

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.

THE CUP THAT RAN OVER.

The Belknap ladies lived in the smallest house in the village. The income, on which they somehow contrived to support an existence within the pale of gentility, was correspondingly tiny.

said. I left the room, I tell you, then and there. I was disgusted, but I didn't keep silent! This quibbling with words—"literary" and "literary"—I don't stand for. Did he get the call? No!

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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!

April Butter Scoring Contest. The butter entered in the first educational scoring contest of 1908 at the Pennsylvania State College shows a decided improvement over that of last year.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT. Somebody did a golden deed; Somebody found a friend in need; Somebody sang a beautiful song; Somebody smiled the whole day long; Somebody thought, "It's sweet to live;" Somebody said, "I'm glad to give;" Somebody fought a valiant fight; Somebody lived to shield the right; Was that somebody you? —New Theology Magazine.

When making calves-foot jelly for culinary purposes, half 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 boiling water, and when liquified, half the quantity of pure glycerine stirred in, the whole being worked with a spoon until thoroughly amalgamated.

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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 by the conduct of the Raynor boys, had intercepted their small sister on her way back from school.

Doctor Raynor luckily had a sense of humor, and treated the matter seriously. His note in reply, promising to restrain the marauders 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 use him on equal grounds and threaten. Doctor Raynor was frightened by my message, you see, and well he might be," she concluded comfortably, for I should have kept my word!

Miss Serena, sewing by the kitchen window after their early supper, regarded her with admiring apprehension. She was a timorous little creature, predestined to domestic subservience. She had a passion for agreement, and she lived in a sort of affectionate fear of her sister; such an emotion a dove might feel under the protecting 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't 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. "I wouldn'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 rule. I mean—for not standing up to them. Thank goodness, I've stood up. No man can ever say I was his slave!"

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 flattered down the long path of years.

Already the impression had waned in the delicious physical effect of the cool air and the exhilarating 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 apparent respect, 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 always forbade? Should she wander alone on the river-bank, as she had not done for years, 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 fiery arrow?

She dismissed the first plan as tame, the second, truth to tell, seemed a bit fearsome even to her unfettered fancy, and the last, she decided, was too conspicuous because of the presence at the station of most of the idle male population of the village. Indeed, they all lacked the appeal of the unusual.

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

This lady of lingual name was a newcomer 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 indecent nature. Lucius consorted wholly with horses, but his mother had made many futile attempts to be friendly with her neighbors. She was a "pleasant-seeming woman," people said, but her manners were too easy, measured by Mayfield standards, and too lacking in that dignity which is content to wait and be sought.

she had stopped at the Belknaps' house—the two sisters mounting guard on either side of the front door—admired their dabbles, and asked them to call. Atalanta ignored the invitation, but, secretly, Serena was pleased. She envied the stranger's 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 indignant protest to Atalanta's treatment of her. Poor Miss Serena's mental processes were not exactly logical, you see!

She rearranged into decent folds the "rigolotte" which she had thrown hurriedly over her gray curls as she ran, and a few minutes 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 the cluttered condition of that kitchen! They had never viewed such disorder—in the evening, too! On tables and chairs—even on an ironing-board in the corner—stood 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-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 saw 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 considered so ladylike in Mayfield's best circles, as she removed her head-covering quickly to avoid Mrs. Lull's damp advance.

She walked carefully and with dignity, checking a rising enthusiasm that seemed to assist her feet. One must not be too free with strangers. Yes, that was the door! Why did Mrs. Lull look so strangely at her and offer to go home with her? She declined the suggestion profusely. On the step she turned, and, as though realizing the propriety of a telling exit, threw back to her hostess a few cordial words.

"Come again soon!" cried she. Meanwhile Miss Atalanta had made herself very comfortable. Here was not the nature to worry over what it could not help. Her sister'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 leniently 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 padded calico depths of her particular rocking-chair and inserted her feet, with their stout congress-gaiters, into the still warm recesses of the open.

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

through the darkness. Tabby lay in her mistress's lap, purring sociably. Miss Atalanta's eyes closed in a comfortable realization of content, though her needles clicked insistently over the heel of a thick gray stocking.

Sham Battle on Tuesday. Tuesday afternoon the sham battle takes place, in which several thousand of the 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, the 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 afternoon.

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. 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 bands; strolling bands; the beautiful Saspanhanna between Williamsport and Sylvania 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 appointments. 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 the beautiful park summer theatre and dancing pavilion, known as Valliant, 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.

There's a story of a deponent Sultan of Turkey who seems told him he could be cured if he would wear the shirt of a peasantly happy of the city. 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 shirftless. His happiness was caused by perfect health. All happiness has its basis in health. People who "feel blue," who are discouraged and deponent will find their spirits rise and their courage come back with the use of Dr. Fierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It removes the clogging impurities from the blood, strengthens the stomach and cures disease of the organs of digestion and nutrition so that the body becomes healthy through an increased supply of pure blood and perfect nourishment.

Recently at the Iowa Experiment Station 20 pigs were fed for a time on tuberculous milk that had not been pasteurized, and 20 others were fed on tuberculous 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 month 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 closed.

"Pa, what is a philoopher?" "A philoopher, Tommy, is a man who doesn't worry any about financial stringencies, 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 looks better when he carries himself well than when a couple of friends are trying to 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 after.