Bellefonte, Pa., January 17, 1908.

IF I WAS BIG

I want a ladder awful high Like Jack had, so that I can see Right where the stars are in the sky: I want to sail across the sea Like Sindbad did and I want three— Or maybe four—fat hens; they'd lay Some golden eggs to have for tea. I wish that I was Big today.

I want to go a-riding by A castle with a golden key, To find a princess, who will sigh And wait for one to come and free Here from the giant's spell that he Has cast about her: and I'll slay The great big giant! Yes-sirree I wish that I was Big today!

And sometime, maybe, if I try, I'll find a Dragon, too, and he Will try to eat me up, and I Will be as brave as I can be. And I will kill him, and, "To thee," The King will cry, "we bow! You may Become a Knight at once!" O me!
I wish that I was Big today!

Lad, life holds much of mystery-Beautiful visions far away! O, would that I might change with thee! I wish I were a lad today! -[Celia Myrover Robinson, in Harper's.

A NEW ORDER

"Father !--oh, Father !" Rufus Waters hastily concealed the little hatchet he had been carrying and turned toward the house. A little figure in a calioo wrapper came flying down the path.
"Yes, Leah. What say?" His impa

through to his conscience.
"You ain't got your rubbors on, Father, an' the grass all of a sop! No, -no, I didn't bring 'em. There's a leak in the heel o' one. You come back with me, Father, an' when the sun's dried things you an' me'll go to a little walk. I feel safer that way. Put your hand on my shoulder goin' up this slipp'ry path."

The hatchet changed sides in a swift, sleight-of-hand fashion learned by practice. Rufus Waters, straight and stout as an old oak, laid a light hand on his wife's shoulbatchet - was swallowed for the time in the bigger desire to please his wife. Long ago by a stiff exertion of will be had stopped reflecting upon the time be spent pleasing her. He had patiently accepted the truth that it was about all the time-the mornings, noons and nights of his days.

You no need to hurry a mite, Father, -take all the time you want to. You hadn't ought to walk fast at your age." Leah Waters panted a little and sagged a little to one side, not because of the weight on her shoulder, but the weight that she with the joy of taking care of "Father."

er, an' lay down on the lounge till I'm dory. through with my work. You'll be all restthen. I'm not goin have you overdoin', this hot spell !" bustled happily about the room, adjusting window-shades and getting pillows. Her lean little hands worked busily, love im-

Leab was only sixty-three; Rufus Waters was seventy three. The ten years be-Father was old, had made their relation more that of mother and son than of husband and wife. Rufus waters had grown old at seventy; Leah herself had set the time. For three years the tough old man had tried to be patient, and had made a beautiful outward success of it. Inwardly -but his inward state had up to the present time remained a secret between himself

and the Angel of Appreciation.

In the kitchen Leah thought anxious thoughts as she worked Father had walk ed so slowly, leaned so bard. He was growin' older every day! To think of his slippin' off like that without his rubbers on! Didn't that show how forgetful he was gettin? Well, all is, he'd got to be taken better care of.

"I've got to be more watchful," Leah Waters thought, with a pang of guilt for her lack of care.

On the lounge in the living-room lay Father, thinkin' his own anxious thoughts Once he stretched out an arm and slowly doubled and undoubled it at the elbow. The muscle he had been so proud of three years ago-where was it? He sighed patiently, remembering old wood-piles and saw-horses. The desire to swing an axe came flooding back into his soul.

"O Lord," he groaned under his breath, "let there be a wood-pile in heaven, an'

save it for me !" The marriage of Rufus and Leah was

a middle-aged one. Both bad approached it with a caution and deliberation lacking to youthful marriages. But romance had not been wanting, since in the eyes of their limited world Rufus Waters bad married a 'rich' wife. His own fortune had been principally invested in good working mus-oles and unbounded delight in using them. He had always worked, and wished to work always. What he had done for a dependent old mother and father he longed to do for his wife. He had not counted on growing old at seventy.

For a number of years the two of them had worked together in a joyous partner-ship, Leah consenting to let her little fortune lie at interest "until they grew old."
But promptly at the dawn of the seventieth birthday of Rufus she had unfolded her loving plan. Rufus had listened, in dismay bordering upon despair. But love by then had made resistance impossible, though he had seen his fate coming and realized keeply the slow torture of it.

"Now, listen, Rufus,-I've got some thing to say. I've been waitin' all this time till today-I s'pose you know what day to-day is?"

Rufus nodded, belpless before a little woman with a great love. He saw it com-

ing.
"You're seventy, Rufus. It ain't anything to be asbamed of, but you're old now, an' and you've got to be took care of. I'm a good deal younger, an' I'm goin' to do it. I thank the Lord it's me! Oh, I'm glad it's me !" her voice sob-roughen-'I'll take good care o' you, Rufus. From this day forth." solemnly, "you ain't goin' to do a stitch o' work—not a stitch o' work! You ain't goin' to turn your hand and nigh everything else? Supposing they over! You've worked up to now, but now couldn't none of 'em be spared to come and lost my courage.

you're old an' you're goin' to rest. I've stop, if they would insist on doing the waited till today. I ain't said a word things to home?
when you worked real hard, but I say it "Don't you worry another mite, Leahspendin' it,—we've had a dear old time, Rufus. An' I want we should have a good it, -we've had a dear old time, time spendin' mine now,—you're goin' to rest up after all your workin'. You're goin' to begin today. From this time forth," finished Leab, in a kind of solemn exultation. Her plain little face took on it was beyond comparison with other wom-

"Rufus, you listen—there's something else. I've been thinkin' about it a long time, but mebbe you won't libe it you 'Father.' But I'd like to begin today. If you was willin', Rufus-"
"'Father,'" he corrected her. She had

called him Father ever since. From seventy to seventy three can be a while to Rufus Waters. He was getting

like a pall over him.

Leah Waters finished her work and tip-Leah Waters finished her work and tip-toed into the living room, then tiptoed out muscles were getting hard again,—he exbeautifully. She would not waken him—
at Father's age sleep was a dreadful good
thing. She would steal out while he slept
shoulders splendidly. He whistled as he and pick a sauce ful of field strawberries for his supper. Sun shriveled, sun-sweet ones grew in the old pasture-the kind Father loved.

She put on her old sunbonnet and set forth. At the stone wall she picked out an easy place and began to climb. A loose stone displaced by her skirts rolled with her to the farther side. Leah Waters lay quite still under it.

It was Father who found ber and carried flying. tience died an instant death, as it always died at sight of the tender anxiety in the for a doctor and hovered around distracted- Father, like a boy.

O e afternoon well into the third week ly until he came. From her bed Leah looked out at the old man in undisguised dread, but the dread was not for herself. Why—why hadn't she gone round by the

ing with the pain of lifting her head. He came harrying in. "I've been tryin' to decide which one's best, an' I guess it better be Rhodory Wigder. The desire to swing an axe-ever a gin, - just the minute the doctor gets me set you go after Rhodory. She's a real worker an' I can tell her what to do--she can leave this door open and I can holler. There ain't anybody I can think of who'd Rufus, hovering over the bed, stooped tenderly. "Is the pain so turrible?"

kept on in their own direction. 'Rhodory'll do better than any one else, imagined there. Her frail figure thrilled Father! I've thought an' thought, au' all the rest has ties to keep 'em to home. Ann It was the joy she lived by.

"There!—look out for the step. You're Janet Mill's boy's home sick with slow fegoin' right into the livin'-room now, Fath ver. I can't think of anybody but Rho-

> She to worryin'—you just lay still as you can." groaned over in her secret groaning-place? Sting Would he find broken bones? In his sick Where was Father? Not on the lounge soul Rufus Waters knew he would find on lumpy pillows in the glare of the sunbroken bones. Leah was such a little mite

The doctor drove clatteringly into the yard, leaped out and clattered into the bundred tender little anxieties now that house. Father met him at the kitchen door with finger of warning uplifted and whispering, as if he could still ward off poor

Sh! She's in the little bedroom, docrible scared for fear she's—broke!" in a muffled wail of anguish. "I'm turrible scared, doctor !

'Likely as not," nodded the man inured to broken bones. "Women have no business climbing stone walls with skirts on! This the door? Well, I'll go in. You'd better stay out till I need you, -no use getting all wrought up for nothing." Stay out !- spare himself when Leah was

broken! Rufus Waters brushed by the doctor and entered the little room first. By a splendid effort he smiled.
"Here we are—me 'n' the doctor 've

can say Jack Robinson!"

But it was not "Jack Robinson" that Leah said. She lifted her white face reso-"Father, you listen-you go right ont o' this room, out to the barn! An' don't you come back till the doctor rings the dinner-bell out the door! That'll mean I'm set, an' then you come flyin.' I guess I'll be ready for you then! But I won't let ye fall—I won't let ye fall!" he ain't goin' to have you gettin' all wrought cried, reassuringly. "You bear down all up seein' me set. Now you go, Father. you want to-you ain't heavier than a fiv.

But Father slipped back into the room and stood where the woman on the hed could not see him, ready to help at any living-room.

moment if help were needed. His own Leah's old face nestled against Father's face was as white as Leah's, her pain seemed to be grinding through him-Father, too, was being "set."

After the twice-broken arm had received attention, a badly sprained ankle demanded help. Leab Waters lay softly groaning -a luxury she would not have dreamed of indulging in if Father had not been out to

A very little before the doctor's painful ministrations were concluded, Rufus Waters burried out and dropped down on the milking-stool in the barn door and waited for the doctor to ring the dinner-bell. His old legs were racked with their unwonted haste and his old lungs labored wheezily. He craved an interval of recuperation fore his summons. In a dazed way he felt of his grizzled face and groaned because he found it pale. He dreaded facing the poor little sufferer dreaded twisting his anguished old lips into a smile.

For weeks Leab Waters lay on her be not patiently, because of Father's need of her, but quietly to assist nature in the work of "knitting" her. For the first few days of her helplessness her worrying was held in abeyance by the clumsy ministra-stons of Rhodora Wiggin. But that relief was short-lived. Rhodora was called home before the first week ended, and from that time poor Leah's state of unrest was piteous. It was only by a system of gentle deceptions that Father could keep her in bed. She must not worry. Heart alive! why should she worry when the neighbors were doing the washing and the cooking

now! It's said, Rufus. You wouldn't never use any o' my money—now I'm washin' an' cookin' can wait till you get up, can't it? I ain't kickin' up any great amount of a dust these days—you'd ought amount of a dust these days—you'd ought to see me wipe my feet on the mat an' go steppin' round easy ! I shouldn't wonder if you didn't have to sweep for a week o' Sundays after you're up 'n' round agin!" To Father himself, after the first days of

pain for Leah were over, it was a wonder-ful time—a time of rejuvenation. He beauty for the moment. To Rufus Waters it was beyond comparison with other women's faces.

grew younger every day. His old lips pursed into whistling shape, but he kept the tunes in his soul. He went about soft-

stove covers, his mixing-spoons. time, but mehbe you won't like it. I There was a little "entry" between want you should tell me honest. You Leah's hedroom and the kitchen; two doors know we never had any little children, and the invalid's dull hearing were of great assistance to Father. He might even have "So I never had my rightful chance to call whistled when the doors were shut, but he assistance to Father. He might even have whistled when the doors were shut, but he refrained painstakingly, though the new life in his old veins clamored for vocal expression. It was only at what he called 're-cess times" that he whistled. Father's recess times occurred regularly afternoons very long time to one who is growing old while Leah took her long naps. He wait-against his will. It had been a weary ed until she was sweetly asleep in the little cool, dim room, with the dinner-bell in inindeed old. Today old age seemed settling stant readiness beside her to call him to her when she woke. Then he stole away again, satisfied that Father was sleeping ulted in them boyishly. The old time joy beautifully. She would not waken him—in swinging an axe lit up his faded blue worked. He was not glad Leah, his little old wife, was bedridden, but he was gloriously glad to be free; he did not consciously connect the two circumstances in his mind. That his freedom was but a temporary state and the former dreary idleness loomed ever over it be refused to rememher. Not yet-not yet-enough now that he was lustily swinging his axe out in the sunshine of the Lord and the chips were

Leah woke from a long, refreshing nap and reached for the bell. But she did not ring Why—why hadn't she gone round by the it as usual. A sudden thought detained pasture bars instead of climbing the wall! ber hand. Father might be taking a nap This shock and worry would surely nure that shock and worry would surely nure that the shock were dangerous at his age and readful dangerous. And she had been had a troubled vision of him lying on the living-room lounge, on lumpy pillows, in the full glare of the sun. She had always the full glare of the sun. She had always the full glare of the sun.

to Leah that Father should take a pap alone. At his age-oh, poor old Father! The pity and worry in her heart compelled action. She would get up and go to Father and take care of him. She had deserted bim long enough.

The process of getting up was necessarily do's well as Rhodory Wiggin. She's had a slow one, hampered as she still was by an old mother to take care of up to just a arm and ankle. But she found clothes and little while ago, —I ain't goin' to have put them on and twisted her thin hair into did it.
anybody but what can take care o' you." into a neat little knot. With her knee in into a neat little knot. With her knee in a chair she essayed a certain species of locohe motion that brought her in the end to the quavered. But Leah's anxious thoughts living-room. Surprises had met her at every stage of the little journey-the sur prise of a well-swept kitchen, of a shining stove, of drying clothes on the line outside the kitchen window. She had expected

dust and litter The living-room presented the same speckless appearance. Everything was in order and guiltless of dust, as she berself Again society garped and and chaos of man things she had lain and

she had seen no signs of Father anywhere of a thing and the stone had been so heavy in the tidy house. In fresh alarm -cruelly heavy! Father was out at the wood-pile chopping wood. Out at-the wood-pile-chopping

Leah Waters stood a long time looking out. She opened the window softly and Father's jubilant tunes whistled their way in to her. She saw his straightened back tor, -she's layin' waitin' for you. I've when it came up after each stroke; she saw kep' her still as I could -doctor, I'm tur- his shining old profile and the splendid swings of his arms. She saw his youth that had come back. Things grew clear to her, one by one.

Back in the dim little bedroom Leab went to bed again and waited for Father. She lay laughing and crying in woman fashion and replanning the future.
"All is—al! is," she murmured.

glad I've woke up in time! I'm glad of another thing-that I didn't go round the pasture bars. Some folks have to be broke an' set over agin. "Leah, you awake?" It was Father in

the doorway, looking anxious. "I didn't come! We'll fix you up quicker 'n you hear the hell an' it scairt me, it got so kind o' late. You ain't worse, be you?"
"No," Leah laughed, "I'm better! You listen, Father, -I want you should carry me out to the livin'-room in your arms. If you think you could ---

you want to-you ain't heavier than a fiy. There, now we're marchin' through Georgy !" He whistled the accompainment. It was a triumphal match to the

old face. She yielded, unresistingly, to the new order of things. It was good to be taken care of. "How strong you be, Father!" she cried.—By Annie Hamilton Donnell, in

Harper's Bazar. Richest of Gold Mines

The richest gold mine in the world Robinson mine at Johannesburg, S. A. Milling operations were begun in January, 1888, since which time there have been 3,212,200 tons of ore mined altogether and 2,686,300 tons milled. The total amount of gold produced has been 2,253, 800 ounces fine, valued at about \$46,000. 000 or \$17.11 per ton. The working profit has been about \$28,750,000 or \$10.72 per ton. It is estimated that the mine will have yielded a net profit of 70,000,000 tons by 1920, by which time it will be exhausted.

— "See here, Bess," said Ned to his mannish sister, "I don't mind your wearing my things, but you might at least give me a testimonial letter."

"How do you mean ?" she demanded. "Well, you might say something like this: 'Dear Ned: Since using your shirts and collars I'm a new woman."

age," said Tom.
"And didn't she help you out?" asked

"No, but her father did; that's why I

SHINE JUST WHERE YOU ARE.

Don't waste your time in longing For bright, impossible things Don't sit supinely yearning For the swiftness of angel wings;

Don't spurp to be a rushlight Because you are not a star: But brighten some bit of darkness By shining just where you are.

There is need of the tipiest cradle As well as the garish sun; The humblest deed is ennobled When it is worthily done;

You may never be called to brighter The darkest regions afar: So fill, for the day, your mission By shining just where you are.

Some Misspent Money There is "something doing" down in leepy old Philadelphia that is making so

ciety people of the town of sacred scrapple sit up and take notice.
Shades of the old Assembly balls, that were about as hilarious as a funeral! What would those old dames in brocade, and those old beaux of 1818 say, if they could rise in their graves and attend one of these society functions that are being held in the Quaker city in this twentieth century? They would return to their grave garments as quickly as possible, and get back into their six feet of earth, content to

remain there, for they would surely see something that would jar them if they should return. A few days ago all of society rubbed its eyes at the breakfast table when it read of the doings at one of the biggest balls of the season, when one of the "buds" of the winter was presented. Her ball was the

most talked about affair that had been givep, and no wonder. To make it one of the most talked about vents her doting father and an equally doting uncle had scoured the four corners of the earth for novelties, and a pretty penny it cost—something like \$100,000 they say. A little matter of \$4,000 for flowers alone, as much again for food, and a like amount for wine, and thousands of butter flies which were let loose in one of the figures of the cotillion. Months ago men were sent to South America and the Indies to hunt these butterflies, and they were sent North at great expense. Thousands of them died on the way, but more of them lived, and society fairly gasped when they were let loose, and floated about amidst the orchids and American Beauties and lillies with which the ballroom ceiling planned Father's naps so carefully, beating up pillows and drawing down curtains.

It seemed suddenly an unbearable thing

terfly ball was the success of the season. Society had scarcely recovered its breath from this affair when another "bud" was introduced to society, and this "bud's" father determined to make the "butterfly" ball pale into insignificance beside the one be gave. Butterflies? Fudge! What were a few butterflies compared to what he could and would do? And forthwith he

Rare exotic foliage covered the ball room walls and ceilings, but the climax came when thousands of song birds from the South, nightingales, mocking birds and ca naries were set free in the ball room. This was not all by any meaus. In another figure each girl was presented with a jeweled fishing rod, the line already baited, with which she fished for the gold fish which glinted and shimmered in the perfumed

Again society gasped and admitted that "There, there !" crooned, as though to a had loved to keep it. Where was the dirt the second "bud's" papa had gone the

It cost \$150,000 they say. A quarter of a million dollars gone in wo evenings' pleasure! Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for eight hours of dancing and chattering and eating and drinking.

And I know of a little fellow who, today annot go out in the street and earn a few pennies selling papers with which to buy his supper because he has no shoes.

I know another little fellow who does wn a pair of shoes, but who goes out into the storm and cold to sell papers withou an overcoat. I know of a whole family who are lying

sick with only a bushel of coal in the house, with no medicine, no doctor, no one to help but neighbors as poor as themselves and I know of countless other places where a dollar would help, even if it did not save I really believe I could have made bet ter use of that quarter of a million dollars. -By Carolyn Prescott, in the Pittsburg

Testing Butter.

There are several ways to tell renovated butter and oleomargarine from fresh but-

One is by the simple boiling test. This can be done in any home with no other apparatus than an oil lamp and a tin tablespoon. Take a lump of the butter the size of your first thumb joint and place it in the tin tablespoon. Light a common oil lamp, remove the chimney and hold the spoon containing the butter over the light so that the flame reaches the bottom of the bowl of the spoon. Hold it in this posi-tion until the butter boils. Oleo and renovated butter boil noisily, sputtering like a mixture of grease and water, and produce but little, if any, foam, Genuine butter boils with little or no noise and produces usually an abundance of foam. This is one of the most simple as well as the safest tests.

In his experiments to determine whether it is the color or the odor of flowers that attracts bees and other insects, Monsieur Plateau, the Belgian zoologist, bethought him of trying a mirror. He selected a flower of striking color and etrong odor, and placed it before an excellent glass in which the reflection was perfect. All the insects went straight to the real flower, and not a single one approached the reflection in the mirror.—Youth's Compan-

"On an Average."

One of the jokes Lewis Carroll, he tau-thor of "Alice in Wonderland," didn't dare publish, according to his biographer, who found it among his papers, is the fol-

A schoolboy asked, "What is the meaning of average?" at once replied, "The When requested to explain his answer, the boy said: "I read in a book that hens lay on an average 200 eggs a year."

-"I know that old lady over there." whispered little Maggie. "Do you, dear," asked her mother. "Who is she?"

"Why, she's the little lame boy w'at I told you about w'at's in my class in sche grandmother."

New Mexico to Follow Oklahome into the Fold

After nearly sixty years of more or less patient waiting. New Mexico at last finds Statehood in sight. On his trip down the Mississippi, President Roosevelt committed himself to the admission of the Territory. Inviting the Governors of Oklahoma and of New Mexico to board his boat he said : "I want the Governor of the Territory that But this organization has addressed itself has become a State and the Governor of the to the problem of just how this "visiting" Territory that is to become a State to ride is done and of putting a stop to it.

cluded in 1848, the American Government probable prospects for cure determined. inserted Article 3 of the Louisiana treaty; Then a specially trained worker investi-

which gave the promise :
"The inhabitants of the ceded territory shall be incorporated in the Union of the United States, and admitted as soon as possible, according to the principles of the Federal Constitution, to the enjoyment of

of the original Louisiana treaty was Louisiana, nine years after the promise was given. The last hit of the Louisiana purgiven. The last hit of the Louisiana pur-chase, Oklahoma, is just now passing out of the territorial condition, one hundred and four years after the treaty of cession was signed. The proceedings under the for inspectio Mexican treaty have been a little more rapid. California was admitted in 1850, two years after its acquisition, Nevada in 1864, and Utah in 1896. Parts of Colorado, rounded up for examination, one, three, or admitted in 1876, and of Wyoming, admitted in 1890, were also included in

Mexican cession.
Only Arizona and New Mexico are still left outside of the union of States. Neither of those has yet had such a boom as to force its claims upon Congress. In 1876 New Mexico had 91,874 inbabitants, which was more than Colorado, Dakota (then nuited), Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Oregon, Utab, Washington, or Wyoming had at that time. In 1900 the population of New Mexico was 195.310, and Colorado, the Dakotas, Montana, Oregon, Utah, and Washington had passed her in the interval. But even now New Mexico is more populous than Delaware, Idaho, Nevada, or Wyoming. She would have been admit-ted long ago if her people had been Americavized more promptly. When she comes in, A izona will be the only Territory in the main body of the United States, and it will not be possible much longer to resist the demand for a final clean-up of the territorial system .- In Colliers of October

Palm-Leaf Books

A remarkable literary currosity recently acquired by the Library of Congress is a set of books printed, or rather inscribed, on palm leaves. It comprises ninety-eight volumes, and is a complete copy of the Buddhist Scriptures, executed in Burmese text.

At first glance it might be thought that palm leaves would not afford a very serviceable substitute for paper in the making of books. But it should be understood that the leaves employed for the purpose are of enormous size, a dozen feet in length, perhaps, and that only certain parts are utilized. These parts are out from between the ribs, each of them forming a neat parallelogram two feet in length and three inches in width. Each such parallelogram is a page of the volume that is to be

leaves in the second year of their growth are used, because, if too young, the material would not have the requisite toughness, and if too old it would be dry and brittle. But the leaf-slices of proper for hundreds of years, but also will retain their flexibility-a point of obvious importance, inasmuch as a palm leaf book whose leaves were brittle would soon fall to pieces, and to bandle it without injuring it would be almost impossible.

When the laf-slices have been prepared in the way described, the Burmese scholar takes in his band a very sharp stylus of steel, and with it proceeds to write, his instrument, as he does so, penetrating through the outer coat of the leaf. It is script as dainty and beautiful as any that ever mediæval monk knew how to make, but quite peculiar in its appearance, every one of the letters being a modification of a circle. So fine is the writing, and in lines so close together, that quite a lot of it will

go upon a single page.

To complete his work, the painstaking scribe takes a mixture of oil and lamp black, and with it rubs the writing, exactly as an engraver on steel or copper woul treat a plate. Then he wipes it off, and what remains in the inscribed lines renders them plainly visible to the eye. Several bundred such pages, all of them of exactly the same size, go together to form the vol-ume, which is bound by placing the bunch of leaf-slices between two long and narrow pieces of plank and tying them se-curely. Sometimes the edges of the pages are gilded.—Saturday Evening Post.

The newest luxury for those who can afford it is sweet corn in the winter time put up in cans—one car to a can. It is, in effect, the fresh article, served at any season of the year, to be eaten from the cob.

This is a triumph of the new method of preserving vegetables and fruits, which consists in using for the purpose a minimum of heat. In his recent experiment in this line, at the Oregon Experiment Station, Dr. E. Pernot has employed all degrees of temperature, even down to nothing, with a view to finding out how little could be made to serve. He has been successful in putting up berries, tomatoes and even cider, securing the retention of their fresh flavor for an indefinite period.

The problem in all such cases, of course, is to exclude living germs. In Alaska oranberries and other fresh fruits bave actually been canned without the use of any heat, by putting them up in the water of mountain streams. The water of such rivers, derived from glaciers, is practically sterile, containing no microbes whatever and, if the bottles or caus used for the pur pose are sealed (a precaution obviously necessary), the contents remain perfectly good and fresh.

In the winter time sweet corn is some times obtainable in the markets, being fetched from Southern latitudes ; but it lacks the flavor of the fresh articlethe advantage of being able to buy it on the cob in cans. Instead of being steril ized, after the usual method adopted in cauning, the contents of the receptacles in such cases are merely "pasteurized," as one might say—that is to say, subjected to a moderately high temperature at a series iron fence and the ground inside will be of intervals. By this means there is avoid- graded and sodded for a distance of 50 ance of those chemical changes which give

the "cooked taste." By this method Doctor Pernot has suc ceeded with practically everything except peas. They have not responded tavorably to the treatment—a fact which, as a matter of surmise, he is inclined to attribute to How Consumption is "Inherited."

An interesting feature of the admirable work of the Associated Tuberculosis Dispensaries in New York is the study that the form of jeremiads about the sins of the fathers being visited upon the children.

In the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo between the United States and Mexico, conedicted in 1848 States and Mexic gates his social and financial condition to see whether he can spare the time to be sent to one of the allied open-air camps, or sanatoria. If he be the only wage earner and means can not be secured from some of the charitable organizations to support his all the rights, advantages, and immunities.
of citizens of the United States."

The first State admitted under the pledge
en him of just how to ventilate to the best possible advantage his room or rooms, regular rations of milk and eggs are supplied of health, they are promptly brought up

> A consumptive mother will be brought into the dispensary, and when her little flock of three, five or seven children is even as high as four of them will be found to be suffering from an early stage of some form of tuberculous infection. They are promptly scattered as far as the inadequate facilities will allow, in the different children's homes and open-air hospitals, and those who cannot be sent out of the city are put under treatment at home. Unsually at this age and this stage of the disease the prospects for a cure are excellent. The infection, of course, has been direct from the sputum of the mother or father in the crowded, ill-ventilated quarters in which

> they are compelled to live. Not only will hundreds of lives be saved by this method, but also a great number of cripplings and deformities prevented. Tuberculosis attacks not merely the lungs in children, but also the spine, the hipjoint, the ankle, the intestines, the brain In fact, merely to say "spinal disease" or "hip-joint disease," without further qualification, means tuberculosis of these re-gions; and fully half the deaths from convulsions, from chronic bowel trouble, and from "marasmus," in children between one and seven years of age, are due to the same feound cause. - Colliers

> > Paper Made of Mill Waste.

Scientists here are deeply interested in what is believed to be a means of manufacturing paper from ground wood, in which the waste of mills can be used says a Washington special in The New York Herald. If successful the plan will eliminate the cost of wood specially out for the manufacture of paper pulp. The pitch and resin which have heretofore interfered with the use of wood of this character is overcome the in new process by so treating the pulp that these substances pass off in vapor and the fiber is recovered by subjecting

the mass to a system of pressing.

The very much increased cost of paper which has led many newspapers to increase their price or resort to the alternative of decreasing their size has aroused experts to a study of means to reduce the cost of paper foundations.

that the system of using mill waste can be made a success, and that it will materially decrease the price of paper by lessening the cost of the wood from which the fibre is produced, a plant is now in operation in Vancouver and is said to have proved a success. While the operations have up to this time been limited, the plan contemplates the assembling of the waste from a large number of local mills. This wood is placed in a clipping machine which reduces it to shavings, and these pass up a flume to a digester. This is a copper-lined circular reservoir, perhaps 12 feet in diameter, filled with a solution of caustic soda. This mass is cooked until the cellulose is thoroughly released and

then removed to a draining floor. After the soda has been separated from the pulp as much as possible the material is taken to a beating machine, where it is cut and washed clean. From the beating machine the pulp goes to a refining engine and is then ready for manufacture.

It is estimated that an area half as large as the State of Rhode Island is yearly stripped of spruce to make wood pulp, and that 3,500,000 cords of pulp wood are used yearly. The successful use of the waste of mills would probably reduce this by at least one-fourth.

Monument to Buchanan.

A suitable monument has at last been erected on the sight of the birthplace of James Buchanan, the only president this state ever gave the nation.

It was 116 years ago that James Buchanan was born, near the village of Flotz in Franklin county, at a place called Stony Batter. Before the present monument was erected there was nothing about the cabin, in which the fifteenth president first saw the light of day, to indicate that it once sheltered the only son of the state who became the head of the nation.

By the will of Harriet Lane Johnson, of Washington, D. C., niece of President Buchanan and mistress of the White House during her uncle's term, a sum of money was set aside to erect a marker at her un-cle's birthplace. The monument has been

The marker is pyramidal in shape, 31 feet high and 38 feet square. The body of the monument is composed of native stones showing the weather marks, many being covered with moss. The stones are set in cement, of which over 300 car loads were used. The inscription plate and seat are made of hammered American gray granite. The plate is 6x21 feet and the letters are three inches high. The inscription is as follows:

of James Buchanan, fifteenth president of the United States. Born April 23, 1791. Died June 1, 1868.

The monument stands near the cabin in which President Buchapan was born. The country round about is wild and has not changed greatly since the time the president as a boy, played in the mountains. The monument will be inclosed by a neat iron fence and the ground inside will be

-With one look at Goodman Gonrong's tattered garments the woman of the house slammed the door in his face.

"Clothes may not make the man," he of surmise, he is inclined to attribute to some as yet unidentified enzym in the vegetable, which may modify the result.

solilo quized, as he turned away and started for the next house, "but they sort o' seem to classify him."