

Bellefonte, Pa., January 15, 1909.

THERE'S A RACE OF MEN

There's a race of men that don't fit in, A race that can't stay still; So they break the hearts of kith and kin, And they roam the world at will

They range the field and they rove the flood And they climb the mountain's crest; Theirs is the curse of the gypsy blood,

And they don't know how to rest.

If they just went straight they might go far; They are strong and brave and true; But they're always tired of the things that are, And they want the strange and new.

-Robert W. Service, in The Spell of the Yukon (Edward Stern & Co.)

SEVENTEEN CANDLES.

In my studio there are many candlesticks, brass, iron, silver, yes! even a gold one. They have histories, these candlesticks, histories that some day I may recount to you. My studio is an ideal place for candlelight: it is pillared and rattered, and mysterious shadows hang over its en-trances and the little windows in the caves. . And at night, when I light the long waxen tapers, the ghosts of ideas knock at

the door of my imagination and clamor to be imprisoned upon fair, white paper. But when the prima donna comes I do not light candles. Then the studio has only the great red glare of the fireplace, and I pile on more wood that she may forget there is other light needed.

The prima donna does not like candles. tells me they remind her of the dead. And that her golden voice may rise to my eaves, I forego my cherished tapers.

a little sad when she ascended from her studio below; and she found me playing "Traumerei" very softly on my flute. She was the housekeeper and had so much enters when she wills, for my servant has to worry ber.

his orders. I did not know of her presence until my studio slowly darkened behind Janet. me; and, as the last note of my "Trau-

you known I was to be here," she said, and an untidy mass over her brown cheeks, and sumed immediately after the subject of the candles. I hate shem, dear poet. It is a story—why. But if I tell you, you must not write a poem about it. It is true, this story, and poetry should have no truth in it. Truth is ugly—don't you find it so?'

"Since you are truth, madame, no," I said.

With her wild, dark heapty she brings

me always the atmosphere of a barbarian sing queer little songs that some spirit put court over which she rules, and I am temptinto her head about princes and castles and ed to be stately and courtierlike. But it love-making in rose gardens and-but they was her night for speech, since she did not did not care for that-the Wicklows. They heed me, but ran on with what she had to thought only about being the last of their say; and so I learned of the seventeen can-dles and the girl she called Christine.

'Why I bate candles-I told you they reminded me of the dead. But also of this that lived, and she loved to wander off

"Perhaps you do not wish to hear this story, but I shall tell you anyhow, since your music has made me sad. There should be a very stern law forbidding sad music. I would sing joyful, sprightly things that would make them glad. There is not Christine had never seen a boy like that. would make them glad. There is not Christine had never seen a boy like that. enough gladness in the world. But Mas-

trini—my teacher—
"Do you know all of that, poet? How he took me from the chorus of a burlesque and for five years—! Perhaps you do, for I But he had been to boarding school and am too much of a chatterbox, I'm afraid, had spent his holidays in the great city beam too much of a chatterhox, I'm afraid,

"But where was I? "Oh ! it was of Mastrini, yes ! H : said I had the soul that had suffered and that some to speak to. And as he told her of understood, and that the great music of the masters was written for such as I, since greatness is only achieved when happiness is lost. Do you find that so?

But-the Wicklows-and why I do not | kissed ber. like candles ! It was of them the 'Traumerei' made me think. Poet, you have known of very poor

people who bore a great name and were proud—Merciful Mother! so proud! That

was the way with the Wicklows.
"You see, they had been the great peo-ple of the countryside, and their family had lived at Wicklow Hall-for so many years I caunot remember ! But it was cards and borses and drink and not understanding busines -- and now that last of the Wicklows lived in the house that had once been the lodge-keeper's. It was tiny ! And around it was a little plot of ground-maybe an acre or so-and there they raised cabbages and beets and potatoes and had a grape arbor and some strawberry beds and three

cows--and no servants ! "They were very poor, these Wicklows, and there were so many of them. Father and Marjory and Janet and little Lovejoy and Cecil-and-of course, Christine. She was the only one that was not sickly : the youngest girl, seventeen at the time I am telling you about. And the two hovs were younger than she. The mother died when little Cecil was born, and Christine only remembered her as very weak and white at the end of that time his father decided and shrinking when father had terrible fits to send him to school in Germany, where of rage because he was poor and the Manningaults had Wicklow Hall.

"Father Wicklow despised these Man-ningaults because they had made their money from leather tanning. Of course their name was not Manningault-nothing name I took from an English novel I am reading. Do you like it? But about

'They hated father too, because he would not let them bave the chapel. The Manningaults wanted the chapel and the hurying ground horribly, but father-that is, the Wicklows' father, you know -said that the bones of no leather tanner should disturb the rest of his ancestors. He said it just like that, for he was a gentleman of the old school—isn't that what you call them ?-and perhaps what you might call

florid, too. But terribly in earnest!
"It was very, very foolish of him not to sell the chapel, because we—the Wicklows -were so terribly poor, and the Man-ningaults would have given such a lot of money for it. But no one could talk to father! And now that I have told you about the chapel I will speak of the can-

dead person was years old should be set up in the chapel before the image of the Blessed Virgin. And on the night of the burial each living Wicklow should go into the chapel and remain for an hour on his she was to wait for him and think only of him. knees, praying for the soul of the dead. him ! And when one came out, another went in. So the whole night was spent and the buried one was not lonely. Does it sound strange to you? But that was their ous-

"When little Marjory died-that is, I do cause she was so young, but because she was lame and very pitiful to look at dead. This story is really about Christine, so I should tell you how Christine cried and cried as she knelt before the twenty-one candles in that dim, damp, creepy chapel and prayed for poor, lonely Marjory, and thought how much dimmer and damper and creepier it was in that horrible vault—

They thought themselves quite clever! His father accompanied nim to the station, and the boy did not appear to know Christine! She was hooded and cloaked, and she slipped on like a little gray sprite! she was just twenty-one, poor Marjory, and that was why they burned twenty-one candles! It was typhoid that killed her, and then she had been always frail and sick-

"They were all that, I think I told you, except Christine! She was young and healthy, and she loved life and did not care about the dead and gone Wicklows and their glory as the others did.

"Their pride and their poverty made the rest of them very unhappy. They did not have any talent for anything, poor dears! But they were so proud that they looked down on all the new wealthy people who came to the valley. But the old families came to see them and sent their servants to buy the Wicklows' garden truck and milk, and so they just managed to live. And sometimes the new wealthy families did, too. Poor father—Wicklow-did not know that often he despised those who were help-

ing him to live.
"And then Aunt Mary died! She was very old, and they burned fifty-two can-dles for her. It was so expensive, for fath-er would not have any but the best wax-Tonight she told me the truth.

I did not expect her. She was to have sung Marguerite to Bassani's Faust, but it appears that a touch of bronchitis made appears that a touch of bronchitis made their custom! Oh! I must hurry with the deaths and get over them. Janet died, the deaths and get over them.

"Then only Christine was left of the merei" lost itself in the shadows, a light breath over my shoulders extinguished the candles on the music rack.

"You would not have lighted them had a lot of tangled black hair that shook into then she told me of the bronchitis, but re- very brown eyes that seemed black, too, sumed immediately after the subject of the and a scarlet mouth. And so glad to be

With her wild, dark beauty she brings really make music from it. And she would

no Manningault could lie.
"But Christine loved life and all things berself down amid the grass and the sweetsmelling clover and thank God for a beau-

"It was one day when she sang and white and his nails so nice, and he took off his cap to her with so grand a flourish !

"He was very little older than Christine youd; and sat in restaurants where famous people ate their meals, and seen all the great actors and singers and even knew all these things, Christine's gipsy eyes grew big and her scarlet mouth opened wide, and he said she was his beautiful wild flower and caught her in his arms and

"And Christine went home, her eyes still hig at the great new happiness that had

come into her life. "But the boy was a Manningault, and she knew she must be careful and never let her father know, or he would not let her meet this princely young lover. But every day she slipped off, even if for a very short while, and met him in the woods. And now she grew to be a different Christine. She made herself very neat and wore white collars that she washed and ironed herself, and arranged her tangled blace bair into ringlets and tied them with red ribbon. And out there in the woods she sang for him, and told him of her queer fancies, and he listened very solemnly and told her she was wonderful. And then he would recount to her more of the great singers be had seen and about whom she was never tired of listening. And he would compare his love for her with the great love stories of the operas and the plays, and, wicked boy! I am afraid that many of the beautiful things he said to her were stolen

from those same love stories.
"And so it went on for more than two months, and both were very happy. But at the end of that time his father decided he would remain two years and not come back for his holidays.

'Two years ! Can you imagine two years of separation from the one person in all the world that you love? Christine couldn't. She had been prepared for the months that half so distinguished. Manningault is a must pass until the Christmas holidays. But two years-!

"And the days dragged themselves on until it was finally the last one before he was to go. And then Christine had a wonderful thought. He was going alone to the city. There would be no one to see him aboard ship. His father could not go ; his mother was ill. There would be only a servant. And so she spoke of it. And he glimpsed a glorious twenty-four hours alone with her in the great city. And maybe he was a little selfish and unthinking. But he imagined no one would know. And together they prepared a story to explain her absence to her people. It was neither ingenious nor interesting. But to their young minds it appeared credible. "She was only seventeen, the little

Christine ! "Dear poet, you must not think her a bad girl. She was just young, with a gipsy soul, and she loved the beautiful boy and thought only of being alone with him for a in the Wicklow family that when one of glorious twenty-four hours—a memory that them died and had been placed in the would keep green during his long absence.

just the same number of candles as the For, when he returned, they were to be

"No doubt he meant it all, poet. was a clean boy, a good boy, as boys go. And both were very young and very con-scious of the joy of living, and apt to believe the future would make no alteration in their great love for one another—their not mean she was little, because she was older than—than Christine. Not little be
Merciful Mother! life is very sweet when oreasing their armaments to the utmost of one is young and in love !

"But of their going—
"They went early on a starlit morning -the morning express from the north. They thought themselves quite clever! His father accompanied nim to the station, and the boy did not appear to know Christine!

next morning, when she stood on the dock and waved him a tear-stained handkerohief ing the question of the title to about eights until the great steamer faded from sight.
"And then, with her ticket, she boarded

the train for home. But she did not know, poor little Christine, that there had been those who had seen her meet the beautiful boy in the forest, and one of them a person who had seen both take that train in the early morning; one malicious, who bore the proud old father a grudge, and who carried him a tale that by humoling that pride

would even his score.
"The home-coming! Dear poet, you shall soon know why it is I hate candles. And perhaps you will never play sad music again when I am here—
"It was dark that night, and frosty; dim

blue above and white under feet, with the stars little frozen eyes and the bare black trees like skeletons. And when she came to the base of the hill, she saw lights in the

was as frozen as the ground. Someone dead! Then she asked herself how that might be. One could not die and be buried and have candles burning for him all in twenty-four hours !

face, poet, when she thought that while she had been so happy another of those poor, sad ones in the lodge keeper's house had gone into that great gloomy vault without even a look from her. She would refor forgiveness.

"And who, who could it be? "But she remembered that by the numpected that someone would be kneeling there praying for the poor, lonely one in the vault.

"It was all dark and shadowy within. save for the flickering candles before the Merciful Mother at the shrine. And no one knelt to pray for the soul that was

'She did not understand. "Never before had there been a Wicklow to die without those to pray before the candles. And at first she was afraid, thinking of evil spirits. Then slowly she tiptoed to the shrine.

and Marjory and Aunt Mary—all dead!

And Christine, too, of whom only a part died. But such a great part, poet!

"They were all of one family, the— Wicklows, shall I say? Yes, that is near with a guest of the would throw giveness. Somehow, her happiness seem— with a guest of the Cecit?

"She closed her eyes. She did not want to diminish the naval armaments of this warm lard the petals of orange bios."

"She closed her eyes. She did not want to diminish the naval armaments of the naval armaments of the petals of orange bios."

"The provisions of these treaties, which have now been in force nearly two years, and fresh ones submerged until the mix— and fresh ones submerged until t

'And when she had prayed, she opened ed to freeze upon her face.

'There were seventeen candles ! "She did not understand how it had happened, but she knew that she might never return to her home ! She might not argue, nor plead, nor lie. She was a Wicklow, and, because of the custom, candles had been burned for her soul. But it was a lost soul and no one had come to pray for it. 'Poet, she was only a child.

"Perhaps it was a long time before she understood the brutal finality of those seventeen white tapers with the golden tongues waving above them. But, understanding, she remembered herself a Wick-low, remembered that none before had died who had not had prayers said for the soul. And since Christine was dead, she.a Wicklow, knelt and prayed for the poor soul that the others had believed lost and had left to the stern justice of the merciless God they worshiped.

"And when she had prayed for an hour, as was the custom, she went out of the chapel, leaving the seventeen candles burning for the child Christine that was dead behind her; and a woman new-horn, turned her face to the city.

"And so, dear poet, I do not like can dles—and I would not have you play your 'Traumerei' again. God and the masters have said I shall sing sad music—but my friends shall make me gay. And that I may forget the long ago, and the child Christine, dead back there in the chapel-

Out of Doors in Japan

houses, and temples and shrines so old that

It was a perfect day. The plum trees were white with blossoms, the spice bushes heavy with fragrance, the river dancing for joy, and the whole earth springing into new, tender life. A saucy little bird sat on an old stone lantern, and sang straight at me. He told me I was a whiney young person; that it was lots more fun to catch worms, and fly around in the sunshine than it was to sit in the house and mone. - The Lady of the Decoration.

-Harry-If I had known the electric light was going out and the car would be in darkness I would have snatched a

Sue-Heavens! I thought you did. Anyhow, somebody did.

-Doctor-To the best of my judgment you are suffering from gastritis.

Patient—I know it. I got it in the cellar fooling with the gas-meter.

The Christ of the Andes

The first anniversary, March 13, 1905, of the placing of the colossal statue of Christ on the Andeau border between Chile and the Argentine Republic, 14,000 feet above the see has received the anniversary, March 13, 1905, of the placing of the colossal statue of Christ from Buenes Ayres to Mendoza, then on gun carriages up the mountains, the soldiers and sailors themselves taking the the sea, has recalled the unique and impressive events which led to the erection of this remarkable peace monument. The story of this series of events is substantial-

ly as follows: Five years ago these two prosperous and high-spirited republics of South America Chileans on the Argentine side. There creasing their armaments to the utmost of echoes resounded through the mountains. their ability. They had each two gigantic The moment of unveiling, after the parts warships of the latest pattern building in the shipyards of Europe. They were spending incredible sums of money upon these preparations for war, amounting, as was reported at the time, to five dollars annually per capita of their population.

What brought them so near to conflict was the revival of an old dispute which "Then began the twenty-four glorious had caused much trouble and expense in hours, and they did not end until early the the past, about the boundary between ing the question of the title to about eighty thousand square miles of territory. The dispute had been rendered more acute by the discovery that in the Patagonia section the boundary was not continuously mark-ed by mountain crests, and that there were valuable rivers in the region sending their waters through the bills to the sea on the Chileau side. This discovery had caused Chile to put forward unexpected claims to certain parts of the region.

The British Ministers residing at Buenos

Ayres and Santiago used their good offices with the two governments to prevent the calamity of war and to secure a peaceful settlement of the dispute. This effort to prevent hostilities was powerfully supported by Dr. Marcolino Benavente, Bishop of Sau Juan de Cuyo. Argentine, and Dr. Ramon Angel Jara, Bishop of San Carlos de Ancud, Chile. On Easter Sunday. 1900, "That could mean but one thing—candles for the dead! For the moment she was as frozen as the grand of the catholic Church at Buenos Ayres, Bishop Benavente made a fervent appeal in behalf of peace, and proposed that some day a status of the Catholic Church during the festival of the Catholic Church tween the two countries. where it might be seen by all comers and goers, and prevent, if possible any recurrence of animos-ity and strife between the two republics. 'The tears were very warm on her cold The two hishops traveled through their main in the chapel all night and pray, pray tures, and through these the executives were reached.

The result was that a treaty was entered into by the two governments, submitting ber of candles she would know; and so she pushed open the door of the chapel very King of England. He entrusted the case softly, for she knew the custom and ex- to eminent jurists and expert geographers, who examined it carefully, and in due time submitted their decision, awarding a part of the disputed territory to one of the republics and a part to the other. The de

cision was cheerfully accepted by both.

Much gratified with the outcome of the arbitration, and orged forward by a powerful popular movement, the two governments then went further, and in June, 1903, concluded a treaty by the terms of which they pledged themselves for a period of five years to submit all controversies arising between them to arbitration, the first general arbitration treaty ever conclud-"There were not many candles. Her ed. In a further treaty they agreed to story. And that is the same thing, for there are dead people in this, too. Janet and Marjory and Aunt Mary—all dead! she would twist her little gipsy self into

ed a crime-a terrible thing to have been were carried out as fast as practi hers, when one of her kin had gone the sad land forces have been reduced, the heavy way of the hopeless. several of the vessels of the marine turned her eyes and counted. And the tears seem- over to commercial fleets. Work on the four great warships was immediately arrested, and some of them have been sold.
One or two of them, unfortunately, went into the Japanese fleet off Port Arthur, in spite of the fact that both governments had, in the treaty, pledged themselves not to sell any ships to nations engaged in war. The vessels were bought under disguise by a firm in New York, and then turned over to Japan; after which neither of the goveroments would sell any vessels to either

Russia or Japan.

The results of this disarmament—for it is a real disarmament-have been most remarkable. With the money saved by the lessening of military and naval expenses, internal and coast improvements have been made. Good roads have been constructed. Chile has surned an arsenal into a school for manual training. She is building a much needed breakwater in the barbor of Valparaiso, and has commenced systematically the improvement of her commercial facilities along the coast One or two of Argentine's previous war vessels have gone the feathered or fur covered tribes. May into her commercial fleet and are now plying back and forth across the Atlantic in honorable and lucrative business. The bunting a meal. great trans Andean railway through the heart of the mountains, which will bring Buenos Ayres and Santiago within eighteen hours of each other and bind them together in the most intimate relations of trade and

travel, will be completed this year. But more significant than any of these Christine, dead back there in the chapel— material results has been the change in the play me the 'Faust' ballet music, and then attitude of the Argentines and Chileans fore I say good night."—By George Bron-son Howard in the Smart Set.

and distrust have passed away, and the most cordial good feeling and confidence

have taken their place.

The suggestion of Bishop Benavente as to the erection of a statue of Christ on the As for the country, I wouldn't dare to boundary of Puente del Inca was quickly attempt a description. Sometimes I just carried into execution. As early as 1901, ache with the beauty of it all ! From my on the initiative of Senora de Costa, presiwindow I can see in one group banana, dent of the Christian Mothers' Association pomegranite, persimmon and fig trees all loaded with fruit. The roses are still in en's organizations in the world, the women full bloom, and color, color everywhere. of Baenos Avres, who had already mani-Across the river, the banks are lined with fested the deepest interest in the new movepicturesque houses that look out from a ment, undertook the task of securing funds mass of green, and above them are teawas entrusted to the young Argentine even the moss is gray, and time has worn away the dates upon the stones.

Sculptor, Mateo Alonso. When his design was completed and accepted, the statue

Buenos Ayres. They were met down the of fruit for food. river and escorted to the city by a large fleet of gaily decked steamers. For a week there was a round of festivities. When the dignitaries present-cabinet officials, forgenerals, admirals, etc .-- to inspect the God's trees shall be." statue of Christ in the courtyard of the colthat it might be placed on the highest accessible point of the Andes between the two countries.

—— The Wife—John, you're intoxicated. How did you find your way home?

The Husband—My darling, your bright eyes would light me home if I were twish as full 's am now.

It was not till in February, 1904, that ropes in critical places, where there was danger of the mules stumbling. Hundreds of persons had come up the night before and encamped on the ground to be present at the ceremony. The Argentines ranged themselves on the soil of Chile and the was music and the booming of guns, whose echoes resounded through the mountains. had been placed in position, was one of solemn silence. The statue was then dedicated to the whole world as a practical lesson of peace and good will. The ceremonies of the day, March 13, 1904, were closed, as the sun went down, with a prayer that love and kindness might pene-

trate the hearts of men everywhere. The base of the statue is in granite. On this is a granite sphere, weighing some fourteen tons, on which the outlines of the world are sketched, resting upon a granite column twenty-two feet high. The figure of Christ above, in bronze, is twenty-six feet in height. The cross ssupported in his left hand is five feet higher. The right hand is stretched out in blessing. On the granite base are two bronze tablets, one of them ginen by the Workingmen's Union of Bnenos Ayres, the other by the Working Women. One of them gives the record of the creation and erection of the statue; on the other are inscribed the words:

"Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

It is not easy to compare events and say which is the greatest. But taking it all in all, the long quarrel of seventy years our old time friend, Russia, came to our which it closed, the arbitration of the aid, by sending a fleet of war vessels, which arbitration and the practical disarmament which preceded it, the remarkable transformation of public opinion expressed in its consummation, and the sublime prophecy of peace for the future which it gives not only for Chile and Argentine but for the whole world, the erection of the Christ of the Andes stands without parallel among the events of recent years.

How Perfumes are Made.

Glass sheets held by frames a few inches blossoms are scattered, touching the frames but not being pressed by them. In one day the oil of the flowers exudes, and the from the flowers, it is melted and dissolved in purified alcohol made from grain. When this mixture is filtered, the concentrated extract may be redissolved in spirits, diluted, or mixed with other oils according to

the strength or quality desired. Attar of roses and neroly, the base of eau de cologue, are made by a different method. The perfume may be extracted by an ordinary process of distillation if a very even heat is maintained, but the usual method is the bain marie. A large kettle of lard is immersed in a tub of water at the boiling point until the grease reaches a uniform temperature and is entirely melted. Into this warm lard the petals of orange blosture attains the desired strength. The women beat the mixture into a cream. After the pomade is made, the oil may be shipped in this state, or distilled and sold in its concentrated form as attar of roses or neroly, or diluted to the strength of 'perfume'' or eau de cologne.

Twenty thousand pounds of rose petals are required to make one pound of attar of roses, valued at about \$200. A thousand pounds approximately of the petals of the flower of the hitter orange are necessary to make a pound of neroly, valued at \$20 on an average. - The World Today, for January.

Modeling in Snow.

During the cold winter months one often longs for something to do out of doors on such days as the weather permits spending the time in the open air. Of course, there is skating and coasting, and, if one is inclined to photograph, and has a camera, there are all kinds of winter scenes that will make good subjects. There are snowladen weeds that in their old-new condition are truly beautiful; then there is the history of a struggle for existence among be it is a battle, or perhaps it is only the tracks left in the snow by some animal

But did you ever try modeling snow? asks R. L. Walker, in Suburban Life. It is an interesting pastime. I do not mean the making of an ordinary snow-man, such as the boys form by putting one large snowball on another, with a couple pieces of coal for eyes. I mean downright serious work. Just as good modeling can he done in snow as in clay. In Berlin, public is invited to attend the exhibition, a smalll fee being charged, and the proceeds given to a charitable institution. Snow modeling is an occupation which any one, old or young, will enjoy. Few tools are necessary-a shovel to pile the snow together, and a stick or dull knife with which to shape the object

Don't Butcher Your Trees

Writing in Suburban Life for December Horace McFarland, president of the American Civio Association savs : "There is a prevalent idea that shade trees need trimming. It is a wrong idea, based, probably, on the fact that certain fruit bear better if judiciously and skillfully It was more than a year from the time that it was east until it was placed in its destined position. On May 21, 1903, the Chilean representatives, bearing the treaties for final ratification, came by sea to fruit, merely to carry seed, to man's plan of fruit, merely to carry seed, to man's plan of fruit for food.

treaties were finally signed on the 28th of own beauty, allow nature to make those May, Senora de Costa invited all the dignitaries present—cabinet officials, for eign ministers, hishops, newspaper men, rant wood butcher to say what the form of

If you will look at any man of North America, not less than fifty years old, you will observe that the country now called Alaska, was then called Russian America. because it then belonged to Russia.

Sometime ago I met a man who had just returned from Alaska. He told me many new and strange things about that far distant country.

In the course of our conversation, the question arose : How did we get that conntry? Neither of us knew, and I asked several men who claim to be well informed, but none of them knew any more about the matter than myself. I then betook myself to encyclopedias and other works of reference, and to the Life of William H. Seward, and on a somewhat careful ransacking, learned substantially as follows:

During Buchanan's administration, and more especially the latter part of it, our war ships were sent far away, and scattered here and there.

There was a purpose in this. The South was getting ready for war. This "purpose" was to leave the southern ports open for blockade runners to come and go as they pleased, and at the same time leave the northern ports open for war vessels of any foreign country that might feel disposed to come and assist the South.

In that dark time in our country's trial, our old time friend, Russia, came to our boundary dispute, the general treaty of laid off the coast of Maine for a long time. When all danger was past-and not be-

fore-that fleet was called home. It is a matter of history, that it was not, and is not now generally known that a powerful friend was lying close at hand,

and virtually in hiding. After the war was over, Russia asked to be paid for her outlay. We had nothing to pay with. Our war debt had piled mountain high. Russia did not like to apart are smeared rather thickly with lard talk out loud about the claims, but she and between these sheets the freshly picked was "hard up" for money. Her statesmen, sort of "under the hat" entered into an arrangement with William H. Seward. lard absorbs the precious drops. If the flowers are plentiful they may be changed chase of Russian America, which Russia as often as every six hours, and in the case wanted to get off her hands. Finally a of jouquils thirty times; jasmine is usually changed eighty times before the layers of lard are entirely saturated. When the lard has absorbed as much oil as possible lars, and all talk ceased about paying the debt or claim for sending the war ships to

aid us in case of need. Thus have I given your readers an item of history not generally known, and which I have gleaned from authentic sources.

I desire in conclusion to say, that while I was searching authorities for above facts, that I read of some of the distinguished services in behalf of his country, by Pennsylvania's great War Governor, when he was Minister to Russia.

Respectfully, DANIEL MeBRIDE.

Omaha. Neb., Dec. 14, '08. [Note—The statement made by our correspond-ent that the American Navy had been purposely scattered to leave our own ports open to blockade purely political myth. It was circulated by those who had brought on, and were opposed to a peaceful settlement of the difficulties immediately after the bombardment of Fort Sumpter, for the purpose of discrediting the Buchanan administration and intensifying the bitterness between the North and the South.—[Ed. WATCHMAN.]

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M. H. Peters, M. D., of No. 124 East 120th Street, New York, N. Y., a physi-cian who has had forty years practice, writes of the Medical Adviser as follows : "I consider it a valuable work for the use of all the young. It is so explicit that young men or women who have not had the opportunity of being educated will readily comprehend and glean from its con-tents gems to protect their health; and may, as age comes on, refer to it with gladness. The young mother will also learn lessons to assist her. So many young mothers are ignorant in every detail as to the care of their offspring.

-John and Mary had been sharing one chair all the evening. John sat on the chair, and Mary on John. After about three hours of this, Mary suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, John, aren't

you tired?" John smiled a brave patient smile. "Not now," he said gently. "No, not now. I was about an hour ago, but now I'm only paralyzed!"

end me at once a dollar; I bave left my purse at home, and haven't a cent in my pocket.

"I can't lend you a dollar just now, but can put you in the way of getting the money at once." 'You are extremely kind."

"Here's a nickel; ride bome on the car and get your purse."

Are looked upon generally only as an annoying disfigurement, something to be got rid of in some way as speedily as possible. But the pimple is only a symptom, and though the symptom be suppressed the disease is unaffected. Pimples, blotches, eruptions, are the signs of bad blood. Make the blood pure and the pimples will go away and the skin become clear and smooth. The blood can be cleansed perfectly by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It pushes out of the body the waste matter which corrupts the blood. It increases the blood supply, and enriches every vein with a full flow of rich, pure blood. When the blood is pure the skin diseases, which are caused by impure blood, are naturally and permanently cured.