

Beilefonte, Pa., July 24, 1908.

THE QUEST.

We followed the Rainbow Road When the storm had grumbled by, The rainbow stood by the big east wood With its top against the sky Dot and the dog and I-The dog with the curly tail-And a spade to dig for the treasure big A spade and a new tin pail. (She was the company, I to command, And the dog went along to guard the band.)

The colors came down to the ground, Somebody told us so,
And somebody told how a pot of gold Was hid at the end of the bow We hurried along, a row, Ready to seek and find: I led the lot and next came Dot, With the curly tailed dog behind (She was a girl, and so, in case Of danger, I gave her the safest place.)

O, we were almost there, And we would have been rich, no doubt, But the wind came by with a dreadful cry, And the Beautiful Bow went cut. When we turned to look about . The great black dark had come-We ran so fast that Dot was lost. And the dog was the first one home

(And the rainbows come and the rainbows go, But Dot and the dog and I-we know!) -[Saint Nichole

A PINSTRIPE DIMITY.

"Have you heard the latest?" quizzed Janet Robinson, elbowing a place for her-self among a group of boys and girls in the high school yard at Masontown. A spirit-ed discussion as to whether the commence-ment exercises should be given in the opera house or the armory was at high tide, and Janet's query out short Kenneth Moore's statement that the armory was out of the question.

"That we can't have our class pins in time," answered Pauline Kaiser, ignoring Kenneth's remark to present the doubt that lay closest to her heart at this partic-

"That the almanac predicts snow for the twenty-eighth," laughed Kenneth. "Or that Armour's cornered the sheep market and our diplomas will be made of crepe paper," suggested Willis Brown, with a drollish smile.

'N-o !" declared Janet with reflected "Frances Harrison's going to wear a dimity commencement dress!"
"A dimity?" repeated Daisy Barlow, in

unbelieving astonishment.
"Yes; she and her mother were in Caine's last night buying, or rather trad-ing in butter and eggs, for a pinstripe, twenty-five cents—" "Horrors!" interrupted Daisy, whose

cultivated taste placed dimity and oheese-oloth in the same category. "And she has the second oration. Who ever heard of the like?" "O, that's not so horrible," declared Willis. "Kenneth confided to me this very

morning that he was going to wear his duck trousers creased in a box-pleat."
"You boys won't laugh when you see
the whole class disgraced," cried Janet in

a tone that bespoke finality. "I can't see why these country girls do not stay where they belong, or else not push themselves on the program." "She did not push herself on," flared

Pauline. "She's second marks, isn't she, Keu?"
"You bet! And its been nip-and-tuck between us for the last three months,' vouched Kenneth, who had won class hon

ors by a small margin.

"And surely you can't blame a girl for wanting to go through high, even though she lives in the country." Verbal sparks of "Let her do as her class does," "Country Jake!" "Pure selfish

ness" flashed from the group, with a final shot from the outskirts of "Let's vote out her oration. "Nixy!" blurted Kenneth, turning

away from the girls to join Willis, who had deserted the group in disgust.
"Maybe she'll look nicer in her twentyfive-cent pinstripe than we girls will in our laces," declared Pauline. "It doesn't

take much, you know, to make Frances look pretty." Pauline's tone shriveled where it touched.
"Well," fumed Janet, "she ought to

think of her class, and do as they do. She knows the seniors are making an extra eftory and Greenwood visitors. Guess the Harrisons could scrape enough together to buy Frances a decent dress if they tried." Frances stood agape. Mrs. Rol "S-h!" cautioned Pauline, but the scathing words that rose above the titter bright smile but the bright smile but the bright smile but the scathing words that rose above the titter bright smile but the same piece!" made Frances cheeks burn crimson as she

"She shan't sit in the front row" er joined Janet, back of her hand, as the group moved round the corner and up the -arched main street toward the north end where the opulent few of the Mason town's 5,000 inhabitants lived.

The modest homes took on a more pre-tentions size as the blocks distanced the town square, but here and there among the new homes nestled a misfit, time-worn cottage, a reminder of the early days and depleted fortunes. Such was the home of Janet Robinson and her widowed mother, and from this outpost on the borderland of aristocracy, Janet found much joy to comfort her foolish pride.
"You know that Mrs. Harrison has been

ill," reasoned Pauline as the glrls stopped at Janet's gate for a parting chat. "Father has been out there ever so many times, and I heard him say last week that their best horse was lamed the night their barn was struck by lightning."

"O, I don't care a bit for that," argued "Frances could have a silk dress if she'd just put her foot down. Why, mamma didn't want me to have one," fided in a lower tone, "but I said I just must, and that ended it. Frances could, too, if she'd any spunk."

After waving a good-bye to Janet, the remnant of the party walked on slowly. Janet stood at the gate watching them. At the next corner was Dr. Kaiser's home, plain, unpretentious and roomy, but sug-gestive of the happy, wholesome folks that lived within. Across the street stood Banker Barlow's new home, a fantaey of commercial architecture.

Janet sighed. The sagging gate closed with a rusty creak that stirred her nerves "That must be fixed." she reflected. "The house needs painting, and my! how draggled those curtains look! We'll surely have to have a new pair-after commend ment.

hallway to the dining room beyond. The mencement. room was empty. It seemed to Janet, now Frances paused in the auditorium door-that she really thought of it, that she could way, but before she had located a vacant

death, five years ago, that her mother had

not sat by the window sewing. She's in the yard, perhaps. No, ber

work is folded on the machine. Janet dropped her books on the stand and a sheet of tablet paper fluttered to the floor. Her face flinched as she read the feebly scrawled note; then, tossing it aside she picked up the new fashion paper and sank into a rocker to forget her aesthetic complaint in a profusion of new sleeves and lace-trimmed flounces.

It was a melting June day, but Frances Harrison trudged the sun-baked pike, in- gracious Lord, cast down Thine eyes'?' sensible to the glare that made the top fence-rail all zig-zaggy. Two miles of the through their parts without besitation, road's dusty length had been covered without a pause. At the three mile post, the road dipped into a hollow and across a lazy creek that orept away to the distance of the commencement "

"How well your voices blend!" Miss Ritter declared. "You must sing the duet at commencement." creek that crept away to the thick, still woods. Here the air was cool and smelled of wild grapes and tree-bark and the mingled odors of unknown berbs and of the moiet earth. But Frances did not slacken her steps, for her eyes were on the little white farm home that capped the hilltop a half mile beyond, and her thoughts on

"A twenty-five cent dimity! The class will be disgraced. She is selfish not to Vote out her oration." Frances could hear again those decrying voices just outside the school-room win-dow. She had tarried to change a paragraph in her thesis and was bappy in the thought that now her oration was ready for the world, her world of Masontown and the farm. To be sure, she had de-claimed it along the roadway to the birds and the stalwart trees, and had even seen ber gestures mirrored in the sleepy creek; for to be chosen second in a class, a class of fifty, was something of which to be proud, and on that night of nights, with all Masontown for an audience, she meant to

make the class proud of her.
Frances had not intended to listen, but when those words in searing decision burst

upon her, she had felt stunned.

'O, it cannot be,' she muttered, 'for my dimity is beautiful. Yes, I could have silk; mother suggested it; but there's the doctor's bill, and—and mother must have help. Dr. Kaiser said yesterday he'd try to find a woman in town. If I got silk I'm sure it would mean doing without some-thing needed at home, and dimity will do as well. O!" she oried to the incessant heart-ache as she leaned against the fence,

Frances could not wait to go round the roadway; it seemed a mile longer today; so she climbed the rail fence at the mead-

ow and went up the back lane.

As she neared the barn, she could hear

voices off toward the born, she could hear voices off toward the house.

"Company, or else Dr. Kaiser's found someone to help mother," she presued.

"I hope it's a woman, for mother will do things in spite of me."

Frances steadied herself against the barn deep lookies of the against the barn deep lookies.

door, looking off down the hill and across toward Masontown. On the far out-skirts was the depot, a mere speck against the green farm fields, and still farther a factory from whose chimney was trailing a smudge of black athwart the cloudless sky.

Here and there among the mass of tree-tops on the near billside towered a dormer window or a patch of roof, while on an op-posite bill stood the school with its gold-

topped cupola glinting in the sun.
Frances breathed deeply.

"How small it all seems from the hilltop!" she exclaimed, waving a hand toward the village, "and how beautiful the farm! It's a world all to itself, with dear old lane, the orchard, the freekled hen and her chicks browsing in the garden. What if my dress is only a pinstripe?" she

Just then the talking indoors grew louder, and she beard her mother's laugh. Frances suddenly felt choky.

"I won't tell her. It'll hurt her more than it does me. No. she'll never know.' She tip-toed to the pump to dash away the tell-tale tears and drown the rankling lump in her throat. When she reached the step she knew that the strange voice did not belong to company, for it came from the kitchen, accompanied by the thud and click of some ironing.
"Why, you look as if you'd seen a

ghost!" exclaimed Mrs. Harrison, kissing her daughter's cool cheeks. "It's Mrs. Robinson come out to --"

"Yes, Dr. Kaiser brought me out this norning," Janet's mother announced, plying the iron over the wrinkled surface of Frances' skirt, "and it has been like a holiday; for Sarah and I don't see each other very often these days. We've been talking over old times," she continued, "for we were girls together, Frances, graduated from the old log school on the Victory pike! Do you remember our dresses, Sarah? They were white lawn with a black ivy vine, and how we laughed when we found

she added with a smothered sigh: "Girls now-a-days have more fine clothes when they graduate than we did when we got married. I tried to persuade Janet to do with dimity or a swiss," she continued, "but she cried and said that all the class were going to wear silk with val-trimmed I dou't know where its coming from, Sarah, for the note was due on the mortgage last week, and I couldn't pay even the interest."

It was a resolute Frances that faced her class the next morning and a more resolute one that waylaid Miss Ritter in the hall at

"Why, Miss Harrison, your theme is beautiful-really."

beautiful—really."

"I'm positive in my decision, Miss Ritter. Take my name off the program, and say nothing about it—please."

When Frances raised her eyes from Miss Ritter's puzzled face, Kenneth Moore stood by the cloak-room door, looking straight at her. She turned to evade him, but he stooned in her way.

stopped in her way.
"See here, Frances Harrison, you're not going to get off that way. I didn't win out by three marks for nothing."

"Yes, I am, Ken," she answered, looking beyond him. "And if you've heard what I just said to Miss Ritter, do not speak of it. I really can't."

"Yes, you can and you must. You've guessed what the girls were talking about last night," he blurted, searching her face

for evidence. Frances turned on her heel into the cloak-room, leaving Kenneth to exclaim, with a spap of his fingers, "That's a

Morning dragged into noon. At noon Frances ate her lunch in the shade of the knarry old apple tree in the school yard awaythe remaining twenty minutes. When she returned, the junior scholars had de-serted the bleaching yard for the cooler classroom, and the seniors were practicing She hurried through the narrow, dark the Te Deum they were to sing at com

not recollect a single day since her father's seat, Pauline Kaiser flirted her book and edged over to indicate a place beside her. "The fifth measure," she whispered.

Frances's clear soprano blended beautifully with Pauline's rich alto tones. The girls had never sung together but there were a unison and a harmony that caused Miss Ritter to look in their direction.

In the second part of the chorus there was a soprano and alto duet, but their being no two singers qualified to take the part, it was sung in chorus.
"Will Miss Frances and Miss Pauline

sing the aria on page twelve, beginning 'O, Both girls were natural singers and went

Frances gave one appealing look at her

teacher, but Pauline's nod of approval sealed the answer and relaxed the frown from Janet Robinson's face. The afternoon dragged on. It seemed

endless to Frances, but at last the gong sounded. "I'll see Miss Ritter a minute," she resolved, "for if my dress is not fine enough for an oration, it certainly won't do to sing

But Miss Ritter had been called to the Someone was talking in the hall. She caught the word "dimity," and involuntarily clapped both hands to her ears.

"I will not hear another word," she cabbed inwardle. "Oh why don't they sobbed inwardly. "Oh, why don't they

stop?"
She burriedly penciled a note to the teacher and gathered up her books.

Someone was crying. Janet? Then
Kenneth Moore mumbled in an undertone. "It is too late ?" choked Janet. "Mam-

ma-wanted-me-not-to-have-silk."

It's not too late for me," assured Daisy. It's not too late for me," assured Daisy. We've been waiting for samples."

Several announced that they did intend to get theirs the last of the week.

"I bought a dimity last night," announced Pauline. "A pinstripe, too!"

Kenneth, who, if the truth be known could not tell a dimity from eilk or eack-cloth flung his cap to the second-floor celling with a burst of "Now you're on the right track! And, cracky! I'll have my

right track! And, cracky! I'll have my rousers creased in a double box-pleat!"

Frances jabbed her batpin into her sailor and reached for her books.

"Why, here she is," called Pauline. "I thought you'd—"

Janet's eyes were swimming as she reached for Frances's hand.
"O, girlie," she sobbed, "I'm—"
But Janet's entreaty was blended with,
"It was wicked of us to say what we did," Frances," "You must give your oration, and "I'm glad there was one girl," it sounded like Janet's voice, "in Ma-ontown who had spunk enough to stand for what was right; for eilk commencements are a toolish, foolish extravagance."-By Blanche Young McNeal, In the Christian Advocate.

Unique Postage Stamps.

Japan is the only country which has given recognition to the floral kingdom in the issues of its postage stamps. Trees have been portrayed upon stamps by many countries, especially those situated in the tropics, but it is only upon the stamps of

Japan that a flower appears.

The abrycanthemum, the national flower of Japan, is given a conspicuous place upon all the postage stamps issued by the government, and upon many of the de-nominations it occupies the central portion

For nearly ten years (it may be remarked by way of parenthesis)—from 1857 to 1866—a conspicuous feature of all the postage stamps of Newfoundland was a bou-quet of thistle blossoms within the centre of a delicately engraved background. This issue of stamps was exceedingly popular with greedy collectors and is known as the "thistle issue."

Nervousness is a common feminine disease. Women try all kinds of nerve quieting potions which are offered as a cure for nervousness, in the form of "compounds" or "nervines." And yet no cure is effected. The relief is only temporary. The reason is that these potions are opiates and nar-cotics. They put the nerves to sleep for a time, but when they wake again their condition is worse than before. Modern medicine recognizes the relation of this nervous condition in women to the forms of disease which affect the sensitive womanly organs. To cure the nervousness the cause must be removed. The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will result in the cure of weakening drains, inflammation, ulceration and bearing-down pains, the common causes of nervousness in wom-en. Nothing is just as good as "Favorite Prescription," because nothing else is as harmless or as sure. It contains no alcoh and is absolutely free from opium, cocaine and other parcotics.

Anticipating Him.

Night after night the exceedingly quiet and backward youth had called on a neighboring farmer's daughter, sitting perfectly mute beside her while she did all the entertaining. This night, however, the youth, wishing for a glass of water, suddenly surprised her by blurting out, "Say, Sal, will you"-

"Don't exert yourself, Reuben," she interrupted. "I understand. Yes. Have you brought the ring?" - Bohemian Magazine.

The Toast of an Irishman. Michael Meyers Shoemaker wrote 'Wanderings In Ireland." An old Irishman read a fragment of it that related to the reader's neighborhood. He asked the name of the author. "Mr. Shoemaker, is it?" he comment ed. "A nice gentleman, I'll go bail 'Tis a fine country he chose to travel in too. May the heavens be his bed for choosing it, and may every hair in

Logical Conclusion. First Burglar-Hark! I hear some one talking. Second Burglar-What's he saying? First Burgiar-That he never will bet on another horse as long as he lives. Second Burglar-Let's get out of this. No money here. He's lost every cent.—London Tit-Bits.

his konor's head be a mold candle to

light his soul to glory!"

At Last. "Ah, ha," exclaimed the great explorer joyfully, "at last I have found

the missing link!" And, crawling from under his hed he proceeded to put the small gold affair in his clean cuff.-New York Jour-

PASTIMES OF MADMEN.

Cunning and Ingenuity Displayed by the Insans.

Some of the inventions of the insane are of scientific value. A patient at Villejuif invented a "panification machine" by combining a bottle, a plank and small metallic tubes, to which he had fitted faucets. Having set up his machine, he produced loaves of bread the size of a man's head. The bread was good-so good that it was decided to make the machine known. One day when it was in action the doctor suggested taking a photograph of it. The inventor watched him as if petrified for a moment; then he fell upon the machine, wrenched it apart and trampled it underfoot. The invention, an exceedingly useful one, was lost, because no one had seen him make it, and no one dares speak of it to him. To allude to it is to bring on a furious attack.

Most lunatics, no matter how contented they may be, generally cherish a furtive longing to escape. They collect wax from the polished floors, take the impressions of locks and make keys from empty sardine boxes, spoon handles or anything to be found. Dr. Marie's museum includes a collection of knives of strange and unheard of shapes. Some of them have blades made from pieces of glass or slate and set in handles of corset steels. Objects harmless in themselves become dangerous weapons through the ingenuity of madmen.

Insane sculptors are as common as insane painters. The insane sculptor hews out coarse statuettes, fantastic animals, ferocious little horned and grimacing devils. An ex-mechanic carves all his soup bones. That his old trade is still in his memory is shown by the little screws that he makes out of the smaller pieces of bone. He works all day at his senseless and ridiculous task. Another lunatic, who believes he is the incarnation of the soul of Beelzebub, passes his time carving toy men out of wood. Each pair of his creations are joined together, now at the necks, now at the shoulders.-Helen E. Meyer in Harper's Weekly.

NATIONAL CONVENTIONS.

They Succeeded the System of Nomi nation by Caucus.

Conventions have not always nomi nated our presidents and vice presidents. For more than thirty years presidential candidates were named by a caucus made up of members of the house and the senate. This system died when in 1824 the caucus insisted upon by Martin Van Buren and other friends of William H. Crawford of Georgia defeated Crawford, which threw the election into the house on account of the scattering electoral vote caused by the entrance of Clay, Calhoun, Jackson and John Quincy Adams in the race. This fracas elected Adams.

The campaign of 1828 in consequence was somewhat demoralized, and in 1831 the Republicans followed the ex- pretty girl leading an old man by the ample the anti-Masonic party had set arm. the year before and met in conven tion in Baltimore to nominate Henry Clay. The Democrats held their first national convention in the same city the following year, nominating Martin Van Buren for vice president. The dominating figure of the party, Andrew Jackson, needed no indorsement of his candidacy for the presidency.

The Democrats in 1835 and 1840 nominated Van Buren for the presidency in Baltimore, and the Whigs nominated Clay in the same place in 1844, when the Democrats named Polk. In 1835 Romulus M. Saunders introduced the two-thirds rule to the Democratic convention, and it was adopted. The customs installed at these earlier conventions which succeeded the tyranny of the caucus chamber have been continued and added to from time to time, and the conventions today are merely the descendants of those that nominated Clay and Van Buren.-Charles Wadsworth Camp in Metropolitan Magazine.

Horizon.

A man calls it the horizon where the earth and the sky seem to meet, but a woman's notion of the horizon is the families she can see moving in from behind her front window curtains. If, | ing, parade the room. further, they hang out their washing in a spirit of candor, they are, of course, all the more so. The horizon is caused by a number of things, chief among them the gregarious instinct. Only for this next door would mean as little as tariff revision or pure food or international arbitration. It takes a star or something of that sort to rise above the horizon, but a very ordinary woman may feel above it .- Life.

The Cult of the Hotel. "Hotel" is a French word, but a thoroughly British institution. If its great hotels were suppressed London would no longer be London—that is to say, the London of society, the theater, literature, politics, art and fashion. The hotel is one of the essential factors of London life-Milan Corriere Delia Serra.

A Comparison.

Mrs. Giles (anxiously asking after rector's health)-Well, sir, I be glad you says you be well, but there-you be one of these "bad doers," as I calls 'em (gie 'em the best o' vittels, and it don't do 'em no good)-there be pigs like that!-London Punch.

First Necessity. "How would you define a 'crying need?" asked the teacher of the rhetoric class. "A handkerchief," replied the solemn

young man with the wicked eye .- Chicago Tribune. The great and the little have need of each other.-Shakespeare.

A DISPLAY OF QUICK WIT.

Observed Russian Etiquette. The Yankee and the Russian story is egain on its grand rounds, but as all ers in crossing such dreary and arid attempts to name the original Yankee wastes as the far famed Death valley have feiled, says London M. A. P., arises from ignorance as to the charit is safe to pin the anecdote to any acter of the infrequent pools of water prominent American who may have along the route," said a mining engiisited St. Petersburg.

The Russian has been identified as the incident occurred about 1810.

y narrow ledges of snow at the crossfelt their way.

The Yankee was just in the middle of such a snow bridge when he recognized the Grand Duke Constantine approaching in the opposite direction. The path being too narrow for two persons to pass, the grand duke being accustomed to every one getting out of his way, the Yankee being too courteous to turn his back on a brother of the czar to return whence he came and too proud to step servilely into the slush for a mere prince of the royal blood-such was the contretemps.

Quick as a flash our American whipped out his purse, presented it to Constantine and asked, "Even or odd?" "Even," replied the astonished prince.

"You win!" said the Yankee and stepped off into a puddle half a leg deep. Constantine, highly pleased by this

peculiarly American proceeding, mentioned it to the czar, and our Yankee was invited to dine at the palace next day.

HE LACKED TACT.

Bad Breaks of the Man Who Was Trying to Sell Spectacles. "The meanest job of my lean days,"

said a millionaire, "was spectacle peddling. I still see the sad and scornful looks, I still hear the reproachful oaths, which that work brought down on me. "It was at the seashore. I had a case of spectacles for every age from forty-five up. I paced the beach and the board walk.

"Once I walked up to a lady and gentleman seated close together on the sand.

"'Sir and madam,' I said, 'would these interest you? The best and cheapest brand of old age spectacles on the market. This pair would be your size, sir-forty-nine years. Lady, will you try these fifty-four year ones? "They reddened, and the man told me. with an oath, to move on. I remembered as I moved that he had been holding her hand. A seaside flirtation. Of course they hadn't liked their thoughts brought down from love to old age spectacles.

"On the board walk I accosted a

"'Would your grandpa be interested in these, miss?' I said. 'Best glass, warranted, eighty year size, price'-"Tell him to go, Billy,' said the girl, "And as I went a hot corn man

chuckled: "'That, you dub, was Gobsa Golde and his young bride."-Los Angeles Times.

A Curious Army Toast. Of all the British regiments the Welsh fusileers have the most curious army toast. It forms part of the ceremony of the grand dinner given annually on St. David's day. After the dinner the drum major, accompanied by the goat, the mascot of the fusileers. bedecked with rosettes of red and blue ribbon, marches around the table, carrying a plate of leeks. Every officer or guest who has never eaten one before is obliged to do so, standing on his chair with one foot on the table, while the drummers beat a roll behind his chair. He is then considered a true Welshman. All the toasts are coupled with the name of St. David. It is in much this way that the toast with highland honors is drunk. Each guest stands with one foot on his chair and one on the table, and the pipers, a-pip-

No Place For Dogs.

Is it impossible in Japan to keep a good dog? I have twice had my dogs disappear in a seemingly miraculous way. As I am well aware that there is a great demand for dogskins, especially those of young dogs, we have been careful in having our dog watched. Nevertheless he disappeared this morning. Almost every foreigner has lost a dog or dogs, and even a sea captain who was three days on shore had his dog poisoned the first day he put his feet on land.-Japan Chronicle.

The World Is Learning. Briggs - Do you believe that the world is divided into two classes. those who borrow and those who lend? Griggs - No, sir. My experience is that two other classes are much more prevalent-those who want to borrow and those who won't lend .- Life.

The Difference. "Pa, what's the difference between a

rhyme and a poem?" "The person who makes a rhyme stands some chance of seeing it printed, even if it is merely put on a card to be stuck up in an 'L' car."-Chicago Record-Herald.

"Pa, what's friendly candor?" "It is generally the first aid to enmity."-Chicago Record-Herald.

The good you do is not lost, though you forget it .- Fielding.

A DESERT PERIL.

The American Saved His Pride and The Deadly Clear Water of the Death

Valley Pools. "One of the chief dangers to travel-

ner of Denver. "The tenderfoot, growing faint unthe Grand Duke Constantine, younger der a blazing sun, will want to quench other of the Czar Alexander I., and his intolerable thirst when he comes to a shallow hole whose water, clear The Yankee went out for a walk in as crystal, seems absolutely pure. He March, when the snow was melting can with difficulty be restrained from after sudden rain. The street was a drinking it by some experienced commaze of puddles, divided into sections panion, who knows that one draft will probably cause serious if not ings, over which pedestrians carefully fatal illness. This water, for all its seeming purity and clearness, is loaded with arsenic, and many a man has lost his life by its use.

Curiously enough, the only water in the desert that is safe to drink is foul looking and inhabited by bugs and snakes. When you come to a muddy pool on the surface of which insects are disporting themselves, however repulsive it may be, both to the eye and palate, you may drink it with impunity, despite its looks, as a man will who is crazy with thirst produced by the burning sands and merciless sun. -Baltimore American.

THE PALISADES.

Their Counterpart Cannot Be Found In All the World.

The edge of the world, if such a thing may be, lies hardly a rifle shot away from one of the centers of the world itself-the city of New York.

The Palisades, those mighty walls whereon the annals of the centuries are graved-what an edge of the world their lip presents to him who comes. perhaps at night, to their rough hewn elevation! In no other place other than this near proximity to man and one of his greatest cities could a physical feature so profoundly vast and impressive be so hidden from the world. Their counterpart cannot be found in all the world, and yet the Palisades are almost unexploited and unknown to the globe circling, sight hunting public that yearly traverses the continents or seas to gaze at things less wonderful in some distant field of nature's marvelous achievements, for little does any one know of these titanic walls who has merely seen them from the Hudson. Were they somewhere off in a land comparatively inaccessible, reached by a transcontinental thread of steel, the guidebooks would be rich in their pictured grandeur and man would rove far to explore them .- Philip Verrill Mighels in Harper's Magazine.

Superstitions of Stage Folk.

A stock actor is apt to have a prejudice against decorating or fixing up his dressing room. He is certain to get his notice shortly after he puts his pictures on the wall and otherwise makes the place comfortable and homelike. Actors and managers both "Macbeth," and they never will allow them to be spoken, as it means a fire in the playhouse before the twelvemonth is over. Sir Henry Irving was a firm believer in this superstitition, and he would never allow the fateful lines to be read when he was playing the tragedy. I know many players who fear to have any one pass them on a stairway when they are entering a theater. There are many actors who make the sign of the cross before they make an entrance.-Chicago Tribune

Where They Forgot.

"Once, in the rooms of the Fabian society, overlooking the fresh green slopes of the Law Court gardens in London, I heard George Bernard Shaw express his thoughts about English public schools," said a Chicago editor, "He attacked these schools. He said you learned nothing in them. He told of a young peer to whom a certain master at Eton said:

"'I am ashamed of you, unable to work out so simple a problem! Your younger brother did it correctly an hour ago.'

"'I am sorry, sir,' the boy replied, but you must remember that my brother hasn't been at Eton as long as I have." - Washington Star.

Got Full Weight.

"Sir," says the aggrieved customer, approaching the bookseller, "I have called to express my opinion of your business methods." "What is wrong?" deferentially ask-

ed the bookseller. "I bought a set of Shakespeare from you last year. It weighed fourteen pounds. Yesterday I ordered a duplicate set for my son's library, and it

ounces. I'd have you understand, sir, that there is a city ordinance against short weights." Thoroughly humbled, the bookseller made up the shortage with seven

only weighs thirteen pounds and nine

ounces of miscellany.-Exchange. Anxious For More.

An expert golfer had the misfortune to play a particularly vigorous stroke at the moment that a seedy wayfarer skulked across the edge of the course. The ball struck the trespasser and rendered him briefly insensible. When he recovered a five dollar bill was pressed into his hand by the grateful golfer. "Thanky, sir," said the injured man after a kindling glance at the money, "an' when will you be playin' again, sir?"-Argonaut.

The Snake Bite. "So Wild Bill died of a snake bite?

Whar did he git bit?" "Oh, th' snake didn't bite Bill. Th' snake bit Tough Tompkins, an' Tomp-

kins drank two quarts o' th' remedy an' then shot Bill."-Judge's Library.