Democratic Matchman

Bellefonte, Pa., November 22, 1907,

A THANKSGIVING SONG.

How golden were barley and rye In the wind and the sun ! How amper the tassels of corn In the flood of the morn !-Now the generous mows are heaped high, For the harvest is done !

How ruddy were apple and pear In the wind and the sun ! How the grape took the flush and the glint Of the twilight's soft tint !-Now a plentiful guerdon we share, For the harvest is done !

For all-be it great, be it small-That the wind and the sun Have wrought into bounty, let praise To the Shaper of Days Be lifte 1 in hut and in hall, Now the harvest is done

BILLY AND SUSY--A THANKSGIVING STORY

For years the sisters, Miss Melissa Abbot and Mis. Sarah Drew, had lived in peace and concord, not in the same house, but in adjoining ones. Mrs. Drew had married when very young, and her busband had lived only a year. At that time the old Abbot homestead had been filled with un-married sons and daughters, and the young widow had continued to reside in the pretty little cottage which her bushand had built for her. Now Miss Melissa had been living alone for some years, and so had Mrs. Drew, and people wondered why they did not keep house together, but both were women of habit, and did not relish any change. Moreover, the two houses, the square old homestead and the little cottage with its piazza under the overhang of the roof, were so near that the sisters could talk from open windows. They were de-voted to each other. In fact, they were considered an example of sisterly affection for the whole village, until they were both old woman and the advent of Billy and Susy. Billy and Susy were two remarkably pretty yellow kittens; young Mira Holmes had brought them over one afternoon in May, in a covered basket. She stopped at Mrs. Drew's. Miss Melissa was spending the afternoon there. She could see both elderly heads at the sitting room windows. She knocked, and then ran in. She was quite at home there. She kissed both sisters, then she opened the basket, and two little yellow balls of fur flew out. "Our cat had five," said Mira, "and they were so pretty we could not bear to have them drowned. So we thought maybe you would like these. Nellie Stowe has two, and we are going to keep one ourselves. Would you like them?" Mira Holmes was

a very pretty, slight girl, and she had a wistful, affectionate way of speaking and a little pathetic expression. Mira had been as good as engaged to Harry Ayres, but he had ceased to visit her some six months before. Mira went her way patiently, but she was thinner, and pathetic, in spite of everything. She langhed with the old ladies when the yellow kittens flew out of she. the basket, but the laugh was as sad as a sob. The sisters were enthusiastic over

the gift. "It was only yesterday that sister and I sobbed Mira, trying to sip the tea.

Abby had heard every word of the dis- Drew, on the Sunday after the minister's call, watched with secret pride and approv-She always heard; she considered each other's staying at home from church. Although at bitter enmity with her, each sister felt that she should have ed it ber duty. She gathered up the kitten, and presently she came to the sitting. oom door. "Miss Sarah," said she. been personally mortified had she seen the "I don't want to hear a word," replied other emerge from her front door, clad in her Sabbath best, after the minister's call

should see the error of their ways.

Sarah, shortly and haughtily. and his direct importunities at the throne "Bat-" of Grace that they of the Abbot family "I don't want to hear a word. I know

you were listening, and you always take everybody's part against me. Now, you can either keep that miserable cat in the kitchen, or drown it, I dop't care which, but if yon do keep it, you must dispose of the kittens. Now, I don't want to hear another word."

Abby, who was tall and angular as a man, went out.

Later in the afternoon, she and Miss Melissa's girl, who was also an old woman, had a conference out in the garden, over the feuce. Each held a yellow kitten. They parted after a while, because Mrs. Drew was seen standing in the kitchen door watching them. Bat Maria, Miss Melissa's maid, said in a whisper, "Both of them were always awful set," and Abby nodded

Neither of the women was a gossin. I was nearly a month before it leaked out that Melissa Abbot and Sarah Drew had had a quarrel and were not on speaking

terms. The two led a sad life. Melissa got no comfort from fondling her yellow cat, which grew in size and heauty. Abby kept the other carefully from her mistress' sight, and tried to cook things to tempt her appetite. Both sisters were very un happy. They had always been of a sociable disposition, and each was afraid to ac-cept an invitation lest she should meet her sister. They stayed at home and moped. The curtains were drawn over the opposite windows in the cottage and home stead. Mrs. Drew was constantly on the alert, and never stirred ont-of-doors unless she was quit sure that her sister was at home and there was no danger of meeting her upon the street. Each becoming afraid of venturing abroad unless the other was housed. Sarab Drew watched. Malissa Abbot watched. Each knew the other watched. Each knew the other so well that she could judge exactly of her sister's state of mind from her own. Thus each

suffered doubly. Mira Holmes heard of the estrangement and came to see Mrs. Drew about it. am so sorry," said she, and the tears, al-ways in her heart for her own trouble,

welled into her patient blue eyes. "It is nothing you are to blame for, child," replied Sarah Drew with dignity. Both sisters were too proud to say anything years as they have, and thought so much to each other's detriment. "It is unfortu-nate that the cats looked so much alike, but I can't see how you are responsible for that.'

more'n a quarrel over two yeller cats to make them live this way and be jest as ohipper as if nothin' had happened." "I know Miss Melissa never will be the same," said Maria. "She's tried to make "I don't." admitted Mira. Then sh broke down, and wept. "I am so sorry to have been the means of parting two like 'she sobbed. Her own grief stung you,' her afresh as she wept for that of the sis-"It's a pity they wouldn't neither them let us tell them," said Abby.

ters. "You didn't part us," replied Sarah Drew. "It was two yellow cats that look-ed exactly alike." She called to Abby to make some tea and some sponge-cake. When the tea and cake arrived she served them as calmly as if there were no yellow cats of confused identity in the world. "Drink this tea and eat some cake," said "There is no sense in making your self sick. This is a personal matter between my sister and myself."

"I wish they didn't look so much alike,'

Miss Melissa stared at the cat and kittens then at her sister. "Then-" she began

They were both Susy," said Mrs. Drew, 'and we quarrelled over nothing at all.

"Sarah

"Well?"

it in your amusement columns?" He had figured through every step in the arithmet-ical process on the facts of his own age and others, and after finding it true he says. "I had made up my mind, anyway, to ome over here and ask you to forgive me, and take my Susy if you thought she was Billy." Miss Melissa caressed her yellow cat, and 'And I had made up my mind to go over said, aloud : "Well, I am glad she has some pride, if she hasn't anything else ;" and Mrs. Drew told Abby, after the church to your house and ask you to forgive me,

One day there came to the court of a king a gray-baired professor who amused the king greatly. He tolt the mouarch a and keep Billy if you thought he was Susy," said Mrs. Drew. Then the two women laughed in chorus. bell had done ringing, if she had made up 'No Billy at all," said Miss Melissa, gig-

number of things he never knew before, and the king was delighted. But finally her mind to keep that miserable cat, to sure it had pleuty of milk, and no meat, nutil it was older, for fear of fits, and addgling like a girl. "And two old women making themselves it came to a point where the ruler wanted ed that if she had to keep animals that beridiculous, fighting over two yellow cats,' to know the age of the professor; so he

said Mrs. Drew. Out in the kitchen Abby echoed their thought of a mathematical problem. "Abem!" said the king; "I have an inlonged to other folks she did not want them neglected under her roof anyway. That Sunday there was almost a rift in mirth with an irrestrainable peal of laugh teresting sum for you; it is a trial in mental arithmetic. Think of the number of the month of your birth."

the cloud of dissension between the sisters, ter. "Mira Holmes and Harry Ayres have a rift based upon common pride and resentmade up and are going to be married, Abby tells me," said Mrs. Drew. "I mean she ment of interference ; an unworthy rift of unnatural soulight of forgiveness caused by and had been born two days before Christmas, so he thought of twelve, Decemer beshall have two of those yellow kittens." anger against another. But it did not last. ing the twelfth month.

"I hate to have my Susy's drowned," said Melissa. "Maria says she thinks we By the next Sanday, neither expecting the other to go to church, each realized a comcan give them away. They are beautiful kittens: all yellow, just like these. Of plete return of the old bitterness. And the bitterness, as the days and weeks went course, you are coming over to dinner to-morrow, Sarah. Maria has the Thankson, caused more and more unhappiness. The two old women were fighting with two-edged swords, which they who love

giving cooking all done." "I'd like to see myself doing anything and fight must always use, and every time one inflicted a wound upon the other, she hurt herself. People began to say that the else," said Mrs. Drew. "I'll tell you what I'll do," said Melis

sisters were aging terribly. Finally the

"What?" doctor was seen stopping every day at both

houses, then the news was spread abroad that the sisters had been told that they "I'll send over and ask Mira and ber nother and Harry to supper to-morrow night. I suppose they'll go to his folks to dinner, but maybe they'll like to come to must have a change of scene. They were not wealthy enough to have a change of supper. Maria has made some chicken scene, unless it took the form of a visit. Then Miss Meliasa went to pay her married pies." "I think that is a real good idea," said

brother, Thomas Abbot, who lived in Springfield, a visit, and Mrs. Drew went

Sarab Drew, warmly. So it happened that Thanksgiving even-ing the old Abbot house wrs brightly light-ed, and after supper the sisters, Mira and her mother, and Harry Ayres all sat in her mother, and that and the state of the sold Abbot to pay her married sister Eliza, who lived in New York State, a visit, and Abby and Maria took care of their houses and the two yellow cats. Now and then they had letters from the sisters, which stated that they were improving in health, but one the best parlor of the old Abbot house, before the hearth-fire. It was so pleasant that Mira had begged not to have day the two old servants, knee deep in cat-nip and with their skirts catching in a tanhe lamp libgted. She wore a red gown, nip and with their skirts catching in a tan-gle of sweetbrier, talking over the back fence, agreed that their mistresses did not write as if they were happy. "I know Mis' Drew," said Abby. "She can set up as stiff as she's a mind to, but she can't cheat me. She'll never be her-self ag'in till she and her sister make up. When two women have lived as many rears a thay have and thought so much firelight played over her pretty and the face and over her lover's and the two held hands under a fold of the red gown, and

light. "I thought maybe you would like to

"That house your father has bought for you is the handsomest in the village," Miss Melissa said to Harry; "but it is old, and I never saw an old house yet where

"That is true," said Mira's mother, in her soft voice. "I think that is a grand idea, thank you,

happy, boyish voice. "I should love to have them, thank you,

"Well, they wouldn't. The minute I begun to speak I was hushed up, and so

was you," said Maria. "Yes, that's so," said Abby. "Guess I'll take in some of this catnip for the cat. It won't last much longer, and I guess I'll E. Wilkins Freeman in Harper's Bazar.

ostrich feather growers to combine their ef-forts in building up the industry and in this way give to the Sonthwest a distinct Mistaken reference is so often made to what is termed the "epitaph written by down," returned Abby. Her gray what is termed the "epitaph written by this way give to the Southwest a distinct dry leaves and inflammable materia whipped about her face as she picked Mark Twain for his wife," that it is worth industry characteristic of its climate and been raked away to a safe distance.

Pt Yok Liang, Pitcher.

His full name was Pi Yuk Liang, but he was always called "Pi Yuk." He went to school twenty-six years ago at Phillips Academy, at Andover, in Massachusetts. He was born in China'and had been sent to the United States, together with a number of other Chinese boys, by the Chinese gov-ernment to be educated. While he was learning American manners, customs and habits, and our ways of doing things, Pi Yuk also learned base ball. He was not like most Chiaese boys, because he was not short, but tall and shapely. Nearly six feet he stood, and he played ball quite as well as he recited in Greek or in Latin.

Now, you must know that at Exeter, N. H., a few miles from Andover, there is also H., a few miles from Andover, there is also a Phillips Academy, and every year, as sure as June comes with its rare days, so surely do "Exeter" and "Andover" play base ball together. Moreover, the boys of both schools would give an arm apiece any time-almost-rather than see their nine defeated. Pi Yuk played on the Andover team, in the outfield, in May and June of 1881. Incidentally, he was "change-pitcher." It is very, very sad, but this is to be a truthful story, and it must there-fore be recorded that in the great Andover-Excter base ball game of that year, Pi Yuk could not bat. It must be set down here that he struck out. He did not know what the matter was; he only knew that he simply could not hit the ball on that special afternoon.

The Exeter boys were not very nice to him, withal. When he hit the air unusually hard, they talked "pidgin English" to bim freely, and every time he failed to hit they would laugh quite openly and loudly. "Velly poor They remarked that he was ball player," and finally one of them inti-mated quite broadly that Pi Yuk had "bet-ter go back to China." That happened the last time upon which he came to the bat in that game. As he stepped up to the home plate, hat in hand, he may have heard the advice about going back to China. He did not say anything, but those who were nearest to him saw that his eyes were snap-ping. The very next hall that was pitch-ed to him he met fairly with all the strength and power and weight of his six feet of muscle and brawn. He hit so hard that he brought in some runs ahead of him, and landed safely on third base himself. After he had gathered himself together and dusted off his uniform, he quietly remarked that he believed that he would not return to China just yet; and the Exeter boys did not reply to him, probably because no response exactly suited to the occasion suggested itself. So it came about that Andover and Pi Yuk won that game.

Just twenty-five years later, on Tues-day, June 26th, 1906, Yale and Harvard played base ball together, even as Exeter and Andover had done in 1881, and in a front seat in the grand stand at the Yale field on that royal June afternoon sat "His Excellency Sir Chentung Liang-Cheng, his imperial Chinese majesty's envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the United States." The Chinese minister at Washington had come to pay Yale a visit, and the next day Yale bonored him and herself by bestowing upon him the de-gree of LL. D. He was none other than Pi Yuk Liang, the old Andover boy.-Ed. J. Phelps, in July St. Nicholas.

Wildwood Don'ts

Don't build a fire in the woods until all dry leaves and inflammable materials have

geles Ostrich Farm within the city limits of Los Angeles gives California four ostrich enterprises—the others heing at San Diego, South Pasadena and San Jose. The South African farms do not

Mrs. Drew," said Mira.

Neither she nor her young lover dreamed

the last two figures give your age." "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the professor. "Capital idea! I'll try it on the next per-American Ostrich Farms

son. It's a polite way of finding out people's ages." trusted that nobody saw in the uncertain

have two of the kittens when you begin housekeeping," Mrs. Drew was saying. The recent establishing of the Los An-

weren't mice."

Mrs. Drew," Harry said in his pleasant,

that the love in the hearts of the two old

sisters struck, albeit free from all romance,

An Epitaph Used by Mark Twain

facture and retail their product, but in Cali-fornia, says "Sunset," the feathers are grown, manufactured and retailed by the same concern.

The initiative in the ostrich industry was taken about thirty years ago by Dr. Sketch-ley, who established a farm at Anaheim. Later on other men imported birds and as-sisted in establishing the business. The greatest development of the business has

been in Arizona, where there are at present over 2,000 birds. Their product of feath-

ers has been sold principally to New York manufacturers. There is a tendency on the part of the

How Old Are You!

A few days before his death Bishop Mo-

Cabe wrote to the Editor of The Christian

Advocate one of his obaracteristic brief let-

ters, in his own hand, with the comment,

'It will come out so every time."

our readers try it for themselves.

"This is vastly amusing; cannot you put

Now, the professor was sixty years old,

"Multiply it by two," said the king.

"Yes," answered the professor, doing so

"Subtract threee hundred and sixty-

"And now," said the king, "might I

"Twelve hundred and sixty," replied

the professor. "Thank you," said the king. "So you

were born in December, sixty years ago,

"Why, how in the world do you know?"

mann

cried the professor. "Why," retorted the king, "from your answer-twelve hundred and sixty. The month of your birth was the twelfth, and

"Add one hundred and fifteen."

Yes," said the professor.

"Now multiply by fifty."

"Yes.

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

five."

"Add five."

"Add your age."

ask what the result is?"

Say-, Let

were saying that we really most have cats; we are both overran with mice," declared Mrs. Sarah Drew, and she appro-priated directly one of the kittens, and folded it under her soft double chin. 467 will call him Billy, after the cat I had when I first came to live here," said she. "That was a yellow cat too."

Miss Melissa gathered up the other kit-ten lovely. "I will call her Susy," she announced. "You remember I had a yellow cat named Suey once, sister?"

Mira did not remain very long. She went her way with her empty basket on arm. As she went out of the yard between the bridal-wreath bushes, and the flower ing almond, and the striped grass, her head drooped wearily under her spring bat trimwith rosebuds.

"Poor little thing!" said Mrs. Drew, pityingly. Miss Melissa tossed her head. "Good

land !" said she. "I guess she will get another beau, a girl as pretty as Mira Holmes, and if she doesn't, it is no matter; heaux are not everything in the world. Girls are silly."

Then Miss Melissa turned toward he yellow kitten, but both sisters had put the kittens on the floor when they bade farewell to Mira, and now came disaster: their first quarrel. Miss Melissa gath-ered up a kitten lovely, but Mrs. Drew interupted. "Stop. Melissa," said she; "that is my kitten, that is my yellow kitten, that is my yellow kitten, that is Billy."

"Wby, Sarah Drew," cried Miss Melissa, "you know better! You know this is Snav.

Mrs. Drew caught up the other yellow kitten, and both sisters glared over the little, soft, yellow, wriggling things "This is Susy," declared Melissa.

"This is Susy. You have got my cat," insisted Sarah.

The kittens were exactly alike to the ordinary observer, but not to the sisters, "I know I have my Susy," said Melissa

"I noticed particularly her expression." "Cat's hind leg!" said Sarah, contemptuously. It was a sarcastic expletive pecul iar to her herself, and in this case more appropriate than usual. "Talk about a cat having expression," she added. Then she laughed a disagreeable laugh. Sarab

had a temper. Miss Melissa also had a temper, but here was of the tearful variety. Tears streamed over her faded blond cheeks-tears of rage and hurt sentiment. "Cats have expres-sion," she declared in a hysterical voice. "You can talk all you want. My Susy

had the most innocent expression, and this one looks just like her. Precious little Susy cat," she crooned to the yellow kit-

"Susy nothing," said Sarah. "That cat is my Billy, and this is your precious Susy. I wouldn't have this kind of a cat, anyway. They keep you always drowning kittens or trying to give them away. Give me Billy !"

"You have got Billy now," said Miss Melissa, tearfully. "Precious little Susy

"That cat you have is Billy," said Sarah

ment, but equal obstinacy.

Neither would yield. Melissa, gra the yellow cat which she claimed, so tightvicionaly into the kitchen. "Here, Abby," this miserable cat! Miss Mira bronght it, but I don't want it."

'I can't see how you are to blame that." Sarah Drew said again. "If I had only brought one tiger cat and one yellow ! There were two lovely tigers that I gave to Nellie Stowe," said Mira, pitifully.

"I never liked tiger cats ; I prefer yellow cats, but not one of this kind," said Sarah Drew. Then she changed the subject. "It is a beautiful day," said she, "though it is pretty warm for so early in the season

She talked at length about the weather, and how the apple trees were blooming, then she talked about the fair which the ladies of the Mission Circle were to give. Whenever poor young Mira Holmes essayed to bring up the subject of the yellow cats, Sarah gently, but firmly, swerved her

When Mira left, she went to make a call

upon Melissa, but her call was just as de-void of good results. Miss Melissa was even more reserved than her sister upon the subject. She even refused to justify herself in her conduct. The only thing she did was to call Maria and ask her to take

Susie out of the room. The kitten had been curled up in a little coil of yellow fur upon the sofa when Mira entered. Poor Mira had to drink another cup of tea, and eat more sponge cake, made from the identical recipe of the other, then she went nome. On her way home she met Harry Ayres, the young man to whom she had been engaged, and he hardly noticed her, simply raising his bat without a smile, as if she had been a stranger. Mira scarcely inclined her pretty bead. When she reached home, however, she found a certain comfort in throwing herself openly into a chair and weeping, and sobbing out to her moth-

er how hadly she felt about Mis. Drew, aud Miss Melissa, and the two yellow cats. She had been obliged to conceal her tears heretofore from her mother. Now it was a comfort to weep before her for something for which she need not be ashamed, and at the same time weep for her own private

If Mira's mother knew that the girl was weeping for something besides the compli-cation of the cats, she did not show it. She was a very gentle, soft-voiced woman, with beautiful rippling folds of yellow hair over her ears. She stroked Mira's head. "Don't, dear," said she. "You are not to blame." "I thought they would-like the-cats,"

obbed Mira. "Of course you did, dear. Don't feel so.

I will go over and see them myself to mor-row afternoon. I have an errand about the fair, and I will see if I can't do something."

"Miss Melissa may be mistaken, and Mrs. Drew may be mistaken ; nobody knows," said Mira.

"If they are, it will be very hard for them to give in," said Mrs. Holmee. "They are nice women, but they were al-ways very set. They were when I used to go to school with them. But I will see what I can do."

It ended in Mrs. Holmes drinking tea and eating sponge-cake in both houses, and coming away exactly as Mira had done. It Drew, with awful firmness. "You have Billy, and this precious is Susy," returned Melissa, with more senti-

peace between the sisters, and came away realizing that their effort had been fruitthe yellow cat which she claimed, so tight-ly that it clawed and mewed, went home. and ate sponge-cake, and the minister him-Sarah Drew thrust the remaining cat self drank, and ate, and offered prayer in vain. After his call the sisters did she said to the old woman who had work-teud church at all. Previously they had ed for her ever since her marriage, "take gone to church, but had sat in different

a great bunch of catnip "It does blow. When do you expect her home ?'

looks something like frost tonight."

each other, it's goin' to take somethin'

out as if she set the earth by that cat, but

I've seen her look as if she'd like to pitch

it out of the winder."

was you," said Maria.

dry some.

goes down,"

"She hasn't said anything about coming. I shouldn't wonder if she didn't some before Thanksgiving. When do you expect her?"

'I don't know any more than you do Good land ! It will be a queer Thanksgiving if they don't make up first !

"I guess I will, too, said Maria. "It

"There won't be a frost unless the wind

"Maybe they will."

"They're awful set, both of them." "Well," said Abby, "they may hate each other like poison for the rest of their natural lives. They may be set about that, but there's some things they can't be se about, nohow.

Both women laughed as they parted, and went their ways with bundles of catnip. It was a week before Thanksgiving when Miss Mellissa came home, and Mrs. Drew arrived the next day. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when Melissa, with her white hood over her head, muffled against the bitter wind in her soft gray shawl, entered the south door, just as she had been accustomed to do. "So you've got home, Sarah ?" said she. She was pale and red by turns. She looked afraid and troubled, and yet as if she wanted to laugh. Mrs.

Drew had much the same shift of expression. "Yes," said she. "I came on the half-

past three train. Sit down." Melissa sat down.

"Take your things off and stay to sup-per. Abby's making oream of-tartar bis-onits. Did you have a pleasant visit at Thomas's ?'

"Very pleasant, thank you." "How are they all? How is Thomas"

wife? Is Grace well?" "They both seem real well. Did you have a pleasant visut at Eliza's ?"

"Very pleasant, thank you." "How is Eliza? Is Henry getting on well in his law-office, and how is Lizzie?" "They all seem real well, and Henry is

smart as a whip. Eliza bas a beautiful new winter cloak." There was a silence. Miss Melissa's face reddened and paled, then redened. laughed nervously. "Oh," she said, have something to say to you, Sarah." mons. - Advocate. *'I

"Well ?" "It's nothing, only-I feel as if I must tell you, I-was right-Billy is Susy, and she's got five kittens. They haven't got

their eyes open yet. Mrs. Drew laughed. "Susy, is she?" "Yes. You must have been mistaken."

"Well, I guess I was; but as for Billy's being Susy, well-" Mrs. Drew gave a long sigh. Then she laughed again, a

sharp cackle of nervous mirth. Miss Melissa stared at her. She looked

relieved, but a listle alarmed. "I'm glad you don't lay it up," said she, "but-"

"Just wait a minute. Abby !"

Abby opened the door. "Bring in that basket, please, Abby,' aid Mrs. Drew.

Melissa looked at her sister with such curiosity that her face assumed a vacant expression. Mrs. Drew continued to laugh Finally Melissa joined in, although unwil-lingly. "What in the world are we laughing at I don't see," she tittered.

"Because we've been a pair of focls," said Mrs. Drew, as Abby returned. She set down on the floor before the two old women a basket in which lay curled up a vellow mother cat luxuriously purring love to some yellow kittens.

"There are four of them," said Mrs. Drew, "all yellow, and they have their eyes opened some time."

while to set the matter straight.

The epitaph referred to was not placed upon the tombstone of Mr. Clemens's wife, but upon that of his daughter Susie. It was not original with Mark Twain, but was taken by him from a little poem writ-ten some fifteen years ago by an Australian poet named Robert Richardson. It appeared in a book of poems by Richardson, which was published in Edinburgh, in 1893, under the title of Willow and Wat-

The verse used as the epitaph is as follows : Warm summer sun, Shine kindly here.

Warm southern wind Blow softly here. Green sod above, Lie light, lie light Good night, dear heart, Good night, good night.

The verse has so often been referred to as being Mark Twain's own composition that he has recently had the name of the actual author of it carved upon the stone. -Advocate.

Tainted Money, Indeed.

"Clean money" is the slogan of A. Cres-sy Morrison, who is endeavoring to create a public sentiment which will render impossible the circulation of paper and metal ourrency which is "tainted" in the literal sense of the word. He has had some bills and coins examined by a New York bao-teriologist, and has found that one dirty bill, such as is handed you in change by your grocer, or butcher, is inhabited by 73,000 baoteria. Coins are less populous, dirty pennies averaging twenty six, and dimes forty each. There is no means of tracing the history of this germ-laden our-rency; a bill may be in the pocket of a tuberculous sweat shop tailor today, and in the dainty purse of a millionaire's wife tomorrow. The number of cases of mys-terious illness due to this universal means of transmitting disease can only be guessed at, but physicians agree that it is enor-

Mongoltan Manners and Customs.

The new railroad from Peking to Kal gan, in the interior of Mongolia, has been completed as far as Han Kow, twenty-seven miles from Peking. This is the near-est point to the Great Wall of China, which passes within thirteen miles of Han-Kow, and is reached by sedan chairs in four hours, says the New York *Times*.

Inexperienced travelers hire donkeys to do the journey, because they are so much oheaper; a chair custs \$4, and a donkey only \$1.

These animals are about the size of goats They travel very well for three or four miles and then have to be carried or led the remainder of the journey. Mongolia is a long way from civilization, of any kind, and its inhabitants are most primitive.

A junior official of the American Lega tion at Peking, who was sent into the coun try to report upon the manuers and ons-toms of the Mongolians some years ago, condensed the result of his trip into four words, "Manners none, customs beastly.

-"You and Jack sit next to each oth "Part of the time." "Only a part ?" "Yes, sir. Jack's standing in the corner most of the time." "And what do you do then ?"

"Ob. I generally stand in another cor-

sunshine. At the present time fully \$12.-000,000 worth of ostrich feather goods are sold annually in the United States, and of this amount California has sold approximately \$200,000, which proves that there is ample field for the California producers to enlarge their business .-- McCall's.

Spanish Proverbs

The following are some of the most pertinent everyday proverbs of the Spanish people :

"The web will grow no wider when you have killed the spider." "God helps the early riser."

"The wolf and the fox never come to hard knocks." "He who goes to bed with dogs will get

up with fleas."

Let the giver be silent and the taker speak."

"Stabs heal, but bad words never." "A peach that is spotted will never be potted."

Wed with a maid that all your life You've known and have believed

Who rides ten leagues to find a wife Deceives or is deceived.

"Every man in his own house, and God everybody's."

"A long tongue leaves a short web." "Pray ! but swing your hammer."

"When we lie in wait for a neighbor, the devil lies in wait for us."

"God sends the cold according to our rags."

The Accommodating Spanish Cow.

It was the first cow we had seen in Spain. and she had every right to be the haughty creature she was. A girl led her about the plaza at dusk, milking a thimbleful of the rare beverage at the house of the oustom-ers, and it is bard to say which of the three concerned was the most proud—the one who sold, the one who bought, or the one who gave the milk. She of the bovine race was decorated with an old ohenille-fringed

curtain, and, as though that was not enough to boast of, pulled along the streets a very unruly but bonneing daughter. The calf was tied to the tail of the cow by a rope,

and had already learned the ineffable of hanging limp and being dragged by her foud parent. Fortunately the rope was not too long for disciplinary purposes, and when exasperated beyond all polite admoni-tion, the cloven hoof of the mother set

daughter upon her feet once more.-Louis Closser Hale, in Harper's.

Artistic Hand Weaving by Cripples.

A number of charitable people in Birmingham, England, about five years ago, started a small hand-loom factory to provide a useful and remunerative emp ment for crippled girls. Many of the delicate fabrics are artistically bandwoven in silk, serge, and flax, and the results are most attractive. The product of the fac-tory, which is also a school in hand weaving, is acquiring a reputation for artistic merit and quality, and the enterprise is now paying its way. It seems as if this Birmingham charity should be of interest to people who desire to help in making cripples self-supporting and at the same time in procuring textiles of an attractive

kind.-McCall's.

-Rufus-"I'd like to go on a voyage around the world." _____' Sam_"I wouldn't; it's hard enough to player."

go around the block sometimes when mamna wants something."

Don't leave a smudge barning while you are absent. Don't set fire to a birch tree for the fun

of the thing. Don't throw down a lighted match.

When you light a match be sure to extinguish it before throwing it on the ground. Don't go away and leave your fire burning. Extinguish it completely before you go. - Recreation.

-A little fellow found one afternoon that the older pupils in the school that he attended were going off for a long tramp in the woods. He asked to be allowed to go, and was told he was too small, but he be ged so earnestly, and was so sure he would net be tired, that he was finally given permission to go.

He held out bravely, though the last two miles were almost too much for him. "I am not tired," be said, "but if I only could take off my legs and carry them under my arms a little while I should be so glad.'

"My face is my fortune, sir, she said."

The old rhyme rings true in that line. The

woman who has a fair face has a fortune

which many a man of wealth is glad to wed

for. It is a shame, therefore, to squander the fortune provided by the fairy god moth-

er, Nature. Yet, we see girls fair as the

budding roses, suddenly lose their beauty and fade, as the rose fades when the worm

is at its heart. Face lotions, tonics, nervine,

and other things are tried, but the face grows thin and hollow. Fortunate is such a young woman if some friend should tell

her of the intimate relation of the health of

the womanly organs to the general health, and point her to that almost unfailing oure

for feminine diseases, Dr. Pierce's Favorite

Prescription. This medicine works won-

ders for women in the restoration of lost

fairness. It is a true beautifier, restoring

the womanly health, and with health are

restored the ourves and dimples, the bright

eve and smooth skin which are the charms

A Piece of Beach.

"Oh, mamma, mamma !" yelled Tommy

one day last summer, as a great gust of

quick. I've got a piece of beach in my

some little children what deeds of kind-ness they had performed through the week, and one little girl said : "We drowned

the little kittens at our home, and I com-forted the mother pussy."

There are some people who think that

fresh air and out door exercise will keep a

man in perfect health. Yet a trip through

a farming country will discover any num-

ber of farmers suffering with stomach trou-

ble. It's the usual story : Too much

work, too little rest, and unsuitable diet. Whenever the stomach and other organs of

digestion and nutrition become diseased,

the whole body is menaced, through the consequent lack of nutrition and the cor-

ruption of the blood supply. Dr. Pierce's

Golden Medical Discovery oures "stomach troubles," renews the assimilative powers, purifies the blood, nourishes the nerves, and

gives vitality to every organ of the body.

--- "Parker won't buy his wife a piano

'Says she'd spend all her time putting

on airs." --- Harper's Weekly.

-A gentleman was recently asking

wind blew some sand in his eye.

of beauty.

eye !"