Bellefonte, Pa., May 15, 1908.

THE PASSING OF THE FOREST.

As long as the forest shall live, The streams shall flow onward, still singing Sweet songs of the woodland, and bringing The bright living waters that give New life to all mortals who thirst. But the races of men snall be cursed

Yea, the hour of destruction shall come To the children of men in that day When the forest shall pass away; And death's devastation and dearth Shall be spread o'er the face of the earth.

Avenging the death of the wood, The turbulent streams shall outpou Their vials of wrath, and no more Shall their banks hold back the high flood, Which shall rush o'er the harvests of men As swiftly receding again.

Lo! after the flood shall be dearth, And the rain no longer shall fall On the parching fields; and a pall, As of ashes, shall cover the earth : And dust-clouds shall darken the sky ; And the deep water wells shall be dry. And the rivers shall sink in the ground,

And every man cover his mouth From the thickening dust, in that drouth Fierce famine shall come; and no sound Shall be borne on the desolate air But a murmur of death and despair. -Alexander Blair Thaw, in the Century,

THE CUP THAT RAN OVER.

The Belknay ladies lived in the smallest house in the village. The income, on which they somehow contrive to support an existence within the pale of gentility, was correspondingly tiny. A struggling garden did its best to supply a fitful progression of small vegetables, and some aged bens recalled memories of an industrious youth by the production of occasional eggs. As for rent, the sisters had paid none for twenty years—since Doctor Raynor had taken up their inherited mortgage to protect his own place and had given them the free use of the house where they had been

I doubt if either of them quite understood this transaction, for one day Miss Atalanta—and she always assumed the privileges and responsibilities of the man of the family, on account of her "excellent head" for business-aroused to exasperation point by the conduct of the Raynor boys, had intercepted their small sister on her way back from school. She leaned over the sagging gate and pointed a threat-ening finger at the little girl.

"Susie," said she, "you go right home and tell your grandpa that if Willy and Tommy don't stop throwing stones at our clothes-line we'll-move!"

Doctor Raynor luckily had a sense of humor, and treated the matter seriously. His note in reply, promising to restrain the maranders and hoping that the dread contingency might not arise, gave his neighbors much satisfaction.
"Never beg from a man," counseled

Miss Atalanta defiantly, when she had read it aloud to Miss Serena, "but meet him on equal grounds and threaten. Doctor Raynor was frightened by my message, you see, and well he might be," she concluded fortably, for I should have kept my

dow after their early supper, regarded her fiery arrow? with admiring apprehension. She was a timorous little creature, predestined to had a passion domestic subservience. She for agreement, and she lived in a sort of she decided, was too conspicuous because of affectionate fear of her sister; such an emotion a dove might feel under the proteoting wing of an intrinsically dangerous but personally agreeable vulture.
"You are right, sister," she assented.

"quite right. Father always said that you

had a very clear mind."

Miss Atalanta, emboldened by the recollection of his paternal appreciation, made a fresh attack on her subject.

'It isn's those that have had men in their family that know them best," she went on, as she drew a rocking chair nearer the stove, for the late afternoon was chill, "but women like me who haven't had them close enough to distract, but have looked on them from a distance and seen them as they are. They have their uses," she interpolated with a sort of reluctant magnanimity. "Twouldn't be suitable for me to deny that with father's memory before me; but the way they've ridden over us women from heathen times down to this day of grace just riles me. It's our fault, too-the woman's fault, I mean -for not standing up to them. Thank goodness, I've stood up. No man can ever ay I was his slave!"

Miss Serena's gaze sharpened at the word and hung, fascinated, on her sister as though half-disappointed not to find the corroborative evidence of a broken manacle

"No, indeed, I should say not!" piped

"I've dealt with them all in a downright way," the other went on, "and look at what I've saved just this family from, first and last! To begin with, Graudpa Balcom. If I badn't given him a talking to and just kept at him wouldn't he have married that second wife of his long before he did and left, as like as not, a whole parcel of children to inherit the woodland away from father?" Yes, indeed, Atalanta, but he did leave

a widow and she got the biggest half."
Miss Serena couldn't see the truth float by without a clutch at it.
"That is not my fault," retorted her

"There were no children, anyway, and if he'd married earlier there'd

and if he'd married earlier there'd been more chance," she added grimly, with the look of a New England Herod in her eyes.

"That Mr. Peakes from out West that wanted father should invest in the gold-mine—who talked to him? 'Have you put anything in it yourself?' said I. 'Not exactly,' said he. 'Why not exactly?' said I. Because I haven't got the money!' said he.
That showed him up for what he was and
the whole scheme, too!'

"But father didn't have any money,

either!" ventured Miss Serena in the in

"How foolish you talk! If he had he'd 'a' put it in. He was that fascinated!" Miss Atalanta retorted with emphasis as

"And the minister from Barre whom we'd about made up our ninds to call to our pulpit—who found out about his hav-ing doubts ca spiritual matters, I'd like to know! 'Do you believe that Jonah abode forty days in the whale's belly?' I asked him once suddenlike, when he was off his guard. His answer didn't satisfy me. He

silent! This quibbling with words—'fiter-al' and 'literary'—I don't stand for. Did be get the call? No!"

"You are quite right, sister, but he'd had that call to Suffield first, you remem-

"That don't make one mite of difference, Serena," Miss Atalanta interrupted. "If I hadn't shown him up he wouldn't bave

had it!" As this intricate arraignment of man's unworthiness narrowed to individuals, the gentle stitcher by the window grew uneasy. She strove in vain to change the subject. A feather might as well have tried to stay the course of a mountain brook.

"It's a new moon to-night, isn't it, sis-

ter?" she inquired alluringly.
"I don't know, and I ain't talking about The feather floated down the stream. "I was speaking of men, and what I done to save my family from them. Why, Serena Belknap, you ought not to talk! You'd ought to go down on your bended knees and thank me every day of your life for what I did for you-!"

The expected bad happened. Miss Serena paled. Habit and inclination clashed, and each sounded in her answer.
"Yes, indeed, sister, I know vou acted for the hest, but-please don't-!"

Miss Atalanta gave no heed. "Heaven knows where you'd have been today," "she went on, "if I badn't been guided to your aid-filling the grave of a drunkard's wife, most likely. I can see Stephen Waterbury as he stood before me. 'Have you signed the pledge?' said I 'No,' said he. 'Will you promise me now never to touch liquor again?' 'No,' said he. 'Then you sha'n't have my sister,' says I. 'That lies with her,' says he. I must say he was on of the most obstinate men I ever he was on of the most obstinate men I ever knew. I faced him then and I says to him very solemnly: 'This is a temperance family, Stephen Waterbury, root and branch. Our principles form our characters; we have all been honored in the great work. Father is Grand Templar of the Lodge, mother is Vice-Regent of the Cold Water Grange, I am the Assistant Treas-urer of the Well-spring, and Serena her-self is Scribe of the Daughters of Comfort. self is Scribe of the Daughters of Combots. She's bound by her oath, too. The lips of no man who has tasted liquor can ever touch hers.' He laughed and turned on his heel, Serena—yes. laughed! I shall never forget it. But I saw you first and my words moved you. You sent him away and your soul was saved."

She looked up suddenly on a closing door. Serena had left the room. Outside in the September twilight hung a pale crescent moon, and the meadows, near the river, rang with crickets, as Miss Serena's little, bent figure spread across the garden. It was no real emotion that her sister's tirade had awakened, just the ghost of one that sometimes fluttered down

the long path of years.

Aiready the impression had waned in the delicious physical effect of the cool air and the exhiliarating sense of personal freedom which brought with it an impulse of daring as strong as it was unaccustomed. Her situation took on the dignity of opportunity, a score of treasured day-dreams seemed clamoring for accomplishment; she hesitated at the magnitude of the choice.

Should she go to the doctor's and talk with Mrs. Raynor on those intimate topics

which her sister's inevitable presence al-ways forbade? Should she wander alone on the river-bank, as she had not done for vears, free for the once from Atalanta's disapproval of it as a "damp place?" Or should she slip across to the railway-station and watch the evening express dart by, from one unknown land to another, like a

She dismissed the first plan as tame, th second, truth to tell, seemed a bit fearsome even to ber unfettered facey, and the last, the presence at the station of most of the idle male population of the village. In-

usual. But, as Miss Serena stopped, with her hand on the gate, a new idea discovered itself-so suddenly, so overwhelmingly that, heretical as it was, she yielded to its charm without hesitation. Yes, this was her opportunity to call on Mrs. Luella

Lull.

This lady of lingual name was a new comer in Mayfield, unknown, unheralded and rather unwelcome. She accompanied the fortunes of a rough looking son, Lucius, who had opened a livery-stable in the village, a calling held to be in itself of a rather inelegant nature. Lucius consorted wholly with horses, but his mother bad made many futile attempts to be friendly with her neighbors. She was a "pleasant-seeming woman," people said, but her manuers were too easy, measured by May-field standards, and too lacking in that dignity which is content to wait and

She had stopped at the Belknaps' house -the two sisters mounting guard on eithe side of the front door-admired their dahlias, and asked them to call. Atalanta ignored the invitation, but, secretly, Serena was pleased. She envied the stranger' ease and cordiality. She would like to go to see her! The idea had slumbered for days, and now awoke suddenly, as a sort of roundabout protest to Atalanta's treatment of her. Poor Miss Serena's mental pro-cesses were not exactly logical, you see !

She rearranged into decent tolds the 'rigolette' which she had thrown hurriedy over her gray curls as she ran, and a few ninutes later tapped daintily on Mrs. Lull's side door.

"Come right in !" called a loud and pleasant voice from behind it. Miss Serena's eyes sank in shame before

They had never viewed such disorder-in the evening, too! On tables and chairseven on an ironing-board in the cornerstood every pot, pan, kettle and vessel that the house could muster. Into one of them Mrs. Lull was turning a foaming amber fluid from a big cracked pitcher.

She was stout, red-cheeked and black

She was stout, red-cheeked and black-eyed, with a mouth that opened widely over a dazzling set of store-teeth. Her dress was pinned somewhat high about her hips, and she wore a pair of loose carpet slippers. She put down the pitcher and wiped her hands on her petticoat when she

eaw her visitor.

"Delighted to welcome you, Miss Belknap," she laughed cordially, as she held Serena's fingers in a sticky grasp. "Lucius said like as not I'd get caught, I started so late. Take that chair there, just lift off the tureen. Well, I don't wonder you're mystified," she answered the unspoken question. "You see, I'm doing a little cider-making on my own account."

Miss Serena murmured "Ah, indeed!" in that tone of polite indifference consid-

in that tone of polite indifference considered so ladylike in Mayfield's best circles, as she removed her head-covering quickly to avoid Mrs. Lull's damp advances.

"Yes, I tell 'em that I ain't nothin hemmed and hawed and said he didn't know as the Old Testament was to be laken literal. 'It had literary value,' he round just rottin' under the trees and the

there. I was disgusted, but I didn't keep he rigged me up a kind of a press and here silent! This quibbling with words—'liter- I be! You see I didn't calculate on making such a lot, and there ain't near enough

things to hold it. I declare I'm most flooded with apple-juice!"

Meanwhile, she busied herself with her labors. "We can visit just as well while I work," she suggested. "I sha'n't make no company of you."

She talked continually. Now her voice rang near and distinct as she hovered over her guest, now it came dim and mufiled from behind the buttery-door or echoed faintly from the remoteness of the wood-shed. The theme she had selected was her health, which seemed, somehow, to belie

her appearance.

To Serena, balanced on an abnormally high chair and vainly trying to touch the floor with her toes, at least, these spasmodic fragments were at once troublesome and fascinating. Whenever her hostess flew into temporary view, she interpolated gent-

ly her own well-bred phrases.

"Surely, Mrs. Lull," "It is quite as you say, or "Yes, indeed, I agree with you."

Underneath she was thinking rather uncomfortably: "This is a strange woman! I suppose I ought to go back, but somehow she is so different that I like her!" An involuntary motion on the part of the guest to prevent herself from slipping to the floor seemed to call Mrs. Lull's at-

she proceeded to supply.
"Hear me run on, Miss Belknap! And I ain't asked you to have a taste! Cider's mighty good—some like it fresh and some like it sharp; but it's always beartening. Let me find you a glass. You don't care for any? Oh, you'd better; 'twon't hurt you a mite. What d'you say? Intoxicat-ing? Well, I've got to laugh! Not a bit of it—honest—why it's only juice just like as you find it around an—apple-pie!'' At the mention of this innocent dainty

tention to an omission of hospitality which

Miss Serena's fluttering conscience lulled to sleep every soruple.
"Well, I don't care if I do, since you are so kind. Just a little, please. Mrs. Luil, after a vague survey of the cene, had disappeared into the bedroom

beyond. She emerged with a glass in her "I knowed I had a tumbler just a minute before you came, but I couldn't think where I'd set it. This ain't it, but 'twill do just as well. It beats all how things get out of the way when you want 'em.''
She grasped the tureen firmly and poured from it, lavishly, into a glass. The amber liquid bubbled pleasantly to the brim. Alas! she did not notice that it met a li-quid already there of a similar color, in-

deed, but of a nature totally at variance. It was a habit of Lucius Lull's to oper the day with a libation. On this particular morning, in the very act of offering it to himself from a thick bottle that lived behind the door, his band and attention had been arrested by the news, suddenly brought him, of an accident to one of his best horses. He hurried to the stable. leaving the draft incomplete, though with habitual secrecy he replaced the bottle in

its hiding-place.

And so, by a train of circumstances re mote yet remorseless, it was a mixture of cider and whiskey that the hand of Miss Serena, with its delicately crooked little finger, held admiringly to the light.

She knew that Atalanta would disap prove of cider. She knew that the Daughsers of Comfort classed all beverages that came not from the well as "wine that was red," offered by Pleasure, in "temping beakers." She pinned no especial faith, in-deed, to Mrs. Lull's assurances of its inno-cence. This was worst of all. A delicious nonchalance supported her. She simply anted to drink and she didn't care!-

Into her mild blue eyes stole a new light, as something she had once read in a ook unseen of Atalanta occurred to her. She raised her glass slightly and smiled across it at Mrs. Lull. "My regards," said she.

That lady pledged hers heartily from the dge of the tureen.

It was so easy to talk to Mrs. Lull. She told her all about the dispute over Grandpa Balcom's will and what people said of is widow. She confided her success it making a winter bonnet out of the silk of a tation after the gale last year, and she described triumphantly the process through which Mrs. Raynor's undergarments could be made to fit Atalanta by the insertion of a V-shaped piece in the back. It was all delightfully friendly and intimate. Mrs. Lull was such a pleasant woman-she bad

never been so drawn to any one.

Sometimes, indeed, she felt like patting her affectionately, but she never stayed in one place long enough to be touched. I was very strange—such queer places as she was standing by the table and then she was in the sink, and when she looked toward the clock Mrs. Lull was sitting on it! Or

were there two clocks Yes, she was very different from any body she had known. A sudden compari-son of characteristics wheeled the figure of her sister into the range of her mental vision. Poor Atalanta, somehow it seemed a long time since she had seen her and perhaps she had treated her shabbily. She must go back at once and ask her pardon

yes, at once!
There was the door, and, for a wonder, no Mrs. Lull was in front of it. This was her chance. She must hurry and beg Atalanta to forgive her. She would forgive Atalanta, too Forgiveness was so sweet and so Christian. You couldn't have too

The wish brought her to her feet.

"Good-by, Mrs. Lull, good-by. I've had beautiful time." She walked carefully and with diguity checking a rising enthusiasm that seeme to assail her feet. One must not be to free with strangers. Yes, that was the ly at her and offer to go home with her She declined the suggestion profusely. On the step she turned, and, as though realiz-ing the propriety of a telling exit, threw back to her hostess a few cordial words.

"Come again soon !" oried she. Meanwhile Miss Atalanta had made her self very comfortable. Hers was not the nature to worry over what it could not help. Her eister's abrupt disappearance she attributed to a sudden "spell"—"mad fit," as she called it—such as she had known before, and which she regarded len-

iently because of the victim's youth.

"She's out of it by this time and gone up
to the doctor's, like as not," thought she,
"to give Mrs. Raynor to understand that I didn't mean any message to be harsh. That's her all over," she laughed to herself, "she was always a meek one like father's folks."

Then she dismissed the subject abruptly as she sank luxuriously into the pac calico depths of her particular rocking-chair and inserted her feet, with their stout congress-gaiters, into the still warm re-

cesses of the open.

A lamp standing on its mat in the exact centre of the table sent its cheerful gleam

said. I left the room, I tell you, then and idea come to me to try my hand. Lucius through the darkness. Tabby lay in her mistress' lap, purring sociably. lanta's eyes closed in a comfortable realization of content, though her needles clicked incisively over the heel of a thick gray

stocking.
Suddenly a sound, muffled, remote broke through her musing. She straight-ened in her chair and pulled her spectacles to her nose. It was repeated, this time a little nearer, unusual in kind, unaccountable in place-a heavy, dragging sound that alarmed ber.

Miss Atalanta's mouth grew firm aud gave authority to the tone that came from

"Who's in that summer kitchen?" she asked with impressive directness. "Speak up, whoever's there !"

There was no response, but strange, uneven footsteps / rew nearer. Then came a pause. Miss / talanta rose to ber feet. She held the poker in her hand and kept her eyes on the door.

The latch rose feebly, failed to catch and as feebly fell. Miss Atalanta's grasp tightened on her weapon. She raised it threat-"Speak up," she commanded. "whoever you are!" A happy suggestion aided her as she realized that she was armed. "If

you've any husiness here, sir, speak out or I'll-shoot!" As if in ancwer the latch clicked again. This time it caught, and the door flew back against the wall with a crash. Framed

in the opening stood Miss Serena. Her cheeks were flushed and on her lips tat a The poker struck the floor as Miss Atalanta raised her hands in surprise. "Is it you, Serena?" she cried. "You!" Then, as he came nearer her voice fell. "For the Lord's sake, what's the matter of you?"

she whispered hoarsely.

Serena's tone was confident, her words came in answer facile but thick. "Yes, it's I. sister. It's really I. I've just been over to Mrs. Lull'e for a minute, and there's nothing the matter with me-only-I'd think I was dying if I didn't know I was

The sentence was never finished. A suddenly comprehension stirred Atalanta to With a desperate quickness she pulled down the shades, glancing furtively outside and hoping that it might not be too late. Then she thrust the little figure, protesting but pliable, into the rocking

"My dear, dear sister," came from its depths, "I forgive you and I've had-a-

eautiful-time-Miss Atalanta paid no attention. She stood grimly by the secretary in the corner. From its place heside the dictionary she had taken a book. It was "Doctor John-sou's family Physician; A Handy Volume of One Hundred Remedies and Antidotes.' She held it open in her left band, and her eyes followed her right forefinger as it moved down the list of D's.—By Johnson

Sons of Veterans Encampment.

Morton, in Ainslee's.

The 28th annual encampment of the Pennsylvania Division of the Sons of Vet-erans, U. S. A., will be held at Williamsport during the week, beginning June 8th, 1908. It will be an affair of far more than ordinary import, since preparations are being made to have this the largest and most imposing encampment ever held by this

The camp will open on Sunday, June 7th, at 2 p. m. with religious services, conducted by Chaplain Kelley, Camp No. 44,

of Williamsport. SHAM BATTLE ON TUESDAY.

Reserves will participate, as well as the four companies of N. G. P., located at Williamsport. Twenty thousand rounds of shells will be fired off in this battle.

PARADE ON THURSDAY. Thursday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, th monster parade will start and the route covers all the principal streets of the city. Five hundred tents will be pitched on the camp grounds for the use of the Sons of Veterans. Besides the numerous bands there will be at least 3,000 men and 150 horses in the line of parade, which will make it a spectacle worth seeing, equal to

the sham battle on Tuesday aftern CIVIC BRANCH CONVENTION. The Civic branch of the organization will be in session all day Wednesday, Thursday forenoon, as well as part of Friday. The various local committees are highly enthusiastic in their efforts to make this the grandest affair ever seen in Williamsport, and all indications point to the fact that they will be highly successful. fact that they will be highly successful. From what has been learned so far there will be from 30 000 to 40,000 visitors in

Williamsport on each of the sham battle and parade days. PLENTY OF PLEASURE. Automobile rides over the Grampian Hills and along the level expanse for miles in and out about the city ; grand military balls; steam hoat rides on the beautiful Susquebanna between Williamsport and Sylvan Dell Park, five miles east of Williamsport, as well as between the city and Nippeno Park, twelve miles west of Williamsport, and many other amusements are on the week's program.

ONE OF THE GRANDEST SITES. The site chosen for the camp adjoins one of the handsomest sections of Williamsport and will be complete in all its appoint-ments. The grounds are admirably located on a beautiful, level expanse; bordered on the west by the golf links of the Country Club, Athletic Park, where the Tri-State ball games will be played every day of the encampment, adjoins the eastern side of grounds. Immediately to the north lies the beautiful park summer theatre and dancing pavilion, known as Valliament, while directly south of the camp lies the parade grounds, as level as a floor. Adjacent to the northwestern corner of the camp is a large grove of shade trees.

WILLIAMSPORT'S GREETING. Williamsport extends its arms in open hospitality to all the Sons of Veterans, Grand Army men and all their friends from all over Pennsylvania to this the grandest encampment the Sons of Veterans ever had in this or any other state of the Union.

-Miss Oldun-Oh, dear, I'm afraid l shall have to get some of that wrinkle eradicator they advertise. Miss Pertly— Let me get it for you. I have a brother in the wholesale drug business.

-If a married man learns to love an other woman it is usually because his wife makes the lessons easy.

—Nothing worries a girl more than taking on flesh while she is the victim of unrequited love.

SPRING HEART.

I'll wear a cloak of sunshine. A hat of fleecy sky, And not a child in all the world Shall be so gay as I!

A scarf of scented breezes, Green grass upon my feet; I'll dance and sing like anything, The world is all so sweet

I'll fill my heart with springtime-I'll fill my pockets, too, So it shall last me all the year, And I'll give some to you!

April Butter Scoring Contest.

The butter entered in the first educa onal scoring contest of 1908 at The Pennsylvania State College shows a decided inprovement over that of last year. The packages presented a good app arauce, except in one or two cases where the liners lapped too much and the package otherwise

showed a lack of neatness.

Twenty-two tubs were entered. The scoring was done by P. H. Keiffer, of New York, and the moisture determination by C. W. Larson. The four highest scores being: James Dean, Towanda, score 94; Austin Leonard & Son, Troy, (dairy butter); L H. Cooley, Burlington, and W. D. Matshall, Lyndell, score 93, O. D. Mott, Ebensburg, (creamery butter) tied with a score of 93 The average percent of moisture in all the butter was 12.57. Two lots had between 10 and 11 per cent. moisture; four had 11 to 12 per cent.; five had 12 to 13 per cent.; four 13 to 14 per cent.;

and four 14 to 15 per cent.

The most common faults were old milk and cream which is not the buttermakers fault unless he accepts that which should have been sent home. The warm weather has come and the farmers are still using winter methods. Each buttermaker should insist that his patrons cool their milk and cream and otherwise take better care of their product. A wet blanket thrown over the cans when the farmer leaves home will he very helpful in bringing sweet milk

during the hot morning.

Two of the samples of butter had a decided butter color flavor. The difficulty, however, is frequently not due to the kind of brand of color, but rather to the amount used. In most cases, where this trouble exists, less color would give sufficient color and the flavoring would not be

noticeable. Several samples, although not seriously defective in body, still showed improper methods. Some were soft and lacked the proper grain, due in most cases to the high churning temperatures. Although the weather is warm and the cattle are on pasture some buttermakers are still churning at the same temperature that they did during the winter months. A few lots were a trifle leaky, a condition which could have been overcome by using wash water more nearly the temperature of the butter-milk as it was drawn off. The entry blanks show that in some cases the wash water used was five or six degrees colder than the butter-milk when drawn off. The churning temperature and also the temperature of the wash water should be carefully watched at this season of the

Two of the contestants were unfortunate enough to be troubled with garlie flavor. This is one of the most serious difficulties some of the buttermakers have confronting them, and often one or two patrons are causing all the trouble. When the milk comes in cold it cannot be detected, but if the buttermaker will take a small sample simple, but soft material should be chosen, Tuesday afternoon the sham battle takes of the milk from the different patrons and so that it will not irritate the baby's skin. The little frill around the face must, of odor will disappear. The patrons causing the trouble can then be instructed to avoid

the infested pastures. This years contest starts with increased interest. The Judges score and comments to the wash the frill may be removed together with the Departments suggestions each exhibitor. Those wishing to enter the Educational Contest should write H. E. Van Norman, State Collegs, Pa., for

tubs and entry blanks The following is a list of the exhibitors

having a score of 90 or above : naving a score of 90
Callahan, E. E.
Cooley, L. H.
Dean, James
Dean, V. R.
Gabler & Son, B. F.
Hawthorne, H. G.
Leonard & Son, Austin
Marshall, W. D.
Matthews, A. H.
Mott. O. D. Wellsboro Mott, O. I ifflinburg, Granville Summit, Fulton House,.....

There's a story of a despondent Sulta of Turkey whose seers told him be could be oured if he would wear the shirt of a perfectly happy man. His envoys searched the world for the happy man, and found him at last in Ireland. But when they seized on him to get his shirt, he was shirt less. His bappiness was caused by perfect health. All bappiness has its basis in health. People who "feel blue," who are discouraged and despondent will find their spirits rise and their courage come back with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It removes the clogging impurities from the blood, strengthens the stomach and cures diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition so that the body becomes healthy through an in-creased supply of pure blood and perfect pourishment

-Recently at the Iowa Experiment Station 20 pigs were fed for a time on tuberculosis cows' milk that had not been pas-teurized, and 20 others were fed on tuber-culosis milk that had been pasteurized. The 20 pigs fed on the raw tuberculous milk all died of tuberculosis, and two of the other pigs died with the same disease. That showed that pasteurizing the milk gave 80 per cent. of protection.

A mouth to be perfect should be large and shapely; the corners straight or very slightly inclined to droop, lips neither thick nor thin, and firmly but closely

"'Pa, what is a philosopher?''
"A philosopher, Tommy, is a man who
doesn't worry any about financial stringenoies, because he never has any money."

-You might as well expect one wave of the sea to be precisely the same as the next wave of the sea as to expect that there would be no change of circumstances.

—Manner is much. A man always repression, nervousness and obstinacy. I have been a couple of friends are trying to Fill the teakettle with freshly drawn water. carry him.

-Occasionally a woman marries a man for the purpose of lifting him up— and then makes it a case of hold-up forever —The mother of a pretty daughter doesn't have to boast of her domestic acFOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT. Somebody did a golden deed : Somebody proved a friend in need. Somebody sang a beautiful song : Somebody smiled the whole day long ; Somebody thought, "'Tis sweet to live ;" Somebody said, "I'm giad to give ;" Somebody fought a valiant fight; Somebody lived to shield the right Was that somebody you?

-New Theology Magazine.

An excellent home-made emollient for the hands is that of glycerine jelly, scented either with orris root, so as to give it a violet perfume, or with a few drops of attar of roses

When making calves foot jelly for culinary purposes, balf a cupful of the jelly should be set aside after it has been well skimmed and strained. This should be slowly melted in a cup, standing in a saucepan of hoiling water, and when liquified, half the quantity of pure glycerine stirred in, the whole being worked with a spoon until thoroughly amalgamated. The per-fume should be added and the jelly poured into a pot, a small amount only being necessary at a time.

Where the hands are concerned, catmeal powder should invariably be added to the water in which they are washed, while diluted glycerine in some form or another should be rubbed in after the skin has been well dried.

Sweet almond oil is well known as a cure for brittle nails. In case, however, when the nails do not grow naturally in a good shape, their form can be much im-proved by first rendering them pliable by holding them in a little of the oil for a few minutes, after which gently moulding with the fingers, and attention at the base of the pail with a manicure stick should result in a noticeable improvement in their shape.

A out lemon, kept on the wash stand is always useful for cleansing the finger-tips, and is much better for the nails than a brush. The lemon should be rubbed over the fingers, the juice at the same time softening the skin at the tips.

A real Leghorn hat is a possession which repays renewal for several years, and whether it has been much in use during the preceding summer or has been worn on only a few occasions, it will certainly require doing up before it is fit to trim once more.

A mixture of lemon juice and sulphur is the stand-by of the professional milliner, who finds that exposure in the window or even on the stands in her showrooms is quite sufficient to turn the outer surface a deeper color than the inner side of th

Equal parts of sulphur water and lemon guice should be mixed together in a saucer, and a soft rag, first dipped in it and then rubbed over the strav. A perfectly clean and flat surface, such as that of a deal table, should be used for the operation, so that no danger is run of causing the brim to cookle up. A stiff brush should then be used to insure that the bleach penetrates to the interstices of the fine plait, after which the brim of the hat should be covered with a few sheets of clean notepaper and pressed under weights until perfectly dry.

The time is coming for babies to wear their summer bonnets, and the most serviceable are those made of sucked cambrio. The making of these bonness is very course, be soft, to form a fitting frame, and this is usually made of a net roching or a bit of chiffon. It may be basted in the cap, so that when the cambric part goes unless it is strong white net, it will not and report of moisture have been sent to stand soap and water. Sometimes, too, for summer bonnets, a little wreath of rosebads is very attractive just above the frill, and then the two rosettes at the side, over the ears, which are made of campric edged with lace or of white ribbon, inclose

among their folds some tiny buds. For a boy it is always more difficult to provide a suitable bonnet, for these beribooned and flowered affairs seem inappropriate to the chubby youngsters-so them, if the weather is warm enough a pique hat may be provided. Great care must be taken about this detail, however, for in winter the bahv's cap keeps his head warm, so it is not advisable to suddenly take off the cozy caps and replace them by hats which only protect the top of the head from the sun. These pique hats are made with a brim five inches broad. This is made by sewing together two pieces of pique, with one layer of linen between, stitching it together on the machine cutagain. A row of buttons round the edge of the brim toward the crown must serve to button and hold in place the crown of the hat, which is made of another circular place for pique.

As most coreets are at present out they press on the hip bones and on the lower ribs. In the former place they are useless, as they cannot overcome the unyielding strength of the bone; in the latter they interfere with the vital act of respiration. The proper place to bind, the place where every corset should press, is immediately above the hip bones, where the body is entirely unsupported by anything stronger or less yielding than muscle.

To put it shortly, we only need support vhere nature has given us none. The ordinary corsets one sees every day compress the lower ribs and displace downward the liver and other organs which lie nearby. Such a disturbance must naturally cause serious symptoms. A correctly designed stay, on the contrary, binds in the waist below these organs and holds them up in place, as it were forming a support on which they rest and which prevents them from becoming accidentally mis-

A large shapely mouth signifies breadth of mind and toleration of other people's

peculiarities.

Thin lips denote covetousness, greed, selfishness, and unless strongly contradicted by some other feature, intense love of

power.

The more curved and flexible the lips the more yielding the nature.

The more straight and firm the lips the

more severe the nature.

Lips that look as if they have been pressed into a straight line show selfand bring it quickly to a boil. Then use immediately. By letting it stand and steem the good water is evaporated, leaving the lime, iron and drugs in the kettle. This would make some people ill, and is worse than no water at all.