GOLD

In a place where the glare of the madding sun Through the air till it writhed with the travai

Where the red, blistered earth cried aloud in

its pain. And with hot cracking lips called to heaven in vain.

Where the womb of creation was sterile As a she-mummy lying a thousand year

dead. Where the wind never crooned through the

branches of trees Nor the flowers blushed red to the kiss of th breeze.

Where the blind spawn of serpents are gat bu

And no winged thing on carrion search for the sky. A gibbering husk twenty million years old,

ttered and tattered and battered and torn, His eyes blind of sight and his reason spark As naked and helpless as when he was bo

Tumbled and stumbled and fumbled and fell On a rock, where the sun, with the humor of Smote the raw bleeding edge of a fabulor

ledge Of Gold, Gold, Gold, Gold! -Herbert Kaufman, in Appleton's Magazine

A FLOCK OF GEESE.

Mis. Clara Emerson did a very charac teristic thing when informed of her nnexpected poverty: she borrowed ten thousand dollars of the man who brought her the information. Not that Mrs. Emerson was in the habit of borrowing promiscuously, but she always had been able to get what she wanted by merely asking for it, and, her husband being gone, it seemed the most natural thing in the world to ask the man who had been made executor of his

To give her due credit, Mrs. Emerson did not at all appreciate the gravity of the situation or the nature of the favor she was asking. She knew, in a general way, that there were such things as "bard times," and she took it for granted that she had stumbled upon something of that sort at a most inopportune moment. When Eben (her departed husband) encountered a period of financial depresion, he tided it over by borrowing, and she saw no reason why she should not do the same thing. It never occurred to her that her predicament was more than a mere temporary embar-

But stranger than her cool request for the money was the fact that Anthony Hale let her have it. Of course, he was rich enough to let ten thousand dollars go without missing it, but his friends would have told you that it was not his nature to be wasteful. If it had been a thousand, there would have been less occasion for surprise; if he had been socially ambitions, it might have been considered a good investment: but he cared nothing for society, had been only a business associate of Emerson, and was but slightly acquainted with Mrs. Emerson. Still, in the orronmstances, be might have been expected to offer her a thousand for use while she was adjusting thousand is a good deal of money to throw away, and he never could explain how he happened to do it.

Mrs. Emerson bad retired, with her two daughters, to Maple Nook after her husod's death, and here Hale had come to break the sad news that nothing would be left of the estate after the debts were paid. Emerson had made a splendid income, but he had saved nothing, possibly because of his wife's social extravagances. These very extravagances were going to make it ex ceptionally bard for her, too; she was accustomed to them, having been a society leader for many years, and it would not be easy to give them up. Furthermore, her daughters were of marriageable age, which made her continued social prominence all the more necessary. So Hale was really sorry for her, although he would have laughed at the sugge tion that his sympathy measured up to a ten thousand dollar standard. Hale was not emotional; he was Hale was not emotional; he was

a practical man of business. 'All my money, too?" she asked when she heard the news.

Everything," answered Hale regretful "It was all in his hands, you know, and he got into some unfortunate speculations toward the last. You kept nothing in your name." No," she said. "I turned my property

over to him when we were married. never could take care of money." It occurred to Hale that Emerson had

not been remarkably successful in that line himself, but the occasion did not seem t warrant any suggestion of that sort. 'He never was very lucky in specula tion," explained Hale, "but he had the

ability that made his personal services com-mand a high figure while he lived. Of course that income ceases now.'

"Isn't it too provoking!" exclaimed Mrs. Emerson, much as she would have com-mented on the information that something had gone wrong with a dinner she had planned. Hale did not think "provoking" quite the proper word, but he offered no substitute. "I've got the girls to look after, too," Mrs. Emerson went on, her brow clouding, "and it's a very critical time in their careers—one in her second season and the other just ready to begin her first. I never knew anything so inoppor-

Whether this referred to the death of her husband, or merely to the resulting financial embarrassment, Hale did not feel called upon to inquire. He had a general understanding of the situation, which was sufficient for him. Mr. Emerson had been a husiness man, considerably older than his wife, and she was a society woman; for many years they had had little in common, although Emerson had been rather proud of his wife's social eminence and had oheerfully furnished her the money she desired There had been no real companionship so Hale was content to leave the inoppor

tuneness veiled in uncertainly.
"You seem to be starting wisely," he re

'How?'' she asked in surprise. "By coming to this quiet and inexpen

"Oh, that is quite accidental!" she re-"It's so much easier to keep out turned. of social gayety when you're where there isn't any, and I remembered that I once came here for a rest-oure after the fatigue of a season. It seems an ideal place to spend a part of the period of deep mourn-

Hale agreed with her on that: the place wrs decidedly restful. They were sitting

the lane that led up from the road.

"Oh, my dear sir," interrupted Mrs. Emerson protestingly, "that is quite impossible!"
"But, my dear madam," returned Hale,

with some warmth, "nothing else is pos-

"Think of the girls!" urged Mrs. Emer-

"It is unfortunate," said Hale; "but on must look the situation fairly in the face. I am sure you will pardon me for speaking plainly, for my knowledge of Mr. Emerson's affairs seems to make that a duty. Unless you have resources of which I have no knowledge, it will be absolutely

society, but society wouldn't give me up."
The geese, now waddling across the lawn, attracted her attention, and she watched them with a smile. "Society is like a flock of geese," she said, "and follows the

leader just as docilely—"
"Until something happens to the leader" suggested Hale, determined to make

"Nothing has happened," she returned 'I could have society here, if I wanted it;

"Get your geese headed right, and don't do anything to startle them," she argued, "and there's no trouble. That's what the "Well, that has nothing to do with this

case," he remarked.
"Except as it explains why society won't give me up." she said, and then she point ed to where one of her daughters and a young man were strolling along the slope to the bay. "He lost interest in the city and the fashionable resorts when we came here, and there are two others at the hotel who have suddenly discovered that the fishing is good. They don't know a min-

now from a whale, either,"

"That's not society," be contended.

"A part of it," she insisted. "They're

all prominent socially." It was discouraging, this task of trying to make her take a practical view of the situation. That certain young men still found her daughters attractive proved nothing; Hale would have to be brutally blunt.

"Mrs. Emerson," he said, "you do not eem to comprehend the fact that you have nothing at all: the estate will bardly pay the debts. The matter is one of immediate importance; I shall be glad to assist you,

"Yes," she interrupted carelessly, uppose I shall have to ask you for ten thousand dollars."

"But, my dear madam!" he protested.
"Why not?" she asked. "You always accommodated Eben." What could a man do with such an no reasoning woman as that? She might understand society, but she certainly had n comprehension of husiness-could not see why a loan to her, with absolutely no reources, was not the same as a loan to be late husband, whose ability bad been a source of income. Her sublime confidence

"Yes," she went on calmly, "I shall have to have that much. Could you let

seemed to put Hale in a trance.

me have a check now?' With generous forethought, Hale had brought his check book with him-a fact that he regretted when he had time for consideration. It had occurred to him that a little ready cash might be needed; it had not occurred to him that the sum would be ten thousand dollars, or anything like it.

"I must think of the girls," she said, as she took him into the house, where there were pens and ink. "Their future must not

be jeoparized."

Hale afterward decided that be must have been hypnotized: nothing else, not even his sympathy, would explain his advancing ten thousand dollars on nothing. But he gave her the check.

"I believe there's a note or something I ought to sign, isn't there?" she asked. I know Eben always had to do something of that sort.

"I don't think it's necessary in

"It's so good of you," she said gratefully; "it makes me feel so much more comfort

"What are your plans?" he inquired, feeling that he had a personal interest in terest in them now.
"Oh, I don't know," she replied; "I

may build." 'Build!' be exclaimed. "Why, yes," she returned, surprised by is tone. "If I've got to stay in this sleepy his tone. country, I must have a place to entertain.

"But, my dear madam," he protested, almost plaintively, "you have no money for anything of that sort."

"I have ten thousand dollars," she re-torted, with a slight show of irritation at his obtuseness. 'Of course, I can't do very much with that, but something suited to this quiet neighborhood won't cost so very much. You see I must remember my duty to the girls.'

Hale gave up in despair; be could advise nothing. She had ten thousand dollars to waste as she saw fit.

"It's getting awfully lonely down here, too," she added. "I really must bring some congenial people down, if only to prove the goose proposition. I can't join in anything really lively, of course, but there's no reason why I should make a cloister of my retreat. It isn't fair to the girls."

Hale, now resigned to the inevitable, merely nodded, and presently left to catch his train back to the city. He thought it all over on the train, wondering at the ease with which he had been separated from ten housand dollars. At first, he was barshly self-condemnatory: there was not even the promise that the money would do any real good to compensate him for the loss. Then her constant reference to "the girls" recurred to him, and slowly there came over him a new understanding of her point of

"By George," he exclaimed, "it's an in vestment in a natrimonial campaign—and she may win!"

on the porch of a rambling old farmhouse, much of promise in it. The young man and a country road, little used, lay be- | he had seen with Daisy, the elder daughter, tween them and a grassy slope to the bay belonged to a riob and socially prominent of an inland lake. The maples that gave family; the two others at the hotel were the name to this secluded corner of the lake were behind and on either side of that one of them was devoted to E-ther. them. Half a mile away was a little hotel What more natural than that a woman of that made a pretense of doing a trifling Mrs. Emerson's life and social aspirations summer-resort business. It was all so should look to society for the rehabilitarustic that cows pastured on the slope to tion of her fortunes? Incidentally, she the bay and a flock of geese waddled across had expressed a desire that nothing of her e lane that led up from the road.
"Whatever your reason," said Hale, "it known. Wealth would be no particular is a wise choice. Of course, you will have attraction to these men, but it was importto give up society, and—" ant that she should be able to continue in the circles to which she had been accustom

ed without creating comment.
"She may do it," he reflected. "I never was much on matrimonia! finance, but it's probably her specialty. Perhaps I ought to have taken a note for that money after all; she'll pay it if it ever happens to he convenient, but a note might help with Son-in-law."

Mrs. Emerson looked complacently out over the grassy slope that ran down to the lake, and then smiled at the young man

have no knowledge, it will have necessary for you to give up society."

Mrs. Emerson pondered this a moment of help and counsel that I am going to most of help and counsel that I am going to most only your good nature a little."

"Command me, Mrs. Emerson," returned young Ashton gallantly. "It will he a pleasure to do anything that lies in my nower."

made him feel he was being taken almost into the family circle: but a worldly per-son might have found something significant in the fact that she was choosing as her aide the richest of the young men who had been attracted to Maple Nook.

"I have been puzzling over the best way to lay out the grounds here," she explained. "I shall have some gardeners and landscape people out from the city later, but there are some things I want to do now. I've bought the place, you know." "Bought the place?" he repeated in sur-

"Well, I own the strip from the house, to the lake," she said, "and that gives me room for a pretty good summer place." "What's the farmer going to do?" he asked

'Oh, he's going to move into a group of old buildings at the other end of his farm,"
she answered. "You see, I just fell in
love with this lake frontage."
"It is delightful," he conceded; "a

charming spot. "I shall build next season, of course," she went on, "but I've got to make the best of this building now. It's not so bad—old, but roomy—and I'm having some things sent out from the city; but the grounds trouble me. We must have some tennis-courts. Do you suppose you and Daisy could select the best place for them and superintend the work? I've engaged the workmen, but they must be told what to do, or they'll make a botch of it.'

"I can imagine no more enjoyable oconpation," he returned promptly, thinking more of the partnership with Daisy than of

the work. "So good of you," said Mrs. Emerson gratefully. "It's been so lonely here that I'm planning to have one or two intimate friends down from the city, and I feel that most get the place fixed up a little. I'm bringing down some of my old servants to

take charge of the house."
"I am only too glad to help you in any way that I can," Ashton assured her-and he proved this by starting with Daisy in search of the best location for the tennis-

This joint responsibility, extending even to the supervision of the men who were finally put to work, gave them a very pleasant feeling of partnership.

Mrs. Emerson watched the pair content-

edly for a little while, and then retired to the house to write a few notes. To Carl Gage she extended an invitation to come down for a week or so. "This is not wholly disinterested," she told him frankly. "We want you to help us lay out golf-links. We don't know anything about that, and you know all about it, so I am hoping you will be good enough to give us the benefit of your advice. The girls may bother you some with impractical

suggestions, but you won't mind that." Thea she asked Mrs. Worthington to ome down with her two daughters. really must have some congenial company,' she wrote, "and I am sure you will willing to put up with a few discomforts for my sake. Besides, I want you to see this place now, so that you can compare it with what it will be when I have had time to carry out my building and landscape I never was so enraptured with natural beauties and opportunities before." And in a closing paragraph she added: "Awfully glad to have Jack come, if he

case." answered Hale, rather ruefully. At least he would be a graceful victim, if he had to be one, and a note upon which he never would think of forcing a collection never would think of forcing a collection. Besides, he did. Of course, Hale knew nothing of the hat he did hear that Jack paragraph, but he did hear that Jack Worthington had followed his mother and sisters to Maple Nook.

"She may do it," he mused, referring to Mrs. Emerson; "she's getting a good col-lection of eligible men down there, and some mothers and sisters are a necessary inconvenience of the game.'

Then he heard that Carl Gage had gone, and that the little hotel was prospering much as a result of the light of Mrs. Emerson's presence in the vicinity. She really seemed to be a social magnet. But he was not so sure of her wisdom now.

"It seems to me she's overdoing it." he reflected. "She doesn't need so many at one time, but I suppose she figures that she's got to hurry things some, and doesn't want to overlook any chances.

A few days later his wife informed him that she was going to run down to Maple look for a week or so. "What for ?" he asked quickly.

"Oh, we may want to build !" she answered. That had such a familiar sound that it startled him, and he made hasty objection. "I'm not doing any more building there," be declared "What building have you ever done

there?" she inquired surprised. 'None-as yet." "Then what are you talking about?" "I don't know.

She seemed to expect some further ex lanation, but none was forthcoming. "Our only summer place," she ventured at last, "is almost out of the world. It would be nice to have one where the best people go."
"No one ever knew there was

place a year ago," he contended.
"But Mrs. Emerson is there now," argued, as if that settled everything.
"I have reason to know that," he glumly.
"She has bought —

"Her presence anywhere is sufficient

"You know I don't care anything about

well, I've heard so much about the Nock that I want to go down there for a week or so anyhow," she declared. "You

needn't go." "That's different," he returned, with more c'seerfulness "I merely don't want to buy up all there is of Maple Nook, and "Not at all," she assured him.

"Then go ahead." There was no good objection that be could advance to this plan, but he was not wholly satisfied. His wife was sometimes rather impulsive in gratifying her whims. "And," he thought, "I don't believe I want to contribute anything more to Mis. Emerson's matrimonial campaign." But it was a risk that he had to take, even if it did make him a little anxious, so he got what consolation he could from the fact that he had cautioned her.
Two days later his son's absence from

dinner aroused momentary curiosity.

"Where's Tom?" he inquired.

"Why sir," replied the butler, "Mr.
Tom went down to Maple Nook today to join Mrs. Hale." "Oh!" ejaculated Hale, and then be add.

ed thoughtfully: "I wonder if I'll have to pay myself the ten thon-and dollars that Mrs. Emerson borrowed of me! that would be a good joke." But he only smiled rather grimly at the

The porch of the rambling old farmhouse had been made more attractive in many ways. Paint, flowers and new chairs add ed much to its beauty, and there were now

Mrs. Worthington had come and gone, and other guests had followed her; the house had not been a house of mourning, although the summer had been spent quietly. The young people, of course, had had their tennis and their golf, and a small launch put the pleasures of the lake within reach, but Mrs. Emerson had merely sought to escape loneliness by having a little congenial company in the house-never a large party, but a constantly changing one. That the little hotel was crowded, and that many of the young people there spent much of their time with her daugh-ters on the golf-links and tennis courts, was not a thing for which she should be

criticised. Just now Mrs. Emerson was giving much attention to Mrs. Hale, and the lat ter was flattered thereby. Mrs. Hale, al though her bushand was rich and her family irreproachable, never had got very close to the inner citadel of society. Tom Hale was at that very moment on the golf-links with Esther Emerson, a fact that gratified Mrs. Hale.

"Don't you find it delightful bere?" asked Mrs. Emerson.
"It is beautiful!" declared Mrs. Hale. "I do not think," said Mrs. Emerson 'that I ever saw a place that offered such opportunities. Here it should be possible

They demand pretty good prices, 'No wonder," commented Mis. Emerson. 'So many of my friends have been anxious to buy. But I hope you have se-

to have seclusion and exclusiveness.

cured a choice location.' "Yes," returned Mrs. Hale thoughtfully: "I have." Mrs. Emerson's gaze wandered in the direction of the golf links. "Because," she said, "it seems as if it would be almost necessary for us to be neighbors.'

Mrs. Hale's heart gave a little flutter of thony about it." "Yes?" said Mrs. Emerson, with sympa-

thetic inquiry. "Oh, yes," returned Mrs. Hale: "I can't understand his opposition to my plan, for he is usually very good about letting me have my own way. Why, he has even been urging me to come home for the last

three or four weeks. "Perhaps he misses you," suggested Mrs. Emerson.
"That seems hardly the plausible expla

nation," said Mrs. Hale, "because he suggested a European trip, and he never has objected to my staying at our place up in the woods as long as I wanted." "Men are mystifying sometimes," com-

mented Mrs. Emerson, "but a resourceful woman usually bas her way. Of course, "but a resourceful von finally convinced him. 'No-o," faltered Mrs. Hale, "not exactly. You see, I have my own bank-account, for house and family expenses, and I took the necessary money from that. It used it about all up," she added regretfully, "but he'll understand when I have a chance to explain to him personally, and then I'll get the money for building. I couldn's

ose this opportunity.' "Of course not," Mrs. Emerson agreed.
Mrs. Hale was much strengthened by
Mrs. Emersons's sympathetic comprehension; she was also much encouraged, not to say elated, on her son's account. Meeting the young man and Esther Emerson as she was leaving, she gave him a significant nod, in consequence of which the couple immediately appeared before Mrs. Emerson on the porch. She seemed quite ready for

"Like a rustic love-scene in a play," sh commented, as they stood in front of her, hand in hand.

"It's a real one," declared the youth arnestly. "Ob, very real !" said the maid. "I've come to ask you-" the youth

son interrupted. "I hope you didn't think you were going to surprise me." And her smile was so reassuring that he squeezed the girl's hand in a most plebeian way. "You're willing?" he exclaimed joyous

"If you're both quite sure-"I never was so sure of anything in my life!" cried the youth.
"I can't live without him!" echoed the

"Not quite so demonstrative, please, cautioned Mrs. Emerson. "We are visible from the road, you know."

"I'll write to father at once," said Tom "I am writing to him on a little busines matter," suggested Mrs. Emerson, smiling indulgently on the happy couple. "I'll mention the engagement to him, if you wish."

"Oh, yes, by all means!" urged Tom.
"It is so thoughtful of you."
"Isn't it?" she asked, with something uizzical in her tone. A check dropped out of the letter that came to Anthony Hale from Mrs. Emerson. He pushed it aside, and gave his attention to the letter.

"I am so grateful to you for your loau," Mrs. Emerson wrote, "and I am glad that I am able to repay it so soon. I am in-closing a check for ten thousand dollars. I suppose there is interest or something, but I don't know how to figure that. You'll have to tell me if there is anything more due. Please don't hesitate to do so, for I is very hort, the day is long; in winter, when it is playing as if nothing disturbed his suppose there is interest or something, but I don't know how to figure that. You'll am financially very comfortable now.

"You see, I got all the land about here -I don't know just how-options or some-thing, my real-estate man tells me. Anyhow, I got it, and everybody was so goo about wanting to buy when they heard I was going to build. Well, I am. It's a fine place, and it's going to be really ex-clusive. Of course, I sold through third parties, but I own everything that's left, so I am a good deal interested.

"I don't know just what my profit isfive hundred to a thousand per cent., my real-estate man says; but I never did understand percentage. I used some of the money paid in to complete the purchase of the other land-sort of mysterious to me how I did so much without lanything, but my real estate man managed it, and likely you'll understand. Anyhow, I've got a good deal of money and a lot of valuable property that didn't cost me any-

"Perhaps the interest question may be neglected, as it has become something of a family affair. Tom and Esther, my younger daughter, have just been in to see m about a most momentous question. I have learned to think highly of your son, so I readily gave my consent to their betrothal. Daisy's engagement to Mr. Gage will be announced a little later."

Hale picked up the check, and almost tipped over the chair. It was his wife's check for ten thousand dollars, payable to a certain Silas Higgios, indorsed by Higgins to Clara Emerson, and indersed by Mrs. Emerson to Anthony Hale.

"Oh, yes, she herded the geese all right," he said, with a grim, but amused, smile. She has repaid me with my own money. He gazed abstractedly at the ceiling for a while "I let ber have it, and she's paid it back, and I'm still out ten thousand dollars, and she's ahead of the game some thing handsome." he mused. "I'll have to get an expert accountant to find out sixty-eighth year. what's happened. But," he added, " what's happened. But," he added, "I don't want to be on the outside when I have business with that kind of an impractical woman, and Esther seems to be a mighty nice girl. I don't believe I am called upon to do anything but smile."—

By Elliott Flower, in Saturday Evening

Worse than Race Suicide.

In one of the reports of the State Factory commission, of Illinois, it was stated that during one year child labor in that Orleans. He tanked as lieutenant in the State increased 39 per cent. During this same length of time the increase in men workers was 9 per cent. of women 16 per

It is intended now to pass a rigid law in that State to prevent parents swearing falsely to the age of their children. For it is considered the quickest way to suppress such an outrage as obild labor is to deprive the parent of the power to let the child work for wages.

But these statistics showing how child labor is increasing prove conditions that are mild in comparison with those met in the South. There child labor flourishes in all its degradation, a worse crime than ever slavery was, for the little ones do not have even the privilege of growing to manhood and womanbood, for after three or four years of working in the cotton mills they

Children are started to work in the mills at six years of age, occasionally at five. The provements introduced in the office, the sermother generally works also, while the husband and father stays at home, ostensibly to do the work, but generally to spend his time at the grozery or grog shop. These men always have large families and no doubt talk cant regarding the glories of

parenthood. the mills one year he can never be taught to read. Working from 13 to 18 hours day amid the whirring machinery, standing on their feet watching always for broken threads and mending them, these babies

become mere weazened pigmies in whom all sensation seems dead. From 6 o'clock in the morning until 7 at night they march back and forth in front of the spindles that whirr and whirr and whirr with a never ending roar, watching for the broken threads. They do not hear one word of speech, for the noise is too great. They are frightened into eternal vigilance by the pantonime threats of their overseers, or, if too dull with weariness to notice these pantomimes, they are kicked

into renewed action. These wee creatures, whose lives are finished before they have reached their teens, are working by the thousands this very day just as they have been working for many long weary days gone by. And they work in this way that those who own the mills may get a larger per cent on their investment than they could were adult labor employed and that their parents may

not be obliged to support them.

It is bad enough that the capitalists will encourage such an outrage. But what about the parents who not only consent to their little ones working in these mille, but force them to do it and even lie about their age, often sending them to work at 5 years of age and insisting that they are

These are the parents who have the largest families. Men have been known boast that they had enough children working in the mills so they themselves didn't have to work, but could just "have a good time." Such men do not believe 'race suicide." Ob, no ! Quite the op-

posite. So their little children are born into the world and bailed with rejoioing because each one after 6 years of age can earn some thing for the family. In many cases the mother's attitude in this matter is no higher than the father's.

This is one phase of the boasted glory of parenthood This combination of the capitalist and the parents who bring children into the world that they may earn money for a few years and then die, is a blot on our Nation

Greater than slavery.

But what is being done about it?

To look well you must be well. When the figure loses its roundness and the face its fairness, there is some disease at work which is robbing the body of its vitality. That disease will generally be found prey ing upon the delicate womanly organs. The surest way to look well, therefore, is to get well, and the sure way to get well is to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Thousands of women have been cured by its use, and many have expressed wonder and delight at the restoration of their good looks, with the oure of local disease. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets assist the action of "Favorite Prescription," when there is a constipated habit of body to be over-

-Teacher-What are the properties of heat, Johnny? Johnny—Properties of heat are that it ex-pands bodies while cold contracts them.

it is cold, it gets to be very short.

HAPPY PASTIME. It's lots of fun to skate, you know : And fun to coast down hill. It's fun to play at snowball, too, And build snow forts until Jack Frost does nip your nose and mitts,

And give your toes particular fits. But greater fun it is to sit Around the fire bright, A-listening to some thrilling tale Your granupa tells at night. For no one in this world below

Does know such tales as he does kno When he was young such times they had-Not like the present days-All things were good and none were bad-At least, so Grandpa says.

And Grandpa surely ought to know.

For he has watched this new time grow He tells of jolly "huskin' bees."

And "spellin' schools" also; Of "singin' schools" and "quittin' be Where everybody'd go. And when he talks it's well worth while To note the joy in Grandpa's smile.

And so I say the greatest fun Is round the fire bright, A-listening to dear Grandpa's tales Told on a Winter's night.

Death of Prominent Williamsporter

O. S. Brown, owner and manager of the Gazette and Bulletin and postmaster of Williamsport, died in a room in the Ko-er hospital on Tuesday morning, after a long illness with diabetes.

Orange Sabin Brown was born at West Almond, Allegany county, New York, on Nov. 15, 1840, and was therefore in his Orange S. Brown never married. He was

During the civil war Mr. Brown was appointed to and served in the quartermas-ter's department as acting assistant quar-termaster, and had quite a military ex-

Orleans. He ranked as lieutenant in the 160th New York Infantry. He located in Williamsport in the year 1865, and engaged in the flour milling business until 1868. For a number of years be was manager of the West Branch Planing mill owned by Brown, Early & Co., and J. H. Allen, but the newspaper business was to be his forte, and in the year 1887 he purchased the Gazette and Bulletin from Charles E. Fritcher, now connected with the state department at Harrisburg, and has since been its publisher. He was a shrewd business man, and he successfully conducted this newspaper during twenty one years, improving it from time to time until it became, as it is now, the leading morning daily in the

West Branch Valley.
In January, 1903 five years ago, he was appointed postmaster by President Roosevelt, succeeding Charles W Scott, and during his regime there were many imvice made more efficient, and the business increased accordingly. His term as Postmaster expired a year ago, but up to the time of his death there had been no new appointment made.

Triumphant Career for a Woman

The growth of mental healing and the apothsis of Mrs. Eddy are the subjects of the February installment of the history of the Christian Science movement.

Milmine says : "The first five years of Mrs. Eddy's life in Boston bad been years of almost unin-terrupted progress. Her college had by 1887, grown to be a source of very consid erable income. Her classes now numbered from thirty to fifty students each, and a class was instructed and graduated within three weeks' time. The course which was formerly the only one taught at Mrs. Eddy's college was now called the 'primary course,' and she added what she termed a 'normal course' (being a review of the primary,) a course in 'metaphysical obstet-rics,' and a course in 'theology,' in all of which she was the sole instructor. Tuition fees amounting to eight hundred dollars.

"Since she first began to teach her 'Soi ence' the story of her public life is simply the story of how she kept her hold on it. The very way in which she had come by her discovery made her always afraid of losing it, and she was forever detecting some student in the act of making off with it. Even in Lynn, she slept, as it were, with her hand on the gradle.

"Mis. Eddy's controversy with Mr. Dresser set her less infatuate students to thinking. Many of them decided to investigate this Quimby claim, and bought the works of the Rev. Warren F. Evans, who had practiced Quimby's method of healing both in New Hampshire and in Massachusetts, and who had published two books upon mental healing before the first edition 'Science and Health' appeared. "After reading Dr. Evans, a number of

Association forming the nucleus of what was later to become the 'New Thought' movement. Mrs. Eddy, seeing the danger of liberal investigation, quickly proceeded to 'sterilize the sources of mental science literature." How she managed it is a story worth reading.

Mrs. Eddy's strongest students quietly

dropped out of her Christian Scientists

-"Prohibition may be all right in its way," sighed the tall man in the little railroad station, "but ever since it struck this town I haven't made a dollar." "H'm," responded the coffee-mill drum-

"I suppose you used to run a samer.

"Tavern ?"
"No." "Well, what could it have been that probibition drove out of business? "Wby, Torkish baths."

-"Young man," said ber father, "do you smoke cigarettes?" "I should say not!" declared the youth, hastily. "I would consider it disgraceful to be seen with one of the vile things in my mouth. I think all cigarette smokers

abould be jailed. Why do you ask, sir?"
"Thought perhaps you could let me have
ne," said the old man, pointedly, "I smoke 'em myself."

— "Harry, did you not bear your mother calling you?" "Course I did."