Aentocratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., January 22, 1909.

THE COBBLER'S VISION.

The cobbler sat in his basement room. Safe from the storm and cold ; But a wondrous pity filled his breast As he turned his eyes to behold The feet on the pavement passing by, The feet of the young and the old.

All day he could see the skipping feet Of the children blithe and gay, Then ever in turn the bruised and lame Of those whose heads were gray, And often the pitiful, crippled feet O'er the payement halting stray,

The cobbler thought he would do his part In making the old world glad, So hammer and pegs and leather and last He took, the best that he had, And sang as he fashioned day by day, Shoes for the poor and the sad

The years went by ! he was lonely oft, No kith por kin had he ; Yet he toiled away, and hoped some day The feet of his Christ to see ; To kiss them, weary and wounded sore, Where the sharp nails used to be

But a vision came to him one night, When stars filled all the sky ; He could see the pavement coldly shine, Where at day the throngs went by. Now a glorious Presence walked alone, And he felt his Christ was nigh

Soon the low dark room was glorified, And the cobbier scarce could say, "I have watched for Thy pierced any weary

Lo ! many and many a dsy ; O Christ! for Thy torn and bleeding feet." And in grief he turned away.

"Thou faithful one !" and the dear Chris touched The hands that were pale and thin,

"I have passed on the pavement day And oft you have hailed me in, For the feet of those you have

The feet of your Lord have been."

-[Ruth Cooper, in Michigan Christian Adve

THE DEFECTION OF SISTER TINLY.

An unaccustomed drawing of the brows and the firm set lips were the visible signs of the inward struggle as Amanda Tinly tied her black bonnet strings. It was Sun day in April. Dressed in the somberhued clothes that she had worn "for best" during the last five of six years, Miss Tinly "If only he was about starting to church. "If only he wouldn's parcel us out in his prayers by our ages," she whispered deprecasingly to the faded reflection of herself in the mirror, "as if the Lord couldn't just as easy

less us all together! If only he wouldn't!" The thought had been lying half-formalated in Miss Tiply's breast for two months -ever since the new minister had been sent to Mount Horeb Church. Now that she had given expression to it, the idea took an even stronger hold on her. "O Lord," she prayed in her heart, as she let herself the front door, "forgive me if I'm committing a sin. I don't want to sin. O and the new minister!"

Warm sunshine touched the village

Generally Miss Tinly and Mrs. Hopps went home from church together as far as their ways lav. Today Miss Tinly did not effort at driving. He had covered about half of the distance

their ways lav. Today arise Thiry did not wait for her friend, but passed out the side door, walking rapidly down the brick walk that led to the street. "I'd have people know I ain't "tottering," she socked to herself. "If I do be sixty-one, I feel as when for some cause that he could not un-derstand the animal became fractions. Mr. Boniface held the reins tight, thinking that strong as I did twenty years ago ! I don't fancy being put in a class with old Joshway Sykes, who's over eighty ! and Widow Mulperhaps the borse had a notion of running away. The horse seemed to resent the reining up, and did some kicking. Mr. Boniface had less fear than he might have ligan, who I guess is ninety, and doting !" There was mild consternation in certain feminine circles of the Mount Horeb had if he had known more about borses. He jerked the reins first one way, and then another, and said, "Who-a, Billy!" He had read that the human voice played an im-

Chusch thit week on account of Sister Tinly's unaccountable withdrawing from the activities that she had formerly taken portant part in the taming of animals. Bat instead of feeling tamed, this partic-"Why, she's been baking a cake for the church suppers for the last ular Billy took the bit in his teeth and seventeen years regular !" said Mrs. Magee at the Dorcas Society. "I don't know what to make of her refusing this time." dar Billy took the oft in his teeth and started on a gallop. A backward kick en-tangled the horse's feet in the shafts. For-ward went the huggy on top of the fallen

to make of her recording this time." ward went the buggy on top of the fallen In the evening, after the prayer meeting, the Doreas ladies drew together to confer about Sister Tinly's strange behavior. Did anyone know if she had cause for offense? ebody remembered that she badn't missed a prayer meeting for twenty-two years. Perhaps she would explain herself on Sunday ? But Sister Tinly did not exhe were about to lose consciousness again. He lay for some time trying to hear the plain. She was not at church. "I don't believe she's sick," said Mrs.

Preston, a near neighbor who was ques-tioned. "I saw her sweeping her walk yesterday as usual. But I think there's would be crushed to death. the matter with her, because near. The step was so light that he had when I talked to her about the church supper she didn't have a word to say. If I not heard the approach. Looking np, he didn't know for a fact that Sister Tinly is saw a hat trimmed with red roses. He was so dreadfully religions I'd think-well, maybe I hadn't ought to say it." "You mean you think she has begun to wearer of the hat. "Be you hurt had?"

maybe I hadn't ought to say it." "You mean you think she has begun to backslide ?" said Mrs. Magee. Miss Tinly, who had now considerable time on her hands, was on her way to vist friends of her youth living in the coan-"Meroy ! I hope it's not that !" protested "But I remember she

Mrs. Hopps. "But I remember she acted middlin' indifferent Sanday a week try. As Pastor Boniface had paid no attenago when I was talking about the church." tion to the gossep about Sister Tinly's pompadour and fashionable clothes, he had nothing now to guide him except the qual-Meanwhile Miss Tinly kept her thoughts with her conscience. "Them prayers made me think living on was sort of an imperti-nence. It can't be any person's duty to go where they'll hear things said calc'lated to make them think their work in the world is done." with that of the timidly spoken testimo-nies of Sister Tinly. "I'm in a tight place, Sister Tinly," he said with a gasp. "I wish you were a man. I can't stand it much longer." With the touch of an expert Sister Tinly and plans to herself. Her action had been

For a few days Miss Tinly was uphorne by the excitement incident to what seemed to her a tragical event. It required heroic fortitude on her part to bear the sense of isolation from what had nourished her life. Tinly Billy was as dooile as if he had been day morning, and not to be preparing to go find that, though bruised and sore, he had out ! To know that the Dorcas ladies were no broken bones. sewing for the poor, and talking about church matters as they sewed, and not to be present ! Ou Wednesday night she thing all shook up the way you be," said would picture her own empty seat at the prayer meeting, wondering the while who sort of stuff some females are made of, did were giving testimonies, and what brothers and sisters were leading in prayer. Miss Tinly had a pair of new, strong and sisters were leading in prayer. cissors in the package of store goods that

Her daily tasks ceased to interest her. she was carrying as a present to her friend. and the beautiful spring days dragged on What She used the solssors for cutting straps and herself boring holes in leather. Before long she drearily. Sometimes she faltered. would be the end of it? In putting herself had Billy backed into the mended shafts, "out of the church" was she not paying a and was fastening the harness buckles. The interval gave Mr. Boniface an oppor terrible price for her protest? Answering the doorbell on the Thursday tunity to collect his thoughts. After this

afternoon on the second week after her withdrawal, she was confronted by the experience he felt that he would have to be careful how he broached the subject of Lord, help me to love my church-and- serious faces of Mrs. Hopps and Mrs. Magee. She was not exactly unprepared for visitors from the church. She had reason

poon.

Forty Years in Iowa. [Written especially for the WATCHMAN. - BT SAM-UEL W. BAKER.

Taking a retrospective glance covering the period, 1869-1909, the time appears the writer its secretary. of some magnitude, to the rising generation, yet from the milestone of the writer. and such of his age, we must say it passed along speedily and its escape can scarcely to the boyhood days spent in the quaint designated by some of the elder population as "Striptown," where the canal with its out of him by 1,000 pounds of warm horse-flesh. He struggled and tried in vain to release his legs, and wondered if the son overhead were really turning orimson or if

terrible pain as patiently as possible while be listened for the sound of wheels on the road in the hope of getting rescued. If the horse should lurch over he feared that he Presently he realized that some one was

The carefully husbanded ten acres of the "Big Boys" "ap stairs."

that, while the Iowa farmer boasts of his planted, by stern necessity, to the work of boiling.

reference : "A little farm well tilled. A little house well filled, etc."

in the creek, beyond "Sperings Lock," county are not strangers to those one time

"I've wandered to the village, Tom,

Upon the school house playing ground

sorrowful remembrance of the "Big

And sat beneath the tree,

the reference.

Which sheltered you and me.

no Pennsylvanians can feel otherwise than

The recent death of Joseph W. Muffley removes from among us an early settler here and a former resident of Centre conpty. At the close of the war, after service hogshead, with an opening in its uttermost be realized. The mind naturally reverts as adjutant of the 148th Regiment P. V., commanded by Col. James A. Beaver, be from tree to tree, and bucketful after buckvillage of Howard, sometimes vnlgarly came here and established the Iowa Business College, forty-three years ago, and has may be heard swashing noisily about. It been identified with business interests duralmost hourly passing of the boats, trans. ing this time. While residing at Howard porting the scant product of the small he attended the public school there and of the grove and the delight of the sap-colfarms, the manufactured product of the later at Williamsport Semioary, and up to lector as he makes his rounds. iron ore mines, and the lumber taken from the breaking out of the Civil war engaged the then stately pine forests, returning in in teaching school in different parts of the exchange therefore the various commercial Bald Eagle valley, among others, his own comp and the contents of the hogshead commodities necessary to sustain the High school in Howard. A brother of the twice strained before being poured into the homes, which, together with the old stage writer's mother, he added to this relation- shallow boiler which occupies nearly the bomes, which, together with the old stage writer's mother, he added to this felation entire top of the primitive range. Not-coach, reminds us of the only means we ship by marriage with Miss Mary Baker, a withstanding all the care that has been

acres of corn, every ear carefully housed who were his cousins, all of whom passed in rat tight crib, the fodder shocked before frost and housed against the wintry blast. school in Howard, being known as among the uneasy movement cases. A noxions

wheat, oats or rye, the half acre of pota- By close attention to the columns of the toes and ten acres of hay ; all under roof, WATCHMAN, the knowledge of the sorrowsale from frost and storm ; the fattened ful fact exists, that very few of the elehogs and beef-just sufficient for home con- ment that made up the social energy of after a white man's fingers are scalded to sumption ; as compared with the sixty that little burg of fifty years ago have sumption; as compared with the sixty that little burg of fifty years ago have the quick by the penetrating steam and acres of corn, forty acres of oate, ten or been able to resist the summons of the his respiration choked by the rising vapor. more acres of potatoes, forty acres of hay, grim messenger, though there are still Sometimes, despite his care, a geyser of some survivors, whom we might note, who sap will shoot high in the air and fall on more cars of hogs for the market; not that still live to recognize the allusions we ing will be an acute cause of offense and make.

stalks left in the field to be burned up or Ore from the Nittany mines, smelted by ploughed under the following spring ; hay the charcoal of their own production furstacked on the bare ground, straw piled nished livelihood for a small army and or another all good Canadians partake.

be noted, but we pass with the thought Looking back to the period covering the that very few, perhaps, are now there who ing is required and as the range top is usufirst eighteen years of our existence, we contributed to the business activity of 1867 ally well occupied by boilers of sap in the are reminded of the old "swimming hole" -8 and 9. The older residents of Centre

where, when a six year old lad we learned men of business-Constans, Roland, John, of a grandfather, long known as the village ably assisted by the younger generation, 'Squire, and where in the years following, Capt. Austin, General J. Irvin, and Hardaily in season, with the irrepressible ry R., the latter three whom we under-

will be such a rush of sap as will cause all no Pennsylvanians can reci otherwise than at home in our crowd and thoroughly en-joy themselves. Hon. A. B. Cammins, our U. S. Senator, is its president, with the writer its secretary. the light colored sap gashes or relactantly weeps according to the weakness of the sun's rays, the sugar maker harnesses his horses to a low sledge on which a great hogshead, with an opening in its uttermost hulging side, has beeu laid lengthwise. Its runners glide over the snowy ground may be that a single tree will feed a half dozen or more buckets at a time and such a veteran sap producer is indeed the pride

When a safficient quantity of sap has been secured to warrant the first boiling the sledge is drawn to the door of the sugar had of common carrier transportation. It is not intended to cast reflection on the agricultural acreage of the average Bald Eagle farm with its ten or fifteen two brothers, Sidney T. and James R., impurities come to the surface and are revapor fills the air and if one could but peer beneath the dense cloud of steam that rises from the boiler, one would behold the brisk boiling of the sap.

Again is sought the help of Peter Paul, sugar maker-the scorohing of the entire

At last, after long waiting and vigorous nia brother carefully husbands, protects Eagle Forge, the remaining and final three stirring, the sap slowly thickens until it reaches the maple honey or maple syrap stage. If this is the desired product the liquid is strained, cooled and pat away for without floor or roof for corn, and the R. C. & J. Curtin was then at its zenith. bottling. It is of a delicate woodsy flavor and is a delightful change from the heavy molasses which is usually served with the pancakes or flapjacks of which at one time

It maple wax is the desired product a helped him to rise. He was thankful to find that, though bruised and sore, he had on broken bears. domped on the ground, to cattle and hogs, postoffice, were established with Hiram sistency it is poured into miniature back cances (of Peter Paul's workmanship) and taken of the practices and economy of the senior member of the iron manufacturing toothsome sweet, something between guava firm. Many pleasant reminiscences, that jelly and glue in appearance and possessed of the daintiness of the one as well as the in the latter teens period of a life, might adhesive qualities of the other

To make maple sugar, a still longer boilearlier stage of preparation a separate fire is made for the sugaring off.

Here the thickened syrup slowly simmers until the stirrer perceives that the to take the first stroke, under the guidance Austin and James Curtin-all gone-and grainy stage has arrived. Then into molds of many shapes-bearts, stars and dia-monds-is ladled the contents of the pot, and the sugar making is over.

To show for his work the proprietor of and ally in season, with the irrepressible ry K, the latter three whom we under the whom we under the map is a show for his work the proprietor of the map is a show for his work the pr wax. # lies of sugar, all of which command a ready sale. Where proper care is given the young trees there is no need for a sugar grove to "ran out" or become anproductive. It is what is colloquially called "a sure thing" to its owner, a delight to his family and to all who partake of its toothsome fruits, and the pride of even Peter Paul, who despite his taciturn ways, has vet his own stirring of loyalty and patriotism and doubtless his own interpretation of the words, when his ears are gladdened by the rousing song whose melodious refrain is "The maple leaf forever."-By Mrs. C. F. Fraser, in the Christian Advocate.

it out of its entanglement. She was born and bred on a farm, and a knowledge of horses was a part of her education. She breaking of the strings of habit hurt her. To hear the church bells ringing on Sun-helped him to rise. He was thankful to and left to rot down; raw unprepared feed completed, Curtin Station, with Roland

"Set there on the grass, pastor, till I see

through a sheen of pale gree boughs. Miss Tinly, walking to church, saw neither bud nor blossom in the pretty front yards that sloped to the flagged sidewalk of Mariou's main street, so oppres-sively conscious was she that "it was not with her as in times past." As she neared the church, a stout, fussy woman, flushed and panting, caught up with her.

"How fast you walk, Sister Tinly! A person would 'most think you were a

young girl!" "Hum! Good morning, Mrs. Hopps." "We missed you at the Home Mission

meeting," panted the stout woman as they walked on. "I hope yon weren't sick?" "No, I'm not a band for being sick," replied Miss Tinly, whose simple life had been so free from perplexities that she had never learned the art of equivocation.

"I never knew you to miss a mission meeting before?'

"No, I guess I never missed one till last week.

"That's what I told Mrs. Boniface. I "That's what I told Mrs. Boniface. I here you've been a chasistent protocol to think we're awfully well suited in a min-ister; don't you?" a prayer meeting or a mission meeting, ister; don't you?" "Some things? What things?" "Well. you know, I ain't as young as

"Mr. Boniface is a real good preacher," admitted Miss Tinly without enthusiasm. "Good! Why, he's splendid! Everybody

expects Mount Horeb to take on new life!" The "new life" was manifesting itself in

expects Mount Horeb to take on new life!" The "new life" was manifesting itself in the church vestibule where groups of "workers" were holding spirited informal meetings as the two ladies entered. Miss meetings as the two ladies entered. Miss Tinly had been active in church work since her youth; but this morning, instead of ing any of the groups, she stepped into the half empty church and sat down in ber pew. "O, Lord," she praved devouly, "if I'm in the wrong, make it clear. I've tried to do right. All my life I've wanted to be good. But there's some things mortal woman can't bear!"

ing tolerable sure." Mr. Boniface was young and finent and "flowery." Miss Tinly set her lips firmly together as she bowed her head for the long as at Mount Horeb to pray for you; for I can see that you ain't happy or satisfied. How could you be after turnin' your back prayer. In gently subdued and reverent tones the clergyman prayed for the schemes of the church and the prosperity of the country. He asked divine blessing for the on church privileges? Do you want as I should mention next prayer meeting night that one who isn't clear about her religious children of the Sauday school, comparing them poetically with the buds on the flowduty wishes the prayers-" "No, it wouldn't be true," interrupted ering plants now opening to the sun. Very earnestly he prayed for "the youth in their Sister Tinly. Sister Tinly was glad that she happened glorious spring time." He prayed for the strong middle-aged, bearing the heat and burden of the day," that they might be "supported and endowed with wisdom for to be out when one of the deacons called. Moant Horeb people, men as well as women, were now fully awakened to the serithe responsible work that they were car-rying on." And finally he prayed for "the retrograded and become "worldly" was supported by the fact that she was bloom suowy-haired, the feeble of step, three score and more, tottering toward the brink of the dark river."

Miss Tiply's face glowed red under the straight bands of her smooth, almost white hair as she raised her head and opened her hymn-book. Her voice broke as she tried to sing. From the way people in front of ber held their heads to listen, she judged that it was a good sermon, but she hardly knew what it was about.

'Sister Tinly, I'm coming 'round for one your nice chocolate layer cakes for the nurch supper ?" smiled Sister Magee as the congregation filed down the aisles after the service.

"I don't know as I'll be baking this week," responded Sister Tinly in a constrained voice.

Mrs. Magee stared-a kindly, inquiring stare. "Aiu't you well, Sister Tinly?" she asked indulgently. "Yes, I'm 'bout as usual."

"I suppose we'll see you at the Dorcas Society Wednesday atternoon ?" In May the reverend gentleman had mov-ed five miles out of Marion to a farm. It "I don't know as I'm going," said Sister Tinly, averting her eyes and finshing in a strange, embarrassed way. In May the reverend gentleman had mov-ed five miles out of Marion to a farm. It was his first experience of country life, and when he seated bimself in the buggy, to which his bired man had hitched a recent-

womanish ba

talked about. Inviting the ladies into the had handaged one of Billy's parlor, she seated herself a little distance; been skinned in the fall. "Thank yon. I'd be glad if yon would, Sister Tinly." from them, remarking in a strained un-natural tone, "It's a terrible pice after-

The change of drivers had its effect on Billy, who now trotted along like any well es" and over in the "Gap," the skating on "Sistee Magee and me felt sure you must passing, and that his brethren would want to know what success he had had. Mr. Boniface gathered his scattered wits to-Bridge Hill." call to mind the "Old Oak behaved horse. Aware that the time was be sick or something, Sister Tinly," began Mrs. Hopps, taking no notice of the weath-"so we called round to see if er remark, "so we called round to se you wanted anything?" "I ain't sick." said sister Tinly. gether. "I was on my way to the village 44T en Bucket" song, "How dear to my heart don't know as I've been sick a-bed since I had typhoid-that's twenty-four years ago." are the scenes of my childhood," and impelle us to say, when gathered in our an-

"I don't know as I be, pastor," slacken-"The Lord has blessed you with good

ing the reins a little. "I'm glad to hear it." He smiled, perhealth, Sister Tinly," launched out Mrs. health, Sister Thiny, hem-well, we called Magee. "A-bem-hem-well, we called to ask what the trouble is, and why you to ask what the trouble or to any of the was blended. He had been intent on resondon't come to church, or to any of meetings? I'll be plain, and tell you that ing the soul of Sister Tinly, and Sister folks is talking as if you had turned back- Tinly had rescued his body. "Maybe I slider ! If you had been one of the irreg-ulars it wouldn't be noticed so much. But just couldn't stand," said Sister Tinly, here you've been a consistent profe-sor for appreciating that the minister felt someho

a prayer meeting or a mission meeting, rain or shine ! And now to turn careless at

used to be. I began turning grey when your age ! I declare I don't know what to make of it, Sister Tinly !" This was something like what Miss Tinly was thirty. Grey hair runs in our family R's; and twenty years later, did really at tottering don't. Tottering don't." "My dear Sister Tinly ! Tottering ! have the privilege of saying with the au-Why, you are in the prime and full vigor of life! Haven't you demonstrated as thor of "Just twenty years ago," much today ?"

Sister Tinly was late with her visiting temptation, Mandy, "counseled Mrs. Hopps not without tenderness. I've heard as how him that ain't to be named makes the most but she went home happier than she had The next Sunday een for three months. she was in her place at church, her face desp'rate struggles to ensuare them who wearing its old expression of calm content. like yoo, are supposed to have a clear track to the good place. Be you troubled with doubts?" Boys" from "up stairs" is, that many of With fewer words and more fervor Pasthem left their studies to join the army, tor Boniface prayed for his people without

and while a few returned, many were "I don't know as I be," answered Sister classifying them as formerly. either brought home in boxes or sleep in Tinly dryly. "I was always a hand for be-"Pastor Boniface gets more spiritnally minded every day," remarked Mrs. Magee southern graves. "Well, Sister Tinly," resumed Mrs. Magee, "seems to me the best thing is for

tian Advocate.

At School in China.

The Chinese are very fond of learning, and there is a school for boys in nearly every village, but only a few pupils in This is because many families are each. too poor to educate their sons. But the few whose fathers can pay the master are quite able to advertise the school by their onsness of the case. That Sister Tinly had strong voices.

The teacher of the old-time school was a wise-looking man, wearing immense specta-cles, who sat beside a table on which he nier or more joyons occasion. The only Though the ing out in a new gown and a hat trimmed with flowers. Somehow she learned the art of doing up her hair, and the flat old-womanish bands of grey that had plastered had hot water and tea, which he imbibed at intervals. The pupils sat upon high benches rnd repeated over and over the lessons for the day, which they did not understand until they were years older. They studied reading, writing, and the sayings of Confucius. When they recited it was with backs turned toward the teachat intervals. The pupils sat upon high her temples for years, now disappeared in favor of a fashionable pompadour. "She don't look a day over forty-five!" said Mrs. Hopp, telling Mrs. Magee about the transformation. "Who'd ever have thought Sister Tinly would come to this!" er. This was called "backing the book."

Mr. Boniface was inclined to regard Sis-ter Tinly's lapse less seriously than some of We form all our words from twenty six bis parishioners. But having been spoken to a number of times about it, he concludletters, but Chinese have a different mark for every word, of which there 40,000. Five or six thousand are in common use. In learning these the boys train their memory ed to pay the old woman a pastoral visit, aud, if possible, win her back. That Sis-ter Tinly had occupied so conspicuous a place as a church worker, with a record for aud, if possible, win her book. That Sis-ter Tinly had occupied so conspicuous a place as a church worker, with a record for regular attendance that had no parallel, made her defection appear almost in the light of a scandal. In May the reverend gentleman had mov-ed five miles out of Marion to a farm. It manbod his great ambition is to pass the manbition is to pass the manbod his great ambition is to pass the manbition is to pass the manbit is to pass the manbition is to pass the manbit is

ed in the waterdog sports. Ab, we never scenes and associates of early life, to find can forget the old "swimming hole " the another abiding place on a portion of one ramblings in "Butler's Woods," the of Iowa's fertile prairies, the best agricul-"Huckleberry" parties out in the "Ridg- | tural State in the Union.

To be continued.) The Canadian Maple Sugar Camp.

The maple leaf, our emblem dear,

The maple leaf forever. God save our king and heaven bless The maple leaf forever

nual session of the Iowa Keystone club, So runs the rousing chorus in which "Dear Old Pennsylvania." Neither can Canadians from all parts of the great Do-minion delight to join. And indeed it is the old school house be forgotten, where well that the glory of the maple has our first teacher, the late Rev. Mr. Beals, thus celebrated in verse, for the tree, with indellibly impressed on the young mind its massive truck and plenteous, graceful foliage, is a thing of beauty from the time the forms of the characters known as the of the unfolding of its wrinkled, pinkish leaves, through the glorious period of its A. B. C's, and progressing under the guidance of Miss Harding, Kate Lucas, and green perfection during the summer months, to the day when the first faint others, "down stairs ;" later transferred frost of early automn paints it in such viv-"up stairs" among the "Big Boys," where id flame color and crimson and gold that Sam Pletcher, McPheeters, Baker, Muffley the hill tops seem ablaze. and others worried us on through the three

The farmers in the eastern part of Canada have more than a patriotic and aesthetic regard for the maple tree. It is most beau. siful in their eyes in the early spring or late winter when its bare trunk with its denuded limbs pierces the suow-covered ground, and when there is scarcely a hint financial strain of the long, unproductive Y winter, that the maple tree comes to his aid with a crop of vintage or essenceexpresses the product of the maple-which he can speedily turn into no inconsiderable

amount of cash. to Mrs. Hopps after the service. "I was enre Sister Tiply was growing into a bard-ened sinner. She'll be a jewel in pastor's crown."—By Jane Ellis Joy, in *The Chris*-The destruction of the canal by heavy floods hastened the completion of the B. try was in the hands of the Indian natives along until about the close of the war, and ried it on under primitive and not overcleanly conditions. It is even said of them as a result, the towns on the route took on that the greasy blankets which served for a different life, and it is noticed that our their night coverings frequently did duty two road village has rather outdistanced next morning as straining cloths for the all others in the lower valley and can now sap, and certain it is that their products had a specky appearance, a peculiar flavor quite foreign to the farmer's output of toboast of streets. The arrival of the first passenger train, like all such expectancies,

No great amount of capital is needed for made a red letter day for our burg, and as carrying on the industry. A sugar camp built near the maple grove and equipped usual on all such occasions, attracted the the "Ridge" country, and it is safe to say with a range, proper boilers and pots are the essentials, and intelligent, patient work entire population as well as crowds from

Though the Indian, as an independent angar maker, exists no longer, it is interestincident that happened to mar the entire ing to note that every sugar camp of any pretensions has at least one Indian helper who is usually known to his employers by the generic name of "Peter Paul." He it is who, far more than any white man, is pos-sessed of the secret of the rising of the sap and who knows, as if by instinct, the exact day and hour when the work of tapping the trees should begin. It is he also While the native Pennsylvanians are not prepares the "spiles" or hollow tubes of wood which when placed in the perforaso numerous with us as some other States

boast of theirs, yet we can say the city and tions in the tranks serve to drain the trees surrounding country can produce over a of their life blood. For days, perhaps for weeks, before the thousand. Our incorporated organization,

the Keystone club, does not claim that number in its membership yet we are not a

few. Our meetings, held twice a year, are of bearing it would seem, that the sap is well attended and are sources of much so- sluggishly traveling upward, but he stolcial pleasure and enjoyment. A hall is used for our winter gathering and one of the public parks for the summer time, and

Given Away.

Dr. R V. Pierce, author of the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, offers this valuable work as a gift to those who will pay the expense of mailing. This great edical work contains 1008 pages, and over 700 illustrations, and is full of the common sense of a wide medical experience. It answers the nnspoken questions of young men and maidens. It meets the emergen-

cies of the family with plain practical ad-vice. It is a book for every man and every woman to read and keep at hand for reference. Its medical information alone may save many a costly doctor's hill. This book will be sent to you free on receipt of stamps of life under its rough, brown exterior. It is at this inhospitable season of the year, or 31 stamps for cloth bound. Address Dr. at the time when the farmer is feeling the R. V. Pierce, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N.

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