

Bellefonte, Pa., June 25, 1909.

THE WILD FLOWERS.

Little Jack ran away to the woods, one fine

For his mother, he said, was unkind; In the forest so dark, the fierce Dogwood's loud

Made him shake, though he tried

The triumpet Flower blew a blast in his ear a he passed, The Snapdragon snapped at his toes;

Dutchman's Pipe puffed some smoke eyes for a joke. Sneezewood tried to tickle his nose.

Catnip pinched his poor arm till he screamed The Cowslips all lowered their horns:

The goldenrod beat him, and rushing to me Were Cudocks and Brambles and Thorns.

The Coltsfoot stamped in wrath by the side of the path.

The Spiderwort crawled in his ear, When the cross Cattails yowled and the Dandelion growled

Little Jack was just frantic with fear The Vines ran at his heels as he fled with shrill squeals

To that same unkind mother, who smiled When he sobbed: "I'll be good, mother! Who ever would Have believed that wild flowers were so

-[Camilla J. Knight.

THE PRISON OF AFFECTION.

Rosa Jerrold stood idly by her little garden—a round patch of earth reserveu to her each spring, just as "saucer pies" were still included for her in the family baking stifling presence.

Susan Jerrold did not sob or speak o or to linger in the big, shaggy man's magnetic presence. It had always been so satisfying to be his "little girl," to be drawn into his lap and petted with his big, comforting hand, to be teased with boisterons tenderness. Rosa was now no longer "little." as she was obviously no longer young; but Aaron was always magnificently able to overloook the rigidities of fact, while his daughter still swam in the bland

sea of utter irresponsibility.

They had long ago stopped wondering in apparent that she would not. While her contemporaries emerged from girlhood. married, raised families, and then paused comfortably on the serene plateau of middle age, Rosa Jerrold remained an elderly young girl. Theoretically of a certain bodily frailness, and guarded always by an over-anxious mother, she had spent her life in a kind of nursery extension. Neverther "Who is with him? You must not leave less, various dim buds of talent were popularly understood to await their due season of encouragement, and Farndon Corners all that anybody knew, terpsichorean. To real enough to be a torment. She supposed that some more than usually agreeable destiny lay awaiting her, did she only choose to grasp it; meanwhile she was content to peer with untroubled innocence from out the stony sheath of her artificial

As her father lightly accepted the miracle of Rosa's stationary adolescence, so Mrs. Jerrold-who had on this score secret agonies of misgiving, due to her persistent recollection of her daughter's date of birth -cherished as her particular fetish the belief in Rosa's beauty. There was not a celebrated heroine whom the gaunt and that she in some way or another resembled, and the local dressmakers gossiped freely about the ordeal of sewing week at the Jerrolds. It was hard enough to acquiesce in the theory of Ro-a's loveliness; but it was degrading, they agreed, to cast aside the decent conventions of the fashion-sheets and construct the barbaric costomes that knew?" Mrs. Jerrold demanded for beauty's en-

hancement. Aaron Jerrold swung open the cate, and it slammed behind him. Immediately, to Rosa, the whole inclosure became filled with him. To her, her father was an atmos-

"Why, Dolly, your flowers have grown better than mother's !" Aaron bad scarceamily practice to toss off praise to Rosa. whatever her occupation. "Come into the house with me, young lady." How well Rosa understood that tope, and

how perfect was her schooling in the expeoted reply! It means that her mandthat after he had played caressingly with ber for a little, he would draw them out, and she would pretend surprise. They had played this comedy since she was ten years old.

her mother made for her alone. Mrs. Jerrold, a slender, fluttery person, described the triumph that was being wrought with Rosa's new pink muslin, and Mr. Jerrold ferences always creditable to himself, the conversations that had taken place in his ed to tease his daughter mildly about Tom Kinnerton, the widower whose tepid and intermittent suit had been slyly encouraged by Mrs. Jerrold. It was a singularly compact and complimentary little family, in which one pleasantly tolerated, and one little domestic web as though some utterly arbitrary fate assigned it, which was perhaps the case. Her mother worked and strove and schemed for Rosa, and gained a clined her services utterly. thoughtless affection in return ; her father netted her, and she adored him.

An evening in Farndon Corners was construed as the interval between seven and nine o'clock; but the Jerrold's, who, it will be seen, diverged by ever so little, here and there, from the local traditions, dared to defer their bedtime on such a night as this, with its moist, husbed atmosphere, pale glitter of fireflies, and clinging perfume of honeysnekle. The sweet impression of it cons and"—Emma paused to give the word returned to stiffe Rosa when, at dawn the its full effect—"old; and that her father next day, her mother came to her door to

What shall I say, mother?" asked Rosa, childishly.

"Say it is the worst attack he has hadhe does not know me. Oh, hurry, dear

It may be that she had never hurried berold's little girl,"—who ran stumbling along the uneven brick sidewalk that led under the thick row of maples. A pink lowed forbearingly a word that tempted cotton dress, balf-buttoned clung closely her—"a child." to her lank figure, and a leghorn bat, heavy with crimson roses, flopped with incongruous coquetry over her anxious eyes. Alone, breathless, running through the silent dawn, with the doctor's brown house yet even visible, the dread of death grew in her steadily. Yet knowing nothing, after all, of the great catastrophe, the terror that swam in her brain was a great, empty, inflated thing, like a child's painted balloon. Shielded as she bad been from sane, steadying griefs, she was giddy now from the very fear of fear, and leaned beavily for an in-

stant against a dew-dampened picket-fence.
Through her brain thoughts flew dizzily, like mad leaves; she could not seize or detain them. Yet they were crudely eloquent. like picture-writing. They told that Rosa Jerrold was not wondering whether she would succeed in saving her father's life : she was shrinking from the horror of no longer being "Aaron Jerrold's little girl.

But before Rosa had reached the doctor's house and pulled its old-fashioned glass bell-handle with all the violence it was sullen habit to demand, Aaron Jerrold'e wife had already seen that no doctor was needed in that big, still chamber. Her husband was dead. They had told her it would be like this-some day. Yet his bushy head and bearded face seemed to lie on the pillow with a feigned submissiveness. His strongly vocal presence seemed to be deliberately and jocosely dumb. That carelessly vital personality was irreconcilable with death; yet it was death that lay stant filled the room with a more and more

being Aaron Jerold's daughter lay in his moments of her widowhood held emotion agreeable conspicuousness. People always in the liked to watch that long, leisurely stride, solace, as the only loyalty, is the belief that everything is lost-when unlovely me-mories seem only distortions. A belated but ineffable understanding, the more intimate for being unspoken, seemed to pass between them, the dead and the living. Trembling, she bent low to kiss him, when, below, there was the sound of a door hastily flung open. It was Rosa, with her care less, childish ways-poor, dear Rosa, who did not know, who perhaps did not even

dream The widow rose hastily to her feet withdaughter would ever grow up. To their irritated perceptions it had become fairly apparent that she would not would not would not apparent that she would not would not apparent that she would not ion. Her supreme moment was forfeited.

she seized Rosa by the arm. "Rosa your father-isn't so well," she found the courage to say. "I cannot have sive. Her father's death had left her what you in the room. Come with me, child; she had always been, a child. Even when

him, mother ; you-"

"He does not need-" There was only a second's faltering, but half-skeptically awaited Rosa's debut in Rosa understood, and signified her underone of the arts, dramatic, musical, or, for standing; her eyes closed; she sank down upon the floor and screamed. It had althis event Rosa herself looked forward ways been her way to scream by way of cheerfully, but by no means impatiently, protest against the unusual or the unpleas-ner thin days filled with the easy and de-ant. When her kitten was lost, or when Jerrold had so strong a passion to oblitera ambition not sharp and a dress had not come in time for a party, ate? Rosa had always found it easy Rosa bad screamed, and bad been soothed and petted till she stopped. It could only be expected that her father's death would elicit at least an equal demonstration ; so or's desertion, declared her an insensible that now, while Aaron Jerrold lay alone and dead, the woman whom his death had most bitterly bereaved had already turned to soothe a shriller sorrow. But Susan Jerro'd could not have understood that he action was unnatural. It was unthinkable that she should fail to relinquish the luxury of articulate grief when Rosa demanded service.

Thus they were still together. the mothcelebrated heroine whom the gaunt and swartby young woman had not been taught san's sister, whom the little house-servant had gone upsolicited to fetch, arrived, and arrived firmly, to stay, to "take charge."
Turning blindly toward her, Mrs. Jerrold made two statements in what seemed the inverted order of their importance.

"Rosa is sick," she said, "from too much crying. And her father's dead. You "Sasan, you must leave Rosa to m

Haven't you tears of your own ?" combiting this more solidly resolute sister, Mrs. Jerrold was led from her daughter's bedroom. "I wish you would give her some aro-

matic spirits of ammonia," the widow lingered to urge. "I meant to have-I can-not think quickly enough. Are you any better, Dolly? Lie quietly, if you can, and I will come back."

Already the house was filled with soft footsteps and whispers. The doctor had come, and a little later his wife benevolently followed him. Mrs. Barrow's daughter, Emma Hardy, a vigorous young woman of something less than Rosa's own age, with four or five children at home, came to assume the degree of authority that the village would consider fitting Faint and scarcely sensible as she was, the pink-flowered cup marked "Baby," and ate a rich kind of quince preserve which her mother made for her elements which her mother made for her elements. widow resented the forcible smothering of row the others had conventional indulgence, but none for her restlessness. And there was perhaps a shade of malice in their tacit determination, now that the repeated, with plenty of emphasis and in- hour of reversals had come, to thwart for

once Rosa's preemineuce in the household. By moon Mrs. Jerrold had yielded someoffice during the day. Once he remember- what to her exhaustion, and was lying submissively on the bed, guarded by her sister, when Emma Hardy came in. The young matron's always rosy face was deeply flushed, and she repeated her phrases again and again as if by way of fortifying points that had been challenged. She was at that very moment, she told the sisters, ignorantly accepted, and one passionately at that very moment, she told the sisters, gave. Each spun his separate share of the on her way to "the city" to make the necessary purchases for the stricken family. Yet Rosa, whom she had just consulted in

order to spare Aunt Sue's feelings, had de-"It 's no use talking to her mother "-Emma's cheerful voice was oddly plaintive, "it's simply no use talking to her. We have said all we can, Mrs. Ware and I. Rosa says that her mother has never let her wear black, not even a black ribbon nor a

"It 's true," the widow eagerly cor-roborated. She had risen from the bed. "And that it would make her look hid wouldn't care any more for her if she did send her for the doctor. Aaron Jerrold was it. She says to ask her mother if it isn't "Oh, she doesn't need to, does she ?"

the grim faces of her kindred. "My poor little girl, my baby, dressed in black? It would kill me to see her. Get all the crape you want to, Emma,"—she spoke as though her niece were pleading to gratify though her niece were pleading to gratify have all in some indulgence,—"and put it black dresses. You know that longing to shroud oneself and stay hidden. You said you felt it when daddy died. I didn't then, but I do—now. I shall stay at home all—" fore in her life, this tall, thin woman with though her niece were pleading to gratify the sallow, frightened face,—"Aaron Jerrold's little girl,"—who ran stumbling on me. I am old; I will wear it."

"But Rosa isn't"-Mrs. Barrows swal-

"She is to me. She was to Aaron. And you know how gay she has always been, how happy. She and her father were so -I think she has never cared for anything but him. It is the most terrible sorrow at the dim end of the long village street not that could come to her, and you wish to yet even visible, the dread of death grew in make it more terrible still? Nobody expects a young girl to wear mourning. Emma, you're very kind indeed, but I think you will have to let the poor girl do as she likes."

Emma flushed again resentfully. may be cruel to talk to you about it, Aunt Sue, but she hasn't even a gray dress. Her dresses are all red and pink!

In her eagerness to defend her daughter, Mrs. Jerrold appeared to have risen far be yond her own affliction. She continued patiently, tears standing in her innocent, pale-blue eyes : "But you must remem her that she has to consider her coloring You don't realize how handsome Rosa's black eyes are till she gets on a touch of

pink. Her father always said so. Mrs. Barrows and her daughter exchanged a glance of agreement that maternal fatuity could go no further. And Emma returned to the Jerrolds that night with but

one mourning dress.

In the black decorum of Aaron Jerrold's funeral there was, therefore, a single stri-dent, scarlet note. A soft, red silk, whitespotted, was Rosa's "best" summer dress, and she wore it on the day of somber draperies with a satisfaction that her grief could not quite dispel. An arrangement of cream colored lace was fastened to her bosom, and a long gold chain suspended about her neck a heavy, old-fashioned locket. But her eyes burned from long weep-ing. It was plain to her that she was the same beautiful, beloved, gifted Rosa that she bad always been : but she wept for the loneliness that would come upon her, now that her immediate world was gone.

The fall season of dressmaking was plan-

ned for as usual, and through recurrent tears Mrs. Jerrold looked long and earnestly at bectic "samples" from which her daughter's new finery was to be chosen. For the dreariness and solitude which the period of mourning meanwhile imposed apon Rosa her mother felt almost apologetic, and conceived a hundred devices for her distraction. As Mrs. Jerrold could not see Rosa leave the house without running to add some trinket to the girl's toilet, so at home she pursued her constantly with little cakes to eat or stories to read. Her master plan was an arrangement with a 'professor'' in the next town to give Rosa a course in "fancy dancing." Here, after Hastily she placed something over Aaron's sharpened face and left the room. Ontside lie exhibition of Rosa in costume for which she had always vaguely sought a legitimate excuse. Rosa berself was entirely submisit became known with cruel promptness in Farndon Corners that Tom Kinnerton had transferred his limp allegiance, Rosa herself, of all her circle of relatives, was by far the least afflicted. Kinnerton had never made himself real to ber, and she had alwas been sleepy when he called. And what if everybody did know that Emma Hardy, with her brood of babies, was a year younger than Rosa, -a fact that Mrs. neglect the arithmetic of life. After all, it was not surprising that her relatives, commenting on her father's death and her suit creature, heartlessly immune to experience, Nor could they regard it as less than a violation of decency when Rosa began to take a cheerful interest in dancing lessons. They were not wise enough to foresee the girl's ultimate contact with the ungracious mirror that should for the first time show her to herself without the magic veil her

parents had twined about her. Some months after Aarou Jerrold's death, his widow sat one day sewing magenta velvet blossoms on a hat for Rosa. The congenial occupation absorbed her, and she hummed softly to herself, scarcely noticing when the outer door closed and a slow ster entered. Rosa, apparently returning from her dancing lesson, came in and seated herself in an almost theatrical silence, as though challenging inquiry. When her mother spoke, she looked up with bright

eyes and a tightened mouth. 'I didn't go for my lesson, mother. left the trolley and walked back. I over heard some people talking about me. Mother, what good has it done for you to keep things from me always, to treat me as a child?

The last magenta bud trembled in Mrs. Jerrold's fingers. "My dear, what are you but a child? What do you mean? 'I am almost thirty-sev-yes, mother we all know. The people on the trolley knew. They said I had been-an old maid for years, but that I wouldn't seem nearly as-ridiculous, if you didn't dress me as you do."

"It wasn't you they were speaking of, Rosa. It couldn't have been." rold felt her fingers growing icy, and the bud dropped to the floor.

"They said 'Aaron Jerrold's daughter'and they said things-about daddy, too! I couldn't leave the car while they were talking because-I felt that what they said was true. It seemed to me the only time I had ever heard the truth. I have been 'Dolly and 'little girl' all my life-to you ar daddy. But I am no such thing. I am old—and ugly—and ridiculous, and you have made meso. I haven't had any life; I have been defranded of everything-and it is too late now. Dancing-lessons Dancing-lessons! You ought to have heard those people laugh about it! Then you would know what you have done to me low what you have done to me. Daddy didn't know any better, perhapspoor daddy ! But you're a woman, mother;

you ought to have known." Jerrold could not meet her daughter's blazing eyes. She knew that Rosa had spoken the pitifully belated truth; yet she was distraught with the desire to deny it all, to wrap the girl again in tender falsi-

"Dolly," she began in a weak, uncertain voice, "I've never known a girl who was

so loved and petted—''
"Yes; but I'm not a girl now; I'm old.
The people who talked about me said I was old. And I haven't ever been young. There 's something in youth that I've miss-ed. I feel it. Was there something the matter with me, mother, that you kept me different? Look at Cousin Emma! She is

younger th-"

The widow looked in terrified appeal at but she was once, in a way. I never was.

ways. I-"
Rosa had risen from her chair and bent her black eyes unswervingly on her moth-er's pale face, as if to make her accusation strike more deeply. In her passion of resentment and misery she bad a nearer approach to beauty than she bad ever bad before. Her first knowledge that she was old brought out in her from its very sharpness, a fleeting tinge of youth. Her egotism was dead, that artificial self that had had a lifetimes's nourishing, but of her shorn and bleeding state there was born an exulting cruelty. Without a throb of pity. she stared silently at her stricken mother. fumbling blindly with the gay fragments of her sewing, and left the room. Alone, intangibly bereft, the mother sat and stannohed her tears, and strove to defend to herself the long and lavish zeal of her motherhood. But there came no comfort. The house of affection, it seemed to her, was tenantless, the prisoner fled, the gaoler left to grasp, in louely bitterness, her in-effectual keys.—By Olivia Howard Dunbar, in the Century Magazine.

House Fly Should be Called "Typhoid

The honse fly, which we have hitherto in our ignorance considered as a harmless creature, or, at the worst, simply a nuisance, has been shown, as the result of scientific researches, to be in reality, judged from the standpoint of disease, a most dangerous insect. Dr. L. O. Howard, in his recent investigation of the economic loss through insects that carry disease, devotes a chapter to the house fly as a carrier of typhoid bacteria. The facts brought out are so startling, and so vitally affect the health of the community, that we are publishing this chapter in the current issue of the Supplement. Limitations of space prethan a brief summary of the salient fea-

tures of the report. At the outset emphasis is laid upon the fact that the term "typhoid fly" is open to some objection as conveying the erroneous idea that this fly is responsible for the spread of typhoid only. As a matter of act, the insect is dangerous from every point of view, and is liable to spread the bacteria of all the known intestinal diseases. The true connection of the so-called house fly with typhoid fever and the true scientific evidence regarding its role as a carrier of that disease, have only recently been work-

ed out. Celli in 1888 fed flies with pure cultures of the typhoid bacillus, and inoculations of animals were also made, proving that the bacilli which pass through flies are virulent. Dr. George M. Koeber, in his report on the prevalence of typhoid fever in the District of Columbia, has drawn attention to the danger of the contamination of food supplies by flies that have been in touch with typhoid patients. The prevalence of typhoid fever in the camps of the United States arms during the Spanish war brought about the appointment of an Army Typhoid Commission, which found: First, that the dies swarmed around the sanitary quarters of the hospital, and then visited and fed upon the food prepared for the soldiers in the mess tents. Secondly, that officers whose mess tents were protected by screens suffered proportionately less from typhoid than the whose tents were not so protected. Thirdly, that typhoid fever gradually disappeared with the approach of cold conclusion was that the fly carries the typhoid bacillus either by the adherence of nfected matter to its feet, or within its own digestive organ

typhoid or house fly, in its relation to ountry and city sewage, and he made a further investigation of the species of in-sects that are attracted by food supplies in houses. In this investigation he found that the typhoid or house fly constituted 98.8 per cent of the whole number of insects captured in houses throughout the the whole country, under the conditions indicated above. The importance of this insect as a carrier of the dreaded disease in army camps, as shown in the Spanish war and in the Boer war and in the camps of great armies of laborers engaged in gigantic enterprises, like the digging of the Panama Canal, is obvious. But it is certain that, even under city conditions, the influence of this fly in the spread of disease

has been greatly underestimated. In a report to the Merchants' Association of New York, based upon numerous observations of the relation of flies to intestinal diseases, which was published in December, 1907, it was shown that the greatest number of flies occurred in the weeks ending July 27th and August 3rd ; and that the deaths from intestinal diseases rose above the normal at the same time at which flies became prevalent ; culminated at the same high point; and fell off with slight lag at the time of the gradual falling-off of the prevalence of the insects

A certain species of mosquito has been demonstrated to be the cause of the spread of malaria. Yellow fever is caused by another kind of mosquito; and now we know that the supposedly harmless house fly is an active agent in the distribution of intestinal diseases. In view of these facts, Dr. Howard's contention that this familiar nousehold insect should henceforth be known as the "typhoid fly" would seem to be well made. -- Scientific American.

There is a saying that "a man's first right is to be born well." It is a constant reproach to motherhood to see a puny, pining baby grow to be puling, peevish boy. It is a reproach because proper preparation and care will give the mother the health without which she cannot have a healthy child. The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a preparative for the baby's coming gives the mother abundant health. The birth hour is practically painless, and the mother rejoices in a hearty child. This is the testimony of many women who never raised a child until they used "Favorite Prescription."

-Do you know where to get the finest canned goods and dried fruits, Sechler & Co.

One Thing not Clear.

Baron R. (who has been explaining the mechanism of his new motor car to one of his tenants for over an hour): "I hope you understand it now." Tenant : "Perfectly ; all except one

younger th—"
"Hush, Rosa!" Mrs. Jerrold fairly screamed. "Do you think I would have you like Emma?"
"Why not? Emma 's happy. She will always have comfort in those stout children of hers. Of course she isn't young; that she was once, in a way. I never was the state of the state thing as themselves.

Between Cascode and Coast.

[Written especially for the WANCHMAN.]

Our train leaves Tacoma at midnight So there is much that we miss in the way of scenery, as the train rumbles southward through Washington. But as the morning light breaks it shows the rich, deep grass on the bill sides, dotted over with clusters of beautiful flowers; orchards in full bloom all over the wide valley, though it is but the twenty-fourth of April; the forests skirted with dogwood in full bloom, the first bloom, for we are told it blooms twice a year here because of the length of the season. There in the distance, before us is a broad sheet of water, and soon we find ourselves gliding over it, for it is the Columbia river. Shortly after this we cross the Willamett. This river seems to have no banks but stretch away into miles of swamp land which makes very good pasture during the dry season. But did you notice the ocean steamers

on the Columbia waiting to be laden with are relieved of the burdens they have brought with them? But here we are at Portland with just about enough time to final disposal, its history is a most romantic get breakfast and change cars. A local one. train will take us up through the Willamette and Umquah valleys so we shall be mountain climbing here, but a wide, beautiful valley extending away to the distant hills. Broad fields of wheat, grass, vegetables, great pasture fields in which horses, cattle, sheep, or angora goats are grazing; small, pretty looking cottages surrounded hy beautiful flowers; clean pleasant looking towns. And to relieve and brrigten vent anything more in the present notice all this, can be seen everywhere, even by the road side, beautiful flowers. As the eye begins to tire of all this brilliancy, the train glides into a shady glen or grove, one of nature's music balls, for here, other in producing melody. While the afterward : trees loaded with gray-green, bair-like moss, which grows here on account of the moisture, form rich curtains trimmed with as the average concert for you are soon whisked out into the sunlight among green

stations viz-"saloon." And still we keep moving onward through variations of glen and open counagain begins to climb along the mountain side, and here you come to beautiful one seems to be happy and busy. You go to a hotel and find everyone about the voice of the ballot that intoxicants shall not be sold. And they have the determination of \$10.000 from the company for his discovery.

T. M. Cullinan, founder and chairman tion to see that the laws are enforced. And In 1899 Dr. Howard made a study of the it is good to remain over Sunday and notice the interest that is taken in church work. How does this accord with the prevalent notion about "Shooting up the

town!" Having spent a few days at Roseburg. let us board the evening train for Glendale. Darkness soon settles over the land and fancy the cougar stalking his prey and the various other wild animals, each after his singer. kind, taking part in the tragedies which seem to be a necessary part of nature's great system of economy. It is midnight when three lone passengers-the only three descend from the car, and you learn that, on account of the grade, it has taken two bolder, they asked her to luncheon, and she engines to bring you to Glendale, a pretty accepted that invitation, too. little town which nestles in the bosom of on board with her companion, the captain feet.

get the wildly picturesque in scenery. from one to another of the bara countries of the bara countries. Aloft in the the orderly.

"Tell the gentlemen of the steerage "Tell the gentlemen of the steerage "Tell the the captain is going that the captain is going the captain in the captain in the captain is going the captain in the captai the waters of Cow Creek as they go bound- posal if they care to use it." tractions, the horses have been attending strictly to business and have brought you the paymaster's clerk.

"I'll thrash you if you dare!" returned "I'll thrash you if you dare!" tain sides, and as the vehicle suddenly lurches forward or leans over toward one They brought up guitars and sat on the side--always the lower side--you become so And you begin to wonder whether to place the blame on the mountain, the road, the vehicle or the driver, and you end by not gangway. Looking up at the floating placing it anywhere.

Stars and Stripes, she said:

Then you begin to notice farm-houses with their usual surroundings as you come out of the last dangerous place and perhaps you will get a chance to see a few digger squirrels or other small "varmint" before you have cause to look again to possible danger of being deposited at the bottom of some small ravine. Isn't it strange how quickly the instinct of selfpreservation will make one oblivious of other things. In this instance you are seized with an intense desire to get out and walk. It is surprising what pedestrian powers you can develop under some conditions. You walk with shoulders teas, coffees and spices, Sechler & Co.

thrown backward and inhale the healthgiving air which comes to you through the branches of the tall fir, and pine trees; and you feel that it is good to be here-on your own trusty feet, on solid earth. The result is that you ride where the road is level and whenever the conveyance shows a disposition to be erratic, you relieve the monotony by walking. When you have traveled in this manner for about twenty-four miles, the canon widens out into a beautiful upland valley and the fair fields of Meadows ranch come into view. But, just look there! Six deer quietly feeding in one of the meadows! Ab, there they go! The sound of the approaching team has frightened them, and, running in a line across the field, they clear the fence at a bound and disappear in the forest.

M. V. THOMAS. World's Largest Diamond

For twelve years the Excelsior diamond enjoyed its supremacy, but on January 25th 1905, the greatest diamond known to the world was found in open-working tolony, the Premier mine, in the Transvaal Colony, the products of our land, as soon as they world was found in open-working No. 2 of South Africa, and from the finding to the cutting of this magnificent stone and its

The day's work at the mine was over, and Frederick Wells, the surface manager, was making his usual rounds. Glancing able to enjoy the scenery to the full. No along one side of the deep excavation, his eye suddenly caught the gleam of a bril-liant object far up on the bank. He lost no time in climbing up to the spot, where he had noted the glint of light. He had not been mistaken; it was really a brilliant crystal. He tried to pull it out with his fingers, and as this proved impossible he sought to pry it out with the blade of his penknife. To his surprise the knife blade broke without causing the stone to vield. Confident now that the crystal must be a very large one, he dug out the earth about it thinking for a moment that, contrary to all experience in the mine, the stone might be attached to a piece of the primitive rock. When he discovered that this bird and brooklet seem to vie with each the object was really a diamond. He said was not the case, he began to doubt that

When I took a good look at the stone stuck there in the side of the pit it suddenly flashed across me that I had gone insane -that the whole thing was imaginary. I silver lace. But this does not last so long knew it could not be a diamond. All at once another solution dawned upon me. The boys often play jokes on one another. Some practical joker, thought I, has plantfields, villages and bloom. As you go ed this buge chunk of glass here for me to southward you notice the absence of a sign flud it. He thinks I will make a fool of which is usually prominent about railway myself by bringing it into the office in a great state of excitement, and the story will be told far and wide in South Africa." Determined to test the stone on the spot, before proceeding further, Wells rubbed off try. At last hill draws nearer to hill, the the dirt from one of its faces with his finvalley gradually narrows, until the train ger, and soon convinced himself that it was not a lump of glass, but a diamond crystal, apparently of exceptional whiteside, and here you come to beautiful ness and purity. With the aid of a larger Roseburg resting in the embrace of the blade of his knife he finally succeeded in hills, with Mt. Nebo standing guard over with him to the office of the mine. Here her. It is Saturday evening, when every it was cleaned and, to the astonishment of one is on pleasure bent; but there is no all, was found to have a weight of 30243 appearance of boisterousness, though every- carats, more than three times that of any other diamond that has been discovered. Before many hours had passed the telegraph carried tidings to all premises sober, quiet and polite. And it world that the greatest diamond of this or weather and the consequent disabling of is all because the people have risen in their any other age had been brought to light. the fly in the fall of the year. The final might, said through the quiet but powerful Mr. Wells is said to have received a re-

of the Premier company and one of the great prize winners in the lottery of South African speculation, named the after himself; others have called it the Premier, and several different names have

been proposed. Jenny Lind's Salute to the Flag.

Fifty years ago, when Jenny Lind was inging in New York, the American frigate Saint Lawrence, returning from a cruise we can only try to imagine what the wild abroad, came into the barbor. The young Cow Creek Canon must be like. We can midshipmen, on the first night of their shore leave, went to hear the famous

The next day the boys, to express the emotions that her wonderful voice had stirred in them, called on her in a body. They hardly expected that she was so charmed by their youthfulness and ingennousness that when they timorously asked who have traveled from the last station her if she would like to see their ship, she

When, on the appointed day, she came the hills at an altitude of fourteen hundred saw her from his cabin and recognized

There is nothing more strict than the You learn that from here to Anchor you must travel by stage. On this route you officers of all ranks. Of the three messes the captain's table, the wardroom and the Here is the "forest primeval." It would no officer, from captain down, would make not be difficult to imagine Indians gliding himself one of a company at another mess

and these mingle with the merry music of ashore, and that his cabin is at their dis-

ing over the boulders which form a part of the steerage. But after the pleasant meal its rocky bed. But while you have been was over the boys proudly invited their absorbed in the contemplation of these at- guest into the captain's cabin, where they took their coffee.

one of the midshipmen, under his breath.

The wardroom officers had guests, too. side--always the lower side—you become so interested in your personal safety that you forget all about the beauties of nature.

poop-deck above, singing "The Suwanee River" and other popular songs.

"How pretty!" cried Jenny Lind, with

enthusiasm, clapping.
When at last she was leaving, she paused on the step between the carved sides of the

"I wish to salute your flag." Uncovering her head and bolding her hat in her hand, she began to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner.'

As she sang the first verse every officer and every man came silently on deck. When she had sung the song to the end, deafening cheers rang out from the Saint Lawrence, and were taken up by every

ship near by, for all had been listening.

Steamers blew their whistles; and every man within reach of that thrilling voice knew that he had heard one of the most inspiring songs in the world sung as he would probably never hear it sung again. - [Youth's Companion.]

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