Bellefonte, Pa., January 7, 1910.

OLD YEAR MEMORIES.

Let us forget the things that vexed and tried us, The worrying things that caused our souls The hopes that, cherished long, were still denied

Let us forget.

Let us forget the little slights that pained us, The greater wrongs that rankle sometimes yet; The pride with which some lofty one disdained us I et us forget.

Let us forget our brother's fault and failing. The yielding to temptation that beset, That he perchance, though grief be unavailing, Cannot forget.

But blessings manifold, past all deserving, Kind words and helpful deeds, a countless

The fault o'ercome, the rectitude unswerving, Let us remember long

The sacrifice of love, the generous giving, When friends were few, the hand-clasp warm and strong.

The fragrance of each life of holy living, Let us remember long

Whatever things were good and true and gra Whate'er of right has triumphed over wrong,

What love of God or man has rendered precious, Let us remember long.

So, pondering well the lessons it has taught us, We tenderly may bid the year "Good-by." Holding in memory the good it brought us, Letting the evil die.

-{Susan E. Game

GOD'S WAY.

Flat on the hard-packed threshold of her smokehouse sits Bridle-mouth Ann. Like the earth of her doorway she is sundried. The skin of her face has the juiceless crinkled appearance of grayish brown form the corners of her mouth to the of a nearby swing was the school superinshadows of her ears, is a purplish hue of blood, the only life-color left in a creature

who is ashen and age-shriveled. On the right of Bridle-mouth Ann crouches a lean, stiff-haired, tawny dog of wolfish head, whose ears prick and droop, and whose nostrils quiver with each passing tale in the hot north wind. About the woman and her dog lies an aura of hopelessness. It strikes the mind as forcibly as the desolation of her home clay-colored river, but what she sees exists within

It was not always so. Once she was a handsome, laughter-loving, young squaw. The strong, sun-browned men in unihandsome, sun-browned men in uniher boy to school. It's nothing to me. I after the father." forms called her "Merry" Ann. That was before they took their guns and horses to do. Tell her she'll have to submit-give across the mountains to stay, and when in—be good Injun."
the place we call "campus" was still With his back to "parade.

rancheria that they remember the day when the bridle was put in Ann's mouth by Sochtish, oldest chief of the Hupas. Between the time when Ann was "Merry" and the day when she was made "Bridlemouth" runs the story.

Ann's smoke-house, as now, was one of dozen squat hovels that clustered on the river from the post. There the flight from the smok-house on the highest preserve her balance. point of the bluff, where rocks outnumsweat-house, an excrescence of John's rough-hewn timber and river-polished

In the season when daylight hours were long and cloudless, and brilliant blue lizards flashed in and out among the hot stones, Jimmy, Ann's youngest son, made the little rock-bound terrace of the sweathouse his dream place. Thither his mother always followed him, seeking to make his thoughts her thoughts. He was unlike her sons George and Thomas, who attended school across the Oregon line, and her heart was troubled for fear Injun Hupa Reservation, outside the little circle devil tormented the body of her littlest

dreams?" she asked him for the hundredth time-yea, the ten hundredth. The boy crept close this day and rested his head against her low-hanging breast. His ered, bespectacled, slow of speech; and eyes reached across the clay-colored river yet the other nature of him, which he had to the Digger pines that wigwagged in the hot north wind.

"I dream that I have the sweetness of honey in my heart, and I hear words that have never been spoken in the smoke house, and I have the smell of wild honeysuckle in my nostrils."

"Haat-now, haat-now," crooned Ann, swaying gently back and forth as if to lull her anxious thoughts, "tell me more of thy dreams.

"I would not be like my brothers. They are dirty and lazy," he murmured. "It will be pleasant when I am old enough to lie all night in the sweat-house and rise in the gray light and run to the river and swim till I am clean like the white of thine eye, oh, mother. Then I shall have a sound in my ears like the wind blowing against a long horse-hair and I shall feel that I am strong inside." The warm glow of fancy gave his eyes a tender, mysterious light that troubled Merry Ann's heart.

"Ah, sweet hope of my life," she whispered, "thou dreamest strange dreams and thou hast strange desires. Thou shalt not go to school like thy brothers. The school men would sap thy strength as the north wind saps the milk of the young wheat. Thou shalt not go. I have said."

Contented with her promise, the boy's head became heavy on his mother's breast. She looked into his face and saw that he slept. Very gently she laid him down and, returning to the smoke-house, took a basket of acorn meal on her back and went down to the river bank below the bluff to leach it in the sand.

The stillness of old age was over the rancheria. The able-bodied women were at their leaching, and the bucks watched the nets on the fish dam a half-hour's walk up the river. In this treeless abode nothing moved but the furry grass and the garments of the dead that swung silently from

the frames over the graves. Into this still place came a white man, driving across the bluff and leaving a double track of broken stalks through the crisp

sprang out, and walked briskly to the

The boy did not wake till he felt a strong arm holding him. Then something inside rose like a great wind that blew him hither and thither, a creature of nails, teeth and kicking legs. But the strong man climbed into the buggy with his prize and drove away. While he forded the river and drove up the road to the whitewashed fence on the other side he held the boy between his knees as in a vise. At the platform stile the man took the fighting, struggling crea-ture in his arms, face down, and crossed the campus to a long low white building

used as a dormitory.

At the sound of the quick footstep on the gravel a woman, who had been reading on

shoulders. "Subdue him if you can before his mother comes." The woman went down the steps and reached forth to take the boy by the arm.
She gave a cry of pain. Her fingers were caught. Two rows of glistening teeth were

clenched upon her anemic flesh. "You little savage!" ejaculated the man, and shook the boy off as he would a dog. But the woman's hands had turned to claws and she whisked the boy up the steps and through the door before he could plan another attack. Inside the house a baptism of soap and water was administered to From an eruptive youngster of dangerous activity he was transformed into a smoldering volcano of outraged pride. He permitted himself to be clothed in garments several sizes too large for him and to be led out on the veranda. With one little hot restless hand imprisoned in the woman's he stood at her side and looked down at his mother and his grandfather, to the river, crossed it in a canoe, thence Captain John, who had come while he was up the bluff to the sweat-house. Throwundergoing transformation, and were

of rusty brown straw and faded red ribbon, and bore two faded feathers. The sight of no thought of home had taken him across this hat inspired Jimmy with more respect

than all the school man's arts. Apart from Ann stood Captain John, his shrunken overalls and bare feet presenting an irreverent contrast to his partriarchal above him, he sat up and addressed him crape; but under the thin glazed surface an irreverent contrast to his partriarchal of two deep scars, that run bridle-like white hair; and leaning against the frame in the language of the smoke-house. tendent.

> "Well, what does Merry Ann propose to do about it?" asked the latter.
> "Yo know Merry Ann she no lik huh boy come to school," exclaimed Captain John. "Maybeso he larn damnbad nonsense. Yes, sir-mam, she tink he git it saick. She tink A few words; then a long-drawn breath, maybeso Jimmy have Injun devil in he and a long wait.

belly. What yo say?' The man muttered something intended salutes the eye. To-morrow, and the about Jimmy having more than one devil ter in the days when the blood runs hot stopped to ponder.

Go on, go on," commanded the superintendent impatiently. "Tell Merry Ann her boy to school. It's nothing to me. I after the father. have to do what the Government tells me

With his back toward the woman Captain John talked into space in front of him. diving into the water. They will tell you at Captain John's He said a few words and waited. Then he used carelessly. The silences were weighty. It took an hour, but, at last, sounds clicked in nder her tongue like thick oil. She had

Without looking up or appearing to nothe bleached shoulder of a bluff across tice the child on the veranda or the school man, she crossed the campus and passed filaria grew fine and soft like fur and ran out of sight, always moving with a teeterburden that made her little feet hurry to

Jimmy slept in the woods that night and bered grass blades, sprawled Captain for three nights thereafter, because the windows of the dormitory had not been strong or high enough. The two lazy policemen found him in the burnt-out hollow of a stump, half-starved, but fierce as a young bobcat. They dragged him back to be rebaptized in soap and water. In the next five years Jimmy was a terror to his kind as well as to the school men. It was a rare occurrence to have a full roll-call. Some boy was generally missing: in the infirmary, it was said, with a broken arm or a bruised shin or a black eye-because of Injun Jim. Living in the of well-intentioned men and women, cogs and wheels to the machinery of a Govern-"Does mother's heart dream sweet ment school, was one man who had a kinship with all wild and untamed creatures. Outwardly he was the apotheosis of tameness-small, bent-shouldered, thin-whiskgrilled into outward subjection, was akin

to Injun Jim's. In the man of God was also to be found a man of earth. It was the missionary's habit to sit unobserved near an open window that commanded the school-yard. He discovered very soon that Injun Jim was always an games. The boy gazed at his fellows with at the window that Jimmy only broke away from his reserve when he was im pelled by a positive motive. His particular animus was oftenest aroused by some big do the will of the school men?" hulking bully, who crossed the campus only to leave behind him a wake of blubbering, whimpering boys. This sight invariably brought Jimmy to his feet. With stiff, hanging arms and clenched fists he he threw out his arms and plunged into

the bully. Five times the trees flowered and fruited, and the nuts ripened in the woods while the missionary wrestled with his God for some sign of redemption in the boy. He of all the people in the reservation saw the inner struggle between right and wrong that was forever going on. He was the only one who knew that, as often as Jimmy was torn with a desire to mend his ways, he slipped off the campus to be gone for followed Jimmy to his secret nook in the to the devil that was said to possess him. hill alone. His music he created as he played. It

One day this wild sombre boy, now little less than a man, sat in his nook fiddling softly with no thought of the instrument in hand, but letting his soul run free with

loosened fingers and rattled to the ground. against her fair cheek, and two strong Carlisle," she quavered, with trembling He was unconscious of self, of everything, only that he saw something in those chinablue eyes that made something in his preast leap like a living creature. A sweet smile dimpled the young girl's

"I am the superintendent's daughter." she said naively, as if that fact v warrant her intrusion. Sitting de irts daintily. "I came to Hupa o When I heard you playin would like to know who it v and when I heard you playin would like to know who it v of music. Won't you play a

He was looking into her ey. but at her request took his bow and began a wild throbbing chain of sounds that was announced the man, letting Jimmy slip to the ground and pinning him there by the shoulders. "Subdue him if you are to the shoulders. "Subdue him if you are to the shoulders."

"What is the name of this strange music?"
"I don't know," he answered. "It is what I feel. "Where did you get the fiddle?" she asked.

"I stole it," he replied, just above a Jim. I steal, I lie, I do what I please."

A cloud drifted across the girl's eyes, and she looked away with a little shiver.

"Oh, how wicked!" she breathed.

proved gently. "You won't do it any more, will you? Please, promise me." 'not any more. It was twilight when Jimmy and the young girl went down to the campus. They parted at the stile. He continued

ing himself down on the terrace, he lay standing patiently at the foot of the steps. with his face upturned to the darkening Merry Ann wore her red and white calico sky and waited. In six years he had not dress of state. Her hat was a cast-off thing returned to the rancheria, though it was within an hour's walk to the campus, and the boy. the river that night.

the soft pad-pad of bare feet, and as Cap-

"I have come to ask why I am called James Stuart, and my fat brother, who lives at Klamath, George Matilton, and the one who is a packer, Thomas Campbell? Why do we three have different

names? The old Indian spoke with many pauses.

"Thomas is the son of Campbell, he that was of the full blood. He was the mothfor the ears of the woman on the veranda er's man. . . Campbell was a great hun-But thou art James Stuart, because thy father was Lieutenant James Stuart. who went away with the soldiers. It is

> The old man stooped to the small polished entrance, and his shriveled old body shot down into the blackness and heat of and held her firmly away. For a minute

said a few more words very cautiously, as when Jimmy crossed the campus to the pered if speech were a fragile thing not to be dormitory. As the boys came out he "I w dormitory. As the boys came out he joined the line at the end. No comment she answered, her head drooping against and strong, but he wasn't—he wasn't. I news, comes at noon, and forty-five mintook an hour, but, at last, sounds clicked was made on his absence. It would be his arm.

Merry Ann's glottis and rolled from reported as usual, but demerits did not "What day's work was over the teachers met on the campus. They talked of one subject. in flattened, shimmering waves before ing trot as if she carried a heavy forward for good behavior today." "Injun Jim each breath of the hills. An arrow's burden that made her little feet hurry to stood at the head for cleanliness today." Day after day the boy, who was more and more like a man, went to the nook with his fiddle under his arm and played. he hung back, she became petulant. One day he heard steps on the leaf carpet that were heavier and yet softer than those of his little wild friends. He clutched his fiddle to his breast and watched the parting bushes with glad shining eyes. When Flora was seated at his side he laid his slim brown hand alongside hers on the log.
"I am a half-breed, he said. "I wonder which is stronger in me, the Indian or

the white man? "The white man in you is strongest,"

she answered positively.
"How do you know?" he queried. "I read it in your speech and your quickness to understand. Last night I heard them say down at my father's nouse that you stood first in all your classes. If you continue they will send you to Carlisle at the end of the year."

He gave her a flash of grateful eyes. "When I was a child I dreamed things that never happened in the smoke-house."
he said thoughtfully.
"And now I would often obey the

teachers for the soft feeling in my heart, but something calls me away to be in the sun all day and do nothing but eat and sleep. But there is another part of me, which will not let me rest, and drives me observer and never a participant in the back to the school whether I will it or not. This part of me would know all a from-under stare that was sombre and that is to be found in books. When I run hot cheeks with both hands, she ran down youth. They laid it on the terrace of the mysterious. It was evident to the watcher away I say I don't care but I do. I come back. And now every day I ask myself and through the deserted rooms to her many times which is stronger in me, the own little chamber. There she fell on idle ungrateful part, or that which would

"I wish I could tell you," murmured of those burning kisses. Flora. "I know that you are different. I

feel it when you play your fiddle.' had a brief struggle between his desire for justice and his Indian reserve; that over, meetings between Flora and himself were no longer subject to chance. When he straightway she came. They talked of The music told his story better than words. He played to her till her chinablue eyes were soft like flowers, and her

head drooped and rested on his shoulder. At her touch Jimmy started up shaken as with a chill. That part of him which defied the school men had bidden the hours, sometimes for days. None but the man of God knew where he went. He had other nature, which stood for justice, came girl to his arms, but at her touch the

He did not call Flora again while he came from the fulness of his desires, a was able to reason, but one day he forgot weird string of sounds without melody or and let the strings speak for him. She came smiling at him across the parted bushes. All athirst for her he dropped his fiddle and called her to his arms.

On this day the missionary was follow-ing his bent of walking through the ble track of oroken stalks through the crisp grass. He stopped near the smoke-house and stood up in his buggy to look for dogs that bite before they bark. From his elevated place the man saw the sleeping lad. He fastened the lines behind the whip,

arms like bars across the slim young back. The boy raised his head at the movement in the brush, and the man met the challenge of his eyes.

That night from his window the missionary beckoned Jimmy to his room.
"My boy," he lagan as he polished his spectacles prinstakingly, "I would like you to explain the meaning of what I saw to-day.

Jimmy's head tilted back, and his eyes empanded and took in light, but still he was silent. "Let me answer for you, my boy," the man went on. "You and Flora have

grown to love one another, and you were telling her. Am I right?" The sight of the boy's tightly closed lips was vexing.
"He's all Indian," the man told himself

regretfully. "I'm afraid I'll never reach

"If this friendship continues it must end in marriage," he went on aloud. "Marriage is right in God's sight when two people are rightly mated, but in this case it would be a great wrong. Flora's no place in this rough, primitive life. But your grandmother, was a saint. Jimmy, because of the good white blood in your veins you should be manly and generous.

advantage. You should love fair play." The boy's eyes were pinched together with a look of pain, and on either side near the temples was a spot of reflected light that gave his forehead a luminous his eyes. The missionary's heart throbb-

ed in sympathy.

It was quite dark when Jimmy heard the earth with you now. You must be ance. the one to break away."

> ing up. Then her father will have to know," said the old man.

"It might make trouble for her," Jimmy put in hastily. "Maybe in a little while she will give me up." His hand was on the doorknob.

'Stay, let us talk it over, my boy,' pleaded the man. But Jimmy went out into the twilight. The bell had called the older pupils to study hour and the campus was still and deserted. Jimmy should have been bendely wall he hurled it. With the crash of

"Jimmy, are you up there?"

He scrambled down the steep bank, the

out her arms, but Jimmy caught them, house and sought the missionary.

and held her firmly away. For a minute | "I want to tell somebody, and I dare program of the day's important events is

reported as usual, but demerits did not count against a boy who had never received a merit. That evening after the should be dirty like old Mike? What if I should get drunk like Sochtish?"

voice broke in a sob.

Please, tell me what is the matter." put up her hand impulsively and drew

"Kiss me, Jimmy," she pleaded. "You have never kissed me. The blood spaing to the boy's face and glad and strong. But the north wind be warmth of it entered his eyes. They blew it away. Now that I have conquerthe warmth of it entered his eyes. They expanded and shone on her like twin stars. With swift outstretched arms he gathered her to his breast and kissed her the place where Captain John has gone

on the mouth with a long stifling pressure. "Jimmy-Jimmy-don't-" He cut off her words. Another long clinging kiss and another and another fell full on her lips. Panting and frightened at his vehemence. she sank limply in his arms. He let her go as suddenly as he had taken her. She staggered back into a chaparral bush, clutching at the thorny branches for support and sobbed out her futile protest:

"Don't-don't-" He had disappeared in the woods before she realized that she was alone. "Jimmy," she called, "Jimmy, I don't

care-I'm not angry." But no answer came, and, clasping her to the kitchen door of her father's house her knees by the bed, her maiden soul stirred to its depths by the joy and fear

Through the underbrush the boy took his course straight to the nook above. In the course of the next week Jimmy His hands were clenched at his side. His discovered a power within himself that feet sprang from the ground like winged creatures. His heart was pounding in heavy body against the picket fence that his breast, in his ears, in his throat. Frenzied with the call of his heart, he bade her come by means of his fiddle threw himself full length on the cool, moss-grown log. His strength was spent themselves at these meetings, but there in an ecstasy of grief. He lay for hours came a day when he only played to her. like one who has crawled out of a terrible, menacing danger more dead than alive. In the hour of mountain dawn the other nature awoke and reasoned with

Before the week was over the teachers told each other that Jimmy had lost his chance for Carlisle. Offenses were not stated. There were sins of omission and followed Jimmy to his secret nook in the woods and discovered that the boy played a fiddle, acquired by some means known a fiddle fidd slipped away from her, only passing near enough once or twice to let her see that his clothes were untidy and his hands and face dirty and grimy. These signs of backsliding sent a foreboding fear to pluck at her heart along with sorrow and wounded pride. Her belief in Jimmy was shaken. Could she have seen his eyes, his eyes that followed her like a famish-

hungry eyes averted from her piteously crumpled face. "I don't want any halfwhite education. Give me all Indian. And the wind so strangely cold, We're bound to come back sooner or

After that as often as Jimmy saw Flora And the bells rang solemn and slow and clear, on the campus he took that opportunity A long farewell to the going Year. to waylay some smaller boy and badger him into a state of whimpering anger. And that was not all. He was dirty. He was quarrelsome. He was the constant source of disturbance in the chapel and

the schoolroom. The missionary found it hard to get close to him, but one day, making a point of it, he met Jimmy at the dining-room

"I'm bitterly disappointed in you, my boy," he began. "Has all my teaching been in vain? Why don't you keep your promise with me about Flora?'

"It takes longer than I thought," muttered Jimmy. "Give me another day. Then she'll be glad to see the last of me." On the morrow, which was the Sabwhisper. "Down there they call me Injun father expects her to return to her people bath, Jimmy was seen to ride out of the Jim. I steal, I lie, I do what I please." in the East. She belongs there. She has reservation. He had no permission, but he was a law unto himself. At eleven she loves you as many a girl has loved a the children and older pupils assembled boy before. She finds you different from in the chapel across the road to listen to "The fiddle belonged to a man who didn't have sense enough to play it," he makes you so. Your father, James Stuthen number that came to worship, but art, is a colonel in the army. His mother, her restless eyes persistently sought the place where Jimmy was supposed to sit. place where Jimmy was supposed to sit. After the service she stood near the outll you? Please, promise me."

veins you should be manly and generous. side steps with her father, watching the children march to the campus.

The road was spanned with a double line of boys and girls, keeping time to the jangling beat of a triangle. All at once some one shouted a warning. A man on horseback was bearing down on the chilquality almost unearthly. As he had dren from the main road. Just in front listened a look of anguish had come into stood the animal was brought to a halt.

A hundred pairs of upturned eyes were "It will be best for her to break," said on the rider. The slouching figure lurched from side to side, but the legs, bend-"I doubt if she can do that," interposed ing back at the knees and clinging to the the other. "She would go to the end of horse's lathered sides, preserved his bal-

It was Injun Jim, hatless, coatless, "I will never do it," cried Jimmy, start- dirty; veins of sweat starting from under his matted hair and draining across his cheeks into the grime of his neck. It was Jimmy, stripped of the glamour of good looks and decency.

The boy broke into a loud guffaw. He

mixed the tongue of the smoke-house and the school man. As the superintendent started forward with an angry exclamation to put an end to the disgraceful scene, Jimmy pulled a protruding bottle from his pocket and twirled it overhead ing over his books, but he turned away glass and the rattle of boards a great ragfrom the school buildings and followed an ged patch of moisture appeared on the next day, and the next is the same to her.

Those whom she loved have passed on. She sits and looks ard looks are sit leaped a full-grown stream from the was lonely when he was away. . . . So thy brother George is the son of Matilton, the gold digger. "Jimmy," called a voice from below, the teachers, but Jimmy's hungry eyes

"Jimmy, are you up there?"

He scrambled down the steep bank, the dead madrono leaves rattling about him was deserted, and the irrigating ditches were only for Flora. ran with quicksilver of the moon's mak-With a little startled cry Flora reached ing, Flora slipped out of her father's

the sweat-house like a huge amphibian diving into the water.

The morning light was over the valley when Jimmy crossed the campus to the like a huge amphibian of the solution and neid field field field field to master his voice, and then—
"Would you marry a half-breed and give up going back to your home?" he whisher limits away. For a filling to tell soluted, and I date of the soluted to the solute of t

the campus. They talked of one subject. "Why do you vex me with these questing and "Injun Jim was perfect in all his lessons today." "Injun Jim received full credits could't be like Mike or Sochtish." Her river. He found him lying on the terrace of the ice at various skating-places. Court of the sweat-house, that had been Cap-Jimmy allowed her to take his hand tain John's before he went to his long and half pulled him down the hill. At home inside the picket fence. The old first she coaxed him on, but finding that man studied the boy a long time in silence. Why should a drunken boy have "Oh, I don't understand you. For sober, hungry-looking eyes? But standsome reason you are different to-day. ing there before Jimmy, a great light

came to him. He was answered. When he had gone slowly across the his face down close to hers to see if he bluff, Ann came with her teetering trot were in earnest. His troubled gaze met down to the terrace and tried again to make her boy's thoughts her thoughts. "I wore the wild honeysuckle on my heart," he told her "and it made me

> "Hush-hush-" whispered Ann, stricken with fear. "Thou shalt not take the

ed that other part of me I am he

terrace like a wilted cornstalk.

name of the dead in vain." The habit of the sweat-house, that had prolonged the life of Captain John be. of the wolves is not so swift as that of yond his fellows, found a weak spot in the horses. the constitution of the half-breed boy. The sweating at night took his strength, and the plunge in the clay-colored river chilled him. All day long he lay on the

The morning came when he did not recame across the furry grass carrying besweat-house. They said they had found it on the river bank, caught in a net of willow roots. And Ann came with the skulking stiff-haired dog at her side and looked. Then tearing her long black hair out of its braids she called down curses on the school men, and on the school that had sapped the strength of her boy; she called down curses on the river and the sweat-house; she threw her enclosed her father's grave and cursed the sacred dead. Because of him the school men had had their way with her boy. In that black hour, when all her friends stood away from her appalled, came Sochtish, oldest chief of the Hupas He dragged Ann to the fence and pressed her head back against the pickets and held her there as in a vise. With his long, sharp knife he made a backward slash that slit her mouth from ear to ear. She dropped away from his hand like a sack of meal. Very carefully he wiped and resheathed his knife.

"That is the way the tribe punishes the

That was twenty years ago. Ann still wears her bridle and waits; the dog crouches beside her with his sphinx-like head and sniffs the tales in the hot north wind.-By Stella Walthall Belcher, in Col-

-Do you know that you can get the finest, oranges, bananas and grape fruit and pine apples, Sechler & Co.

--- Do you know where you can get a

THE GUEST AT THE DOOR.

"What's the use?" he mumbled, his The Young Year stood at the door of Time! Half-frightened was he at the bells that tolled. And the chill snow falling thick and fine. The midnight wind that whispered by; And the Young Year shivered to hear it sigh:

> Then, sudden, the bells rang a jubilant peal: With musical clamor the news was sent That a Guest had entered the open door! And the Young Year listened, and smiled content; The snow-cloud passed, and the wind grew calm And the organ chanted a jubilant psalm, And the bells chimed on in a peal sublin To welcome the Guest at the door of Time! -{Emma A. Lente, in Christian Endeavor World.

Belgium's Matrimonial Leagues.

There is no excuse for remaining unmarried if one lives in Belgium or is able to journey into that country during that period of the year known as Whitsuntide. This applies to both sexes, for then maiden ladies possess advantages quite as great as those offered by our leap-years and need not hesitate to declare themselves if attracted by the charms of any

particular suitor. Seven years ago there was instituted by the young women of Ecaussines, a village in the province of Hainault, Bel gium, a fete on Whit-Monday to which "all available bachelors in the world" were invited to come and choose a wife from among their hostesses. This novel proposition was so well received that at the present day every member of the original committee is reported to be happily married and urging his sisters to do likewise. The celebration this year begins at ten o'clock on the morning of Whit-Monday, when the visiting bachelors are met at the station and then escorted to the town hall to sign the "gold en book." In the afternoon the would-be benedicts are addressed in the marketplace by the president of the maidens' committee. An afternoon tea is scheduled to follow, and the ceremonies will be

concluded with a concert and ball. Unwilling to be outdone by the maidens of Ecaussines in offering propitiations to Cupid, the bachelors in the neighboring village of Ronquires announced similar festivities for Whit-Sunday, when the ladies are to be the guests. matrimonial snares spread on every side, it is difficult to see how one may get past them all and escape being caught

The Daily News by Telephone.

In the city of Budapest, Hungary, there has been in successful operation during the past several years a news-telephone system whose efficient service has gained for it a great number of subscribers. The annual subscription is \$7.31, which is paid quarterly in advance, and approximately \$8.50 is the charge of installation and removal, and this entitles the subscriber to

two receivers.

At 8.55 a. m. the daily service begins. when a buzzer, loud enough to be heard across a large room, announces the cornever want to see him again. I'm going away tomorrow morning with father. I'll lacal, Vienna, and Berlin exchanges. Two o'clock brings more parliamentary and "It is better so, my child," said the general topics of interest, and at 3 p. come the closing prices of stocks, the and miscellaneous news is announced at 4 p. m., and from 4.30 to 6.30 you may listen to military music from one of the gardens. In the evening there is a choice between the royal opera and one of the theatres, to be followed still later by music from one of the tzigane orchestras.

How Wolves Catch Wild Horses

Travelers tell us that the wolves of Mexico have a strange way of catching the wild horses. These great speed. It is almost impossible for a single cowboy to catch one. The cowboys, when they wish to run them down, have relays of pursuers. First one set of cowboys will chase the horses, then another, and another, until at last the horses are caught by the lasso. But it is only when they are completely tired that they are caught; therefore it would be impossible for the wolves to catch them unless they used strategy, for the flight

This is is the way the wolves kill the wild horses of the Mexican plains. First, two wolves come out of the woods and begin to play together like two kittens. They gambol about each other and run backward and forward. Then the herd turn from his dip in the river. Hours of horses lift their startled heads and get later two men from another rancheria ready to stampede. But the wolves seem came across the furry grass carrying be- to be so playful that the horses, after tween them the slender naked body of a watching them for a while, forget their fears, and continue to graze. Then the wolves in their play come nearer and nearer, while other wolves slowly and

stealthily creep after them. Then suddenly the enemies surround the herd and make one plunge, and the horses are struggling with the fangs of the relentless foes gripped in their threats. Our Double Asimals throats.-Our Dumb Animals

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

A Rat Migratory into Canada's Wheat Fields.

The province of Manitoba, Canada, is threatened with an invasion of rats, and the peopble of Winnipeg are preparing for an active campaign against this pest. Recently the matter was taken before the Board of Control of Winnipeg with a view of devising ways and means to check the rodent advance. It was stated that the rats had appeared in the towns of Emer-son and Gretna, Manitoba, a few miles north of the internat'onal boundary, and were trekking northward. All the mu ipalities along the boundary are taking up the subject and some general plan will be devised to meet the situation. Western Canada, especially the grain belt, has ever been free from rats, and the farmers are much concerned over their appearance and the threatened destruction of their harvested grain. The Deputy Minister of Agriculture is making an investigation of the subject and will report

to the government. -Do you know where to get your fine fat mess mackerel, bone out, Sechler garden seeds in packages or by measure Sechler & Co.