Democratic Matchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., December 13, 1907.

A PRAYER.

God of the lonery sour, God of the comfortless, God of the broken heart-for these. Thy tenderness !

For prayers there be enough Yea, prayers there be to spare, For those of proud and high estate; Each hath his share.

But the beggar at my door, The thief behind the bar- ; And those that be too blind to see The shining stars,

The outcast in his hut, The useless and the old : Whoever walks the city's streets less and cold :

The sad and lone of soul Whom no man understands And those of secret sin, with stains Upon their hands.

And stains upon their souls : Who shudder in their sleep, And walk their ways with trembling hea Afraid to weep.

For the childless mother, Lord, And ab, the little child Weeping the mother in her grave, Unreconciled-

God of the lonely soul, God of the comfortless, For these, and such as these. I ask

Thy tenderness ! Whose sin be greatest, Lord :

If each deserve his lot; If each but reap as he hath sown-I ask Thee not.

I only ask of Thee The marvel of a space When these forgot and blind may look Upon Thy face.

- [Ella Higginson, in Scribner's Magazine THE BOY AT BROWN'S

When I was only eleven I didn't under stand things, and I cried because Santa Claus didn't bring me a lot of presents as he used to. But last Christmas I was twelve, so I knew that he was Nan, and Nan couldn't afford presents, because she did not get much money for giving music lessons, and it was all we had to live on, since father died. He was a doctor, and we had nice clothes then, and I had five cents a day to by caudy.

The night before Christmas eve Nan seemed worried when she came home; she didn't talk much at supper, and kept look. ing at me. I knew what it was and went and sat on her lap. "I don't mind, Nau," I said. "I didn't

expect anything; and we've got a Christmas pudding.' Nan nodded and tried to smile.

'Thank you dear," she said. "You see the reut will be due, and -I wish I could gnd a fairy godmother, Imp."

My real name is Arabella Winifred, but they always call me that. I don't know why, because imps are ugly, and I am not. Sometimes I think I am good-looking, and

prince and marry him, and then we'll have quaintance X6217, Cr. Daily News." a motor car and eggs for breakfast, and a I clapped my hands and laughed.

There were three crosses for kisses that she what I wrote : hadn't mentioned; and I wanted to know what happened next.

"There wasn't any next," she told me. "Uncle Will came next day, and took me up to town, and I had a fine time; and I never went to Runham, and I never saw again." the Boy at Brown's

She fidgeted the little fire in the corner of the grate with the poker; and I knew there was something else that she hadn't told me

"Go on," I said.

"The next Christmas I had a curious letter. It was addressed to 'The Girl at Smith's, who was there last Christmas." There was a lovely Christmas card in it; a purple boy and a vellow girl sitting on a pink fence; and he was giving her a rose as big as a cauliflower. She fished it out of her desk and showed it to me.

"Oh!" I cried. "What a comical thing! And the verses!

My love is like a red, red rose. And how I love her no one knows, A merry Christmas to you, dear, And hyppiness through all next year!

Wasn't it ridiculous!"

"No," Nan said shortly, "it wasn't. It was kiud. I felt dreadfully because I had forgotten the poor lonely boy; and I made up my mind that I never would again. So the next year I sent him a card; and I wrote on it, 'From your Friend, the Girl at Smith's'."

"How did you address it?" "To 'The Boy at Brown's,' and I put a note to explain that I meant the one who stayed there two Christmases before.'

'Did he send you one?" "Not that year. You see I hadn't sent

him one the time before, so I suppose be thought I'd forgotten him. He sent me oue the next year—when I hadn't sent him

She took out a satin scent bag, with a motto, "Sweets to the sweet," "He wrote a lot better then," I remark-

"Yes; but this is better still." She took out a card-board box with a colored bottle of perfumery in it. "It came two years later-when I was seventeen. I sent

one the year between, and another the year after, though I was old enough to know better. The next year, it was his turn, but -well, I like to believe that he sent,

though I didn't get it. You see, Aunt Jane had died eighteen months before ; and I suppose he addressed it as usual, and it didn't get re-directed. Anyhow it didn't come; and I thought perhaps he'd fallen in love with some one, and forgotten me; and anyhow it was a foolish childish affair and I didn't send last year, and-that's the end of the prince; and now you'd better go to ted.'

"Ob, no, I bettern't !" I contradicted "and I don't believe it's the end of him; and you don't either, and you may as well tell me the rest at once, because I sha'n't go till you do."

Nan stared at the fire very hard. 'We don't seem to have any one now.

she said; "and it's nice to be remembered by somebody-I was looking at the papers in the Public Library this morning. I al-ways look at the Personal Column ; and-Imp !" She grabbed my shoulder. copied this out !"

She took a scrap of paper from her pocket and showed it to me. "The Boy at Brown's wishes a Merry

poeple say I am like Nan. "Poot!" I said. "You'd better find a would be glad if he might renew their ao Christmas to The Girl at Smith's. He

ince !"

Dear Boy at Brown's :

I am her sister. I am only twelve. That is why I don't write very well. She was glad that you remembered her, but she won't write because we are poor since fath-er died, and she gives music lessons. If that puts you off, you are perfectly horrid. She is awfully nice and good looking. I am like her when she was twelve. I want to see if yon are nice before I tell you our address. We are going to walk arou: d the park after church on Christmas morning. Please wear a white flower in your left buttonhole, and if I like you I'll write

again. I wish you a merry Christmas, and so does Nan, though she won't write. Our Christmas won't be merry because she hasn't been paid for all the lessons. So I shan't have any Santa Claus. I wish he would bring me a lot of books. I don't like children's books, but love stories.

Yours truly, ARABELLA BERESFORD.

P. S. If Nan married anybody I should live with them, but yon musn't tell her about this letter, because she would be nad. I hope you are nice. I addressed it to X 6217, Cr. The Daily mad.

News, and ran down-stairs and got the jan-News, and ran down-stairs and got the jan-itor to mail it. I paid for the stamp out of a dime I had saved to buy Nan a Christ-and he was a very checky boy. He took mas present.

Nan was very solemn after breakfast. and sat down at our old piano and played Traumerei and things like that. In the there!" And when I looked op it was afternoon she took me to Mrs. Vere's when she went to give Mabel her music lesson, because she wanted some one to practice a duct with her. They were very jolly and gave us some tea with lovely cakes ; and Mrs. Vere put a two dollar bill into my hand when nobody was looking; and when we were going she grew red and spoke to Nan.

you would like me to ask you, or not to ator. ask you. So forgive me if I blunder dear. We always pay a pianist for the children's parties, and -nobody would know, because we want you both to come as guests anyway, and -you understand ?' Nan grew very red too.

"I never bave," she said.

"I know, dear, I know," Mis. Vere stroked her arm. "I quite understand." "And so do I." Nan said. "How kind you are !- We should so much like to them because they have wings and can fly come, but-you see, we aren't very well off to their homes, and then they do not mind for dresses.

"We grown-ups shall dress very quietly," Mrs. Vere told her : "and you always look nice.

"I was thinking-the children will wear party dresses," Nan said slowly. She ooked at me, but I turned round from her. I didn't want her to see how bad I felt about not going, because I'd grown out of my old dresses and I knew we couldn't

afford to buy a new one. "Children's white dresses are much alike," Mrs. Vere suggested; "and they grow out of them hefore they're half worn There's one of Mabel's that would out.

just suit your sister. Nobody will know. I'll have it changed so that Mabel won't recognize it. Now don't say a word, you poor, dear girl. I know-it's the third of January. Good-by dears; and a merry Christmas to you." We grinned at each other when we got

down the steps. "A party !" I cried. "Think of it, Nan ! And Mrs. Vere's the fairy godmoth-

And next you'll find the prince !" "Silly child !" Nan said ; but she laughed and was very jolly.

We did have a merry Christmas after all.

And Nan said "Arabella !" and

shocked ; but the man laughed and so did

We had eggs for breakfast and Uncle

William sent us some money from abroad.

I said it would buy Nan a new dress; and

she said she couldn't do that because it

was half mine; and I said that was what

made it so nice, because I could do some-

thing for her once; and she hugged me and

wiped her eyes; and she said she expected

the Brown's boy thought she was very hard

hearted not to answer, and she thought

she would get a card and send it to the

newspaper office; and so we sent it before

After church we walked to the park. We

were hardly inside the gates before I notic-

ed a very tall, thin, well-dressed young

fellow in a black overcoat and a very shiny

silk hat. He was wearing a white flower

talked to Nan very fast and pretended not

to notice him, or any one, so that he should

not guess who she was; but he walked straight up to us and took off his hat.

"Miss Beresford, I think ?" he said to

"Ye-es." Nan said : "but I don't think

hard, and turned pink, and gave a quick little laugh. "I believe-!" she said ; and

stopped and laughed again. "The Boy at Brown's," he told her; and he laughed too. "I was afraid you

"No," Nan told him. "I won't do

Then he shook hands with her, and with

me, too, and said that his name was Frank

"Your sister is exactly like you were." "There, Nan?" I said. "I always

knew I was !" "I was a little monkey

then," Nan remarked. "Do you remem-

ber the snowball? And the candy?" "And the faces?" he reminded her.

"But I suppose you couldn't make faces

"Couldn't I !" Nan said ; and she actn-

I didn't notice what they were saying

"I live at Hampstead with my people

Nan

Rayner, and walked he round with us.

'However did you know me?"

might out me," he said.

He nodded at me.

She stopped and looked at him very

we went to church.

Nan.

asked.

now ?

she found the note and showed it to me. him from myself ! And I did ; and this is | put my fluger on my lip; and Nan caught The Richest Women in the World. ' Imp !" she said, as if her breath was

almost taken away. "This is your doing!" I saw I'd have to own up sooner or later; so I thought I'd get it over. "No, it isn't," I said. "He wanted to

find you; and you wanted to be found, whatever you may say. It's your own faults; but I suppose you'll put it all down to me if he doesn't turn out all right; and be'll put it down to me if you don't.' "But we're going to turn out all right,"

he said. "aren't we, Miss-aren't we, Nap ?" "I-don't-know," Nan said. She seemed all in a flutter.

"Then you'd better find ont," I told her. "I'm going to look at the birds, and I'm coming back in five minutes."

When I came back Nan was rather red and very smiling; and he was smiling, but not red. (Men can't blush.) When we got home I asked if he had proposed. She said "Of course not !" But she hugged me like mad; and I knew very well that he'd given her a broad hint that he meant to me time, and I knew that she had made up her mind what she'd say when he did. He came in a cab directly after dinner we used to call it lunch, and now we do again) and took us off to Hampstead. His me to see the presents that Frank had bought for me; and when we were going through the door he said, "They're up only mistletoe. (Doors are a good place to

He is at school where Frank used to be, and we send each other picture post cards. Sometimes we write letters, but Nan and Frank don't know that, and you musn't tell them. I live with them now, since they are married, and they tease me altogether too much about "The Boy at Brown's."-By Owen Oliver in the Deline.

How Birds Build their Houses.

Birds have their homes just like you and me, only we live in houses a d they live in nests. But if you should ever get so that you could talk the bird language and ask them about it, I am sure that they would say that a nest is a much more comfortable dwelling than a house. And so it is for at all being out in the rain; but I am sure you wouldn't like a nest at all and would fall out if you tried to turn around in it just as some of the naughty young birds do before they have learned to fly.

Some kinds of birds build on the ground and others in the highest branches of the biggest trees. The little brown song-sparrows tuck their snug little nests of horsehair and feathers in a grassy bank or on a low vine or bush. The male carries the materials of which it is made, and the mother bird weaves them together.

The partridge chooses a hollow in the ground close by the roots of cornstalks or tufts of grass, with overhanging weeds as a covering, so that passers by will not readily discover it. A few bits of twig and grass are woven together, then the home is ready

sews, called the tailor bird. She picks out two leaves or one large one near the end of a twig. In these she bores tiny holes with her beak, and aided by her slender claws, she sews the materials together, making extremely neat stitches, leaving a small shabby little flat, and acts as her own maidhole at the top for entrance and exit. of all-work. Yet in spite of her mean Gathering del ate thistle.down fine

The wealthiest womrn in the whole world is not an American but a German,

Frau Bohlen-Halbach, better known perhaps as Bertha Krupp, the daughter of the famous gun-maker. Four years ago her father died and she became owner of the

vast Kropp works at E-sen and other German towns and mistress of a fortune which is said to be close to the huge sum of \$225 000,000. The gun works cover a space of over two thousand acres and employ one

hundred and twenty five thousand men. Perhaps the richest woman on this side of the water who leads the most strenuous life at present is Mrs. Russell Sage. Ever

since her husband died a little over a year ago and left her a fortune that has been variously estimated at from seventy five to a bundred million she has had little peace

or rest in her life. She is over seventy-six years of age and has until lately always led a very quiet life. But since the terms of her husband's will became known, she has been besieged by begging letters from all parts of the world, and has been obliged to announce through the newspapers her determination to give nothing to promisenons heggars, although she fully intends to dis-

tribute the greater part of her fortune to charity, leaving herself only just enough to live on quietly and comfortably. And while endowing many worthy charities, she also aims to aid poor people who stand in need of help but have too much self-respect to ask for it.

Another famous plutocrat and philanthropist is Miss Helen Gould. She cares nothing for society and titled foreigners, and men of wealth of her own country have sought her band in vain. With the same inflexible purpose which made her father supreme in the realm of finance, Miss Gould has consecrated her life to charity. Her residence on Fifth Avenue has become a vast charitable bureau, and here Miss Gould may be found busy at her self-imposed labors, which engage the constant work of five secretaries as well as her own unremitting attention. Charities of every kind claim Miss Gould's sympathy

aud aid, but soldiers, sailors, railroad men and crippled children are her special care. On her father's railroads she has establi-hed a system of club houses for railroad men in connection with that association. Her care for the soldiers earned Miss Gould a gold medal from Congress, while the palatial sailors' club-house, which she built for the naval branch of the Y. M. C. Ar at Brooklyn, at a cost of \$500,000. testifies to her interest in the welfare of Jack Tar. With the poor and friendless little children Miss Gould is still more at home, and every year she receives many poor little waifs from the New York Mission Society, who are nursed back to health at the Children's Home near her own country seat on the Hudson

Her sister, Miss Anna Gould, it will be remembered, was recently divorced from her husband, Count Boni de Castellane, after he had spent nearly all his wife's great fortune. She lives in Paris with ber children and is now called Mme. Gould. A lady millionaire of quite a different type is Mrs. Hetty Green, who has a fortune of at least \$50,000,000, and has the reputation of being the greatest woman aucier in the world. On Wall Street, where she has an office, Mrs. Green is a familiar figure in her black poke bonnet and shabby dress. Her holdings in real estate and other investments are enormous, and at seventy she deals in stocks and shares like the most experienced Wall Street broker. Shrewd and calculating to the verge of meanness, Mrs. Green lives in a

Purposes of Oriental Rugs.

Oriental rugs are made for divers purposes, and the special use of each may instantly known by the pattern and size, writes Florence Peltier in Good Housekeep-

The prayer rug has always a design that runs to a point, sometimes at one end of the rug, sometimes at both ends. The rug must be laid down so that the apex points in the direction of the holy city of Mecca. Then the owner of the rug kneels upon it, bends over so that he may place his fore-head on the apex, and thus he prays. When the prayer is finished, the rug is rolled up and put carefully away.

The hearth rug is spread out before the fire when a guest is to be entertained or when some celebration of special signi-ficance in the family is to take place.

A somewhat graesome affair is the burial rug, woven of somber tints, to express grief; but there are also bright colors introduced to show belief in resurrection. Each member of the family, even to the very little child, ties knots in this burial rug which will be used to carry the dead to the grave.

Long narrow rugs, from two and a half to four feet wide and from ten to eighteen feet long, are made to cover the long, narrow divans found in every room of an eastern house. In Europe and America these are sold for hall or stair and are called 'ronners.'

Any rug eight by ten or larger is properly a carpet. Mats are the small rugs commouly placed on the floor in front of a door. The suddle bugs from the east, made in the same manner as rugs, we use for sofa pillow covers. Then there are rogs made purposely for hangings and called "khil "-Shop Talk.

When 30 years of age woman is most fascinating. All the women famous for power over the hearts of men, from Cleopatra to Helen down, were nearer 40 than 20 when at the zenith of their power.

At a literary salon in Paris Balzan was once asked by a pretty little miss of 17 why it was he liked women she would call passe. Why, monsieur, even when they are as old as 40 you seem to enjoy their society !" Balzac looked at her earnestly for a second and then langhed heartily. He bent over to explain ma ters and remarking in a serious voice as though weighing every word he said : "Perhaps the secret lies in the simple fact that the woman of 20 must be pleased, while the woman of 40 tries to please, and the older woman's power consists, not as has been so often said, in understanding and making the most of her own charms, but in comprehending and with happy tact calling out and making the most of the good qualities of the man whose favor she seeks,"

There is no doubt that a man always admires a clever woman, yet he enjoys himself better with a woman who makes him feel that he is clever. Of course, all the men like being entertained for awhile by a well-informed woman, but man is essentially vain, and he enjoys much better the happy tact which makes him believe that he is entertaining the well-informed wom-

The woman a man likes best is not always the smartest or most builliant. indeed. A pair of brown, sympathetic eyes, a sweet voice, will do away with all the logic and philosophy a man's brain has ever entertained. Of course, the woman must have the happy knack of discovering what subject the map talks about best, Then she must listen quietly and in an interested manner. Perhaps it would be a good suggestion for her to draw him out at his own brilliancy.

put it.)

"There's something that I don't know if

make up a story about it."

Nan laughed and put the fire together to make it last without more coal. Coal always gets dear at Christmas time.

You're a good Imp to night," she said. "I'll tell you a story.

She tuned down the gas, because you don't want much light for stories; and a quarter in the slot does not last long. Then she sat in a chair aud I sat on the hearthrug, and leaned against her knees.

'Once upon a time there was a prince. she began; and then she stopped, and put her elbow on her knee and her chin on her hand, and stared at the fire, and sighed; and the sigh made a choking feeling com into my throat.

"Nan, I said, "I believe you're only trying to make out that it's a really and truly.'

Yes," she owned, "it's a 'truly' story, but you mustn't ask questions. When I was a little girl, like you, I used to make ap stories to myself about-ou! princes and sorts of things! When you were a baby in India, with father and mother, I stayed with Auut Jane; and then I made a lot of stories, because she didn't like a noise, and I had to play quiet games by myself. She was very old, and she looked like a fairy godmother; but I knew she couldn't be, ecause her name was Smith.'

Street at Runham: just opposite to a big school for boys."

his name?"

'I don't know," Nan told me: "and I never did; but I used to call him Claude nice it would be to know anybody if he boy, about fourteen; and I was eleven. He stayed at the school for the Christmas holiand he seemed lonely. He used to look end first. ont of his window, and I used to look out Any one could see how Nan's stor of mine; and sometimes I made faces at ought to end; and I sat down on the hearth

"If I make faces." I reminded her, "you | making it end as it ought to. say it's rude.'

'It was rude; but he made faces at me garden, he threw a snowball at me. It hit window I waved my hand instead of mak-Brown's to do, and you must never do anything of the sort.'

'Umph!'' I said. "There's no chance!" We didn't know any boys then.

"He must have known that I sent it. fo the next day, when I went out with Aunt Jane, he followed us down the street, and when she wasn't looking he pushed a package into my hand. I put it in my muff and opened it when I was in my bedroom, It was a box of chocolates, with walnuts on top, and ____ " "Oh-h!" I cried. "Don't, Nan?"

"Poor old Imp! We'll have some choco-

lates on Chrisemas day, somehow or other. There was a little note in it: 'From The Boy at Brown's. I like you.' I've the note in my desk now. I jumped up and opened the desk and

The fairy prince ! He's sure to fall in love with you!

I hope he's got lots of money." "Don't be absurd, child," Nan said. "You may say what you like," I told her ; "but you'll end by mariying him. As soon as you write to him--"

I'm not going to write to him," Nan declared. She shut ber month with a whack. So I knew she was going to be

obstinate. "Nan !" I cried. "You don't mean that you won't even send him a card? When he's remembered you all this time? It's

borrid, and mean and unkind !" I knew that would fetch her; for, if there's one thing that Nan hates, it is to

be unkind to any one. "Oh, Imp!" > he said. "It isn't that. I -if we were-as we used to be-I should

put in an advertisement in answer; and then if he liked to write to me, through When I the newspaper-but it is so different now. We are poor, you see, and-well, you don't see; but it is impossible; quite impossible. Imp, dear-I am glad that he remembered -I'm so tired. Let's go to bed."

"Let me read just a little while," I heg ged. "I'll be monsey quiet; and I'll hard-ly burn any gas; and there's such a nice little cozy fire that ought to be enjoyed. Do let me, Nan." "Very well," she agreed; "but don't

in his left buttonhole, and nobody else was wearing one, so I knew in a moment "No-o," I agreed. "But she might be stay after the fire has gone out and catch a wicked witch. Did she live in High cold. You do catch colds, you know, and who he was. He was not really good looking, because he had a very big nose; but I -aud you're all I have." liked the look of him because you could She kissed me quickly and rushed off. see that he was a gentleman, and strong. I

"Oh!" I said. "Now I see! What was could tell she was a bit upset, and I knew that it was about "Brown's Boy" and because we were so lonely. I thought how

Montague to myself. He was a tall, thin was nice; it would he just like a novel, and Nan likes novels. I like them too, when they have good endings; and I don't read days. He was the only boarder who did, the others, because I always look at the Any one could see how Nan's story

rug to consider if there wasn't a way of

The first way I thought of was to per-

suade Nan to write him a little letter, too. One day when I was out in the front without any address, just to wish him a merry Christmas. Then he could notice me, and I began to cry. Then he threw a the postmark, and the writing, and find bag of candy and ran away. It was nice out where she bought the paper, as they do candy, and the next time I saw him at the in detective stories; and then he would come and walk about the streets near us; ing faces; and after that he often threw and one day he would see me, and notic me candy, and I thought he was a nice that I looked exactly as Nan used to look. boy, and made him the prince of my (I'm sure 1 do, but she says I don't.) And stories; and on Christmast I got a he would come up to me and say, "Excuse Christmas card — it was a bandsome me but you are very like someone," and I young man bowing to a beautiful young should toss my head and say, "Indeed!" lany-and sent it to him. I didn't know And then he would beg me to wait a min-his name, so I addressed it to 'The Boy at ute; and after we had had a long conversa-It was a very shocking thing tion (I thought it all out, but it is too long to write) I should take him to Nan; and when he was my brother in-law he would

ally made a funny face. It reminded me of the time when dear old dad-but I don't always like me, and give me lots of presents and we would live happily ever after. want to write about that. People think I'm only a kid, and can't feel things. But I was afraid he might not do the detective part properly, and if he did he might not meet me, because Nan won't let They don't know. ms walk about much alone. So I decided that it would be better to get Nan to let me have the letter to mail, and I would put our address on the back; but I thought

she might be suspicious and want to mail it herself; and very likely she wouldn't write it at all. So it would be best to write it myself, as if it came from ber. Only then the writing and spelling might your sister. You'll come, won't you ?" ust him off! I was frowning at the fire and thinking about it; and then suddenly I had a sensible idea. I would write to for a moment, and I frowned at him and

ought Nan a lovely bandkerchief out of or feathers, she lines the nest so that it Mrs. Vere's present, and some caudy ; and may be a soft, warm resting place for her she bought me a pair of gloves and two young. novels (they were the cheap editions, but

they are just as good to read;) and we had disputing and fighting each other, are very ten cents' worth of ivy and holly to decocareless housekeepers and are satisfied with almost any kind of a hole. After rate our room; and the man gave me a piece of mistletoe, because he said I looked stuffing it with twigs and rubbish, six or as if I knew what to do with it; and I said seven brick colored eggs are laid in the he might give me half a dozen boys, too ! center of the heap. looked

But the very queerest of all neste is built by a bird that lives in far-away India called the baya. This bird builds a very elaborate house indeed, consisting of three rooms. Under the eaves of the houses this curious home is placed, and if no one disturbs the first nest quite a settlement of bayas will build their bottle-shaped homes under the same eaves. The upper part of this curious nest is divided into two rooms -one for the mother bird and the other for the father bird-while down below is the living-room. Just as soon as Mrs. Baya is settled on her eggs, her thoughtful mate brings bits of soft clay, which he sticks on the inner wall of the nest ; then out he darts again, and secures live fireflies, which

Another odd nest is made by the flam mud two or three feet high, looking somewhat like an old-fashioned churn-small at tom. A small hollow is scooped out to hold the eggs, and here the bird sits, like some scarlet statue on a pedestal.

Turkey Facts.

Many of the large Western packing houses are content to sell at the present prices because of the pressure in the money market instead of holding their goods for fancy midwinter prices. As a consequence large shipments of turkeys have been start ed eastward earlier than usual with the hope of catching early buyers. Many carloads passed throug the unfavorable weath-er conditions of the latter part of last week. Careful buyers refused the goods, but others bought them up eagerly at a reasonable figure. Western turkeys were more plen-tiful, but near-by fresh ones are decidedly scarce and immature.

Storage turkeys are good under favorable conditions. When the storage man learns that poor stuff does not improve in his freezers and that only A No. 1 goods will come out fine, he will have gained a point. This will not happen until our buyers de-mand the best goods and the poor stuff goes begging.

The writer saw a splendid ben turkey that had been killed last January and taken from the freezer a few days ago destined to feed a prominent merchant's family on Thanksgiving Day. The royal bird was in a perfectly preserved condition but it was a very fine turkey to begin with.

for a minute; then I seemed to wake up. -"I heard of a man who laughed so "We live in a wretched little flat by hard at a story that he lost his voice," deourselves," Nan was telling him. "So we can't ask you to call."

clared Singleby. "What was that story %' asked Marriedman, anxiously. "I'd like to tell that he answered. "My mother expects me to to my wife." take you there this afternoon; you and

-"Why are lightning rods like waiters ?"

"Because they have to be well tipped to make them of good service.

ways and dowdy appearance, Mrs. Green is said to have a kind heart. In Philadelphia there is living a lady. Mrs. Anna Weightman Walker, who sev-The little brown wrens, that are always

eral years ago inherited from her father. the "Quinine King," a fortune of \$60,-000,000.

The Great Ant-Eater.

How many curious animals there are ! One of them is called the Great Ant eater, because of its favorite food ; and sometime the scaly ant-eater, from the scales with which it is covered. It has a long, pointed nose but its month is different from most other animals, for it has no teeth. Now some animals would starve, and most would go hungry, without teeth. But the Great Ant-eater has instead a most cuious tongue, which it can throat into the ant-hills and use to catch its dinner as well as to carry the dinner to its mouth.

The ant eaters are among the animals that live only in warm countries, and are found in Asia and Africa and also South America. While some are small, the larghe fastens on each clay lump so there will est are three or four feet long. For homes they light in the bome.

ground, and an ant-eater would not need ingo, that carious great red bird with the to be much afraid even if it should meet a long legs that lives in the far South. These man with a gun, for the scales with which nests are nothing but slender mourds of it is covered are often hard enough to turn musket ball.

The ant-eaters of Asia and Africa have the top and growing larger toward the bot-tom. A small hollow is scooped out to but this Great Ant-eater of South America bas the most curious tail of all. For it is not long, but is so covered with thick, long hair that when it is turned up over the back, as it often is, the body of this queer animal is completely hidden. A gentleman who has seen them many times says that the Great Ant-eater will lift and spread its tail like this whenever there is can. rain, exactly as we do an umbrella, and for

> Do you not think that truly the Great Ant-eater is a most curious animal ?- Advocate.

Children's Voices.

A friend, who has spent many years abroad, remarked : "It does seem too bad that American children should have such disagreeable voices. They are acknowledged to be bright and attrative, yet because of their high-pitched, disagreeable voices they are shunned. Travelers avoid a car or a botel in which there are young Ameri-cans." Why is this ? Largely because our children are imitative, and, as our voices are not well modulated, neither are theirs. Is the unmusical voice a necessary Ameri-can trait? Throat specialists tell us that although our climate is inclined to sharpen the tone, a certain sweetness and a pitch may be maintained with proper care. A child is soothed by gentle speech and irri-tated by harsh tones. Of course you read aloud to your child ; every mother does. Let this be done with constant watching of articulation and tone. This is good exercise for the reader and a means of culture, in more than one respect, for the child. Never rebuke in anger ; keep quiet until you can speak sweetly and firmly. One point which cultivated foreigners notice is that our young people call their messages from a distance instead of going

to the person and quietly waiting for an opportunity to speak. Shouting through the house is unpleasant and uncultured.

Unhealthy Excretae.

Almost everybody rides the wheel today, and there is a certain ambition in most bicyclists to show a goon record of "runs." Both men and women aspire to records of "centuries." It is always doubtful whether so protracted a run as a century run is not too great a strain upon the body. But even ordinary runs may be an injury rather than a benefit if the physical condition is healthy. When there is weakness, especially stomach weakness, the exercise only increases the ailment. Many bicyclists have proven this, and recall vio lent nausea, loss of appetite, headache and other physical results of an extra long run. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery strengthens the weak stomach. It does more, it increases the blood supply and so increases the vital force of the body. It makes the body muscular, builds it up with sound flesh and not with flabby fat. It is not a whisky medicine, and contains no narcotics. It is the ideal medicine for the athelete, who needs physical strength and development.

-For rolling over uneven ground, a land roller is now made in two or more sections, with a flexible connection which yields to the inequality of the ground, a feature which is very desirable for some classes of work. This implement will roll a dead furrow and a back furrow as well as level ground. Another feature is that it has a seat which is adjustable, so that it can be placed behind the rollers, to prevent serious accident in case the driver should be thrown from his seat. The innovation is a welcome one where it is desired to utilize the services of a boy .- Scientific Ameri-

The Art of Happiness.

The art of bappiness consists in being pleased with little things. People with great wealth or great power are seldom happy. The leaders of the world, great men or great women, are seldom satisfied. The society leader, with millions at her command and the bomage of many men and women rarely knows the happiness that comes unasked to the young wife or mother in humbler circles, says Home Chat.

-Gyer-There goes a man with a pull, and he has managed to make a lot of money out of it.

Myer-Politician, eh ? Gyer-No ; dentist.

was Paul ?"

"Them was the guys wat robbed each other to pay each other without lettin their left hands get wise."

Don't tolerate irregularly in the bowels. Don't allow the sewage of the system to accumulate and poison your blood and dull your brain. Regularity can be established by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They act naturally and easily. They soon cure, and can then be dispensed with.

-Freddy-Ma, what is the baby's name?

Ma-The baby hasn't any name. Freddy-Then how did he know he be longed here?

the same reason-to keep from getting wet.