Bellefonte, Pa., April 26, 1907.

OPERATIONS.

They removed the patient's mazzard, chopped his ilium away; They took out his pink appendix and his

largest vertebrae Set him breathing through a go inserted in his throttle,

Took his liver from its moorings and pr it in a bottle.

In the lining of his stemach they discerned

They dispensed with it, replaced it with throbble ostrich craw. Many another inward trinket they hacked out

All "successful operations"-but the patient

strangely died. A "successful operation," in the lingo of the

craft. Is the one that lets them excavate your fore and aft; Lets them make a cross-wise section of the

gourd that holds your brain, Lets them whittle out the fixtures they declar were made in vain.

"What a dreadful ignoran they sigh:

wise as you and I."
Then they whet their little scalpels, lay epidermis bare,

And with "skillful operations" send you up the golden stair. Oh, my brother, when you find me mussing up

a railroad track. With my legs and lights and sweetbreads piled up neatly on my back,

Do not notify a surgeon-let me pieces: I am wearied out with reading of the nu

deceases That result when they "successfully" have or erated on

Some poor devil who has swallowed all their anaesthetic con. Gently-ah but surely !- kill me while I fight

with fleeting breath, certain death.

-Strickland W. Gillilan in Chicago News.

THE DOLL LADY.

Miss Caton settled back in her chair and drew a long and weary breath as the cur-tain went down on the first act. After all, it did n't pay to be so good-natured. She was not the dramatic critic of the "Even-ing Probe," and she had shown no common sense in her unresting acquiescence to the city editor's doubtful suggestion that, in view of Vincent's message, she take his work for the afternoon, and cover this absurd matinee exploiting of an actress's favorite protege. Dirke Vincent was too favorite protege. Dirke Vincent was too prone to indisposition when unimportant prone to indisposition when unimportant dramatic assignments were afoot. She called herself a coward of the first degree, too, as she uncompromisingly owned to herself her reasons for unresisting acquiescence. "Evening Probe" was in the threes of acquiring a new technic, so to speak, a new maestro having just taken whirlwind charge, and Miss Caton had her eye open out-of-door work. For the last year she had been in rebellious charge of the "Woman's Page," and she felt nerself drying up with inaution and inaction. Hence had deale convent for "mantion and inaction. Hence had deale convent for "mantion and inaction. Hence had deale convent for "mantion and inaction." for some special dispensation in the way of out-of-door work. For the last year she under the new management, was even more of a power than under the old.

Yet this exhibition was a fearful thing. Miss Caton now and then indulged the notion that she was past pure enjoyment of anything any more, but she could still on occasion muster up primitive rage, and this mincing child, this too ambitious Nora, had got on her nerves tremendously, from her first appearance with bundles and bags and buoyant breeziness. It added siderably to Miss Caton's rage, too, to know that, owing to various causes which need not be entered into, this young stage debutante was to receive great praise; that if blame were bestowed, Ibsen and his 'Doll's House' must bear it. This afternoon she did not feel like faking her story

and her knowledge that on this story her paper would not stand for it enraged her. She looked resentfully about her. The audience was representative of the usual matinee crowd,—Miss Caton hated matinee crowds and matinee performances,—plus a large social element indicative of the strong influence back of the immature amateur who dared to lay sacreligious hands upon serious drama. She took in the boxes with a disgusted sweep of her fine eyes, and memorized a few of the names. came to worst, she could write up the afternoon from a social rather than from a dramatic standpoint. That would doubt-less please Miss Isabel Coulter, debutante

She frowned savagely at the buzz of matinee talk going on about her. "There "There ought to be a competitive examination," she muttered to herself, "for admission to Ibsen or Shaw or Maeterlink, except for this, that it would relegate those three and their works to an endowed theater of nothing. And they called the mad king of Bavaria maddest when he sat alone in a

actress, best of all.

But she did eat a macaroon, didn't

she? Miss Caton turned quickly toward the voice. It belonged to her neighbor, a little woman, perhaps twenty-five years old, with lovely, childlike eyes and an undeveloped mouth. She was beautifully gowned, and her furs were superb. She wore a rather wonderful necklace that caught Miss Caton's trained eye. It evidently had been made outside of a conventional goldsmith's shop, and was curiously built of copper and tawny orange stones. Miss Caton hunted earnestly for the name of the stones, and meantime contented herself with a monosyllabic "Yes."

"But she told her husband she did n't." persisted the childish voice. Miss Caton nodded again. "Yes," she

"Then it was a lie she told. Why?" Miss Caton quoted a bit of Oriental philosophy. "It is better to lie a little than to suffer much," she remarked genially, without crediting her statement to its

But why did she lie to her own hus-

Miss Caton turned square about and looked her neighbor over. Of the picture she had looked on before there still remained the lovely gown, the rich furs, the odd chain of tawny stones and copper, and the childish face; but the brow above the puz-zled brown eyes was drawn and knotted into unacoustomed ed novelty ahead.

The iny lady shook her head. "Not much," she confessed. "We just took him up in the club last fall. We studied "Ghosts,"—I saw that played,—it 's perfectly dreadful, is n't it? We had n't begun

calmiy buy them by the pound and stuff on them. But the Helmers take care never to pick that sort of wife."
"But, all the same, he told her not to

eat them," her questioner murmured

Miss Caton glanced at her again. If she were not careful, she would find herself feeding this child of the bottle too strong

meat.
"But what of it?" she demanded gently. "But what of it?" she demanded gensy.

"What right has any man to command
any woman as if she were a child? Nora
was commanded too much, and Nora—very
properly—lied."

"Yes," assented the childish voice,
grievedly; "she lied!"

"Yes Chica's ever lighted up at the final-

Miss Caton's eyes lighted up at the finality of the tone. She decided on a little

strong meat.
"But everybody lies," she asserted. lie, you lie, everybody lies."
The brown eyes before her widened and darkened in amazement and dismay. "Why," the voice came at last in reply

"Why," the voice came at last in reply

"'yes. Yes, I lie. I lie."

"Everybody lies," said Miss Caton again,
more in comfort than in assertion.

A sudden flash of resentment leaped into
the brown eyes. "Not my husbaud," the
tiny lady asserted loyally—"not George.
George never lies. George could n't lie,
not even in trifles. Why, I say to him,
"George, are your feet cold?" and he says,
"No, they 're not cold; they 're just chil-'No, they 're not cold; they 're just chil-

Winifred Caton almost gasped aloud as she turned again and stared at her flushed and lovely neighbor. She seemed to see George before her, so marvelously had George's tiny wife drawn him. She knew George, it seemed to her, as she had known

"And I lie," the tiny creature went on, in a rush of wild confusion. "I never saw it before, but I lie. In just such little saw it before, but I lie. It just such little trifles—I told a lie to my little boy this morning. It was something he could never find out was n't true, and it saved him from a frightful crying spell, and came true right away, as I knew it would. Do you think that was wrong? But was it right? I just said it. I never thought about it at all. I just said it because it seemed best. Is the best thing always the right thing?
I'd never tell a lie just to tell one or because I was afraid to tell the truth. Do you think Nora lies because she likes to or

"Wait," urged Miss Caton, gently. "I just saw the curtain-signal—there it goes up now. See whether you think she was

Miss Caton was intensely interested in the second act. She had long combated Dirke Vincent's pet theory that Ibsen is wson, city editor into a cocked hat; yet was she not watching that stilted young person strike Ibsen straight home to one awakening soul? Vincent's theory, before her unbelieving eyes, was being proved. As the curtain feil, she heard again an eager question:
"Do you think a woman is very right in

telling any sort of lie to her husband? Miss Caton answered, perforce, according to her light, which was of the world. The brow of her interlocutor wrinkled perceptibly. "I don't know about it," she ed doubtfully. "It seems to me that when a woman has such a good hushand as I have, even as Helmer was-he was good to her, you know he was."
"Certainly he did not heat Nora," as-

sented Winifred Caton, reflectively.

"No, indeed he did n't," said the tiny woman, swiftly. "He told her the truth, She was in a mood to write brutal truth, too, just as George tells me. Perhaps-I don't know. I never thought so hard in all my life. I wish she would n't lie so

> "Wait a bit, my dear," urged Miss Caton. "You'll soon hear Nora telling some truths - ." "And I must do the same thing," mur-

nured this small doll with a stirring soul. I must tell George I lie-why, how much I lie von have no idea. It's just like her. And I must tell him all about it." Miss Caton leaned over quickly and put

her hand over her neighbor's quivering one. She looked into the bright eyesrighter with a sudden rush of brave 'Don't," she said with tender merri-

'Why not?" Miss Caton sighed. "Because," she exlained patiently, "one should never hoose for a judge one who can't sin her sin. If George can't lie, don't tell George.

The brown-clad woman bent forward suddenly. "Are you married?" she asked swiftly.

"No," smiled Winifred Caton; "I'm not married. But don't tell George." The tiny lady sank back distressed. thought you were," she murmured. was sure you were. You talked all along like you knew so many things-about men you know. I don't know what I 've said to you that I ought n't to have said-"

Miss Caton laughed a little. "Don't be troubled," she said cheerfully. "Ab, now you are going to hear Nora tell the whole truth-with the sad consequences there-

She smiled merrily to herself as the curtain rose on the last act—a smile the merriness of which became tinged with grimness in exact ratio to the deepening of the vital ethical problem which suddenly presented itself. Had she or had she not a right to purloin an involuntary interview? She frowned a bit as the negative side of the question presented itself, for a wonderfully inspiring path out of her maze of trouble over the afternoon's assignment was opening up. What critic could want greater "stuff" than this innocent spectator had unwittingly given? The opening sentence Miss Caton turned square about and coked her neighbor over. Of the picture he had looked on before there still remaind the lovely gown, the rich furs, the odd hain of tawny stones and copper, and the hildish face; but the brow above the puzled brown eyes was drawn and knotted about ounaccustomed lines. Miss Caton scent-dinovelty ahead.

"Do you know Ibsen?" she inquired ently.

"The opening sentence of her story flashed into her mind—the first words her new acquaintance had uttered. What a stunning thing it would be: "But she did eat a macaroon, did n't she?" A Doll Lady at "A Doll's House!" With that much of her story accounted for, Miss Caton's tiny ethical qualms vanished. In any case, the "Evening Probe" would never be perused by the wife of such a man as the truthful George, she told herself. It

would be consigned to the side alley just before George entered the house. At all events, she had material for a story such as she had not felt inspired to write for a

feetly dreadful, is n't it? We had n't begun
'A Doll's House' when I left,—my husband's business brought him to Chicago rather suddenly,—but it was a chance to hear it played this afternoon, and I came. No; I don't know much about Ibsen. But why did she tell that sort of a funny lie?''

"It is better to lie a little than to suffer much,' "Miss Caton quoted again, with an odd smile playing about her lips. "Have n't you seen enough of Helmer to know the only way a woman could live in peace with him would be by lying? What woman would n't lie about eating forbidden macaroons, unless she were the sort, indeed, who could calmly buy them by the pound and stuff on them. But the Helmers take care never long time.
So absorbed in its possibilities did she become that she had neither eyes nor ears for reaving them to stumble in darkness to-ward the door. It was just before they reached the glare of the outer day, the sunny aspect of which shocked them both, that the tiny, conscience-stricken wife turned with brave finality upon Winfred

> "I want to say good-by to you here," she said. "I don't know you—I never talked to anybody before—and never to a stranger—but you have understood me—wonderfully. Still, I've never seen you before to-day, and I hope I'll never see

you again."
The first edition of the "Evening Probe" was already lying on Miss Caton's desk when she reached her office the next morning, and she picked it up with a faint interest in the fate, editorial and typographical, of the only story she had written in months which was vitalized by any sort of personal sympathy. Before she began to write it, the afternoon before, she had gone over to Rawson city editor with a question. over to Rawson, city editor with a question put unusually. She did not ask, "How much do you want on this story?" but 'How much space can I have?'

"More than I can spare," that geutle-man had growled. "It's not worth a stick. Half a column mebbe, if you can get it spicy enough.
So she had begun to write, pulling her self up short twice, and then giving her-self free rein, until, when she had finished,

self free rein, until, when she had finished, it was a column story. She had taken it over to Rawson herself.

"It's a good deal longer than you ordered," she told him calmly, "but it's good stuff. I wish you would read it yourself before you let the copy desk maul it up."

"All right," Rawson had answered.
"Put it there, and I'll send it out."

Therefore, this next meaning above and answered.

Therefore, this next morning, she open ed the paper almost nervously at the dra-matic page. There it was, her complete story, in the dramatic column, a double column at that, signed with her name, and with a characteristic "Prohe" head-line: "George's Cold Feet-Side-Lights of Ibsen!" Only so much did she perceive just now, for almost immediately the men in the office began to wander over with apperciative remarks. Even Rawson stopped in his morning, hurry to say: "Glad you let me see that first; it all went in." The sporting editor offered to let her write up the next vital event in the sporting world, purely in the best interests of the paper, and not because he had any doubts she would throw him down as she had "swatted" Vincent at his own game. He offered to bet any sum that Vincent alone would see no merit in the story.

would see no merit in the story.

When she was left to herself at last, Miss Caton read the story over twice, once critically, once appreciatively. Her own sane judgment told her it was a good story, an interesting one, and full of meat. Then she turned disgustedly to her pile of mail and the hated task of making up the "Woman's Page" for the next day. "Woman's Page" for the next day.

when an interruption came. An office-boy brought a message from Mr. Marvin, new owner of "The Probe." Marvin would like to speak to Miss Caton at her earliest con-

She got up with a little thrill of anticipation. This summons, her first one from the great man, taken in connection with the fact that her name was blazoned on the dramatic page of every copy of the first edition, meant something. Her mind fled first, of course, to flaws. But the story was good,—that she would stand by,—it was good. She went out into the hall, past the brute McKinlock's office, with the words "Managing Editor" displayed on its door, and on down into the antercom of Mr. Marvin's offices. There she found her way almost embarrassingly smooth, for without announcement the private secre-

tary waved her into his presence. As she entered she cast a practised eye about for indications. True enough, on Mr. Marvin's desk lay a copy of the first edition of "The Probe," open at the first dramatic page.
"I should have said more about the No-

ra," she mused regretfully. "He probably knows her and intended a bigger write-up

for her. But it's good."
"Please he seated, Miss Caton," snavely remarked Mr. Marvin as she said "Good morning." "I have just read this rather remarkable criticism of yours on yesterday's Ibsen performance. I shall not say it has not been full of interest, but you ment-"don't you do that. Don't tell have certainly made Miss Conlter merely a feeder to-the Doll Lady, I believe you call ber."

So her prognostications of evil had proved true. But Winifred Caton had long since learned the lesson of standing by what appeared over her name.

"Had you been in my place yesterday Mr. Marvin," she said, "you would have understood why the Doll Lady dominated 'A Doll's House'—made the latter, in fact, at all endurable. Miss Coulter is ambitious and has talent, but she has been illadvised. Frankly, the afternoon was Ibsen and the audience. The players were virtually eliminated from the affair."

"Doubtless," smiled Mr. Marvin, "had I occupied your place yesterday I should have been taken up with the Doll Lady to the exclusion of 'A Doll's House'-not being fond of Ibsen, Miss Caton, or his sort. And the moral you point here is a great one, poignantly sharpened, that certain types of femininity can hardly digest Ibsen and the like, however adorable and charming those types may otherwise be. It is a cleverly written story, Miss Caton, and one that I appreciate to the last wordnotwithstanding the head-line man has made the deceived George take precedence of the playwright himself. Will you take this card of mine, Miss Caton, and kindly glance at it?"

Miss Caton obediently took the card and looked casually at it; then she gasped in hysteric dismay. She looked at her chief, then she stared at those glaring head-lines, then she stared at the card. It read:

Mr. George Marvin "The Doll Lady faithfully tried to follow your excellent advice, and succeeded up to one o'clock this morning," remark-Mr. George Marvin, in the silence whi fell. "Then she could endure the strain no longer, and confessed her scarlet sins." His eyes grew suddenly soft and tender.
"I need not tell you in detail, Miss Caton,
what those sine are. One of the greatest

of them was the fact of confession to a stranger on an impulse. But considering it was an Ibsen matinee, her husband forgave her. He further requested her, -he forebore from command,—but he requested that she give up certain ethical researches -in short, that she cut out Ibsen and any like him. To which request she most de tifully yielded."
Winifred Caton sat in hideous silence

er eyes on those dreadful head-lines.

"I can only say—"she began.
"Therefore," broke in her chief, "in
onsideration of the Doll Lady's dreadful sufferings over those scarlet sins of hers those sufferings must not be increased. I must add this, that she is vitally interested must add this, that she is vitally interested in her husband's work, and faithfully readsher husband's paper every evening, and that he really does tell her the truth too consistently to make it possible for him to keep this night's special publication from her. Therefore—"the chief's blue pencil lingered regretfully above the story, and then slashed through it, "this story is killed." killed."

He glanced up at her. "This is the only reason," he said cheerfully, "that your criticism will not appear in any later edition. It was due the eleverness of the story that the cause for its killing be ex-plained to its writer."

"We live and learn," said the clever Miss Caton, tritely. "I imagined I had George's measure to a fraction." Her chief laughed a little. Then his

Her chief laughed a little. Then his eyes softened again.

"There are certain women," he said.

"who by very force of their perfect faith in goodness and charity and purity and love compel a partial living-up to their own white standards. This is all, Miss Caton, unless you can give me the name of caton, unless you can give me the name of children and indument fit. some woman of ability and judgment fit-ted to take your work. We shall need you on the live part of the paper."

"I know just the woman," she said, quickly. "May I send her to you? She eeds the work. And for myself—"
"Then this is all, Miss Caton," and he rose with gallantry and bowed her back to the local room.—By Edna Kenton, in Century Magazine.

College Standards of Honesty

Cheating on examinations and written work is far too common in both public and orivate schools. In most cases it seems possible to stamp the habit out. The sentiment of too many pupils, if not actively favorable to cheating, is always feeble against it, regarding it as a practice to be winked at and evidence of superior clever-ness in outwitting the teacher. Few pupils are ever expelled from an American school because they are guilty of cheating. Generally parents would make it very un-comfortable for teachers and principals who should take a stern view of this fault.

In spite of all the talk about "honor systems" in college, the same state of things is prevalent in many universities. The student who would refuse to help a mate in an examination, although he did not care to cheat himself, would be considered a prig. Few cases of cheating are ever handled severely by college faculties. They are inclined to give the offender "another chance;" they accept in extenuation the chool where he came from.

The is no reason why the student cheater or grafter should not be dealt with more firmly. It is not good sense to protest that cheating is a youthful fault, and will be dropped as soon as the student graduates and faces "real life." Although many men, who follow the oustom and cheat in school and college, are honest enough where they meet the laws of the land, the habit of vonthful dishonesty must be morally weak ening. A few expulsions widely reported would do much to correct student opinion on this point. A young cheat is a potential grafter.

De Soto Oak Doomed

The famous great oak in the beautiful park surrounding the Tampa Bay Hotel, and which is known as the De Soto oak, for the reason that De Soto camped under t when first he landed at this coast, is as been attacked by a parasite which has killed whole forests in Florida.

which The parasite is in a sort of moss blows off other trees with the wind. Whatever tree it lands on, there it sticks. The parasite burrows into the tree. It breeds very fast, and the moss it makes grows just as rapidly. Whenever it lands on a tree, the beginning of the end for the life of that tree is a settled fact. Strangely enough, too, it produces a plant in the branches of the tree very much like a water lily in appearance. It blooms and produces a re-markable effect when the flowers are on. In time the moss hangs down in great con-fusion from every branch of the tree and all over its trunk. The sap is sucked from the tree and its death is but a question of

time. The De Soto oak is going by the boards the same way. And it seems a great pity. its base and well up its height, rears its head several bundred feet, and has giganhead several bundred feet, and uses given tic branches reaching out, as straight as a chalk line, for a distance of over 50 feet.

This suggests one of the new lines of demodern forestry. Many of it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The stringy moss, not much wider than several strands of hair from a horse's mane or tail, is put through a cleaning process in Florida and is shipped North to factories, the stuffing of sofas and mattresses for beds.

Dreams are the pirates of the sea of sleep. What should be a pleasant voyage through the night becomes a fearful strug-ly to the disadvantage of any rival lumber gle against hideous foes. Dreams are often symptoms of disease. When the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition are To sleep well is a necessity to health. Sleep is Natures "sweet restorer," and "knits up the raveled sleeve of care." One of the results of the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is sound, refreshing sleep. The "Discovery" heals diseases of the and purifies the blood, thus removing the common cause of weakfulness and disturbing dreams. It contains no alcohol, neither an ordinary man." pium, cocaine nor other narcotic. It cures ninety-eight per cent. of all those who give it a fair and faithful trial.

Fishing Vs. Hunting.

The man who can sit for hours in a boat waiting for a bite may have patience, but he is shy the fortitude displayed by the hunter who squats for hours in a cold marsh waiting for a wild duck to come his way.

-A man can break out of jail, but he's got to die to get over having a big nose.

-There would be a heap of virtue the world if there was more fun in it.

The Modern Forester.

There are many large perquisites which fall to the lot of the trained foresters in tall to the lot of the trained foresters in the employ of the large timber compa-nies, and special commissions which net them independent incomes. In the rapid-ly advancing value of timber, owners of private forests are competing with each other to secure available tracts of land suit-able for reforesting. The practical forest-er is the natural adviser of companies in search of new forest lands. search of new forest lands.

An extensive railroad cosporation recently called into consultation a well-known forester for an opinion on a tract of land check for \$1500 for his two months which would probably save the railroad

company many thousands.

Instead of dropping the matter there, the company requested the forester to go ahead and select suitable land and to recommend the right trees to raise on it. The denuded of large chestnuts and oaks, and advised its reforesting. This the company proceeded to do under the direction of the

forester, who is retained at a salary of \$4000 to develop the young forest. Another forester who was formerly in the employ of the Government now represents a syndicate of timber companies who are on a still hunt for all available forest land, young or old. This syndicate pro-poses to follow the advice of its five-thous-and-dollar expert in all purchases. So much trust is given to him that in emergencies he can close barrains with owners of wooded tracts that often involve direct expenditures of over fifty thousand dollars. Not only is his recommendation followed in purchasing new forest land, but he is

required to secure old denuded forests and second-growth timber land for reforesting. Several other practical foresters are en-gaged today by American lumber concerns to explore the wilds of Canada for similar purposes. American timber companies expect, within the next twenty years, to get much of their lumber from the Dominion, and those which control the forest lands will be in a position to control the markets for lumber. When the routes for the new Canadian transcontinental railroad were surveyed it was found that American interests controlled a good part of the forests, and that, even more than the grain farmers, the lumber owners would profit by the projection of the new lines. Canadians ex-pressed great bitterness in this discovery, but the land was obtained in the ordinary way of purchase. Foreseeing the possibilities of this great Northwestern region, the lumber companies have been steadily buy-ing the forest lands under the advice of ex-

The forester is thus a man who not only understands how to cultivate the old forests and to reforest denuded land, but who has a shrewd business eye to the possibili-ties of great tracts in respect to their future marketing of products. A practical forest-er recently undertook to make surveys on this own account. He spent two years in the woods, and then emerged from oblivion to make propositions to a number of large lumber companies. Without disclosing the location of his discoveries, he exhibited many right the rivers lakes words. hibited maps with the rivers, lakes, woods and possible markets, and then offered to secure the forests at reasonable figuresnot for a salary, or a lump sum, but for a certain percentage of the profits. Today he is drawing an income from several comcould get—an income, too, which will century. The Levellers, we know, sported steadily increase as the lumber possesions green as their distinctive badge, and But-

are developed. The head of one of Michigan's largest lumber companies is a practical forester. He started in to survey tracts of almost virgin and abandoned forest land five years ago. He offered to sell his knowledge to two or three companies, but they did not place much faith in the value of a forester, and he was turned away from office after office. Finally, in desperation, he underdoomed to death, says the Tampa corre-spondent of the Cincinnati Engirer. It to purchase the land which he knew would prove so profitable within a few years. With twenty-five thousand dollars in he secured options on the forests which to-day are valued at over half a million dollars. He is not only at the head of one of the largest lumber companies of the Northwest, but he is steadily outdistancing all competitors by the novelties be is introducing to increase the growth and output of his forests. His practical knowledge of forestry has thus made him a rich man and a power in the lumber councils of the

Northwest. His is not a single, isolated case. One of the most active partners of a Canadian lumber company is an American forester who learned his profession under the direction of the United States Forestry Bureau. He is considered the hest technical expert in the Dominion on all matters pertaining to forests. Many have been the large salaries It is a giant among all the great oaks of offered him by railroads and other corpora-the universe. It is over 30 feet around at tions interested inforests. But his services cannot be purchased. He is interested in developing his own valuable forest tracts, and has no time or inclination to barter

velopment of modern forestry. Many of the large lumber companies are anxious to admit expert foresters into partnership with them. By giving them an interest in the business they secure their services indewhere it is used as a substitute for hair in finitely. When a man has spent five or ten years in the great timber districts he has acquired knowledge of a peculiarly company. What is more natural than to take the expert into the firm and secure his special knowledge for all time? The in a disordered or diseased condition the lumber companies of the future will thus sleep is commonly broken and disturbed. be made up largely of expert foresters,

-A doctor forbidding a patient to drink alcoholic beverages, the patient restomach and digestive and nutritive organs, and purifies the blood, thus removing the alcohol." "Yes, my friend, but not as a doctor. When I do drink I do so only as sia. And if one last example may be quoted

> -"Poets usually have sad lives," said the sentimentalist. "Well," answered Mr. Camrox, "writing the kind of things they do, I don't see how they could expect to be very cheervocate.

-Instead of sending a friend on a fool's errand, go yourself. -Find fault with your friends and it will make them faultier.

-If a man is a loafer he has but little

Drinking Power of the Camel the Connecticut Cow.

The Christian Advocate some time ago contained an article on the camel which was a short time ago reprinted in the WATCHMAN. It seems to have led to this entertaining and instructive correspondence :

KENSINGTON, CONN. Editor the Christian Advocate, Dear Sir:
The article in The Christian Advocate entitled "The Ship of the Desert," contains one statement that greatly surprises me. It is this: "It (the camel) has swallowed seven gallons of water at a time." Now I forester for an opinion on a tract of land which the company was contemplating using for raising catalpa and other trees for its future supply of ties and telegraph purposes. The forester was requested to examine the tract of land in question and make his report. The report was against the experiment, and the forester was given a check for \$1500 for his two months' work ed with a cow that was watered regularly yesterday. This morning at seven o'clock she was given an ordinary pail full of wa-ter—certainly not less than two gallons which she drank. At 11 a. m. she was given free access to water which had been carefully measured, and at that time she drank seven and one-half gallons, making nine and one-half gallons within four hours drunk by an ordinary cow under ordinary circumstances. I have had no experience with camele, but I have had some exper-ience with cowe from which I declare unhesitatinly that a cow sometimes drinks as much as ten or twelve gallons at once. And if a camel drinks only seven gallons at once he must pass out of the list as the champion big drinker. He ought to drink seventeen gallons to make it worthy of mention, and he should drink at least twenty-seven gallons before he makes his boast as a big drinker. I am convinced that there is a mistake somewhere in the article. Can you enlighten me on this matter

(REV.) J. L. ROLLINS. The editor referred the matter to Director Hornaday, of the New York Zoological Park in the Bronx, who speaks with authority. His reply is appended:

Editor Christian Advocate : In reply to your inquiry regarding the drinking ca-pacity of a camel. I beg to state that the pacity of a camel. I beg to state that the amount varies according to the species of camel, and according to the conditions. A thirsty camel will drink far more than one which is not so much distressed. A camel which has carried 400 pounds of freight for five days without being watered, will drink from fifteen to twenty gallons; but this is much above the normal amount which a camel is supposed to consume, and such a quantity nearly always renders the animal ill. A camel which has been three days without water is usually allowed to drink about four gallons, after which he is fed. and in a few hours permitted to drink again, when he consumes about the same amount. After three or four days labor without water, a camel drinks from ten to fifteen gallons, provided the heat is great and the work has been hard. If the weather is cool and the work less, half that amount is sufficient. W. T. HORNADAY.

The camel seems to come off second best in this contest. His superiority lies not in the quantity of liquid taken but in his unique facilities for storing the water against time of need.

Party Colors.

In this country stump-speakers some-times call their opponents "black" or "yel-low," but our parties have no regular badges of a color as in England, of which the London Speaker writes:

Party colors seem to have first sprung into importa ler's line, "'Twas Presbyterian true blue' gives us another piece of evidence.

At this period, in fact, party colors were in a sense literally "borrowed from religion." Spalding says of the Covenanting army that there were few of them without a blue ribbon, and that at the battle of Bothwell Bridge their flag was edged with blue, while Dryden confirms this in the title to his "MacFlecknoe, or a Satire on the True Blue Protestant Poet Thomas

Shad well." Clearly, therefore, it is the Whigs who had the real title to be called "true blues," and the present traditional usage which assigns yellow to the Liberals and blue to the Conservatives has reversed the old order. The change was made, probably, at the time of the Revolution settlement. Yellow was adopted by the Whigs as a punning com-pliment to the Prince of Orange, and the combination of blue and yellow, which several important Whig families accepted. survives today in the cover of the Edin-

burgh Review : "Yet mark one caution ere thy next Review Spread its light wings of saffron and of blue,' as Byron sang, and Trevelyan's lines in "The Ladies in Parliament:"

"While blue and yellow streamers deck each Tory convert's brow, And bold the Carltons raise the shout: "We're all reformers now,' "

carry the same allusion. Still, the final distinction, such as it is, was not made until a century later, when Fox copied Washington's uniform and habitually came to Westminster in his famous buff coat.

A scarlet waistcoat with gold buttons then iudicated an admirer of Pitt, a buff waistcoat a follower of Fox, and zealous Whig ladies would appear with foxes' tails as a headdress. From that time on the Blues and the Buffs have kept in the main to their tradition. The politicians at the Eatanswill elections had no doubts about the matter, and other writers who described election scenes during the last century were equally emphatic. "Brooke of "Tipton," who, as readers of Middlematch will remember, was a moderate reformer, his heart tolerably light under his buff waistcoat." Again, in Endymion we are told that "the borough was suddenly placarded with posting bills in colossal characters of true blue, warning the Conservative electors not to promise their votes, as a distinguished caudidate of the right sort would certainly come forward."

A still more emphatic reference comes in Popanilla, in which Disraeli satirized modern England under the name of Vray Bleuwe would ask our readers to fight over again with us in imagination those glorious election scenes when Colonel Newcome, that champion of uncompromising toleration, utterly routed Sir Barnes for all his blue cockades and brass bands.-Christian Ad-

-You can nearly always tell a man who is making money by the way he doesn't feel he has to spend it to prove it.

-After inducing a man to make a fool of himself a woman gives him the laugh.

---When a sour-tempered woman talks we are reminded of pickled tongue.