

Bellefonte, Pa., January 21, 1910.

THE LITTLE WOMAN.

One of the Little Women, she came up to Heaven's gate; And seeing the throng was pressing, she sighed that she fain would wait.

Chicago Evening Post.

DEFINITIONS.

By polite maneuvering they had managed to have their deck-chairs placed together, and since they all bore some sort of social introduction to each other they combined to thwart the ennuis of the long, smooth afternoons.

cheeks, waving hair, and small features sufficed. She was not in the least disturbed by the presence of the antithetic type in the next deck-chair. Ethel Sterling was a slight creature one would not look at twice on the street any more than one would look at La Bella Simonetta if she were to step off her shell across her conventional, sharp-edged little wavellets, don every-day dress, and walk down Broadway.

time it was a Frenchman. I was a mere pretty poupee, dressed, and humored, and left in charge of a maid—petted and then neglected—but I was learning all the time. When I married again it was an Englishman. He kept me pretty hard at work, and spent my income as if it were his own; they take the partnership au sérieux there. But he left me free to grow acquainted with the world. When he died I was grown up. I knew the world and what I wanted. I chose my third husband myself; he was an American. Oh, yes, I won out then; I threw off the shackles and took my freedom.

white they were—and fine and delicate. Perhaps I looked startled, for he looked at me a moment and then turned the palms up, and where they had touched the ropes they were all blistered. The tears came into my eyes, and I was half ashamed and half hysterical. I went down into the cabin and sat on the edge of my berth and thought, I can see it still, my dear, and it's more than fifty years ago! It was my first impression of that kind—the first, and it haunted me for days. The deck and the blue sea, the salt wind in my face, the quiet smile, and the pink palms all blistered! Well, I used to lie back in my deck-chair and dream of what life would be if one were going to marry a big blonde sailor with the sun in his curls and the sea's strength in his smile, instead of a small dark Frenchman, with eyes close together and carefully trained whiskers. I thought a great many thoughts that would have shocked my mother if she had known them, but she never knew. She was blissfully unconscious. She had arranged a suitable marriage for a day not three months off.

The Unmusical Bears. "Music has charms to soothe a savage breast," sang the poet, but evidently he referred entirely to uncivilized man and not to the savage beast—at least, not to the brown bear of Alaska. However, Mr. Congreve did not specify any particular kind of musical instrument to be used in making a test, so probably he understood the brass band to be eliminated. If such be the case the above quotation may yet embrace Alaskan brown bears in its broadest application, for the experiment under consideration was concerned only with the music of a band.

Genuine Roquefort Cheese. One who has never visited the village of Roquefort, in the department of Aveyron, France, can form no idea of the extent of that cheese industry whose product is known the world over from the name of the town where it is manufactured. No pains are spared to secure the best results.

World's Greatest Sulphur Mine. One of the strangest mines in the world is located underneath the prairie of Louisiana. In this mine there are no shafts. No one goes into it with pick and shovel, and they need no cutting machinery or safety lamps.

Moveable Feasts of the Year. Now that the Christmas festival has passed devout churchmen and churchwomen will soon be turning their attention to preparations for the Lenten season, beginning on Ash Wednesday, which this year falls on February 9th.

Unhealthy Exercise. Almost everybody rides the wheel today and there is a certain ambition in most bicyclists to show a good record of "runs." Both men and women aspire to records of "centuries."

Forestry on Private Estates. In point of variety and scope the forest work done on the Biltmore estate in North Carolina is remarkable. The forests, which cover 130,000 acres, are made profitable by the production of various forms of material.

Surgery. When a woman grows nervous and irritable, she says and does things which cause her untold suffering. She says something unkind to her husband, boxes her child's ears, and then shuts herself in her room to weep and wonder why she is so "ugly."

Society is now a combination of men and women who overdress themselves at the expense of their tradesmen that they may overeat themselves at the expense of their friends.

"I wish there were ten days in the week," sighed Gladys.

"Why?" asked Grace.

"Jack could call oftener then."

"I don't want to brag, but I've got my health and my friends, so what on earth more do I want?"