MAKING OTHERS THANKFUL.

Said old gentleman Gay, "On a Christmas Day, If you want a good time, then give someth

away." So he sent a fat turkey to Shoemaker Price.

And the shoemaker said, "What a hig bird, how nice!

And since such a good dinner's before me To give Widow Lee the small chicken

bought.' "This fine chicken, oh, see!" said the good Widow Lee. "I would like to make some one as happy as I-

I'il give washwoman Biddy my big pumpkin "Just to look at its yellow face gladdens my

eyes. Now it's my turn," said Biddy, "and a sweet ginger cake

For the motherless Flinnigan children I'll Said the Flinnigan children, Rose Denny and Hugh-

"It smells sweet of spice, and we'il carry a slice To little lame Jake, who has nothing that's nice." "Oh, I thank you, and thank you! said little

lame Jake; "Oh, what a bootiful, bootiful cake.

And oh, such a big slice! I will save all the crumbs, And give them to each little sparrow

And the sparrows twittered as if they would say, Like old gentleman Gay, "On a Christmas Day If you want a good time, then give something away.

MRS. SANTA CLAUS'S CHRISTMAS.

"No Christmas this year?" wailed the twins and Sammy, while Fred and Mary were speechless with indignation.

"I am very sorry, dears, but grandpa says we will not observe the day at all. He does not feel about it as we do," and poor Mrs. Claus wiped away a few tears.
"I wish papa was here," sobbed Sammy.
"We always had a Christmas tree before he went away to heaven. Will he ever come

"No, darling," sobbed the mother.
"Papa is better off, and we must not wish him back;" but in her lonely heart she "No, darling," sobbed the mother. him back;" but in her lonely heart she echoed the baby's wish.

"Never mind, little ones," said Mary, whose disposition was as sunny as her bair. 'They are talking about a Christmas tree and a snow house and a Santa Claus in the Sunday school room on Christmas Eve, and we will all go.

"Our own Santa Claus?" demanded three childish voices. 'No, dears, a make-believe Santa Claus,'

ssion as to whether the house would be of real snow or not. Mrs. Claus slipped

pa takes every cent I make in the daytime, and won't allow me to go to school; but carned in the evenings by extra work to buy presents for the children. Mamma says it is because he is old and childish that he acts so, but that need not make him selfish and cross, too. She works from morning till night in this cold room be-

'If we could only get away from here!" "Don't you think we could find a little house where I could do the work while mamma sewed? That would be easier for ber than working here from morning till night. You earn enough to

pay for rent and fuel, don't you?"
"Mary, you have a wonderful head for a girl," said ber brother, in delight, "Why didn't I think of that? There is that Turner cottage, that rents for four dollars a month, and next summer we could have a garden. It is tumble-down looking, but who cares for looks as long as one is independent? It has three big rooms. Of course I could pay the rent, for I make three dollars a week off my papers, and have time for extra chores, too. I'll see Mrs. Turner this very night."

"Let's not say anything to mamma till we see what we can do," said Mary. So the plans were made in secret, they rapidly assumed definite shape in the minds of the two brave schemers. Six mouths before Mr. Claus had died in

the West, whither the family had accom-panied him in his search for health, and Mrs. Claus had taken her little flock back to their grandfather's home in a pretty little city in western Ohio, for their scant savings had all been expended in funeral and traveling expenses. It was a source of perpetual wonder to the poor woman how such a surly, cross old man could have a son like her husband, for surely there were never a father and son more widely sepain disposition than the elder Claus and his cheery son. The little ones had nicknamed their father Santa Claus and their mother Mrs. Santa Claus in the old and happiest days, when Christmas was the happiest day of the whole year, but now their own jolly Santa Claus was buried in Colorado, and they had no joyful anticipation of the great day. Old Mr. Claus complained over and over again of the cost of keeping such a large family, till his discouraged daughter-in-law longed for the day when her children should be large enough to support

her apart from the crusty grandfather. When the superintendent of the Sunday school announced that this year there would be no tree for the scholars, but in-stead each child was asked to bring a present for the poor of the city, Mary expected an outburst of grief from Sammy and the twins, but they happened to be whispering to other little ones and heard nothing of the new arrangement. They skipped joyfully home to show Mrs. Santa Claus their a bed with clean, comfortable bedding. cards for good behavior, presented before the whispering took place, and Mary had not changed plans. A dozen young people had been appointed to arrange and distribute the gifts on Christmas Day, and they met at the home of Harry Douglas to discuss ways and means of distribution. Fred was among the number, but knowing it would be impossible for him to donate anything,

he stayed away from the meeting.
"Everybody here?" asked Harry, looking around at the chattering young peo-

ple. "Everybody but Fred Claus, and he's ma?" asked Paul.

ly. "Fred won't come because he can't bring anything to the donation, and I the delegation started.

It was midnight to

"People outside will bear you if you shout like that, George," said his sister. "What are his grandfather's besetting "Everything that is mean," cried three

people in chorus. "If you had lived in this town instead of with your grandfather, you wouldn't have to inquire."
"By the way," said Harry, "I have a plan to propose. Fred and Mary are fixing up the Turner cottage as a Christmas

Edwards, "but, like the girls, am out of

money. "Good gracious!" exclaimed George, way.

"Everything," said Paul, giving George a rousing slap on the back. "Why didn't you mention it, old man, before I had acto the Turner cottage tomorrow."

"If your mother consents," put in Kate. declared the sitting "She'll consent, all right. She was prettiest of the three. wishing the other day, when she tried to find a place in the garret for the baby's high choir, that some church would hold a the rugs on the floor, and the modest sup-

"There's the bedding we use when we go camping," said Harry. "We might lend it to Mrs. Claus until she gets some of her own."
"I'll clerk in the grocery for papa, and

use a good boy, too."
"Would you recommend me?" said
Paul. "I'll spend what I earn for caudy
for the little children. I don't believe they

ever see a striped stick in that house. "Let's all earn a dollar or two, if we can, and give the poor woman a good Christ-mas," proposed Dave. At ten o'clock Mrs. Douglas came into

Everybody laughed, for nothing had been said about distributing the gifts of the Sunday school. Of course Mrs. Douglas had to be taken into confidence, and heartily approved of the plan. At her suggestion the articles were to be gathered at some convenient point, and on the evening of the twenty-third placed in the cottage.

For a wonder, all their plans worked without a hitch. Fred confided to Harry said Mary, with a little sob.

Children's tears are soon dried, and in a few minutes the little ones were deep in a disappear as to make the little ones were deep in a disappear as to make the little ones were deep in a disappear as to make the little ones were deep in a disappear as to make the little ones were deep in a disappear as to make the little ones were deep in a disappear as to make the little ones were deep in a disappear as to make the little ones were deep in a disappear as to make the little sob. that was to precede the donation at the church on Christmas Eve. This suited the quietly away to cry where no one would see her, and Fred and Mary held a little indignation meeting in one corner of the big bare kitchen.

"It's a shame," burst out Fred. "Grand-"

"It's a shame," burst out Fred. "Grand-"

"It's a shame," burst out Fred. "Grand-"

"It's a shame, but in the desired on Christmas Eve. Into suited the young people exactly, for they were anxious to give Fred and Mary as great a surprise as those two had planned for their mother. Mrs. Douglas began to fear that the Turner cottage would be swamped by the furniture these industries a variety of the property vague replies from the committee on distribution that he requested half a dozen middle-aged people to go early to church on Christmas to see that the gifts were properly marked and sent out. "I might morning till night in this cold room because he will not allow her to have fire in any other room. I don't see why papa had to die and leave us."

The property market and sent out. I have morning till night in this cold room better than to suggest appointing a lot of giddy young people for the task," said the good man to himself, as George Lake shot past on the opposite side of the street with his arms full of bundles, and never beeded his beckoning hand. "I was young and giddy not so

long ago myself." The evening of Dec. 23 was warm and cloudy, which the young people considered providential, as it enabled them to go early providential, as it enabled them to go early to the Turner cottage and work without a fire in the house. The blinds Fred had she? Fred forgot to mention ber name to carefully put up were securely fastened to me.' the windows, so that no light showed, and the hoys and girls were as quiet as possible for eleven healthy young people to be. her family the happiest in the city.—By Fortunately the house stood back from the Hilda Richmond. in the Christian Advocate. street, and the people who passed were so intent on Christmas shopping and errands that they paid little attention to the people moving into the old Turner house, as ple moving into the old Turner house, as they supposed. Several more mothers had been taken into the secret, and by special invitation were on hand to help and advise. There had been much rummaging in closets and storerooms by the good ladies, for Christmas opens all hearts not entirely frozen, and many a bit of linen and half-worn article was laid aside for near Many and the standard of the page. worn article was laid aside for poor Mrs. Claus, as well as substantial gifts in the

way of provisions. "What is the matter, mamma?" asked Helen, as Mis. Stone wiped away some

"Nothing, dear, except that it is so pitiful to see how hard those brave children worked, and how little they had to do with," answered Mrs. Stone, surveying the | preparations to dress their stores room in the old beds, the broken-down cooking stove, and the boxes for tables, chairs, and cupboard, which was all the furniture the cot-

tage boasted.

Mrs. Douglas came bustling in, followed by George with an armful of ruffled cur-tains, which were soon hung at the windows and gave the first homelike touch to the rooms. "They were in the dining room and bedrooms till we were all tired of them," she explained. "They are half worn, but will look better than none at all."

"Of course they will," said Mrs. Harris. heartily. I wonder it our old streng room carpet would not fit this sitting room. I'll step in and measure it." She was spared the trouble of measuring the room, for three boys were fitting the carpet when she went in. She had told her son to help himself to anything useful in the garret,

and he had obeyed.
"Do you think it will fit?" inquired Mrs ed making "The boys are tacking it down this blessed minute," she answered, beating up

the pillows. "I wonder where Fred and Mary found that tumble-down stove," said Bess. "I am afraid to go near it for fear it will fall down."

"The second-hand man sold it to him for five dollars," said Harry, to whom Fred confided everything. "I call that an out-

rage." "We have a better stove at home in the woodhouse than that, haven't we, mam-

not coming." announced Dave Harris.

"Indeed, we have. Do you think you having serious trouble with his eyes and has "If I had a grandfather like his I'd run and several more of the boys could load it had several operations performed with but away tomorrow," said George Lake, fierce- on the wheelbarrow and bring it down?" little benefit.

"Of course we could ;" and forthwith

It was midnight when the tired but thoroughly delighted workers started for home, and they certainly accomplished wonders in that short time.

"I wish we could see it in daylight," was the universal expression as the door was at last closed behind them. This seemed impossible, however, for fear of de-tection, and it was arranged that one of the boys should slip in at twilight on the following evening and light the fires which had been laid ready for the match. Not a surprise for their mother, and are keeping it a profound secret. Why couldn't we lend a helping hand? Instead of sending our donations to the church, let's give cheated the poor boy. The contrast beour donations to the church, let's give them to Mrs. Claus. You must be very careful not to breathe a word out of this room. What do you all think of the plan?' 'I think it would be a fine plan?' "I think it would be a fine plan if we had more time. It is only four days till Christmas, and I am almost bankrupt," said Helen Stone.

"I'd like very much to help," said Paul stantial table, covered with a bright scarf, held a workbasket, a good lamp, and several books. In the workbasket was a little note to Mrs. Claus, promising plain sewing "are there no attics to any of your homes?" note to Mrs. Claus, promising plain sewing "Attics?" said Helen, in a bewildered and other work, signed by four ladies. The way. "What have they to do with this mantelpiece was draped in a cast-off sash of mantelpiece was draped in a cast-off sash of Helen's, and over it hung a huge wreath of holly and evergreen. The words, "We come Home" and "Merry Christmas, were tacked on either side of the wreath. quired a gray hair or two thinking bow I and a few good pictures from illustrated could carn a dollar? There are three chairs magazines adorned the walls. The stove in our attic as good as new. I'll cart them was polished to the last degree, and the young people who had labored bardest here declared the sitting room the best and

ply of bedding on a chair in the corner. In the kitchen the small but good stove held a bright kettle, and the cupboard Dave and Harry had had endless trouble in keeping on the wheelbarrow on its trip from Mrs. Bliss's woodhouse was filled to overflowsend her some flour and potatoes," said ing with a motley collection of dishes, pots Helen. "They are very busy this week. I and pans from half a dozen kitchens. Each heard him say this morning that he could of the boys and girls had managed to earn or save a dollar or two, and a pile of groceries testified to their ability in that direction. Mrs. Santa Claus would not come to

want for a month at least. Promptly at dusk on Christmas Eve Harry applied the match to the sitting room stove, and before the fire had half started one after the other the boys and girls trooped in for a last look. In a short time after their arrival came the mothers with baskets of Christmas goodies, and to assure themselves that nothing had been neglected. Kate and Bess spread the table with bread, butter, cake, pie, and cold meats; George and Dave watered the plants; Helen looped back the curtains with pale pink ribbons; the ladies made coffee in the kitchen and filled stockings to be hung for the little ones, and the rest worked with a will at whatever they found to do. Just as Mrs. Douglas said, "I really can't think of a thing we have left un-done," the door opened and Fred and Mary walked in. Like the others, they had come for a last look before leading their mother home after the entertainment. It would be impossible to describe the astonishment written in their faces as the cheerful, homelike rooms appeared to their gaze, and the rapture that succeeded bewilderment when the young people finally con-vinced them that they had only helped the surprise a little, and the contents of the

Fred, breathlessly. "Mary and I will never succeed in persuading mother that this beautiful home is bers. She and the children are all ready for the entertainment, and I will have them here in five minutes. "Let's stop a few minutes," said Fred, as they neared the Turner cottage. "Some of the ladies of the church will hold a little

reception for the lady who is to live here, and they want you to come."
"Well, what do you think of the
bouse?" said Mrs. Douglas, emilingly when Fred had whispered to her what he

had said to his mother. "It is a beautiful little bome, and the

"You," cried everybody at once, and trooped out, leaving Mrs. Santa Claus and

Postmaster Barr, of our town, spent Satur day in the county capital on business per taining to his office.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Musser rounded up their wedding trip last Saturday and are now at the groom's home on the Branch. George Potter Jr., is walking on air since

last Friday morning, when a nice baby girl came to share little Dorothy's playthings. Charles and Anna Dale were among the passengers west Tuesday morning to be

mong the Grangers at Altoona this week. All our merchants report a fair business during November. They are now making

usual holiday attire. Dr. Frank Bailey and wife, of Milton, and Dr. J. Baker Krebs and wife, of Northumberland, spent several days among friends of their youth hereabouts in the early part of

the week. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Corl are representing Washington Grange: E. C. Musser and wife Centre Grange, and Harry Koch and wife Leonard Grange at the State Grange sessions

in Altoona this week. Frank Bowersox and G. W. O'Bryan, as grand jurors, and J. H. Heberling, M. B. Campbell and J. W. Fry, as traverse jurors, are meting out justice at the quarter sessions in Bellefonte this week.

Frank Young, who went west about a year go in quest of his health and spent the time in Kansas and New Mexico, returned to his home at Boalsburg last Saturday, quite glad to get back tolold Centre county.

Harry Musser, merchant at Struble, almost had a big blaze, last Friday. In some way the carpet near the stove pipe took fire and it was only by the timely arrival of a backet rigade that the fire was extinguished.

Rev. C. T. Aiken, president of the Susuehanna University, will hold a congregaional meeting in the Lutheran church here on Sunday for the purpose of selecting a pastor to succeed Rev. Bergstresser, resigned.

Harry Stewart, of Sandy Ridge, is recuperating his shattered health with his sister Priscilla, at Boalsburg. Of late he has been having serious trouble with his eyes and has

EVOLUTION IN VERSE.

A Pootic Masterplece Recalled by the Death of Langdon Smith.

(Langdon Smith, war correspondent, novelist poet and one of the best known newspaper writers in the United States, who died the other day at his home in Brooklyn, wrote the following poem, which was originally published in the New York Journal, now the American. It ha been extensively published and frequently reprinted as a classic of its kind ;

EVOLUTION. When you were a tadpole and I was a fish. In the paleozoic time,

And side by side on the ebbing tide We sprawled through the ooze and slim Or skittered with many a caudal flip Through the depths of the Cambrian fen. My heart was rife with joy of life,

For I loved you even then. Mindless we lived and mindless we loved And mindless at last we died. And deep in a rift of the Caradoc drift We slumbered side by side. The world turned on in the lathe of time, The hot lands heaved amain,

Till we caught our breath from the womb of

And crept into light again.

We were amphibians, scaled and tailed And drab as a dead man's hand. We coiled at ease 'neath the dripping trees Or trailed through the mud and sand. Croaking and blind, with our three clawe Writing a language dumb.

Yet happy we lived and happy we loved, And happy we died once more. Our forms were rolled in the clinging mold Of a neocomian shore. The eons came, and the eons fled,

With never a spark in the empty ark

And the sleep that wrapped us fast

trees

Was riven away in a newer day, And the night of death was past Then light and swift through the jungle

We swung in our airy flights Or breathed in the balms of the fronded palms in the hush of the moonless nights. And, oh, what beautiful years were these, When our hearts clung each to each

When life was filled and our senses thrilled In the first faint dawn of speech! Thus life by life and love by love We passed through the cycles strange. And breath by breath and death by death We followed the chain of change Till there came a time in the law of life When over the nursing sod

The shadows broke and the soul awoke In a strange, dim dream of God. I was thewed like an Auroch bull And tusked like the great cave bear. And you, my sweet, from head to feet, Were gowned in your glorious hair. Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave When the night fell o'er the plain And the moon hung red o'er the river bed

We mumbled the bones of the slain.

I flaked a flint to a cutting edge And shaped it with brutish craft. I broke a shank from the woodland dank And fitted it head and haft Then I hid me close to the reedy tarn Where the mammoth came to drink,

Through brawn and bone I drave the stone And slew him upon the brink. Loud I howled through the moonlit wastes. Loud answered our kith and kin. From west and east to the crimson feast O'er joint and gristle and padded hoo We fought and clawed and tore.

And cheek by jowl, with many a growl, I carved that fight on a reindeer bone With rude and hairy hand, I pictured his fall on the cavern wall That men might understand, For we lived by blood and the

might Ere human laws were drawn, And the age of sin did not begin Till our brutal tusks were gone.

And that was a million years ago, In a time that no man knows, Yet here tonight in the mellow light We sit at Delmonico's Your eyes are deep as the Devon springs

Your hair is as dark as jet,

Your years are few, your life is new, Your soul untried, and yet-Our trail is on the Kimmeridge clay And the scarp of the Purbeck flags, We have left our bones in the Bas

stones And deep in the coraline crags. Our love is old, our lives are old, And death shall come amain. Should it come today, what man may say We shall not live again?

God wrought our souls from the Tremado And furnished them wings to fly.

He sowed our spawn in the world's din dawn, And i know that it shall not die. Though cities have sprung above the graves Where the crook boned men made war And the ox wain creaks o'er the buried cave

Then as we linger here O'er many a dainty dish Let us drink anew to the time when you Were a tadpole and I was a fish.

Unhealthy Exercise

Almost everybody rides the wheel to day, and there is a certain ambition in nost bicyclists to show a good record of Both men and women aspire to ecords of "centuries." It is always doubtful whether so protracted a run as a century run is not too great a strain upon the body. But even ordinary runs may be an injury rather than a benefit if the physical ndition is weak. Exercise benefits only when the condition is healthy. When there is weakness, especially stomach weakness, the exercise only increases the ailment. Many bicyclists have proven this, and recall violent nausea, loss of appetite, headache and other physicial results of an extra long run. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery strengthens the sults of an extra long run. Dr. Pieroe's Golden Medical Discovery strengthens the weak stomach. It does more, it increases the blood supply and so increases the vital force of the body. It makes the body muscular, builds it up with sound flesh and not with flabby fat. It is not a whisky medical and not with flabby fat. It is not a whisky medical and contains and cont medicine, and contains no narcotics. It is the ideal medicine for the athlete, who needs physical strength and development.

Don't allow the sewage of the system to ocumulate and poison your blood and dull our brain. Regularity can be established y the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They act naturally and easily. They soon cure, and can then be dispensed with.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

The Star in the East,

Many centuries ago, tradition says, there was a sacred manuscript preserved by a boly order which had its seat near the ores of the Eastern sea. In this inspired roll was the prediction that a mighty personage, a Redeemer, should appear among men. This expectation was handed down from father to son during many generations. The fathers taught their children to look for the rising of a star, which should be the

herald of His coming.

Twelve of the holiest and wisest of the sacred order were appointed to be ever watchful for its radiant beams. Nightly did they meet on the Mount of Victory, and with prayer and praise await the rising of the star of hope. Their faithful vigils at last were ended, for suddenly a star burst forth above them. It shone with mellow and peaceful light, and as they beheld it became a little child, bearing a cross and wearing a crown, all radiant with glory. A voice from the deep vault of heaven bade them journey to Judea; there should their eyes behold the promise to the fathers. And so the wise men set out upon their pilgrimage from the remote East. Their guiding star led them onward over mountain and plain; they crossed broad rivers and traversed burning wastes; and when the sun was sinking behind the western

hills they encamped, one day, upon the borders of Judea. Their camels, footsore and weary, were laden with the treasures the hills of Wyandotte. of the East, and their hearts, so long expectant, were filled with gratitude and praise. As they gathered about their campfire the star shone above them with un-wonted brilliance, and who shall say, as they lifted their voices in their evening devotions, there were not with their song mingled the strains of angelic praise heard over the fields of Bethlehem when Christ

was born? "We saw His star in the East." What marvels has the East brought forth ; what treasures of art; what wealth of wisdom and true devotion! The old Egyptians gave the world the principles of medicine and geometry; the Phoenicians of old gave to the race the alphabet ; from the early Babylonians came the tables of weights and measures and the principles of astronomy. But the ancient Hebrews, with their genius

for holy things, gave to the world the true principles of moral and religious truth. Balaam said, "There shall come forth a star out of Jacob." Christ, the Messiah, has come forth-a star in the galaxy of brilliant teachers-but He has eclipsed them all. Christianity, a system of moral and religious truth, has risen, a constellation in the bright zodiac of religions, and outshines them all. From the East, the cradle of the race and the home of its childhood, have radiated the noble truths and principles which have had their high deelopment in art and science and religion in this the crowning century of the centu-

"We saw His star." All men need a guiding star. Polaris, the north star, has shed his pale and peaceful light upon adventurous wanderers from the remotest ages, and has ever been their guide over unknown oceans and to safe landings on new shores. Tubal Cain and Jubal and Jabal-sons of Lamech-arose like a triple star in the distant past to cast upon their rect its way into regions of truth and duty.
There is a Light "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."—By Rev. George H. Bennett.

Christmas Giving.

Then Peter said, silver and gold have I none out such as I have give I thee.—Acts, iii, 6. A few years ago on Christmas morning there came a bold knocking at the front door of the house in which the writer then

The door was opened, and there stood a very little boy, poorly dressed, but rich in smiles and Holiday happiness. His bright eyes aparkled and his cheeks were crimson -more from excess of cold than surplus of red blood.

"I come to give you a Christmas present," he said, briskly. But he did not hold out anything as he spoke.
"I come to say to you, I hope you'll have a Merry Christmas," he added, and baving delivered this gift, he turned and

ran off as fast as he could. A while before the writer had done himself a service by doing a small service for this boy. The little fellow hadn't a cent with which to buy a gift to express his ap-

with which to buy a gift to express his appreciation, but he was hig enough and fine enough to give the best he had, and, though he doesn't know it, his hope for a Merry Christmas was the greatest gift which came to that house that day.

Most of the other presents which marked that day are gone. Some are worn out and others were passed along as soon as was politely possible. But that Merry Christmas is as good as it ever was—yes, even better, for as the years up on and the insincerity for as the years go on and the insincerity of much Christmas giving is more and more evident to the recipient, it gains in worth

and means more and more. What a stride forward it would be if we all followed the example of this child ! What a host of new and better meanings would grace the Holiday of Holidays if we were careful to limit our giving to such as

we have; eliminating all that is done for effect or from a feeling of obligation! What a fine Christmas that will be which brings to pass a total of gifts given because the givers really wanted to give them-not merely because they felt they COULD or

SHOULD give them ! It amounts to almost a desceration of the spirit of the day to make Christmas a sort of clearing house for the settlement of past debts, or the deposit of advance rewards for favors or courtesies desired. There is only one true standard in this matter of gift-

giving. What will best carry my love; my regard?

That is the only right measure of a gift. If there exist no love, no regard, let there be no gift. If there exist some or much of one or both, let the gift be as fully ex-pressive, that is as the giver can afford. And if even the least material evidence is beyond reach of the giver, let there be some word or a postcard.

Above all, let us keep one day in the year free from the spirit of commercialism.

Let us choose for that day the one wherein we recall the priceless gift that was sent wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a commemorate this gift of the long ago. "But such as I have give I thee."

The water famine here, like almost every place else, is becoming a very serious quesA Letter from Kansas.

Editor Watchman :

John Brown.

As I have not seen anything in your columns about Kansas for a long time, I hope you will excuse me for what I may now

It is of the long ago when people spoke of "bleeding" Kansas and "drouthy" Kan-

It has become the land of plenty, even of politicians.

They say that those States are poblest. grandest, best, that are born of a principle. The world will never tire of the story of

Roger Williams, of William Penn or of

The Kansas mother, as she rocks her baby to sleep, sings as a lullaby,

'John Brown's body lies a mou grave." The making of the constitution for the new State was an oft repeated and a bitter struggle. The pro-slavery party threw down the gauntlet, and as joyously the free State party took it up. At last, at the close of a hot July day, the end came, and as the clerk began to call the roll, the shades of evening were gathering around

When helfinished, it was found that slavery had lost and freedom had won.

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form, Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are

spread, Eternal sunshine settles on its head." That convention was made up of exceptionally able men on both sides, and though fifty years have since passed, only one material alteration has been made-

the prohibitory amendment. That shows that they did their work well, and it promises to be enduring. The members, almost to a man, rounded

out honorable lives, and have gone to The uncomplaining grove

But their works do follow them. Lawrence, with its baptism of fire and blood, rising Phoenix like, and its significant Plymonth church, and the church of the Pilgrims, all breathing au air of freedom, while Lecampton, only eight miles distant, the once proud pro-slavery capital

is a harboring place for owls and bats. Kansas is a goodly land, and so far as I know, nearly every Centre county man who has gone there has bettered his condition. I now recall but a single exception. He was, to my notion, one of the brightest men who ever went west from Bellefoute. He made shipwreck of everything by trying the oft repeated, never succeeded, experiment of drinking whiskey and attend-

ing to business at one and the same time. A word now about Carrie Nation, for you fellows the light of genius in metallurgy, in poetry and song, and in the practical lore of flocks and herds. God has from she is a rough, uncouth specimen of hutime to time raised up men of commanding | manity-somewhat like a grizzly bear. genius, who have shone like stars in the dark corners of the heavens, thus marking the paths of secular knowledge and industry ; and, by His grace, a guiding Star has have often read about her being arrested

> a riot, for she is a "boss" riot raiser. My understanding is, (and I don't think that I am mistaken,) the Supreme Court of Kansas has decided that the saloon is an outlaw, and has no standing in court. A saloon outfit is no more under the protection of the law than a burglar or counterfeiter's tools. A saloon keeper cannot recover one cent for smashing up his outfit. Of course there is whiskey drank in Kansas, so are there horses stolen and mur-

> ders committed. I have heard some eastern people say that Kansas people are all "cranks," and don't know a good thing even when they see it. I want to say to any eastern man who contemplates carrying such potions with him to Kansas, that he better leave them at home unless he wants his hide hanging on the fence before he is ready for

> While I think of it, I want to say a word on the marriage law of the State, for it is peculiar.

Marriage is a joint and equal partnership. Neither can sell, mortgage, trade or dispose of in any way, any property belonging to either or both of them, without the joint consent of husband and wife.

Women vote at municipal elections, and hold nearly all kinds of offices.

As showing the liberal or broad gauge feeling of the people, let me tell you, that some years ago they elected Mr. Harris to the U. S. Senate, and two years ago they only lacked a few votes of electing him Governor over the Republecan candidate. Harris is a Virginian, and was a distinguished general under Stonewall Jackson, and fought all through the war on the Confederate side.

I suppose you know that Kansas and

Iowa are alike, each baving two and one-

tenth per cent. of illiteracy, the lowest in the Union.

Thus have I tried to give some facts concerning the State, that are somewhat out of the usual order of letters to eastern newspapers.

Respectfully, DANIEL MBBRIDE.

When a woman grows nervous and irritable, she says and does things which cause her untold suffering. She says something unkind to her husband, boxes the child's ears, and theu shuts herself in her room to weep and wonder why she is so "ugly." To an experienced physician the reason is not far to seek. There is local derangement of the womanly organs and the nerves are strained to the limit of endurance. The suffering woman is not to blame for manger. Let us emulate the first and lack of self-control. The cure of nervous greatest of Christ's apostles in our efforts disorders which result from diseases of the womanly organs, is one of the special fea-tures of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It heals inflammation and ulceration, cures female weakness and the backache, headache, and nervousness caused by these diseases are cured at the same time.