Democratic Matchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., August 9, 1907.

LITTLE SON.

When twilight shakes her hourglass at the And fairies from their proppied fastness

flee, Then, little boy, with empty arms I wait

To sing you : "Bobby Shafto's gone to sea."

I like to think that up among the stars We used to count 'twixt dusk and Land of Nod-

You listen still at even for my song There in the shadow of the hand of God.

I like to feel that still you watch my ways And hand in hand go with me, just as when We saw a thousand wonders in one flower, Flaunting our joy before the eyes of mer

rying out of carriages and tripping up the broad walk under umbrellas. Bijie went For that brief time I offer thanks. It sheds with them. He had to find out. Its radiance down the years to guide me on;

And at the last, sing me our lullaby And I will hear and hasten, little son.

-Percy L. Shaw, in American Magazine

BIJIE AND THE VISION.

Starling Angel was moving his neigh-bor's goods to the big town some twenty miles away. When he came to the hard, worn, little path that ran off from the road and up to the Eller cabin he pulled his horses to a standstill with a loud "Whoa." "Hello!" he called.

Bijie's mother was washing the dishes that were never quite done. At the sound she wiped her hands and crossed the cabin "Come on," she said to Bijie. "Don't

keep Starlin' waitin'. Ye've got a right smart journey ahead o' ye." Bijie looked down his clean shirt and

old green tronsers that were clean, too, to the brass toes of his clumsy shoes, proud-

"Good-by," he said to the cabinful of children. From the doorway he called good-by to them again, and the pride of the traveled man pricked through his tones. His bearing was bolder as he fol-lowed his mother down the path. It was fitting that one about to journey out into the world should have a hold bearing.

"They ain't many leetle fellars byar-abouts thet's hed the lettin out Bijie's ter get," Bijie's mother said. She addressed the tall young mountaineer who had climbed down from his wagon at her approach.

"Bijie's ain't never ben nowhar. But I lowed las' fall when the leetle fellar run away from the lady thet was gwine ter carry him off an' eddicate him-hit peared like he couldn't stan' ter go off from all he'd ever known-thet I'd do my pore bes' fer him. Pore folks hev pore ways, Starlin'. An' seein' Asheville's a

ways, Starin'. An' seen' Asnevine's a sight o' larnin' ter a body, man er chile." She shook hands with the young moun-taineer limply; shook hands with Bijie, limply, too. If the temptation to kiss the eager little brown face assailed her, she resisted it. She was not a demonstrative woman.

The big young man swung Bijie up and up-the neighbor's possessions loomed like a mountain- and lauded him amongst the hillows of a feather bed.

He looked down at the woman kindly. 'Ye'll not fret about the cyars runnin' over him? Ye'll not be afeared he'll git disheartened. lost er-er anythin'?"

shrill er voice

There had been no city walls; no gates with shiny angels on them. Not one thing was as the little boy had imagined it. The But the little girl had divined it. "Flay

There had been no city walls; no gates with shiny angels on them. Not one thing was as the little boy had imagined it. The streets hart the imprisoned little feet ac-customed to freedom. They were hot. The people hurried np and them joggled ed hot, too. They huddled together like a lot of frightened sheep. A carriage came down the street and stopped in front of a big grand-looking house not far from where Bijie sat. Ladies poured out of it. They ran up the broad walk under bobbing umbrellas. Other carriages came, and other ladies got out and ran up the walk under bobbing um-brellas. The carriages blocked up the street. They looked with their wet tops like glittery beetles.

like glittery beetles. Life took on a sudden eweetnesss to Bijie. He swung far out the door, unmind-ful of the rain. It was a "meetin"." It nurse's voice rasped rough as a cow's

was a funeral. In an agony of indecision Bijie swayed back and forth. Suddenly With the implacable fury of childhood, the child flung berself at her purse, who

tongue

he darted away. He meant to find out.

his courage swept back, he looked out cau-

Here and there candles were lighted-

to a little lad who tumbled out of an over-

full bed in a log cabin and made his simple

tiously.

a subtle sweetness.

Down at the gate ladies were still hur-pring out of carriages and tripping up the broad walk under umbrellas. Bijie went with them. He had to find out. None of the ladies touched the door, but his arms about the tearful Vision.

None of the ladies touched the door, but it opened. A person standing there offer-ed a tray to the ladies, and they dropped something. Bijie didn't know just what, into it. No one noticed him in the least. He slipped through the open door. There was a moment of awe. Then the door closed. Bijie was shut out from the past-from all he had known before. The ladies swept him with them to the foot of the wide stairway. They ran up the steps.

wide stairway. They ran up the steps, of his bones that he was thinking. His laughing. Bijie leaped as the young deer leaps on his mountain side, and crouched behind the curtains that led to a little unoccupied Reality thoughts whirled dizzily round and round one dreadful pivot. Shut out! Shut out

Reality in the shape of Starling Angel's sitting-room. When the tattered line of

hand pulled at Bijie. "Bijie?" There was relief in the moun-taineer's big voice. "I've ben lookin' everywhar fer ye, skeered outen my wits. Whar so many candles! They glowed under shades golden as the wings of a butterfly. hev ye ben, boy? Ye look like ye'd seed a hant. Come on. The wagin's waitin'. Gosh a mercy!" catching sight of the toy that Bijie still clutched, "Whar'd ye git thet?" There were a bewildering number of rooms opening into one another, and women, beautiful women, wearing wondrous shim-But Bijie was silent.

He was silent when he dropped down in mering diesses moved about in the soft luminousness. There were flowers, too, and they were golden. They breathed out the wagon bed and crawled to the back. He longed to steal away and hide his burt as the little wild things of the woods do. It was all so beautiful to a little beauty The wagon clattered through the streets and out from the town. As it grew darker Starling glanced back more than once. In worshiper; it was all so wonderful to a little lad who found life such a simple matter-

the chill the little boy seemed so little, so comfortless. "Starlin'!" Starling turned round quick-

morning toilet at the branch below a bubbling monntain spring—that he lost his breath altogether and gasped and gasped before he could find it again. When the ladies had come down the ly. Bijie was plucking at his sleeve. 'Gosh a meroy!' exclaimed Starling, as he caught sight of Bijie's face. The child's

eyes were burning like stars. "I'm gwine ter larn !' he cried. "I'm gwine ter larn all thar is in the worl'! stairway and the hall was almost deserted, Bijie stole up the steps softly. He went along a hall and through an Larnin' opens shet doors. She sed it didopen door. He enteed the door without an' she knows-thet lady thet wanted ter the preliminary courtesy of a knock and found the angel that should have been sit-ting on the city gate. She had come right out of the sky, Bijie knew. Her eyes were a bit of the sky's blue, and the sunshine men still teached in her har. eddicate me." He dropped back on the wagon bed. "Ef I live I'm gwine ter iarn an' open thet shet door," he said solemaly. There in the twilight something had been born. The new thing beat in the little boy's voice. Already the fight had begun. The question that had so ofte n teas-ed Bijie's mind was answered when she The wide, deep night grew blacker and blacker. Starling Angel pushed on toward

turned. At last Bijie knew how angels the mountains. looked. Everything about her was soft and white and shiny: the ridculious little Bijie slept, the woolly lamb clasped

close. skirts that were no more than ruffles below Starling threw an old quilt over him. "I wonder whar he got thet outlandish sheep thet's ontlived hits legs," he muttered. "Quare leetle chap. Bijie. A-wantin' ter her waist; the great bow of 1ibbon that was meant to hold one of the bright carls in place but failed, and drooped to her ear; the socks that had tried to climb to her larn so bad."

Starling hadn't a seer's vision. He plump, fat knees and had stopped half way The vision shot a glance at Bijie through trndge over the mountain to the colTHE OUTCAST.

See how they quiver-The lights Studding the night In unbroken flight From river to river And up to the heights. And I am alone

See how they go-The faces ! All of them smiling Further exiling One fallen low, Shamed by their graces Further alone !

Hear how it roars-The city ! And ccean accurst. At ev'ry wave-burst, Strewing its shores With corpses of pity.

And I am alone Something long dead, Yet living-The ghost of a woman

With eyes that are human That burn in her head With rage unforgiving-

For I am alone. -Stephen Chalmers, in New York Times,

Little Burden-Bearers of Mexico.

Two very long ears, a shaggy body, a sad little face and four fluffy legs-that means a Mexican burro, or what we would call a little donkey.

And such patient little creatures as these donkeys are ! The Mexicaus make them do the work of

either side, with the milkman sitting on

his back, nearly on the end of his tail, with his feet within a few inches of the ground. This is the way he sells his milk, calling as be goes.

One day I saw a man driving to market eight or ten little burros, loaded with clov-er, which they call alfalfa. It is very different from our clover, growing very tall and not very thick, and the people prize it highly. Each little burro carried two large bal-

loon-shaped bundles rolled in something like a fish-net, and each little burro had his nose tied up with a muzzle to keep him from nibbling the clover from the pack of his brother in front. When you looked at them, all you could see were two very long ears and two little, sad eyes.

Poor little animals, don't you feel sorry for them ? They are never fed like your little pets, but go around the streets picking up bits of paper and sticks and straw, and I have seen them pat out their tongues to lap up the hot dust. So I thought, when I saw all that clover, what a delight it would be to let them have a real good dinner ! I asked the driver if he would sell me ten cents' worth, and what do you think he gave me? Two large loads of clover !

The first thing was to cut the fish-net and let the clover out. We spread it around like a big green table, with the little blossoms for strawberries. Then the next thing was to take off the muzzles.

The little fellows stood and looked at the clover and then at me, as much as to say : "Do you really mean it ?" It did not take

them long to get a taste, and before many minutes it was all gone. There was a baby burro, too small to

The Red Man's Use of Nature.!

It was the dusky tinted women who first taught the colonists the cultivation of maize, while they themselves used no other implements for its raising than a shell, the shoulder blade of a buffalo, or perhaps a shoulder blade No greater luxury or one wheat crop was estimated at 278,830,000 wheat crop was estimated at 278,830,000 more savory did they know than that of feasting on its roasted ears, while a little of its parched meal with water from the of its parched meal with water from the ven-river usually made their midday and even-ing meal. It is from maize, as well, that own average production for the ten years preceding, and nearly 24,000,000 more than preceding, and nearly 24,000,000 more than of making bread. As well as with maize, the Indian women were experts in raising beans. Succotash is a dish which they contributed to the colonists' table. The vine have also the promise of the greatest corn which grew lustily about every wigwam is crop on record-no less than 2,713,194,000

now called squash. In the uses of plant stimulants and tonics these men were well versed. Undoubtedly they were the first to extract from the bark of dogwood trees a powerful substance since known as cornin, which they administered for similar ailments as are today treated with quinine. The dogwood, more-over, was their almanac, since it bloomed just at the right time for planting their corn. They recognized sassafras as a stim-nlant, and delighted in a mild sort of drink prepared from its leaves. has been a remarkable increase in the yield per acre. The gain is unbroken, from Pennsylvania to California. In Indiana

For the painting of their faces, the dyeing of their feathers and baskets, the chil-dren of the forests used those plants which were abundant in colored juices. Of these, one generally employed was the exquisite one generally employed was the exquisite blocdroot (Sangninaria Canadensis,) which to them was known as red puccoon. It is Nebraska the average has risen to 23.2 found in plenty from Florida well north- bushels. Last year, when we had the next ward. The little laurel, called also lamb- to the largest wheat crop ever produced up kill (Kalmia angustifolia,) was renownedly useful to the Indiaus. Water distilled from winter wheat States averaged less than ten

early appreciated by the red men for smok-ing. Although its stems and leaves are 000 bushels of wheat of all kinds has been somewhat poisonous, still the red men dried them to use in their pipes ; their flavor being not dissimilar to that of to-less.

acco. The medicinal uses of the New Jersey tea, or redroot (Ceanothus Ameri- of land sown to wheat in the United States canus), were directly learned by the white seemed to reach its limit seven years ago. settlers of the mountains from the Chero- In 1899 we had 52,588,574 acres in wheatkee Indians. They reserved it for those an area equal to that of Kansas-and we

perhaps, which is most closely associated all good wheat land, could produce all the with the primeval inhabitants is the yapon wheat we have ever raised in the United (*Ilex vomiloria*), called also South Sea tea. States in any one year. While we have It is the species of holly from which the over three million square miles of land in Indians annually made their "black all, it appears that only about eighty thoudrink." At some place where the shruh sand, or less than three per cent of the was known to grow in abundance, there was held in the spring a gathering of the red men and their families from miles about. A fire was built, a crude kettle prospect of a material increase is found in hung over the flame, and an immense quantity of the yapon's leaves put theirin within water. As the brew became strong, each Indian in turn took a drink, and then wheat crop, although that is the greatest in shortly, as is expected, became violently the world. Our 2,713,000,000 bushels of sick. whole company continued drinking of the extending two-thirds of the way around brew and then being sick. At length, when they thought their systems sufficiently cleansed, each one took, as emblematic of the journey, a sprig of the holly, laid it over his shoulder, and, feeling himself re-American cornfields are about equal in exmade, marched off to his wigwam.

ORCHIDS AS PAPOOSE FOOD.

The wild orchids, that is, those which spring from tuberous roots, were assiduously sought by the squaws as productive of a substance highly nourishing for their pa-pooses. Another plant, the blue cohosh (Caulophyllum thalictroides), was called by More Record Crops

The crop reports issued by the Depart-ment of Agriculture on August 10th in-

1901. Along with the greatest wheat crop we bushels. Add to this a twelve-millionbale cotton crop, an excellent tobacco crop, and crops of oats, barley, rye, and other minor cereals ranging from fair to fine, and it seems evident that the farmers of the United States will have even more money to spend, the railroads more freight to carry, and the merchants more goods to sell this year than last.

All through the winter wheat belt there and Obio, old States whose soil might be for an exceptionally favored farm. In The Maxicaus make them do the work of the country, and very varied it is, too. You may see one walking along having wood strapped around his little body, so that he looks like a woodpile on four legs. Then he is made into a milk-wagon by Then he is made into a milk-wagon of The Indian tobacco (Lobelia inflata) was

> It is a noteworthy fact that the amount afflicted with disease of the spleen. have never equaled that figure since. In Through the Atlantic states the plant, other words, the State of Kansas, if it were

For two or three days together the corn this year would load a freight train 95,535,000 acres of land-about twice the tent to the Japanese Empire, and their yield in a single year would pay off the national debt of the United States.

Last year Secretary Wilson said in his annual report that if the American farmer could go on without relapse for three years longer he could look back over a decade and find that in those ten years he had produced an amount of wealth "equal to one-half of the entire national wealth produced

got sense. He'll not git run over by the oyars. Hol' on ter yer wits, son. Thar ain't a mite o' danger."

The wagon moved. "Bijie," his mother called warningly, "don't git no dirtier 'en ye kin help."

"No'm'," Bijie called back. He was breathing in little delighted gasps.

A house lurched past his vision. Far, far helow him the horses were lifting their plodding hoofs as if in the corn furrows still. My, but the houses marched past! The little post office, the store, the schoolhouse.

At the foot of the long red hill that led back to Marsville the horses drank deep of She sighed. But presently she dimpled Banjo Branch's sweet, singing waters. delicionsly, and shot at him another of the They moved up stream until their noses were under the footbridge. The soft young leaves crowded about Bijie with whispers. He felt that the tree knew the little boy who so often played under its outspread branches.

The wagon wound around the mountain road. The birds, their gossip rippling from tree to tree, chattered as young girls do over their morning toilets. In its purity, its clear-eyed freshness, the young day was virgin. The sun came up. It shot through the trees in shafts of light that were like long, shining fingers. It climbed higher. The pines breathed out a soft pervasive sweetness; higher still; the dew glinting on a million tender new leaves was crushed in heat.

Bijie's thoughts spun round and round in glittering circles. He tried to catch at them as they passed him. They were strange fancies, these queer ideas about a city. Bijie had gleaned most of them when he sat in meetin', on a bench without a back, his legs dangling uncomfortably. But the city Bijie was journeying toward was not the one to which the circuit rider referred.

The wagon jogged on. It passed orch ards that sent warm waves of perfume through the air. The pink and white blossoms weighted down the branches, they looked soft, still clouds. It rolled over a bridge, past a busy mill. The mountains no longer crowded up to the road-side. They withdrew themselves, drawing veils of mist over their faces. Bijie was no longer theirs; he was journeying to the alien town.

At noon they stopped for lunch. The sun was low when Starling aroused the little boy, deep in the motherly folds of the feather bed, adrift in a swimming sea of sleep, with, "Bijie, wake up, wake up, we're thar!"

Bijie, in the Bijie way, his little brown unwashed face palm deep in his little brown unwashed hands, sat in the doorway of a little house on the ontskirts of the town. It was evening of the next day, fession. and it was raining. Like all next days yet eight disappointments hurt. Coming to town had meant so much to a

little boy who had never been anywhere. Seeing the streets shining with gold; see-

title langh. The sound could have de-ceived no one but a dull young man and a joyons young child. "The idee! Bijie's out of their sockets. She crossed the room. The children faced

> little voice, said, half shyly: "You look funny, boy. But I like you

was still tangled in her hair.

'stravagantly." Bijie looked at her dumbly. He felt that ome actual lock would have to be broken

on his lips before he could speak. "I'm tired of parties an' fings," the Vision said. "I'm awful glad you comed. Yesterday it was a lunch-party. It's some-Delineator

fin' most every day. Me an' the woolly lamb an' my Pinkie doll gets awful lone-some an' tired of keepin' out of the way.'' glances he found so disturbing.

"Le's play," she said. Bijie spoke at last. "Whut's parties?" he blurted out. "Is thet a party?" The Vision derided him with rippling

aughter. "Parties is nothin.' They's just eatin' fings an' sayin' howdy do. Le's play,'' she said again. "Le's play train. Hookle on!'

swaying and trembling.

"Ts-ts-ts-ding-ding-shu - shu-shu-." She gave Bijie a little push and they were off for that dear land that

'grown-ups never journey to-that only hildhood knows.

Time went by-a moment, an hour, an acon. Bijie had lost count of earthly records, but he had reached heaven.

When they had ceased to strut about the room with uplifted chests and outpuffed at all. cheeks, there were other games, other things. None of them were hooking on, though

The Vision sat on the floor beside Bijie With loving impartiality she hugged her fat knees and the woolly lamb that had ourneyed with her out to slumber since the days of her earliest babyhood. Bijie's Christian nations. Like all Mohamme-

had leaped beyond his lips.

"Secrets is fings you tell somebody," the Vision said gravely. She did not again de-

ride his ignoranc Two flame spots showed in Bijie's cheeks. For the space of a breath he hesitated.

"They's pups." He hurried into con-fession. "They's both black pups. One's named Sin; t'other's Sorrow. They's a and it was raining. Linke all next days when the rain pours down, it was dreary. Bijie was waiting for Starling. When Starling came they would climb into the wagon and jog back to the mountains. He looked out on a drowned world dispirited-feelin' like ye'd ben in a yaller jacket's ly. Suddenly his shoulders heaved. He nest, hit's a sight o' company jest ter hev was not yet eight, and when one is not them pups crawl up an' lick you in the face.

The Vision smiled.

"Fair is they ?" she asked. Bijie looked at her helplessly. They ing the great high walls; going through the were as real to him as the dolls on the gates with shiny angels sitting on them. floor, as the woolly lamb she had given

to open the shut doors beyond, the other. each other. Then the soft little hand went out and touched Bijie's hand. The soft when the kindly old teacher there would say to Bijie. "My boy, we've tanght you all we can here. I'll help you to go high-er, for I'm thinking there's a place in the

would like to ask me for ten cents to buy big world outside for you." Bijie didn't know it either. The woolly

lamb had crept into his dreamland. And the Vision was there, hugging her

fat knees and the beloved lamb, and looking at him through the mist of her shining curls.-By Sara Lindsay Coleman, in The

A Strange People.

High up among the mountains of that wild, beautiful country called Algeria. which lies in the northern part of Africa, dwells an interesting tribe of olive-skinned people known as Kabyles. These people, of whom the world outside their own coun-

the descendants of the ancient Berbers, who She got behind Bijie and put her arms about his throat. Bijie's head swayed; his invaders, more than twelve hundred years knees trembled. But it was sweet, this ago. And there they have dwelt ever since, generation after generation, farming their own bits of land, weaving their own garments, and making, besides, wonderful things in pottery and metal-work.

The only animal that. is sure-footed enough to make its way safely up the steep, rocky slopes on which the Kabyle villages are built is the patient, long-suffering mule ; and so it is on muleback that the Kabyles generally ride when they ride

Mostly, however, it is only the men who travel in this easy fashion, while the wom-en plod along on foot; for these untought

mountain people-who, I am sorry to tell you, are followers of Mohammed-have never learned to regard their women with the respect and thoughtfulness usual among the days of her earliest babyhood. Bijie's eyes fastened on her-eyes the lady who wanted to educate him had likened to pools in a deep wood-were worshipful. He leaned forward shyly. He wanted to tell her. He longed and longed to tell her. In his whole life he had never told anyone. "Secrets?" she encouraged. She under-stood, if dimly, and leaned forward in de-licions recentiveness. "Shown be the new for any out any out." For tankets, these wars are never success, stood, if dimly, and leaned forward in de-licious receptiveness. "What's secrets?" Bijie hadn't meant to ask a question. He tried to stop it, but it ask a question. He tried to stop it, but it pies. that we ought to pray that soon they may understand, and so be brought into the

light and peace of the truth?

Words Not to Use.

Party for person. Depot for station. Promise for assure. Posted for informed. Calculate for estimate. Stopping for staying. Like I do for as I d Feel badly for feel bad. Try and do for try to do. These kind for this kind. Guess for suppose or think. Fix for arrange or prepare. Just as soon for just as lief. Between seven for among seven. The matter of for the matter with,

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

me for twenty-five cents. I wanted very ably because they employed it for the good much to take him home with me, but I of the little ones. knew he would be very homesick for his playmates, and then, too, he would be so cold, because where he lives it is always wild strawberries, wild raspberries, winter-

warm If I ever went to Mexico again I think those little burros would know me, and

them another dinner .- Youth's Companion. The Burrowing Owl.

On the great plains of the Far West lives ural season. The leaves of the creeping snowberry (Chiogenes hispidula), having an aromatic flavor, have tickled no doubt the burrowing owl. His long naked legs and his head devoid of ear tufts, together with his custom of being abroad by day, many an Indian's palate ; yet the true dewhile other owls sleep, make him an oddi-tory of his tribe, and, indeed, he does not licacy which the squaws prepared from this plant was by using its white berries, small and tedious to gather, from which they made amber colored jelly, a dish reserved associate at all with other owls. Then, too, his home instead of being in trees or other high places as theirs is, is in the ground. He is a thrifty fellow and rather than exfor high occasions. The striking wayside plant, joepye weed pend labor in digging out a hole for him-self, he looks about until he finds an aban-(Eupatorium purpureum), throwing out masses of crimson purple flowers in the late autumn, still commemorates an Indian doned burrow of some fox or badger or of some ground squirre!, and there he estabherb doctor calling himself Joe Pye, who lishes himself with his wife and, building a in New England settlements went about

onring, through its potency, typhus fever. The beautiful butterfly weed, or pleurisy root (Asclpias tuberosa), is still closely as-sociated with its early Indian companions. nest of the roughest kind, they proceed to raise a family. They are an untidy couple at housekeeping, and their underground residence is soon filthy with unremoved tubbish and From its colored flowers they extracted a sugarlike substance, useful in many ways, while a brew from its roots was deemed offal; for, like all owls, they have a fashion of swallowing their meat, bones and all, excellent for the relief of all sorts of inflamand then vomiting up what the stomach mations, especially pleurisy. Although the American Indians have never been cannot digest.

Of all situations for housekeeping, the burrowing owls seem to prefer a prairie lauded as a cleanly race, they still were dog village. Here they find plenty of free young in learning that the sap of bouncing lodging, for the prairie dogs are constantly extending their burrows, leaving old quar-ters for new, so that of a given village much is always unoccupied by them. Into lather when mixed with water, and greatly facilitate the removal of dirt. such abandoned parts the owls like to move, were regarded with awe. It was for this reason that so much superstitions conjur-ing entered into their otherwise crude but and besides enjoying squatter sovereignty there is reason to believe that they ungratefully make forays into their landlords wholesome use of medicinal herbs. Seldom quarters and scandalously feast upon the young prairie "puppies." It is needless were they content to allow the drug alone to effect a cure, preferring greatly to invoke to say, therefore, that contrary to what has often been represented, the owls and the So also they construed all sorts of legends about every day phenomena. Should two red clovers spring up where prairie dogs are no happy family ; and for

the rattlesnake, who is popularly supposed to consort peaceably with them in the same white ones formerly had grown, they be-came at the indicative of the blood of red burrow, he is the enemy of both, his only business in the village being to make an impartial meal of both owlets and "pupmen slain at battle. The falling of a leaf, the crackling of a twig at an inauspicious moment, often caused the savage, feeding

The Candlefish.

The Indians of the Pacific Coast of British Columbia use a curious candle. It is a little fish called the "eulachon," or "candlefish." It is not more than an inch in length, and looks like a smelt. It is richer | left to the companionship of primitive peoin fatty material than any other fish, and so makes a good substitute for a candle. The Indians dry it, when it will burn with a bright flame. Sometimes they simply light it at the tail, and sometimes they run a wick through the body.

An Irish audience hears a song such as "A Nation once again," and as one man they rise, rich and poor, men and women, stalls and gallery, and sing it over and over with might and main.

-Enterprise and advertising make the biggest pair in the deck.

---- It takes a man with a lot of brass to dispose of a gold brick.

work, and the man said he would sell it to the Indian herb doctors papoose root, prob-

kind that grew within his range ! Delica-

by the toil and composed of the surpluses and savings of three centuries." One of year's crops alone would pay for half the green berries, and all the spicy sorrels and railroads of the United States .- Collier's fragrant leaves he knew so well to pullthe sweetness of some acorns flavoring his venison, or laid by for use during the win-

The first change of life, the time when the girl becomes in Nature's purpose a ter, the relish he had from nuts of every woman, is a critical period in every girl's history. Mothers should use every vigicies ever concerned him, as is shown by the habit of prolonging them beyond their natlance not to permit the establishment of conditions which will involve a tremendous penalty in later years. Nothing could be wiser than to suggest the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription at such a time. It establishes regularity, quiets the nerves, and gives a healthy balance to the whole body. "Favorite Prescription" contains no opium, cocaine or other narcotic, and is entirely free from alcohol.

The Old Man's Money.

"Did you hear 'bout the old man's experience in the bankin' business?" "No: what was it?"

"Why, he put \$60 in bank-first money he'd ever put there-an' the boys tol' him that he'd better keep a eye on the bank, as they failed mighty frequent, an' he wuz liable to lose all." "Well?"

"Well, he hung round that bank so constant that the bank people got suspicious of him an' thought he wuz goin' to blow the bank up. Whenever he seen the cashier come out he folbet (Saponaria officinalis) would form a lered him round town, always keepin' him in sight. An' it wuz the same way with the bank president an' all the clerks. An' when he finally applied fer a job as janitor o' the institution, so's he could be on the spot in case o' trouble, they had him arrested, an' the judge decided that he wuz crazy, an' they wuz jest about to send some spirit to help along the achievement. him to a lunatic asylum when his friends explained things, an' the bank folks give him his money an' tol' him to git."-Exchange.

Scared Out of Writing Badly.

A well known musician, who writes a very illegible hand, once sent an unusually hopeless scrawl to a friend. The latter studied it a minute, gave it up in despair and then sat down and wrote in reply: "I shall be most happy to dine with you tomorrow at 6. Kind est regards to your wife," etc. In less than half an hour his friend appeared breathless at his door.

"There's some misunderstanding," he said anxiously. "I wrote you a note asking you if you could play the piano part of the trio at Bron n's recital and here you've sent me an acceptance of a dinner invitation, but I didn't invite you to dinner."

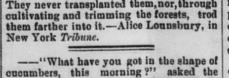
"Well," returned the other blandly, "I didn't suppose you'd really sent me an invitation to dinner, but I couldn't read a word of, your note, and in that case hereafter I mean always to take It for granted that you're asking me to

For one of his correspondents at least the offender now writes legibly.

----Most people would fall short if meas-ured by the golden rule.

"What have you got in the shape of

-It's safer to laugh with the big man



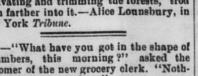
seldom ravished wantonly; and for this reason wild flowers did not vanish when ple. Flowers were never picked by them for their beauty, or to adorn their wig-wams, but simply for their known uses. They never transplanted them, nor, through

his mind on wonders, to turn back from his whole day's course. His regard for the gracious plant world through which he

passed was great. Of all that administered

to his comfort he partook freely, yet he

Usually the workings of the plant world



New York Tribune.

dine.'

cucumbers, this morning ?" asked the customer of the new grocery clerk. "Noth-ing but bananas, ma'am."

than to give him the laugh.