Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., November 27, 1908.

THE LITTLE SHAWL.

Just a little half-worn shawl,-That was all! With stitches slipped and meshes torn, But dearer far to me than all The gifts that earth could bring. She left it lying there, just where She'd find it when the morning came, But morning found her there asleep, With on her lips a quiet smile, As tho' her rest were sweet and deep.

ble precocity for Fritzy.

mein leetle Mozart !"

Later, when he began to orawl, his fath-

"Is his mother musical, too?" inquired

his trepidation was usually short-lived.

"No," he replied langhing; "but don't

A little breeze came blowing through, And on the air a scent I knew, A faint, elusive fragrance grew, Old-tim-v things seemed blossoming Those violets that used to bloom Beneath a nest of leafage green And send abroad a wide perfume ; Rose-petals gathered long, and kept Within a wide and covered jar ; Sweet olives-each a tiny star Upon a gray and dusty screen ; Slender stalks of lavender. And spicy pinks that used to grow In life's first gardens, row on

All seemed the very soul of her. And brought to me a message clear. Upon my knees, I clasped and kissed The little shawl the wind had blown ; It seemed against my own, her cheek Her patient lips so pure, so meek, That knew no word of worldly guile ; Her precious body frail and weak, With loving service wasted, worn, All seemed to be again my own. For human care and cherishing, O Love ! what wonders in thy name, When with a blossom's balmy breath Our souls have bridged from life to death

THE MAGIC OF SOURNESS.

-Julia Neely Finch in New Orleans Times-Demo

"If dot old stork efer brings a leetle ba by to my house, two things I'll bet dot poy will have," said Spiegel, his gray eyes The big German was delighted. "S-b !" he cautioned his wife. wants to egsecute a solo!" bulging a challenge to the musicians about him. "First of dem things"-with a stern Mrs. Spiegel lacked her husband's imag-ination. "It's his bottle he wants to ext-cute," she said dryly; but Spiegel's opinlook at Timmins, the drummer who was always teasing him, "is manners-bolite ness mit dem vot is smarter und older und besser als yourself. Und der second"—with a withering glance at those ion was in no wise changed. "Ach, dot poy takes moosic chust so easy as he takes his milk !" he boasted one members of the Albambra Orchestra who bore the ignominy of American birth-"is day to his colleagues. Fritzy was then temperament. Yes; I'll bet dot boy has scarcely eighteen months old. dot Cherman moosical temperament, py chiminey !" Stoess with kindly interest. A shadow crossed Spiegel's broad face. He had baen asked the question bafore,

"Vot if he is a girl, meppe so ?" ventur-

ed Klug, a second fiddle. "Und dey say girls don't got much tem-perature," added Meyer, the oboe, who and it always worried him momentarily. What if the child had inherited his mothmetimes mixed his English. Spiegel scornfully dismissed the proba-

bility of its being of an inferior sex. "He won't get his temperament from

your side of the house, Spiegel," comment-ed Timmins, with an exasperating smile.

Spiegel placed his cornet across his knees and pushed and tumbled his thick white hair about his great dome-shaped head. It arount," had not fallen in the slightest dethe uncorking of his vials of wrath. He bears in a small way. was accustomed to boom forth his assertive-

ness in those impromptu discussions and arguments which always occurred during the noisy half hour of tuning and prepara-tion preceding the performance. It mat-tered not what the subject was, nor the side be hearened to great musicians in the noisy half hour of tuning and prepara-tion preceding the performance. It mat-things had happened to great musicians in the noisy half hour of tuning and prepara-tion preceding the performance. It mat-things had happened to great musicians in the hour of the mission the source of the mission to the mission

und wears. Yes, we maig of him a gread "I wish I had learned to play," Fritzy pianist. Paderewski gets so high as two hundred t'ousand dollars der season !" sometimes said to his mother ; "Bat I couldn't. I'm simply not there when it comes to music, and papa and everybody The last was added for the benefit of Mrs. else knows it. I can't keep time, and I can't strike the right notes, and then I start to practice, my mind flies clear away, and the first thing I know I'm piling np a

Spiegel, who was plainly lacking in what Meyer called "temperature." Everything was bent toward the end that Fritzy should become a great planist. Nothing was omitted from his baby regime that might have a beneficent musical influbunch of errors. But I wish I could have -just for papa." ence in the years to come. When he was big enough to sit alone, His mother never failed bim at such

"Don't you worry, dear. It isn't times. Spiegel would prop a piece of music up on the floor, and sprawling down beside him, your fault, but mine. It will come out all right," she would say, and put her arms would toot away most industriously. "It trains his leetle ears," he said wiseabout him.

One day Spiegel's chair in the pavilion was vacant and Fritzy took word to Stoess Once, during a "training" period, somethat his father was sick.

thing happened which exulted the soul of Clayton was standing near when the boy delivered his message. Across his face there flashed a look which the lad, in an the father, and seemed to presage remarka-"Leibchen you must learn der names of instaut of acute intuition, caught and insounds. Now papa plays dot B." He blew softly. "Dot note is B. Say B. Say B, Leibchen."

to the lake. He was worried by a vague portent of something which had no more foundation, be knew, than the fact that the manager had of late asammed a net that the "Ba-ba," gurgled Fritzy, who had never as yet given an intelligible uttermanager had of late assumed a not altogeth-er pleasant attitude toward his father. He "Gread!" cried Spiegel. "He says it in

Cherman! he says it in Cherman! Lucy had heard his parents speak often of it, and coom here! Leibchen is naming der notes in Cherman !" his quick eyes had not failed to note the look of anxiety that accompanied the dis-Mrs. Spiegel bastened in from the kitch-He idled about the beach for a while,

en. "He knows B alreaty," crowed Spiegel; "und now I try bim on G, und I won't even tell him der name." Again he blew climbed into the supporting trestle-work directly under the floor, where he wrapped himself about a brace and began to fish "Was ist, Leibchen?" he demauded, his big eyes popping confidently. Mrs. Spiegel had left the kitchen door open, and in consequence there was a slight draft on the floor. Fritzy screwed up his red mouth, and his little pup nose becan to twitch excited. desultorily.

The concert came to an end, and the audience hurried from the pavilion, and dispersed over the grounds.

Clayton and Stoess, talking earnestly, went down to the beach. Stoess was geshis little pug nose began to twitch excitedly. "Chee!" he sneezed with quick finality. ticulating emphatically. "Gott l" cried Spiegel in amazement, "he spiks in English too-und such an ear!

Fritzy was ensconced. At first the boy paid little beed to the

er found him one morning on the flat of voices. It was the protesting tones of Stoess which finally caught his attention. his back beside the open cornet-case, embracing the instrument by a sort of com-"If you're going to do anything mit der munity-of-interests-plan which included his mouth, his stomach, his fingers, and his toes. The big German was delighted. (1) You are going to do aly thing the term old man, do it square," he growled. "He's old ? So. But he's Chonny On Der Spot. He is no soloist, meppe, und who cares for der cornet solos, anyway ? Bab ! But if you

don't want him any longer, tell him so, and give him blenty time."

"We need new blood in the band," came down to Fritzy's eager ears. "Some of the old men will have to go. There's an Italian here now-one of the defunct third regiment's men. He 's stranded, and I can close with him for a year for almost nothing. He has great execution and lots of catchy tricks; was up in my room for a while this morning. I want you to try him out at rehearsal tomorrow, and put him on for a solo in the afternoon. Since so many factory people have begun to come here, the crowd don't want any more Wagner; we must give them ragtime and lots er's complete lack of musical talent ! But of fireworks. We might as well shunt some of the old boys right now, and Spiegel's being sick gives me a good excuse. Besides, his contract ends with the month."

I got enough to go arount?". However, there came a time of tremen dous disappointment to him-a time when bears in a small way. At six, his absolute unmusicality had

"I know I'm getting old," Klug rattled on volubly, "und I'll soon quit alreaty, anyhow. But there 's my Berny; he blays

Then he raised to his month a big lemon, bit savagely into the top of it, and admin-

istered a prodigious suck. The black eyes surveyed him in resentfal surprise.

"Rummy tum tum, rummy tum tum," the prelude sounded anticipatingly. With a grand flourish, the signor put the

instrument to his lips. Six beats more, and he was to take high C, prolong it to the astonishment of all ordinary lungs, and then cut capers in chromatics that would

make a steam siren sound cheap. Only six beats more of *largo tranquillo* ! He drew his cheeks in scowlingly, rolling them between his jaws. Fritzy saw the peculiar movement, and redoubled his sucking. The magic of sour-

ness was beginning to work. Ernani tried to moisten his lips. The embouchure, that little conical bundle of muscles which forms in the middle of the upper lip of all born-players, and which

every muscle of his lips, and that all were pulling the wrong way. He closed his black eyes, but the baleful vision of the lemon and the boy remained in them.

Two ! One ! Stoess nodded him cue, and desperately the Italian forced his dry embonchure into the monthpiece. In the quick diminuendo of the other instrument there sounded a noise like the fiz-

zle of a bad fire-cracker. Again it sounded and again. The signor was ghastly.

Stoess turned upon him in a fury. "Sitzen, you tam fool !" he hissed. "Sit-

zen Sie !' And, obeying, the signor tottered back and sat down.

They took a seat remote from the rest of The men were quietly directed to the the pier loiterers, and just above where next number, and almost before the andience had begun to wonder what had hap-

pened, the following program-figure displayed, and the concert proceeded. Fritzy, pushing the remains of the lemon deep into his pocket, slipped along the

aisle and out of the door. III Spiegel was feeling much better. On the table beside his chair was the signed con-

tract for another year with the Alhambra. About him were Klug, Meyer, Stoess, and half a dozen other members of the band. Mrs. Spiegel, rosy and triumphant, was passing the wine. Fritzy was helping her. "I chust told Clayton dot if he hired a soloist mit nerves like an old woman's dot go to pieces when a houseful of beoples is arount, den he could let me go, too," ex-plained Stoess for the twelfth time. "Und Clayton he say it is not a case of verves, but dot some poy in der front row sucks a lemon und blays der tefil mit der dago's lip. But I says, 'No. A leetle lemon do a thing like dot !' Then he says, 'All right: we won't quarrel alreaty yet.' So

right: we won't quarrel alreaty yet.' So he hires again Spiegel.'' The old conductor leaned back, winked at Fritzy, and chuckled softly. Everybody had been toasted except Fritzy. Suddenly Spiegel motioned the boy to him, and pulling him down to his trace litted a class knee, lifted a glass. "To mein leetle Yankee kit," he boom

ed, "mit a temperature like red hot, py chimineys !" Then, his glass still held high, he bent and kissed his son resoundingly.-By Wil-liam Chester Estabrook, in the Century

Magazine. Utilize the Poster Bed. four-posted bedstead. There are various forms of the four-poster, some with head and foot-boards. Others with only a headmade to supply the demand have an advantage over the antique in being fitted with box springs and bair mattresses. There are many, however, who will not use fourposters, claiming that draped beds are un-sanitary, and exclude air. If the fourposter is dressed simply in washable ma-terial, which is laundered frequently, there is no reason why it should not be sanitary. There is nothing prettier than all white for a bed. Dimity may be used for the val-ance, curtains (if they are not objected to,) and ruffles. Loop the curtains with white bands of the same material, or with cotton cord and tassels. Have a white dimity spread with ball fringe, and the curtains at your windows can be of the same material. If one prefers a little color, an effective scheme is to drape the bed in flowered material to match the hangings at the windows, which may be identical in pattern with the wall paper. The material should be such that it will withstand frequent laundering, and be fastened in such a manner as to be removed with little trouble. The valance around the foot of the bed in olden times was usually fastened by a tape that was run through a hem at the top; but the best way is to use picture wire or a small brass rod. Many of the old poster-beds were fitted with linen sheets, patchwork quilts, and heavy blue and white cohnterpanes. The The spread should be very large in order to hang well over the frame of the bedstead. Besides dimity, Marseilles and cretonnes are used. The prettiest and newest are of embroidered linen, with pillow and bolster slips to match .- Shop Talk.

Those who have a collection of old-fash- several excellent means employed to preioned furniture are lucky if they possess a serve the rugs from insect attacks. One board. Reproductions which have been above another with several layers of news-

Sharman and Boyd.

William Tecumseh Sherman was not loved in the South, but there was a time when he had good standing in Louisiana When the war between the states opened, or was about to open, W. T. Sherman was in charge of the Louisiana State University. at Baton Rouge, and among those conne ed with him in the management of the school was David Fleming Boyd, a native of Wytheville, Va. These men, who had been good friends, were separated by the war, but the kindly feeling for each other was never entirely destroyed. Boyd joined the Confederates and rose to the rank of

major; while Sherman, as we all know, rose much higher on the Federal side. During the war Boyd, with his command, was captured by Sherman, who treated him in a royal way, or tried to do so; but Boyd declined to be treated except as a prisoner. "I want to stay with my men who were captured with me," was his reply to the entreaties of his captor. "Don't be a fool, Dave," said the general ; "and if

you will not accept the best room at headmouth was as dry as a mmmmy's. He felt that puckering strings were attached to every muscle of his lips, and that all were he would not do ; and Sherman, knowing his business, knew that he would not. "Make yourself perfectly at home," said the general. "I will not watch you or have you watched, as I know you will not

leave until you are regularly exchanged." It was not long before Sherman needed one of his officers who was held by the Confederates, and he sent Boyd through the lines to be exchanged for him.

When the terrible war ended, Boyd was placed in charge of the school which had been presided over by Sherman. The old-time feeling of friendship caused him to inbeen presided over by Snerman. The old-time feeling of friendship caused him to in-vite the general to visit him at Baton Rouge. He accepted and spent several days at the school. He was advised by men who had not been in either army that

him a warm letter of sympathy, and received a reply filled with tenderness for the dead wife and of love for his living friend, David F. Boyd. The Sherman letter was shown to me by Boyd. There are men who are wide apart in their political and religious views, but who are personal friends. When Arthur was President and Vest senator, they were close together in their friendship. Arthur, in planning a hunting or fishing trip, would always consult the con-venience of Vest. He would postpone the

trip until Vest announced himself ready. In Tennessee there were two remarkable men who frequently exchanged courtisies. These were Isham G. Harris and William G. Brownlow. Harris, as war governor, was kind to Brownlow, and even after the war kept a son of the "parson" in a good position for many years in Washington. This he did despite the strenuous work of Republicans and Democrats to displace Brownlow. Politically, Isham G. Harris

and William G. Brownlow had nothing in common ; but this did not interfere with their personal relations.—[John W. Pau-lett, in Nashville Christian Advocate.]

Care of Oriental Rugs.

The original rug must be guarded against the attacks of moths and other insects, and there are various ways of doing this. It is better to leave rugs on the floor all

through the summer, cleaning them often, and frequently exposing them to the sun-light. But if the house is to be closed for certain that wherever a sugar factory is lo-cated labor is immediately in demand at very good method is to wrap up pieces of campbor gum in tissue paper and scatter them over the rugs, that are then piled one paper wrapped about each rug. Another way is to put the rugs in a closet with an uncorked quart bottle of chloroform, and, closing the door, stuff paper into the key-hole and cracks to make the closet air-tight.

The White-Tailed Gnn

This is a new animal in two senses of the word; it being a recent arrival at the Washington Zoo. It is one of many ani-mals which the keeper does not care to go into the cage or yard with, as it does not lose its wild instinct, and its horns are terrible weapons, being very sharp and strong. This specimen is a male about four years

old, and is four feet high at the shoulders. The body and tail are quite like those of a pony. The color is sooty black, but the females are lighter, and have horns like their mates. The tufted, yellowish-gray mane is bordered with a deep brown, and the tail is white, with the under part of a blackish color. The legs are very neat and slender, and the hoofs are like those of a deer. The horns are very large and massive at the base, where they narge and mas-sive at the base, where they nearly come together in front. The nose is very broad and flat, and the lips are supplied with coarse, white hairs. A few bristly, white hairs also hang just below the eyes. The long, black hair on the nose, dewlap and ohest gives the animal a very peculiar ap-pearance, and looks as if the "cropping" had been overlooked in those places.

The gnu makes a barking snort like a large, angry dog, and often stands almost upright, pawing the air as he swings about on his hind legs—just for amusement, I suppose. When wild they wheel in a circle once or twice when alarmed, before setting off. This may be a signal of alarm, also to ascertain if all the rest of the herd is aware of the dauger. In his pative haunts his food is the same

as that of the wild horse; in captivity he is , fed in about the same way as the domestic horse

men who had not been in either army that he was risking his life in going to Baton Ronge. "They will kill you, general," is what they said ; but he simply laughed and told them they had better keep away. When Sherman's wife died, Boyd wrote him a warm letter of sympathy, and re-

Tons of Beet Sugar.

One of the most important of the industries developed in recent years is the pro-duction of sugar from sugar beets. More or less desultory work was done on sugar beets as far back as 1867. In 1892 only six factories were in operation in this conntry, the combined output of which was a little more than 27,000,000 pounds of sugar. According to the National Magazine, there

are now no less than 64 factories in operation, with a combined output of approxi-mately 500,000 short tors of sugar manufactured from beets, with a factory value of \$45,000,000.

One most important factor has been the production of a high-grade sugar beet seed. For many years American growers have been dependent almost exclusively on for-eign countries for our sugar beet seed, but for three or four years past the Department of Agriculture has been encouraging the successful growth of sugar beet seed in this country. It has shown that the seed can be greatly improved by breeding, tests of beets from American grown seed running as high as 17, 18 and sometimes 20 per

cent. sugar. The Department is also continuing in-vestigations to determine the best localities for sugar beet production. When we re-member that less than one fifth of the sugar consumed in this country is produced in the States, it is plain that there is abund-

When they departed, Fritzy hurried home, miserable. He found Klug talking to bis father. The old second fiddler had got au inkling of the Italian's presence in

Spiegel lay back in his obair, pallid and distressed.

happened to esponse; his massive personality usually bore everything irresisti-bly before it. Even Stoess, the conductor, cared little to run counter to his keen old tongue. To Clayton only he made obei. sance-Clayton, who for twelve years had managed the organization, procuring its done his duty by his son. engagements, paying its salaries, and plan-

ning its future. When the old cornetist had tufted his white locks in a chevaux-de frise about his bulging temples, he turned to Timmins as a lion to a mouse.

"Temperament !" he groaned, a commiserating smile fastening upon his broad fea-tures. "Ach, Gott ! What you Americans temperature you've got ! Yah ! yah ! Mey-er is right after all-chust temperature. Temperature is der right word. Hot, red ican kits, they don't got no-

Spiegel stopped. Stoess had just made appearance, and the jargon of voices and strings and reeds and horns ceased.

In all the years he had been playing | with the Alhambra Orchestra, Louis Spiegel had never missed a performance; so the appearance of his substitute one afternoon ne months later caused great conjecture.

The next day, however, he was on hand again, dropping into his chair flurried and puffing just as Stoess raised his baton for the first selection.

Ordinarily he read his score with part ble accuracy, but now his capricious little instrument out grotesque capers, blurring runs and cracking wildly on dissonant notes.

"What the devil's wrong with you?" demanded Stores when the performance was over.

Spiegel's big face was whimsically ten-

der. "It's a lettle poy-only so long," he said happily, measuring on his arm with his instrument. The men gathered about him quickly.

"A poy?" inquired Klug. "Und so leetle," said Spiegel, measur-

ing again. "Hein!" growled Stoess, to whom fath-

erhood had become a rather monotonous reiteration. "Vot you expect? A poy mit mustache, und a pipe, und a union card, und a chob mit der Schutzen-Park Band alreaty ?"

But it was not Spiegel's day for being teased, When the men had crowded about him and congratulated him, he smiled benignly, and opened a box of big black ci-gars he had brought with him.

gars he had brought with him. "We've called him Fritz," he said prondly, "mit my fader's name." He did not loiter with them, as was

custom, but harried homeward.

Spiegel had been well past fifty when h married pretty Lucy Rowan, who was half his age. The girl was alone and poor, and Spiegel had long since tired of bachelor-Spiegel had long since tired of bachelor. hood. That was three years ago, and their marriage had more happiness than a union of that sort usually does. Indeed, with the coming of "Fritzy" the old German's cop of joy fairly brimmed. The little, woman with the baby at her side was, he the more the more twonderful sight he had

woman with the baby at her side was, he thought, the most wonderful sight he bad ever seen. Immediately he began to plan a career for his boy. "We'll maig of him a gread pianist," he said, "mit long hair und a private car, und der ladies going grazy ofer him und der newspapers telling what he eats and drinks

failed atterly as a student of the piano. The thing to do was to keep the boy at it. In time he might grow unmusical enough to compose, he declared grimly. But after ten long years he gave up the

musical ghost. He felt then that he had

"I'm not so sure of that," remarked his wife. "It seems to me that we've only been putting a terrible burden upon him, an attitude which was, of course, clearly

beyond Spiegel's understanding. "Aren't you glad, dear, not to have to study the stupid stuff any more?" she asked

her boy one day. The little fellow looked up at her rueknow apoud temperament ! You haf it fully. "Oh, I don't know," he replied, not, und you nefer will haf it. It is chust to her vast surprise; and then added, "It gave papa something to talk to me about. me."

few days to make up for it. But it was as

of mutual interest was missing Fritzy was a stordy little fellow, with

his mother's face and her native shrewdness. He had a natural acuteness of observation that astonished even his artistic father. There were other qualities of mind

blandishments of art. he could swim farther than any other boy n the neighborhood, and he got into more fights than all the rest of the community put together. But he had neither musical

talent nor temperament. "He's chust a plain Yankee kit," de clared Spiegel, gloomily. "In a few years he'll be a butcher und own a business

Beethoven. Ach Gott !" "Yes, he takes very much after the voman you married," retorted Mrs. Spiegel, grimly, her son's eternal defender. It was up at Lake Vance, where the Al-

hambra spent its summers that Fritzy gained respite from the things that bored him—school, his father's usual nagging attitude, and his own shortcomings. The Alhambra had become one of the

permanent attractions of the place, which boasted a Chautauqua and other means. mostly intellectual, of passing what some people call a profitable summer.

The lake lay mirrored among a maze of wooded hills, with cottages and the most entrancing tents scattered all about. There

was a big pavilion where concerts and various other entertainments were given almost every afternoon. A little steamer dodder-

ed lazily about the lake. Fritzy and his mother often spent a whole day aboard it. They were the greatest comrades, those

two. Of forenoons, when he was not play-ing, Spiegel sometimes went with them, but

ones of the soloiet.

"Yes; you haf a son dot can step your shoes in," replied Spiegel, bitterly ; "but my son knows notting but—" "There, now, Louis," interrupted Mrs.

Spiegel, peremptorily, while Fritzy slipped out the door. It seemed to him that he never hated snybody or anything as at that noment he hated Berny Klug.

The afternoon concert program was al-ways posted at the door of the pavilion, and usually just after morning rehearsal.

The next morning Fritzy hung about the place expecting by some good stroke that the Italian's name was not to appear. But when the hastily printed poster was diplayed, Signor Ernani was prominently featured in the first part.

He felt then that, so far as his father was oncerned, it was but the beginning of the and now he hardly ever savs anything to end. All sort of wild schemes burtled through his little brain. He thought of every preventive plan from the burning of the pavilion to the assassination of Clay-

Then there was the real cause of it allevident as it had been all along that a bond the signor. Was there no way to reach

Suddenly his face brightened. Out of all the mass of reminiscence which he had heard his father relate, one story stood out with remarkable clearness-the story of father. There were other qualities of mind and heart, too, that would have satisfied any parent who was not so blindsd by the block of the satisfied source of the satisfied by the youth had been a member, played even

with his enemies. Aside from his music, he was a boy who did thungs. He liked base-ball, he had a enough," he declared, and straightway paper route, be was an expert bicycle-rider, began bis preparations to deal with the cornet virtuos

> The Signor Ernani left his seat in the band and took his place beside the conductor. He was a large man for an Italian, and

there was a certain grand air of aggression about his mustachios that was exceedingly depressing to Fritzy Spiegel, who was sitblock, and go into bolitics. Une he'll like ting directly in front of him, his nosedot "Waltz Me Arount, Willie," besser als along with a row of other juvenile noses almost touching the orchestra platform.

So this was the fellow who was to depos his gray haired old father, this big, strong bull-necked man-his father, who had miss ed only one rehearsal in all the years. Such was Clayton's reward of merit ! Well, he would see.

Stoess waved his baton, and the band burst into the prelude. The signor, cast-ing nonchalant black eyes over his andi-ence, twiddled the keys of an instrument which cost many times more than Spiegel's battered old affair.

And while the fiddles squeaked and the basses boomed and the bassoons groaned, Fritzy sat tight and fixed with eagle eye the man whose debut he had planned to rnin

At last there was that ominous change in the music which told him the prelude was soon to degenerate into a mere accompani-ment. The signor twiddled his ingers phlet called A Souvenir of Solferino. soon to degenerate into a mere accompani-ment. The signor twiddled his fingers faster than ever, and for an instant fitted

Taster than ever, and for an instant fitted the mouthpiece to his lips. "Now, the boy told himself, was the time to act. He stood up and leaning slightly forward, put his ohin squarely on the edge of the platform.

He had planned carefully. He knew that Stoess would have his back to the audithat Stores would have his back to the audi-ence, and that the brass section, sitting far in the rear, would not be disturbed by his operations. He knew, too, that the strings, ranged at right angles to him, were not likely to see him. If they did, it mattered little; they all loved bis father. His blue eyes liked and caught the black ones of the solicit.

The Founding of the Red Cross.

Henry Danant, a Geneva philanthropist who witnessed the battle of Solferino, fought in 1859 between the allied French and Sardinians and the Austrians (one of the most sanguinary conflicts of modern times), deemed that the wounded, and not the soldiers who met instant death, were the real unfortunates. The military hospitals, overburdened, proved inadequate most of the wounded were left in agony. Thousands who might have been saved b timely help died upon the battlefield. The Swiss philanthropist and other volun-teers, says a writer in the current Harper's Weekly, did all they could to relieve the suffering, but that was comparatively little. The Genevan asked himself what could be done to mitigate the borrors of war. He devoted much thought to the problem, un-

neutrals and non-combatants engaged in works of mercy. The conference that or-ganized the society was held in Geneva in Ootober, 1863; and by the end of the fol-

dress is going to fit until you wear it. nishes butter.

fires and loss of life.

A rug should never be hung over a should tell her of the intimate relation of olothesline; for, heing exceedingly heavy, its own weight, if it is suspended improperly, will break the cords here and there in most unfailing cure for feminine diseases, the woof, letting the knots slip and spread Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This apart. It is very important that the long oord, forming the selvedge, does not break. If it does, the weft (threads that run crosswise) spreads, and the rng becomes so crook-ed that it will not lie smoothly upon the floor; and often a three-cornered piece has

to he cut out and the cut edges sewn to gether. This, of course, damages the appearance of the rug very much.-Good Housekeeping.

First lilustrated Postage Stamp

It is not generally known that the idea

such favor that many other series have followed to commemorate important national

events. The originator of the idea treas ures a letter from President Cleveland's private secretary, who acknowledged the receipt of a copy of the original designs for illustrated postage stamps and informed the designer that his suggestions had been referred to the postmaster-general, who later acted on them.-Philadelphia Record.

The Largest Steam Engine

The 25,000 horse-power rolling-mill engine installed in the Sharon (Pa.) plant of the Carnegie Steel Company is the largest steam engine in the world and weighs

tons without foundation plates and fly-wheel. It operates at a speed of from 150 to 200 revolutions per minute. Being used to operate the rolls in a steel mill, it has

to be quickly reversed at the end of each run, and for this purpose the reversing mechanism is run by a small independent engine. Another small engine is used in operating the steam throttle valves, all of these units being under control of the one engineer.-Chicago Journal.

-Italy leads the nations of the world in the matter of theatres.

-A man without a smiling face must not open a shop.

-In Ashantee is a tree which fur-

higher wages and the value of farm lands increased from 25 to 50 per cent. "My face is my fortune, sir, she said." The old rhyme rings true in that line. The woman who has a fair face has a fortune

which many a man of wealth is glad to wed for. It is a shame, therefore, to squander closing the door, stuff paper into the key-hole and cracks to make the closet air-tight. When they are to be removed from the closet, the windows in the room should first be opened. A foolish, because dangerous, practice is to cover the rugs with cloths, wet in naph-tha. This method has caused damaging the cover the rugs with cloths, wet in cover the rugs with c nate is such a young woman if some friend should tell her of the intimate relation of medicine works wonders for women in the restoration of lost fairness. It is a true beantifier, restoring the womanly health, and with health are restored the curves and dimples, the bright eye and smooth skin which are the charms of beauty.

-Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is one of the busiest monarchs of Europe, and never happier than when attending to affairs of state. Even as a child she was fond of asserting her authority. One day she sent for a certain minister and announc ed that she had quarreled with and disof printing illustrated stamps originated in Philadelphia. The distinction of baving first suggested the illustrated stamps is ber to be beheaded? Yon know it is the claimed by James C. McCurdy, a mailing custom in Holland to behead all those who clerk, of 911 West Susquehanna Avenue. Mr. McCurdy outlined his ideas to the Post Office Department as early as 1887. A execution, and—" Here the child queen few years later the Columbian series of abruptly left the apartment and the gov-illustrated stamps was issued and found erness was reinstated at once.-Argonaut.

Abnored Technicalities.

"Your Honr," said the lawyer, "I ask the dismissal of my client on the ground that the warrant fails to state that he hit

Bill Jones with malicious intent." "This court," replied the country jus-tice, "ain't a graduate of none of your technical schools. I don't care what he hit him with. The p'int is, did he hit him?

----Gunner-Did your uncle reach a green old age?

Guyer-I should say so. He brought a green hat.

----Any man may make a mistake. None but a fool will stick to it. Second thoughts are best, as the proverb says.

-Clara-Stella is awfully timid, don't you think so? Maude -- Yes ; why, I believe she would jump at a proposal

-The annual wear and tear on the world's ourrency is estimated at two tons of gold and 100 tons of silver.

-----We defy the Chinese to show that they invented the aeroplane 6,832 years

-When night hath set her silver lamp on high, then is the time for study.

---- Imitation is the sincerest flattery.

-Ready money works great cures.