fruit of many years' labor disposed of to advantage might procure him enough to live, in an economical way, for the rest of his life. He never anticipated fame or fortune. The height of his ambition or hope was to possess a tene ment large enough to shelter him from the inclemencies of the weather, with means enough to purchase one comfortable meal per day.

Now, alas, however, even that one hope had deserted him. He thought a dream my misery will seem more himself dying and thought it hard to cruel!" die without one to look kindly upon him, without the words of comfort that might soothe his passage to another world. He fancied his bed surrounded by fiendish faces, grinning at his suftion. ferings and taunting his inability to summon power to disperse them. At length the apparitions faded away, and the patient sank into an exhausted slumber. He awoke unrefreshed. It was the fifth day he had lain there neglected. His mouth was parched. He turned over and feebly stretched out his hand toward the earthen pitcher from which since the first day of his illness he had quenched his thirst. Alas, it was empty! Samuel lay for a few moments thinking what he should do. He knew he must die of want if he remained there alone. But to whom could he apply for aid in procuring sustenance? Adleu." An idea seemed at last to strike him. He arose slowly and with difficulty from the bed, went to the other side of the room and took up the picture he had painted last. He resolved to carry it to the shop of a salesman and hoped to obtain for it sufficient to furnish him with the necessaries of life for a week longer. Despair lent him strength to walk and to carry his burden. On his way he passed a house about which there was a crowd. He drew nigh. asked what was going on and received for an answer that there was to be a sale of many specimens of art collected by an amateur in the course of thirty years. It has often happened that collections made with infinite pains by the proprietor were sold without mercy or discrimination after his death. Something whispered to the weary Duhobret that here would be the market for his picture. It was a long way yet to the house of the picture dealer. and he made up his mind at once. He worked his way through the crowd. dragged himself up the steps and after many inquiries found the auctioneer. That personage was a busy, important-like man, with a handful of papers. He was inclined to notice somewhat roughly the interruption of the lean, sallow hunchback, imploring as were his gesture and language. "What do you call your picture?" at length said he, carefully looking at it. "It is a view of the Abbey of Newbourg, with its village and the surrounding landscape," replied the eager and trembling artist. The auctioneer again scanned it contemptuously and asked what it was worth. "Oh, that is what you pleasewhatever it will bring," answered Duhobret. London Standard. "Hem! It is too odd to please, I should think. I can promise you no more than 3 thalers." Poor Samuel sighed deeply. He had spent on that piece the nights of many months, but he was starving now, and the pitiful sum offered would give

bread for a few days. He nodded his head to the auctioner and, retiring, took his seat in a corner.

The sale began. After some paintings and engravings had been disposed of Samuel's was exhibited. "Who bids at 3 thalers? Who bids?" was the cry. Duhobret listened eagerly, but none apswered. "Will it find a purchaser?" said he despondingly to himself. Still there was a dead silence. He dared not look up, for it seemed to him that all the people were laughing at the folly of the artist who could be insane enough to offer so worthless a piece at public sale.

"What will become of me?" was his mental inquiry. "That work is certainly my best." And he ventured to steal another glance. "Does it not seem that the wind actually stirs those boughs and moves those leaves? How transparent is the water! What life breathes in the animals that quench their thirst at that spring! How that steeple shines! How beautiful are those clustering trees!" This was the constantly varying in strength and dilast expiring throb of an artist's vanrection.

faint voice just as the auctioneer was about to knock down the picture. The stupefied painter gave a start of joy. He raised his head and looked to see from whose lips those blessed words had come. It was the picture dealer to whom he had first thought of ap-"Fifty thalers!" cried a sonorous

voice. This time a tall man in black was the speaker. There was a silence of hushed expectation. "One hundred thalers!" at length thundered the picture dealer.

"Three hundred!" "Five hundred!" "One thousand!" Another profound silence, and the crowd pressed around the two opponents, who stood opposite each other, with eager and angry looks. "Two thousand thalers!" cried the picture dealer and glanced around him triumphantly when he saw his adversary hesitate. "Ten thousand!" vociferated the tall man, his face crimson

with rage and his hands clinched convulsively. The dealer grew paler; his frame shook with agitation; he made two or three efforts and at last cried out, "Twenty thousand!"

His tall opponent was not to be vanquished. He bid forty thousand. The dealer stopped. The other laughed a low laugh of insolent triumph, and a murmur of admiration was heard in the crowd. It was too much for the dealer. He felt his peace was at stake. "Fifty thousand!" exclaimed he in desperation. It was the tall man's turn to hesitate. Again the whole crowd were breathless. At length, tossing his arms in defiance, he shouted, "One hundred thousand!" The crestfallen picture dealer withdrew. The tall man victoriously bore away the prize.

How was it meanwhile with Duhobret while this exciting scene was going on? He was hardly master of his senses. He rubbed his eyes repeatedly and murmured to himself, "After such

The Peculiar Frigate Bird. The frigate bird is a native of trop-

ical seas and rarely comes to land except during the breeding season. It has the habit, unusual among sea birds, of nesting in trees, large companies of them building together in the tops of the tallest mangroves. Like the cormorant and the albatross, the frigate bird lays but one egg. It lives by fishing and also by robbing other fishers of what they have caught. In plumage the frigate bird is brownish black, with metallic green and purple reflections. The dilatable throat sac in the male is of bright scarlet, while the female, of a duller general hue, has a white patch on the breast. It is a beautiful sight to watch one or more floating overhead against the deep blue sky, the long forked tail alternately opening and shutting like a pair of scissors and the head, which is, of course, kept to windward, inclined from side to side, while the wings are to all appearance fixedly extended, though the breeze may be

An Egyptian Custom.

More than 1,000 years ago Herodotus observed a remarkable custom in Egypt. At a certain season of the year the Egyptians went into the desert, cut off branches from the wild palm and, bringing them back to their gardens, waved them over the flowers of the date palm. Why they performed this ceremony they did not know, but they knew that if they neglected it the date crop would be poor or wholly lost. Herodotus offers the quaint explanation that along with these branches there came from the desert certain flies possessed of a "vivifiv virtue," which somehow lent an exuberant fertility to the dates. But the true rationale to the incantation is now explained. Palm trees, like human beings, are male and female. The garden plants, the date bearers, were females, the desert plants were males, and the waving of the branches over the females meant the transference of the fertilizing pollen from the one to the other.

The Dangers of the Mines.

Great and mystically dreadful is the earth from a mine's depth. Man is in the implacable grasp of nature. It has only to tighten slightly and he is crushed like a bug. His loudest shriek of agony would be as impotent as his final moan to bring help from that fair land that lies like heaven over his head. There is an insidious silent enemy in the gas. If the huge fanwheel on the top of the earth should stop for a brief period there is certain death, and a panic more terrible than any occurring where the sun has shone ensues down under the tons of rock. If a man may escape the gas, the floods, the "squeezes" of falling rock, the cars shooting through little tunnels, the precarious elevators, the hundred perils, there usually comes to him an attack of "miner's asthma" that slowly racks and struggling furiously and silently and shakes him into the grave .-- Ste- in a blue blizzard above their heads." phen Crane.

An Ungallant Actor.

A well known American actor, who old enough 'not to consider himself matinee idol by any means, was a somewhat surprised and pleased in a St. Louis hotel a short time ago when a pretty girl stopped him in the corridor and presented him with a rose, without saying a word. He was more surprised and less pleased to receive a note the following day reminding bim of the incident and asking him to send the giver of the flower two seats at the theater in which he was playing "as a memento of the occasion."

"My dear young lady," the actor replied, waxing sarcastic as he realized what had been the object of the attention he had been paid, "I would be glad to send you the seats you ask for, but, on consultation with the manager of the theater, I have been informed that the seats are all fastened down and that he is opposed to having them sent away as souvenirs in any event. so that you will have to be contented with an autograph for a souvenir of your benevolence of yesterday instead."-Harper's Weekly.

Beats Radium For Cost.

If you object to paper money, but wish to carry big values in small compass, you might do worse than lay in a stock of best lenses for microscopes. Weight for weight, gold is not nearly so valuable as glass in the form of powerful lenses, and an ordinary purse filled with such lenses might easily represent a fortune. The record increase in the value of the manufactured article over the raw material is probably made by this variety of glass, which multiplies itself 50,000,000 times. The front lens of a micro objective instrument costing about £1 weighs no more than about .0017 of a gram; hence the value of such lenses to the weight of about two and a quarter pounds would be about £600,000. The cost of making this weight of glass is 1½ pence to 3 pence, and thus when worked up into the shape of a lens the glass has increased in value about 50,-000,000 times.-London Express.

A Battle of Butterflies. "A battle of butterflies," said the

Japanese viscount firmly. "Impossible!" cried the lady on his right.

"Oh." the viscount insisted, "the thing is authenticated. It happened on Aug. 20, 1889. Tales and poems without number have been written on it. On the evening of Aug. 20 two opposing armies of the butterflies fought an aerial battle between Nojima and Kavasaki Mura. The fight continued till sunset, when the smaller army turned and retreated, the victors pursuing it till all were lost in the rosy sunset haze. The ground beneath the combat was thickly strewn with wounded and dead warriors. The battle drew a thousand people. It occurred about thirty feet up in the air. The spectators were amazed and horror stricken to see these gentle blue butterflies grappling

ity. The ominous silence continued. and Samuel, sick at heart, buried his face in his hands. "Twenty-one thalers," murmured a

ing Professor Brown said if my grades in geography didn't improve in a burry he'd write to my paw and my maw about them. Did you ever hear of anything so horrible?" and she refreshed berself with a fat candy

"If I had a father and a mother all the teachers might report me every day, for I wouldn't have to go visiting around among my relatives. I feel sorry for Aunt Maria, and it must be a trial for her to have me even for a week or two. Her husband died years ago and she never had any children, so she lives all alone, except for the two faithful people who have been with her for most of her life. I wonder why people grow stately and coid as they get older. Perhaps when Aunt Maria was a girl she was as lively as her niece."

"Frivolous is a bitter word," said Sasie from the depths of her book. "You know there was a time when the frigid zone was as warm as the torrid, so maybe your aunt was giddy as you are."

'What caused it to cool off?'' inquired Elsie. "I'll examine you to see if Mr. Brown was unjust in his verdict about grades.

"The sun shifted its position," came the glib answer, and then as the two girls laughed in spite of themselves she added, Anyway, something happened."

"I don't believe even the sun's shifting its position would thaw out my arctic regions. If it ever does I'll let you know, Susie. In the meantime you must admit that I am the forlornest girl in the school, if not in the whole world."

"How about little Bess Adams? Her folks live in Montana, and she is the only girl here who will have to stay during vacation. Think of spending a week in a place where cleaning is the order of things from morning till night. I asked her to go home with me, but she is such a shy little thing that I couldn't coax her to say yes.

"I wonder if she would go with me. Misery loves company, and perhaps Aunt Maria's is a trifle better than this big building when the teachers and scholars are away." "Of course she would," cried both girls.

"She fairly worships you." That night, when Bess Adams was sleep-

ing soundly with her arms around chubby Addie Bliss, Mildred stole softly down to the sitting room for a talk with Aunt Flora. Mrs. Bliss was darning stockings for her romping little folks' and looking up to say, 'I'm glad you came down, dear. We can have our uisit now. Is your friend

asleep?'' "Yes. Did you ever see anyone so happy as Bess? It seems they have a lot of little folks at home and she was striving to hug them, so your babies saved her life. She is an odd girl and makes few friends. Her dreadful for poor Bess."

'My dear child, if the people of 'Massafriends used to ask in their letters if the Richmond. -In The Christian Advocate. Indians gave us any trouble.

"Aunt Flora, was Aunt Maria always as stately and cold as she is now?" asked sing at a salary of \$250 a week, has obtain-Mildred, suddenly.

Bess was as much started as the rest, but she managed to say, "Papa's name is John Adams and we live in Montana."

Mildred and Mrs. Mills expected to se Mrs. Warren faint away, but she took the bewildered Bess in her arms and sobbed brokenly, "I thank Thee, O Lord, that Thou hast permitted me to see this day,' over and over again.

Such a joyful Easter as it was, after all! John Adams, in response to long telegrams from his mother and daughter, hastened with his wife and little ones over the wide States that separated them to take his rightful name and place once more, while in the big mansion the mother waited impatiently to clasp him in her arms.

"This meeting was not all accidental, a you suppose, mother," said James Warren as he stood in his boyhood room and found there his treasures intact. "I have kept watch over you ever since I ran away, and I sent Bess to school here in the hope that she might sometime see you and revive the love I was afraid I had crushed forever. I have gained a comfortable fortune by my own efforts, but, best of all, I have gained your forgiveness. I am sorry it is too late to ask father's pardon."

"His last words were of you, son. He said he had been too harsh, and I am sure he knows we are together now," said Mrs. Warren, solemnly.

"The frigid zone is no more. The son changed his position," read Susie from the telegram Mildred sent. "It's a wonder those stupid operators don't learn to spell,' remarked Susie. "Sun with an 'o'. Who Who ever heard of such a thing?"

But the operator was correct in his spelling, as Susie learned afterward. The sor had shifted his position and Mildred's geography lacked one zone. As the Easter bell rang out the glad message that He who father is quite well off and wants to edu-cate his children in the East, but it is risen again, Mildred looked from one to the other at the crowd in the pew where for years Aunt Maria had sat alone, and chusetts could hear you calling Ohio the East, I don't know what they would say ness had transformed the frozen heart of to you. When we lived there Ohio was her aunt into a place which henceforth always 'out West,' and my little girl should blossom as the rose.-By Hilda

ed a judgment against the Accident Insur-- "No, there was a time when she was the gayest girl in the town where we lived. J which was stolen from her.

When the contest ceased, h rose up bewildered and went about asking first one, then another, the price of the picture just sold. It seemed that his apprehension could not at once be enlarged to so vast a concep-

The possessor was proceeding homeward when a decrepit, lame and humpbacked invalid, tottering along by the aid of a stick, presented himself before him. He threw him a piece of money and waved his hand as dispensing with his thanks. "May it please your honor," said the supposed beggar, "I am the painter of that picture," and again he rubbed his eves.

The tall man was Count Dunkelsback, one of the richest noblemen in Germany. He stopped, took out his pocketbook, tore out a leaf and wrote on it a few lines. "Take it, friend," said he; "It is a check for your money.

Duhobret finally persuaded himself that it was not a dream. He became the master of a castle, sold it and resolved to live luxuriously for the rest of his life and to cultivate painting as vation and toil. Prosperity was too much for him, as was proved soon after when an indigestion carried him off. His picture remained long in the cabinet of Count Dunkelsback and afterward passed into the possession of the king of Bavaria.

The Ruling Passion.

It is an evident fact that the body when it has long been a slave to evil passions finds it next to impossible to break its chains. The mind may passionately desire righteous living, but the abused nervous system, fallen into iron habits, refuses the soul's behest. Canon Gore wrote that he was once present at the deathbed of a pickpocket, a man who professed himself to be sincerely penitent and who believed in the forgiveness of sins. He had said goodby to this world. and the clergyman sat by his side waiting for his last moment to come.

Suddenly the sinking man exclaimed in a hoarse and painful whisper: "Look out for your watch." They were his last words. He had

died in their utterance, and the clergyman's watch was found in his lifeless hand. He had not been able to resist the nearness of an article that could be stolen. His enfeebled will could not prevent the muscles from falling into their old habits, but his mind-his soul,

shall we say?-protested to the last.-

Polish.

"You have a bright look, my boy,' said the visitor at the school. "Yes, sir," replied the candid youth. "That's because I forgot to rinse the soap off my face good."

Ptolemy's Big Boat.

building big boats. One of these is said to have been 420 feet long, 57 feet broad and 72 feet deep from the highest point of the stern. This vessel had four rudders or what some would call steering oars, as they were not fastened, each forty-five feet long. She carried 4,000 rowers, besides 3,000 marines, a large body of servants under her decks and stores and provisions. Her oars were fifty-seven feet long, and the handles were weighted with lead. There were 2,000 rowers on a side, and it is supposel that these were divided into five banks. That this extraordinary vessel ever put to sea is doubted, but that she was launched and used at times, if only for display, several historians are agreed.

Getting Round It.

A famous mountaineer said of mountain climbing at a dinner in Brooklyn: "Peaks that seem inaccessible may be climbed by turns and twists. Meuntain climbing is a question of getting a pastime. But, alas for the vanity of around the bad places. Getting around human expectation, he had borne pri- your difficulty-that is the secret of mountain climbing. Liszt, the great musician, had the ability to get around things; hence I am sure he'd have made a good mountaineer. Once at a dinner Liszt's hostess cried in a horrified voice that there were thirteen at table

> "'Don't let that alarm you, madam,' said Liszt, with a reassuring smile, 'I'll eat for two.'"

If Lion Pulls and Horse Pulls. If a lion and a strong horse were to pull in opposite directions, the horse would pull the lion backward with comparative ease. But if the lion were hitched behind the horse and facing in the same direction and were allowed to exert his strength in backing he could easily pull the horse down upon his haunches or drag him across the ring, so much greater is his strength when exerted backward from the hind legs than in forward pulling .-- Chambers' Journal.

The Nursery of Statesmen.

A debating society in which the members are really keen is an institution of immense value in a school or a house. Success in the school debating society is frequently the beginning of a great career. - O. C. Williams in

Then the Mercury Froze. "I think London is a lovely place for "Yes, darling," he replied in an abstracted manner. "I shall always come here in the future."-Stray Stories.

Some evils admit of consolations, but there are no comforters for dyspepsia and the toothache.-Bulwer.

The Bookplate.

An ex libris, or bookplate, is a small piece of paper whereon is printed the owner's name and pasted on the inside cover of a book-in other words, it is a printed slip to denote the ownership of books. A proper ex libris should have, first of all, the name, boldly and plainly printed, and a space left for the number of volumes contained in the library; then, to make it more interesting and personal, some decorative device of the owner's peculiar and individual choice as well as some favorite motto, if desired. In Europe those who have the right use family crests or armorial bearings for their ex libris. Every well regulated library should have some mark of ownership, and the ex libris takes the place of the owner's signature.

> 215 Moths and Butterflies.

Some moths look very much like butterflies, but there are two ways in which you can always tell the one from the other. Each has little slender feelers growing from the head, but the butterfly's feelers, or antennae, as they are called, have knobs on the ends. The antennae of the moth sometimes have tiny feathers on them and sometimes little spires, but thy are never knobbed. Then, too, in alighting the butterfly always holds her wings erect, while the moth's droop or are nearly flat.

No Longer Worried.

"I thought," said the visitor, "I'd drop in and tell you what your hair restorer did for a friend of mine. When he started to using your elixir there were only a few hairs on his head, but now it's completely covered."

"Indeed?" explained the patent medicine man.

"Yes: by six feet of earth."-Catholic Standard and Times.

A Martyr.

The Friend-If your married life is so unhappy, why don't you get a divorce from your husband? Unhappy Wife-Because he would then marry some other woman and make her unhappy.-Chicago News.

His Intelligence.

Purchaser-You told me that parrot bought of you was the most intelligent bird in your collection, while the fact is he doesn't talk at all. Dealer-That's what I meant when I spoke of his intelligence.

The Secret.

He-Why did you tell me this if it was such a secret? She-But if didn't tell it to somebody how could anybody know I could keep a secret?-Baltimore American.

Age does not make us childish, as some say. It finds us true children .--Goethe.

"The Captain."

a honeymoon. Don't you, dear?"

Ptolemy (Philopator) was foud of ;