Acmocratice Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., December 3, 1909.

LOVE TIME AND DREAM TIME.

Love time and dream time-Apple biossom blow,--Down among the daffodils, Whispers come and go; Honey steeps in cupping flowers, Butterflies flit through the hours, And the gentle hand that dowers, Bids all glad things grow.

Love time and dream time,-

Cherry petals drift;

Music held in trozen hush, Finds a vocal rift ;

All afield, shy, gray wings whir ;

Mocking-bird and tansger In love's braveries call to her,

And bees their droning lift

Love time and dream time.

Making hearts akin ; Mending broken symphonies,

Where the frost has been.

Beaming like a maiden vain .-Turning into driving rain,-

Peeping out, to shine again, Where the spiders spin

Love time and dream time .--'Tis thy guerdon, heart ! Out of all this largess, thou Too hast thine own part. For thy cheer this music rings, Brother to the happy things,-Sister to the bee's glad wings,-Part of all, thou art !

-By Virginia Frazer Boule

WHERE THERE IS NO TURNING.

In all the ride from Legovia along the beach Hazlitt met only three living things, three women, staring at him out of the folds of dingy callco which shielded their faces from the glare of sun and sea. One faces from the glare of sun and sea. One was young and very graceful, another was not so young, a comely ex-like thing, laden with comfortable fat. The third was old and bent, with a hideonaly wrinkled, hope-less face, the mask of that impatient death which shrivels away the women of the bot Eastern world, outside and in. For a moment they startled him. They were like phasterns rises to comfrot him on the na's followed them. phantoms risen to comfrot him on the phantoms risen to comfrot him on the lifeless beach, for the yonngest was but a memory of what the eldest had been a lit-tle time before, and the eldest only a prophecy of what the yonngest soon would be. As they stood and watched him pass-ing by, shifting their worn feet uneasily on the blistering sand, Hazlitt felt a mild stirring of pity at the familiar sight. "Hoy, friends," he bailed them, "can any one tell me the way to the plantation of Don Raymundo?" The cirl looked at him shyly under

any one teil ne toe way to the planator, "No wonder the's lonely, poor lit.
any one to lon Raymundo?"
The girl looked at him shyly under the dear. Go and talk to her, Senor Has-lowered lide, the grandmother, squathing dear to gased out to sea, but she mother clubbed volubly at the chance of speech.
"Go on the toe planatorin is to the cycle back of the toe planatorin in the world. His wife is Doorse glanced timilig come to the mango which and fard batyrees was an attraction in the world. Each year he loads a hun-died athe Hacienda without a Name. Don Raymundo has a dawy to the mother a look of dislike
The rain that has no toe of the wells; from the litte Senorits Dolores. She is the most heam of the moment a look of dislike
The shage glower red, and the litter at the the species having a source of the wells; from the litter senorits Dolores. She is the moment a look of dislike
The world. His with a come on that distances him the dear and not make the moment a look of dislike
The sping about the world that distances him the sping about the world a long the moment a look of dislike
The sping about the world that distances him the sping about the world that distances him the sping about the world a long the colors usually are plashing about the world. His with a glow or the has distances him the sping about the world that distances him the sping about the world that the that life of the toe has the sping about the wells; from the litter sendition and the world. His with a sport the toe has a sping the colors usually are plashing about the wells; from the litter sendition and the world. His with a space the toe toe has disting. The panatoring the colors usually are plashing about the wells; from the litter sendition the world. His with a sport the moment has the prove of the will graph of the wells is too the parse to the long of the will graph of the wells is toe planatoring. The panatoring the wore the hole wells is toe planatoring.

up in despair."

it's positively fendal, yon know. That's the only word; it doesn't belong to our day at all. And yet they say there is no ro-mance left in trade." He stopped abruptly, for Dona Ceferina was gazing at him with round eyes. If one could picture the eyes of a ruminative cow watching with mild cariceity a ser-pent which sonobt to charm her, one would have seen the eyes of Dona Ceferina just then. Do. Raymundo smiled incoratably, and the panse grew awkward. Suddenly a soft voice came to Hazlitt's relief. "You remember 'fendal,' mamma," it said reas-

one could picture the eyes of a reminative cow watching with mild corrients as a reminative cow watching with mild corrients as as reminative combined.
 one couldn't well play worse," said Dona Caferina good humoredly, taking toll dona Ceferina good humoredly, taking toll and the first. List well play worse, " and the pause grave and power set and prometily dona the word take the dona dona was take terma dona were shalled well the come reasiles, and the come resides and the good to the soll dona dona was take terma dona with a mooking lightness bitter as it well hold of takes. And he beliver as a decenter without is country, and powere farae. List were feadal?
 Moon entinded ther musch, well take terely repr

httle prinde might envy. Fandy ruling undisputed with Senorita Dolores over the quiet domain of the Hacienda without a Name. Jove, what a queen she'd make. Name. Jove, what a queen she'd make. A hand stole down over Hazlitt's, and pityingly pointed out the proper oard, and Hazlitt steroly represend an impulse to fing away the cards and take the hand. The time was drawing near when he must pot his fortune to the test. The cards ran out, and Dona Ceferina glowed triumphant. "Another game, Has-leet?" she asked. Hazlitt langhingly turned his pocket ont to show that the modest sum allotted for the bach had shown some discrimination in placing Senorita Dolores on the pinnacle of beauty. Suddenly he became aware that Dona Ceferina's tale was told, and that of beauty. Suddenly he became aware that silver. "You play worse than ever, I Dona Ceferina's tale was told, and that think," she said.

her talk had taken a more personal turn. "It's so good to have one from our own world to talk to again," she said enthusias-

silver. "You play worse than ever, I
think," she said.
"I may learn panguingui before I die,"
said Hazlitt. A sudden impulee seized
him. He leaned forward and fixed the
mistress of the haoienda with his eye. "I
rather think, Dona Ceferina." he said,
with slow emphasis, "that I shall have to
stay out here till I die. There seems to be
no escape. I shall have to stay—and learn
to play panguingui. What do yon think?"
In the heavy eyes of Dona Ceferina a
small glow kindled, as of the surviving
remnants of a very tiny fire. Hazlitt had
seen them light that way when Dona Ceferina looked
at him understandingly. Her hand trembled a little on the table. "Why not Hast
tet?" she said. "It—it would be very
pleasant for all of us. I—" she rose hast
tiy. "I shall have to leave you for a mine world to talk to again," she while eventuation tically. "One gets lonely here, with only natives about. I tremble to think what existence would have been when I came back from school, if Don Raymundo had not been here to resoue me." She smiled radiantly at her black and white spouse, as if to include him in the conversation, but he only drew long at his cigarette and puffed the smoke very deliberately toward the ceiling. Hazlitt's eyes wandered to the window once more, and Dona Ceferi-"Isn't Dolores beautiful ?" she whisperleet?" she said. "It-it would be very pleasant for all of us. I-" she rose has-tily. "I shall have to leave you for a min-"She's like a Madonna," said Hazlist. balf to bimself, "a Madonna whom some great man dreamed of painting and gave

ute. I hope you and Dolores can amuse yourselves till luncheon," she said, with elaborate innocence and went away. Hazlist followed poor unsuspecting Dolores over to the window, and stood up in despair." "Exactly," Dona Ceferina agreed hasti-ly. "That's just it. She's beautiful as the Virgin berself—and good ! Poor child, after three years of Paris and Madrid, to

looking down with her, while the balf-dozen maidens let needle and spindle fall and exchanged knowing smiles. come back to this !" She swept an over-jeweled hand at the great dignified, simple room. "No wonder che's lonely, poor lit-tle dear. Go and talk to her, Senor Has-

The rains had come and gone, and the

At his tone Dolores flushed rosy and of the pungent wood-smoke. As Haziitt turned away, and her hand gripped the edge of the broad sill with its little helpshe edge of the ess, useless fingers. Hazlitt laid his hand

associated with a rambling sione house that perobed on a sunburnt bill. He also had a somewhat lively and eager head and a fair education. All be lacked was an in-there will de a weading at the hacten-"Yes," said the girl. "Yes," said her mother, "the young Americano will marry Senorita Dolores. They say he is very rich-richer than Don

Raymundo. "He is very big and handsome," said the girl wistfully. "And Senorita Dolores —she is very beautiful and kind." A flash of jealousy crossed the mother's broad, good-natured face. "Yes," she said, "she is beautiful. But after all, she is only a mestiza, almost a Filipina like the rest of us."

toward the window and the world that lay outside, the fields stretching away in the burning light to the dim edge of the for-est, the endless sweep of the jungle, and the distant glow of the sleeping sea, all the nutamable world that presseed around the Unclude mithemate Name

"Like this," Don Raymundo agreed "People say that he said that proper com-panionship, and perhaps a wife—bat Dios mio, I grow stapid. His nearest neighbor who was half a native, was—blessed, let us call it-with a daughter. A most

between men is based on something deeper

last, "that this young man took himself too seriously? If he had given more to life,

evitably perish of starvation. Thus for each aigrette, many egrets are massacred, or left to perish miserably. One hird produces only one-sixth of an ounce of rupted him. "that he soon defined to go out among his constrymen, where his wife was received only as a favor to himself and his family. He was a somewhat chivalrous young man, you see. And his Filipino friends, though worthy people doubtless, were somewhat unattractive and dall to both the young man and his wife. They mentioned are too So in the and he man

"There will be a wedding at the bacien. Famous Educators Praises Film Shows.

No less an authority on education than, Prof. Frederick Starr, of Chicago Universi-ty, is quoted as endorsing the picture show mainly for its educational features. At

mainly for its educational features. At the same time, he pays a warm compli-ment to the industry. The eminent edu-cator is quoted as follows: "I have seen Niagara thunder over her gorge in the noblest frenzv ever beheld by man ; I have watched a Queensland river nuder the white light of an Australasian moon go swirling through strange islands lurking with bandicoot and kangeroo; I have watched au English railroad train draw into a station, take its passengers and then chug away with its stubby little engine through the Yorkshire Dells, past old Norman abbeys silhonetted against the sky line, while a cluster of century-aged cottages loomed up in the valley below, through which a yokel drove his flocks of Southdowns; I have been to the Orient and gazed at the watersellers and beggars and dervishes; I have beheld fat old Rajabs with the price of a thonsand

beggars and dervishes ; I have beheld fat old Rajabs with the price of a thonsand lives bejeweled in their monster turbans, and the price of a thonsand deaths sewn in their royal nightsbirts as they indolently swayed in golden howdahs, borne upon backs of grunting elephants; I saw a run-away horse play battledoor and shuttle-cock with the citizens and traffic of a little Italian village, whose streets had not known so much commotion since the sail-ing of Columbus; I know how the China-man lives, and I have been through the homes of the Japanese; I have marveled at the daring of Alpine tobbogganists and ad-mired the wonderful skill of Norwegian ski jumpers; I have seen armies upon the battlefield and their retorn in triumph; I have looked upon weird dances and out-Laws have been passed by Parliaments and Legislatures, Audubon societies have framed resolutions, but still the birds are being killed. Queen Alexandra of Enghave looked upon weird dances and out-landish frolics in every quarter of the globe, and I didn't have to leave Chicago

for a moment. "No books have taught me all these "No books have taught me all inese wonderful things—no lecturer has pictured them—I simply dropped into a moving-picture theatre at various moments of lei-sure, and at the total cost for all the visits of perhaps two performances of a foolish musical show I have learned more than a

musical show it have learned more than a traveler could see at the cost of thousands of dollars and years of journey. "Neither you nor I fully realize what the moving picture has meant to us, and what it is going to mean. As children we used to dream of a journey on a magician's carpet to the legendary lauds, but we can rub our own eyes now and witness more tremendous miracles than Aladdin could have by rubbing bis fairy lamp. But we are so matter-of-fact that we never think of it that way. We are living at a mile-a-second gait in the swiftest epoch of the world's progress—in the age of incredibili-ties come true. We fly through the air-ohat with our friends in Paris by equirting a little spark from a pole on one side, and others call it a commendable desire to en-hance her beauty. Those stately and interesting birds, the herons, have been among the worst suffer-ers, because their plamage is beautiful and easily made into commercial hat trimming. The aigrette is made from the feathers taken from the back of the white egret, which is one of the heron family. These forther comments beth caves grow only feathers, common to both sexes, grow only at the time of year when the egrets are nesting and breeding. To obtain them, therefore, the birds must be killed when they are breeding. The egret is shot, the few coveted feathers are taken from its back, and the youngsters are left without parental care. Since there are no orphan asylums in birdland, the little egrets ina little spark from a pole on one side, and so we take as a matter of course that which our great-grandfathers would have declared a miracle.

declared a miracle. "The talking machine has canned the great voices and master melodies of our time, but the moving-picture machine has done more—it is making for us volumes of history and action; it is not only the great-est impulse of entertainment, but the mightiest force of instruction. We do not analyze the fact that when we read of an Euglish wreck we at once see an English train before us, or when we learn of a battle that an altogether different panorama is visualized than our former erroneous im-pression of a hand-to-hand conflict ; we are familiar with the geography of Europe ; we are well acquainted with how the French-man dresses, in what sort of a home he lives, and from what sort of a shop he buye bis meat and greens. "We take so much for granted; we are so thoroughly spoiled by our multiple laxuries that we do not bestow more than a passing thought upon our advantages, be-cause the moving picture machine is an ad-vantage—a tremendous vital force of culture as well as amusement. An economy not only of money, but of experiences ; it brings the world to us, it delivers the universe to our theatre seat. The moving picture is not a makeshift for the playhouse ; its dignity is greater, its importance far beyond the puny function of comedy and tragedy. It is a clean entertainment, leo-ture and amusement all rolled in one ; in its highest effort it stands above literature; its highest effort it stands above literature; in its less ambitions phase it ranks above the tawdry show house. It teaches noth-ing harmful, and it usually teaches much that is helpful. "Today the moving-picture industry is developed to a high degree of perfection in America and in Europe. Millions of dol-lars are invested in the production of movside of the case. The delicate pampas grass and other vegetable plumes are love-ly, but perishable. The wind tears them to pieces and the water destroys them. On the other hand, a feather is one of the most durable things. It lasts for a long time and its beauty may be restored by cleaning and recurling. instructive incidents of the world. A new type of dramatist has arisen—men who search through the literature of the ages and construct tableaux in action which will render vividly the entire contents of fa-mons works of the drama, of the novel and of his history. "The moving picture is not a makeshift, but the highest type of entertainment in the history of the world. It stands for a the history of the world. It stands for a better Americanism, because it is attracting millions of the masses to an uplifting, draw-ing them an improving as well as an amus-ing feature of city life. Its value cannot be measured now, but another generation will benefit more largely through its in-fluence than we of today can possibly real-ize."

Hacienda without a Name. "Like this," Hazlitt assented reinotaut-

land is the latest great personage to protest against the slanghter of birds. The mil-liners and society women of Eogland are excited over the position she has taken, but it isn't at all likely that they will follow her suggestion. Every sort and size of feathered creature.

from the ostrich to the humming-bird, has fallen a victim to woman's love of adorn-ment-to her vanity, as some say-while others call it a commendable desire to en-

than mere convention. "Don't you think," Hazlitt asked at

had gone about amnong people-" "I understand," Don Raymundo inter-rupted him. "that he soon declined to go

And then, having halted a moment, they tramped on along the beach.—By Rowland Thomas, in Collier's. -Do you know where to get the finest auned goods and dried fruits, Seobler & Birds that are Sacrificed for Fashion. Ever since the first woman in the world took the tail feathers out of the bird which her husband killed for dinner and stuck them in her bair and heard his exclama-tion of "How lovely that makes you look, my dear," the daughters of earth have been adorning their heads with plumes. And no matter how tender hearted the women are, nor how much they exclaim, "O, the poor thing," at the sight of the dead birds, they are ready to follow the fashion. They are sorry for the slaughter-ed birds, but they must have plumes for their hate. Ever since the first woman in the world

their bate.

Ceferina." For a moment a look of dislike crossed the broad, good-natured face. "Dona Ceferina is very prond, but, after watched the peaceful scene all the love of the open which had led him a wandering through life rolled over him in one wave. "Jove it's a good old world after all," all, she is just a mestiza, almost a Filipina like us. She-

Hazlitt broke into the chatter with his he said. thanks, flipped a coin in the air, and jogged on till he had left them far behind, three moving dots on the waste, plodding the way of Malay womenfolk.

Hidden in the green-shronded willer- of it. When you speak so I wonder if you ness of the lower hills, the Hacienda with- also do not think it is had. Why isn't it ness of the lower hills, the Hacienda with-out a Name lay under the sunset enchanting as a lost fragment of some old world where labor next the soil was the happiest thing in life. And up in the sale of the face have on the hill the mistress of the hacienda stared at Hazlitt over her cup. She had been beautiful, but under the Cancasian mold of her featores another face was beginning to show dimly, the face of a cance was beginning to show dimly, the face of a was beginning to show dimly, the face of a was beginning to show dimly, the face of a race whose very heat and strength of life fuses all lines down to mere shapelessness of flesh. A part of Dona Ceferina had been overtaken by the unrelenting advance of middle age. "Yon say my husband is a prince, Se-nor?" Dona Ceferina cohoed doubtfally over her onp, and her soft forehead wrin-kled in bewilderment. This strange young wisitor had puzzling notions of what con-

visitor had puzzling notions of what con-stitutes conversation-a diversion of which Doua Ceferina was extremely fond. 'Without doubt,' she said, "I think that is a mistake.'

Hazlitt looked at her in mingled amusement and vexation. In all his wonderful day of discovery this talkative, commonfore her, and on the other side of the table Hazlitt sat, and the two smiled across complace woman had been the sole jarring note. But Dona Ceferina, oblivious to panionably at each other as they sorted fat bundles of cards. his emotions, sat in the cool twilight of the They were playing panguingui. On big room and poised her cup, like some plays panguingui with six packs of cards and much patience. Don Ceferina and Hazlist had played a good deal of it since hybrid goddess of justice about to render a

"Beyond doubt, it is a mistake," said Dona Ceferina. "Don Raymundo's family is one of the oldest in Spain, but it has never married with royalty. There are few princes in Spain not of the royal blood; it is not like Russia." The word gave her a clue to a topic of live interest, and she brightened. "When I was a girl ool I met a Russian prince summer at Biarritz-

Over his cup Don Raymundo's tiny Mephistophelian mustache lifted slightly in the mocking smile which was his ex-tremest expression of emotion, and Hazlitt rushed to the righting of his false lead. "Of course, I did not mean that Don Raymundo was a prince in name," he explain-ed, "hut, in fact, you know." Dona Ceferina raised her cup and sipped the choo-Dona olate resignedly, but Hazlitt did not heed

her. "The startling, the wonderful thing to an American like me is that he's not only a prince in power, but a prince of another age. These people here on the plantation are his, belong to him personally. Take that thing we saw just now, for instance, all those hundreds of people com-ing in to the plantation kitchen for their

supper---'' Dona Ceferina rose to her opportunity. ''If you only knew,'' she said, ''bow much rice it takes to feed five thousand peo-

"If you only knew," she said, "bow much rice it takes to feed five thousand peo-ple—" Hazlitt, brimming with the enthusiasm the day had brought him, swept on. "Think of having a jail of your own and patting people in it when you like, and being their law. Why, I dare say they'd follow him to war if told them to, and—and sack the next plantation. It's—

over it proteotingly, and it did not draw away. "You are bappy, Dolores ?" he reaway. peated. The girl glanced up at him quickly. "After all ?" she echoed plaintively. "Tell me, Senor. The Sisters always said that "Of course," said Dolores faintly. "Why shouldn's I be when everything is-80

beautiful and —and good ?'' "Happy little Dolores," said Hazlitt. And then Don Raymundo rode round the the world was ond, and we must be afraid

turn in the shrabbery below, and swang from the saddle. Dolores shrank back, but Don Raymundo only smiled inscruta-bly. "I'll join you in a minute," he called

up to them. A flash of anger swept over Hazlitt at this man whose mere approach took all the witchery from life. He pressed Dolores's hand before he released it. "She shall be happy," he muttered defiantly to Don Raymundo and the world. "She shall be

appy always."

"There seems to be a great deal of un-necessary time," Don Raymundo observed with his perverse triviality. He and Haz-litt had run across each other in the sala after their siesta, and were sitting with was of old, Dona Ceferina sat among her maidens. There were half a dozen of them

after their siesta, and were sitting with their long chairs drawn up before a win-dow, waiting for the end of the day. "Perhaps there is," Hazlitt agreed slow-ly, gathering strength for the resolution he had taken. "And yet, with agreeble comon the floor, sewing and spinning and obat-tering in subdaed voices, while the mis-trees or the hacienda sat enthroned in the midst of them. Unlike whoever she was of old, Dona Ceferina had a card-table bepanionship, and perhaps a wife-Don Ray-mondo, we Americans are blunt. I want to marry Senorita Dolores." Don Raymundo smoked placidly for

moment. "I have been expecting this," he said at last. "I have-shall I be blunt? been fearing this." Hazlitt flushed. "I know it seems pro

sumptuous," he said. "People will call it climbing for me. And yet--we have no aristooraoy at home, as perhaps you know, but of such families as we have, mine is a good one. For five generations-" "I care little about families," said Don

Raymundo. The sone was courteous, but the words

Hazlitt had played a good deal of it since they first met, six months before, and Haz-litt's patience had never wearied. Neither had Secorita Dolores's, which is more sur-prising, for she had to stand behind Haz-litt's chair and help him with the unfamil-iar cards. She was standing there now. "Hazleet, it is your lead," said Dona Caferina, gathering up her hand. It was a sign of the fellowship established be-tween them that she called him Hazlitt, in the good round Spanish way, without any fuss over titles. It was a stronger sign stung Hazlitt. "I am not a rich man," he said, "but I have enough. I was afraid at first that it was the hacienda I cared for at first that it was the bacienda I cared for —not the wealth, but the power and ro-mance of the life. That was what I cared about at first, but now it's Dolores berself. I know it. I had hoped—" he hesitated. After six months of almost daily meeting, it was as impossible '> break through Don Raymundo's smiling reserve as it had heen at first. "I had hoped that you might find the company of another white man pleas-ant, that we might be friends, but—That doesn't matter. It isn't the hacienda I want." fuse over titles. It was a stronger sign that she sat with her feet tucked up in her chair native fashion. "One gets used to it," she explained, the first time she ventured it in his presence, "and it's much more comfortable." "Hasleet, I shall beat you again," said

want."

"Hasleet, I shall beat you again," said Dona Ceferina. "Lead !" Hazlitt laid his finger inquiringly on a eard and looked back over his shoulder, where a pair of interested eyes signaled ap-proval. Suddenly he spied a forgotten card down in the corner of his fistful. Sen-Don Raymundo spread out his hands with a gesture of utter weariness. "I care so little for the bacienda and what becomes of it," he said, "that if the burden of it could be lifted from me I should be almost happy, I think." And while soorn for the eternal many of the man was sourced. orita Dolores gave a small wail of dismay as he played it, and Dona Ceferina smiled

in pleasant derision. "I mistook it for a king," said Hazlitt happy, I think." And while soorn for the eternal posing of the man was setting Hazitt's lip, he went on. "My friend— and I call you friend because I feel that way," said Don Raymundo—"I am going to tell you a story I never thought to tell." His momentary energy dropped from him. "If you care to listen," he amended, in his most uninterested manner. "It is a mistake," said Dona Cefering

his voice, "that I fear that. It isn't Dolores's heanty that I love. What I want is to make her happy. We can grow old together."

Don Raymundo smiled, and for once his smile was patient instead of mocking. "When you are older you will judge less quickly," he said gently. "Aren't you overlooking something? Is it my happi-uees that counte, or yours, or even Dolore's —though it's hard that she should suffer for the mistake ber father made." He drew 'p in his chair and looked at Hazlitt with a new light in his eyes. "What of your children ?" he asked, al-

most sternly. "And their children ? Have we any right to hand our trouble down to them. The children a hundred years from now-will they be while? Or must they go on forever, belonging nowhere, despised by half the brothers of their blood, and themselves despising the other hall? Where will it end.

Enlightenment burst op Hazlitt in flash. This was no lover's obstacle, to be surmounted by theatrical leaps and bounds.

He had come face to face with one of the He had come face to face with one of the truths of life, Nature's unchanging law of blood. He saw them coming, the slow generations, men of no race and country. "My God!" he said, and gripped the arms

"My Goal" he said, and gripped the arms of his chair till the cane splintered. A door opened at the other end of the big room. "Our companions are coming," said Don Raymundo quietly and rose.

After the greetings Dona Ceferina went After the greetings Dona Ceterina went directly to the gleaming tray which bore the chocolate and biscuits that buoy one from the dead languor of the siesta to the full tide of evening life. Hazlitt sank back in his chair again. Suddenly a soft voice asked over his shoulder: "You cause then I shan't have to dance so often with these stupid native boys."

with these stupid native boys." Hazlitt gripped the arms of his chair again. The moment for decision had come, and all those unborn generations were waiting his answer. Dolores was waiting, too, poor, helpless, innocent Dolores. He locked to Don Raymundo for relief, but Don Raymundo had his back turned at a mindow and was making furionaly. The Don Raymundo had his back turned at a window, and was smoking furiously. The panse grew long. Then slowly Hazlitt straightened in his obair, and as he looked up at the wondering face behind him the law and the prophets were swept away in a gush of pitying affection. "Yes," he said very firmly, "yes, I will come." "Lalala!" Dona Ceferina laughed from her place behind the cups. "He speaks as seriously as if he made a vow to Our Lady. It's only a hall you know. Hasleet. Give

seriously as if he made a vow to Our Lady. It's only a ball, you know, Hasleet. Give the men their chocolate, Doloroita." She raised her oup and supped happily. "After all," she said in a tone of deep content, "there are few things more delightful than one's chocolate and cigarette." Don Raymando was gazing from his window off into the distance, where the gathering shadows were blending cane-field and forest.

and forest. "Chocolate is very good," he said

thoughtfully.

Three women were tramping in the glare His momentary energy dropped from him. "If you care to listen," he amended, in his most uninterested manner. "Go on, plcase," said Hazlitt impatient-ly. "It is a story of a young man in Spain," said Don Raymundo, "a boy who had a

ers are most beautiful. It was the "baloyon" of old, and Socrates said of it : "The bird is not great, but it has received great honor from the gods because of its loveli-It may be bonored of the gods, yet ness.1

it is slaughtered for woman-kind. The terns and gulls, the bullfinches, and even the little humming-birds are slaugh-tered by thousands to meet the demand of fashion. The smaller birds, sometimes even the larger ones like the gulls, are put on the hats entire.

Lately the milliners, especially in America, have been getting good effects from the feathers and plumes of the common domestic fowls. The feathers are worked over and dyed until they make a satisfac tory imitation of the rarer plumes from song birds and wild fowl. All the efforts to have women substitute

some other adornment for the plumes of birds in their bats have proved futile. And there is a reason for this on the woman's side of the case. The delicate pampas grass and other vegetable plumes are love.

oleaning and reourling. Perhaps the best solution for the ques-tion is that offered by a prominent milli-ner. He proposes that egrets, herons, and other birds of beautiful plumage be raised as ostriches now are raised. At the season of greatest beauty the feathers might be plucked, and the bird allowed to live for another season and a new crop of feathers. another season and a new crop of feathers. The wings and breasts of the brilliantly colored song birds, he thinks, might be abandoned, and suitable substitutes made from feathers of the barnysrd fowls. At any rate the birds have plenty of charmings and new that a onean is en-

champions, and now that a queen is en-deavoring to woo women away from what is called a cruel fashion her example may be more effective than laws.

The Earth is Stopping

That the earth experiences undulations That the earth experiences undulations twice a day, corresponding to the sea tides, was recently established. After working for six years in a chamber out inside a well eighty feet below the surface of the ground, Professor Hecker, the German astronomer, has estimated that the movement of the earth, in correspondence with the tides, is about one-third as great. It rises and falls with the elasticity that would be expected

if it were of the consistency of steel. According to Sir George Darwin, who has been lecturing upon Professor Heck-er's investigations, the friction of the tides er's investigations, the friction of the tides acts as a brake upon the motion of the earth which is, therefore, gradually slack-ening speed. As the tides are caused by the attraction of the moon, they produce a reaction whose effect is to drive the moon gradually farther and farther from the earth. There was a time when the moon earth. There was a time when the moon was only three or foor thousand miles dis-tant, and the two bodies moved round as though they were linked together, making their revolution in a few hours. To go back to a still earlier epoch, the moon at one time probably formed part of the earth, and that the space which it left when it broke away was filled in by the Pacific Onean. Deean.

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A Gigantic Blast.

One of the greatest blasts ever exploded in this country occurred recently near Stein's Pass, New Mexico, a few miles from the Arizona border. Seventy-eight thous-and pounds of giant powder were used in this explosion, which completely wrecked one whole side of a mountain, dislodging and breaking into fragments sufficient rock to ballast one hundred miles of railroad track.

The Southern Pacific Railroad for several weeks had been making preparations for this blast, the work being done under the this blast, the work being done under the personal direction of their powder experts and one from the mills which supplied the explosive. The intention was to obtain material for ballast on the Tucson Division of the Southern Pacific, and the attempt was entirely successful. Approximately 775,000,000 pounds of rock was dislodged. The successful when the charge was fired The spectacle when the charge was fired was stupendons.

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