Bellefonte, Pa., January 28, 1910.

DOWN IN THE DUST.

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother Bearing his load on the rough road of life Is it worth while that we jeer at each other In blackness of heart?-that we war to th knife?

God pity us all in our pitiful strife. God pity us all as we jostle each other; God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel When a fellow goes down 'neath his load or

the heather

Pierced to the heart: words are keener that

And mightier far for woe or for weal, Were it not well, in this brief little journey, On o'er the isthmus, down into the tide, We give him a fish instead of a serpent, Ere folding the hands to be and abide Forever and ave in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other: Look at the herds all at peace o'er the Man, and man only, makes war on his broth

And laughs in his heart at his peril and Shamed by the beasts that go down on th

THE STOLEN SHARES

"The true test is not, 'Has it been done well?' but, 'Could it have been done bet-ter?' Now I maintain that ninety-nine per cent. of what are called masterpieces fall short of that test.'

Grandlund brought down his fist on the table to emphasize his assertion. He was a rich dilettante who, though he had never accomplished anything of worth himself, was confident that he could do as well as any man, did he but care to make the attempt. He was safe in his belief, for he was too lazy a creature ever to muster the energy even to care. He owned and edited a weekly paper of very high tone and small circulation; the latter consisting mostly of copies distributed gratis among his friends. This was his hobby, by means of which he strove to raise the public to his communication. raise the public to his own superior level; opposite direction. When he had disap-but his serious life's work was done in peared, Grandlund approached the apartdining nightly at the Playgoer's Club, where, meeting his contemporaries in literature, he strove to urge them to nobler endeavors by a process of humilia-

"Oh, come now," said Underdowne, "that's a rather sweeping condemnation. Ninety-nine per cent. is altogether too and wait. high. It's gone up. It was seventy-three when last we talked about it."

"The nearer I approach a hundred, the nearer the truth I get."

tutes his threat. She is compelled to

"She calls in the prefect of police to her rescue. He is an official of commonplace mind, who takes it for granted that stolen property is always secreted. He recognizes that to the thief the instant availability of the document is a point of nearly equal importance with its posses-sion; therefore he concludes that it must be hidden either about the thief's person

self waylaid, as if by robbers, and his pockets gone through. He finds nothing. You see, he makes the error of the commonplace mind, which thinks that every other mind is commonplace—that the only way of disposing of stolen property is to

"But the thief of Poe's story is an educated man. He does not hide the letter; the mantelpiece. In so doing the Minister of State's cunning was in no way su-perior to that of the police; he only work-ed upon a different theory, at which Au-guste Dupin, the Sherlock Hoimes of the the story, made a lucky guess. Poe's true art would have been to make the Minister of State's cunning transcend that of the police official, whereas he only makes him equal it, but in a different direction. Now I could have disposed of that letter so that it would never have been found

Underdowne had grown tired of the critic's continual claims to omniscience. He could not afford to quarrel with the man, but he was determined to teach his a lesson.

him lightly on the arm. "If you really believe that you could do it," he said, "! will put you to the test. Are you will-

Grandlund frowned. This was som thing which he had not expected. "Why, -why, yes," he said.

"Will you back your assertion with It was now too late to retract, so he

gloomily assented. "How much?" Underdowne's persistence made him

angry. "I'll plars," he said. "I'll put up four hundred dol-"Done. I'll put up an equal amount."
Underdowne produced his check-book
and signed for the sum agreed upon, leav-

"Now, here's my test," said Underdowne. "Tomorrow, at half past three in the afternoon, I shall leavelying on my library desk a hundred Union Pacific they left no stitch of his clothing uninshares, at present worth one hundred and ninety dollars a share. You will come to see me at that hour and will find me just men seemed satisfied, owned that they men seemed satisfied, owned that they men seemed satisfied, owned that they gone out; you will steal those shares. For their value you will give me full security, by saying that they had only acted under coming here at three tomorrow and de-

nothing more than a literary experiment. were lying there ten minutes before your arrival, and shall have witnesses to prove either retain my shares or exchange them was for your security. If they have been found, I will return to you your security, and you will hand me over the four-hundred wager. Now, let's put it down in black and white, and leave checks and winted the volume he was plast after you degree was for your security, of a set of *Poe's Complete Works*; he was learning a lesson in coolness from the doings of that commonplace individual, the was one was plast after you degree was plast

agreement with the secretary." y determined to see it through to an end. now. After all, four hundred dollars were distinctly worth the having, and his winning of the bet would establish his authority as literary dictator. His opposers would learn that to contradict him was a costly

He arrived at Underdowne's street too early. It lacked five minutes to the halfhour. He halted at the corner, watch in hand. As he stood there a police officer came up, swinging his baton. He experienced for the first time a sensation which in the next four-like the should have them in his hands by "Nine, si teen days—an overwhelming desire to eight escape from the presence of the law. Soon, to his great relief, he saw Underthan downe come out, pause on his doorstep, and glance up and down the length of houses; catching sight of him, he nodded in a friendly manner and set out in the

In the lobby he found the elevator boy

Underdowne laughed good-naturedly. "You must have been reading my latest," he said. "But be more particular; quote an instance from the classics."

"Quote an instance from the classics! I could quote a dozen: but Poe's 'Pur-late of the classics! I could quote a dozen: but Poe's 'Pur-late of the classics! I could quote a dozen: but Poe's 'Pur-late of the classics! I could quote a dozen: but Poe's 'Pur-late of the classics! I could quote a dozen: but Poe's 'Pur-late of the classics! I could quote a dozen: but Poe's 'Pur-late of the classics! I could quote a dozen: but Poe's 'Pur-late of the classics! I could quote a dozen: but Poe's 'Pur-late of the classics! I could quote a dozen: but Poe's 'Pur-late of the classics! I could quote a dozen: but Poe's 'Pur-late of the classics! I could quote a dozen: but Poe's 'Pur-late of the classics! I could quote a dozen: but Poe's 'Pur-late of the classics! I could quote a dozen: but Poe's 'Pur-late of the classics! I could quote a dozen: but Poe's 'Pur-late of the classics! I could quote a dozen: but Poe's 'Pur-late of the classics! I could quote a dozen: but Poe's 'Pur-late of the classics! I could quote a dozen: but Poe's 'Pur-late of the common waited for his master to say something; but he simply stared. Then he whispered, onerves, and counted them over leisurely. I conducted them over leisu

head; with the resurrection of vanity confidence returned. He had seven minutes less and the sun shining, he determined to take a stroll in the park. He knew sev-"He has the house thoroughly searched, in all its nooks and crannies, when the He has the man himber the house thoroughly searched, in all its nooks and crannies, when the stopped, and ask what the time was; so he would impress the hour at which he would impress the hour at which he eral policemen there. He would accost had talked with them upon each of their memories. And does a man, fresh from his crime, leave his card at his victim's house and seek out policemen for his com-

panions? Sometimes—but not voluntarily. He spoke with Galligan, Murphy, and Dan Crane; and he asked them all the same question. Then it occurred to him that he had made an error. If these men he leaves it lying in the most innocent and conspicuous place—in a trumpery filigree card-rack that hangs from a little about the hour. He had tried to act brass knob just beneath the middle of naturally with them, but felt that his actions had been cramped and his voice strained. It dawned on him that to be-

"I'll see them at once, then."
On entering the library two strangers

rose to greet him. "I'm sorry that I kept you waiting. Won't you be seated?" he said. "You are Mr. Grandlund?" asked one of the strangers.

"Well, Mr. Grandlund, we are plainclothes policemen who have been sent to search you." "To search me! But this is preposter-ous! If it's an affair of rates and taxes

you'd better speak with my man." "But it isn't that, sir. You're suspected of stealing something from Mr. Under-

"Mr. Underdowne! I've just come from calling on him, and he was out."
"Now, mister, I warn you that anything you say will be used against your-

"I don't mind that. I called on Underand signed for the sum agreed upon, leaving the space for the drawer's name blank. Grandlund had no choice but to is really necessary, to submit to be search-

positing with the club secretary a check for nineteen thousand dollars, to be delivered to me in a fortnight's time. This will safeguard you from serious trouble should the shares be found in your possesshould the shares be found in your possession and you be arrested for stealing them. It will make it plain to the police equally well have been taken for that of a that the whole affair was planned and is brazen thief, who had laid his plans so carefully that he was certain he could not Well, as I said, you will take them off my be trapped. A man of his position, had desk tomorrow at three-thirty. I shall he been innocent, ought to have manifest-have two witnesses to prove that they ed more surprise and haughty indigna-

arrival, and shall have witnesses to prove He stood thinking awhile, lost in rethat you entered my room at the hour flection. Then he went over to the winstated and were there for not less than dow and looked stealthily up and down five minutes. At a quarter to four I shall the avenue. Across the roadway, lurkreturn, find my property missing, make ing in the shadow of the park, he noticed inquiries, discover that you have been my only visitor, and shall put the police on a fit of panic he jerked down the blind so your track. I will see to it that you are violently that the cord broke off in his not arrested unless the shares have been hand. He stood aghast at his foolishness; found, and I will also see to it that you his action had told the watchers that he are free to come here and dine with me, had seen and was afraid of them. Turnwhatever happens, in a fortnight's time. ing on the light, he went over to a book-If by then the shares have not been recovered, you will have won your bet and can either retain my shares or exchange them wanting and, in his eagerness to read its their business was urgent and they'd

At the end of half an hour he felt Next day Grandlund, having deposited his security, found himself on his way to Underdowne's apartments. He was somewhat nervous and very much annoyed, for he felt that he had been trapped. He was a man of speech rather than of acmail comes for me, bring it here at once; places." tion. This experiment was going to be a home tonight. And—Oh, here, Jonathan! great bother to him, but he was obstinate-You might bring me a brandy-and-soda

He waited irritably for Jonathan to reappear. He thought he had detected in his demeanor a look half startled, half compassionate. It is insulting to be pit-ied by one's servants. He wondered whether Jonathan had had any speech It lacked five minutes to the half-He halted at the corner, watch in

The door was pushed open and Jonathan re-entered, carrying a tray before "Yes, sir. him. Grandlund watched him narrowly; disturb you." he had never been very charitable in his judgments, and at this moment there was no one whom he did not suspect. The butler's countenance was wooden and betrayed nothing; but when he looked at this homent there was sinewary, and saw that saw that with the desire to help.

"Give me your hand, old chap," he said: "I should have known that you, at his hands he saw them tremble.

"What's the matter, Jonathan?" he arguing with a woman who was washing asked. "You're all of a shake; you can affair that Jonathan ever had. down the stairs. "Ha! Here are his two scarcely hold that glass steady. Has any Glancing over his mail quick

down the stairs. "Ha! Here are his two witnesses," he thought. Aloud he said: "Is Mr. Underdowne in?—He's just gone out?—Never mind; I'll go up to his rooms and wait."

Having been shown up, he passed into the library and over to the desk, where lay the hundred Union Pacific shares. He sat down, lit himself a cigar to steady his nerves, and counted them over leisurely. Then he cut his hand in his breast pocket sides with the shares were there.

"So the shares were there.

"Get me a pen and ink and a long envelope," he shouted.

As he sat in bed he hurriedly addressed the envelope to himself; after which he slipped into it the results of his theft, and sealed down the flap with care. Beckoning to Jonathan, he whispered, "Go out by the back way, taking your bired that the shares were there.

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present, at least, he had rid himself of every trace of the theft; he had made the U. S. A. Postal Department a receiver the U. S. A. Postal Department a receiver the unit of the theft; he had made the unit of the theft; he had made to do it himself, and it failed to reappear. He ruefully acknowledged that his love thour by hour he waited, on the verge of the unit employ secret methods to recover it; and he is compelled to be equally stealthy in order to retain possession. How does he hide it? How does she regain it? There lies the plot.

The results of burglary. He had improved on Poe's Minister of State in his first step.

He ruefully acknowledged that his love of dogmatism had overreached itself, so that for the next fortnight he must endure the terrors of the meanest pickpockhies the plot.

Hour by hour he waited, on the verge of hysteria, inventing all sorts of impossible that for the next fortnight he must endure the terrors of the meanest pickpockhies the plot.

He smiled complete to receiver of the thert; he had improved on Poe's Minister of State in his first step.

He ruefully acknowledged that his love of dogmatism had overreached itself, so that for the next fortnight he must endure the terrors of the meanest pickpockhies the plot. dure the terrors of the meanest pickpock-et, crouching with his back against the wall, isolated in his struggle against the fidence returned. He had seven minutes to spare until Underdowne should come back. He meditated on the wisdom of hiring a taxicab—but that might look as if he were guilty and hurrying away. Finally perceiving that the sky was cloud. Finally perceiving that the sky was cloud. revenge of organized society. The recolless it were in Underdowne's or some polection that it was a fight brought his lice official's hands. Momentarily he exhe must behave normally and abandon none of his habitual employments. Summoning Jonathan, he said, shortly:

have changed my mind. I shall dine at the club as usual tonight." you, sir," he replied, as though obtaining lost, he dared not make a stir and apply

"Oh yes, sir; but it isn't that."

been used for a decade.

lund made toward the courtyard of the

The diners were few and scattered; the place was almost deserted. One by one the chairs were pushed back and the guests departed, until only one table remained occupied, at which a young play-wright and his manager sat laughing to-gether, puffing at the fag-ends of their cigarettes. To Grandlund the sound of cigarettes. To Grandlund the sound of their enjoyment was irritating; irritating because it made him envious. Here was he, solitary and in danger, and there they sat chattering with the callous good humor of men who were safe. It did not please him to see people happy.

He was half inclined to hurry home in search of his letter; it kept calling him.

search of his letter; it kept calling him back. But he dawdled over his coffee in the hope that some one might speak to Grandlund stroked his chin meditativethe hope that some one might speak to him presently. And it was only last week that he had given that young coxcomb his scornful and unbiased opinion of his blessed tragedy! A nice situation

Once he stepped into a doorway to hide thousand, six hundred dollars.—By himself. A man's figure darted out into ingsby William Dawson in Hi the avenue, gazed up and down, signalled, and withdrew hurriedly; and so he was made certain.

His first action on entering his house was to go toward the letter-rack to see whether his letter had been delivered. The rack was empty; there would be no mail that night. "It has been taken to the library," he assured himself.
In the library he found Jonathan, dus-

ter in hand, setting the room to rights. "Jonathan, has there been any letter?"

"No. sir. "Then what the dickens are you doing here in my room at this hour of night? Jonathan looked the image of what he himself felt-a thief discovered in the act. He was pale and apologetic; the sight of him made his master angry. "If you

myself. After they'd vanished, which they did without my hearing them, I came in here and saw that they'd been ransackleft most of your things in their proper

letter?"

up and go to bed." "They're not so clever at house-searching as they were in Poe's day," he murmured; "they're so slovenly that your very servants can guess what they've

been about." All that night he lay awake, haunted by doubts concerning Jonathan and the whereabouts of that letter. Toward daylight he dozed, and was awakened by the butler standing at his bedside. He raised himself up, rubbed his eyes, and re-

"What o'clock is it?"

'Nine, sir?' "Any mail?"

"Yes, sir. That's why I presumed to Grandlund looked into the man's face shrewdly, and saw that he was troubled

least, were faithful." And that was all the explanation of the

to age, previous education, and the road and capacity in which employed; in the

"Quote an instance from the classics! I could quote a dozen; but Poe's Purloined Letter will suffice for the occasion. You recall it?"

His companion nodded.

"Then you'll remember that it concerns a love-note of compromising character, which is stolen from the Queen of France by a Minister of State to whose policies to sumfriendly. She knows that he has it unfriendly. She knows that he has the letter, but dares not expose him; in so doing she would expose herself. He is aware that she knows that he has to common knowledge the stolen from the Queen of the classics! The hypocrite!" growled Grandlund, seeing that the count of the common, sir."

For the next eight days his plan works devellently; so much so that he could appear to take a pride in strategy. Directly the cause of his strategy. Directly the cause of he gave up hope of seeing it again, un-less it were in Underdowne's or some po-

words. Yes, if he would appear innocent the letter had been intercepted or it had been lost in the mail. In the first case he would have to ride in the patrol-wag-"I on and would lose his bet; in the second he would have to sacrifice his security of the club as usual tonight."

The man seemed gratified. "Thank hundred-dollar wager as well. If it was to the postal officials to find it, for so he "What are you thanking me for, don-key? Can't a man take a meal in his own house once in a while?"

he would put the police on his track, and, like the Qneen of France in Poe's tale, ex-pose himself. His one ambitious prayer was that his adversary, having regained "Then what is it?"

"Well, you see, sir, it's rather awkward for cook and me, sir, at such short notice to lay our hands on things which ain't been used for a decoder. when he had checked his hat, Grand- awaiting the appointed hour when he awaiting the appointed hour when he would prove to the mortified critic that he was less wise than the literary man

strained. It dawned on him that to behave naturally you must not act. He began to have a sneaking admiration for the calm assurance of Poe's Minister of State.

When he arrived home at four-thirty, his butler informed him that two gentlemen were waiting for him in the library. As his man took from him his cane and hat he asked, "How long have they been here, Jonathan?"

"About a quarter of an hour, sir."

"I'll see them at once, then."

club, to the corner where stood the table at which he had dined with Underdowne on the previous night. He rather hoped that he might find his antagonist seated there; if he were, perhaps they might terminate this foolishness and come to a sensible understanding. But the table was vacant; Underdowne was nowhere in sight. "Humph!" he thought, "the fellow foresaw this and stopped away on purpose. He guessed the effect that fear would have on my high-strung temperature."

"I'll see them at once, then." espied the enemy seated alone at the fateful table, with his back toward him, Galway, in the year 577 one of his last re-

the fool I've been making of myself."
Going quietly over to him, he tapped him on the shoulder, having composed his features to an expression of Christian resignation.
Underdowne jumped up. He also had

determined to bring the game to a handsome termination. "I congratulate you, old man," he said. "It's another feather in the crit's cap. You've won your bet." Grandlund stepped back in astonishment, nearly overturning a table. "Hold on! What's that?" he exclaimed hoarse-

ly "You haven't got them?"
"Got them! I wish I had. It would be four hundred dollars in my pocket.

ly; then he laughed without much pleas-antness and seated himself on the edge of the table, regardless of manners. "How did I do it?" A sour smile was twisting

ingsby William Dawson in Harper's Weekly.

Scholarships Awarded.

The committee to secure a Memorial to the late John Clark Sims, for many years an active trustee of the University of insylvania, and formerly secretary of the Pennsylvania railroad company, has established two scholarships, in the said University, to be designated. "The John Clark Sims Memorial Scholarships." The purpose of the scholarships is to enable worthy persons to obtain a more liberal education by courses of study in the University, and thus prepare themselves to more intelligently choose and pursue their avocations, which is in accord with the zealous interest Mr. Sims displayed in the University, and thosebenevolent activities to which he devoted his sympathies and labors.

These scholarships shall exempt the "But apparently they've left now, so what's that got to do with it?"

"Well, sir, that's what I'd like to know University. One of them shall be open to persons nominated by the trustees of the university, the other shall be open to in here and saw that they'd been ransack-ing everything, though I must say they deceased, employes of the Pennsylvania railroad lines east and west of Pittsburg; "You're sure that they didn't take that tte?"
"Quite sure, sir."
"Then it doesn't matter. You can lock and go to bed."
"The sure that they didn't take that they didn't take that tte?"
"Quite sure, sir."
"Then it doesn't matter. You can lock and go to bed."
"The sure that they didn't take they didn't take they didn't take that they didn't take they didn't take they didn't take they didn't take that they didn't take they didn't Muskingum valley railroad; Cleveland, Akron & Columbus railway; Cincinnati, Lebanon & Northern railway; Wheeling Terminal railway; Waynesburg & Washington railroad.

The committee has already nominated to fill the railroad scholarship, Joseph Patterson Sims, of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, son of the late John Clark Sims, formerly secretary of the Pennsylvania railroad company, to be held by him until the termination of his college course, so that it will be 1912 before any other eligible person can secure the privileges of this scholarship, unless, of course, a vacancy should occur before that time. Future candidates for the said railroad scholarship shall, depending upon where the applicant is employed, or where the parent of such applicant is, or was last employed, apply to the general manager of the Pennsylvania railroad lines east of Pittsburg, or the general manager of the lines west of Pittsburg, expressing their desire to attend the examination hereinafter provided, and shall furnish full in-

case of the son of an employe, informa-tion as to age, previous education and the road and capacity in which the parent is or was last employed. By competitive examination, conducted

formation, in the case of an employe, as

subject to the rules, administration and government of the University of Pennsyl.

St. Nicholas.

A Sixth-Century Columbus. Sunday, the 16th of May, being the thirteen hundred and thirty-second anniver-sary of the death of St. Brendan, the sary of the Geath of an avigator, Canon McLarney, rector of the Geath gard to a man whom the Mexicans in their language named Quetzatcoatl, who sailed across the Atlantic to Mexico in the sixth century, and who evangelized a

portion of that country at the time. From historical facts, traditions, and numerous remarkable coincidences, Can-on McLarney showed that this Quetzat-coatl of the Mexicans was none other than St. Brendan, the navigator, the founder of Clonfert Cathedral. It was in the year 545 that St. Brendan undertook ting Sail of St. Brendan and his Crew' (Egressia familoe St. Brendani), was com-memorated in the calendars of the early Christian Church on the 22d of March for many centuries afterward. St. Bren-dan is buried in Clonfert Cathedral. quests was, "Bury me in my dear city of Clonfert." His wish was granted. He was buried in the place of honor in the

Ten Thousand Dead Letters per Day in Germany.

The dead-letter department of the German Imperial postoffice is working over-time, and from a comparison of the statistics compiled for a number of years the persons who use the mails are growing more careless or ignorant of the correct method of writing the address. Of every million pieces of mail handled by the Imperial post, the undeliverable matter increased from 327 pieces in 1904 to experts.

Although illiteracy is exceedingly rare

of his blessed tragedy!

for a dictator!

He pulled out his watch and, seeing that it was nearly nine, rose preparatory to leaving. His departure became the standard in the doorway he paused and said, laughingly, "I've just in been glancing through this week's number of your paper; I see you've cremated the Underdowne's face grew red.

There was an awkward pause, during which Underdowne's face grew red.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he broke out. Is that sportsmanlike? Do you call that playing fair?"

"Why, certainly. Didn't I prevent you from recovering your property? That when they stay on the railroad track.

There was an awkward pause, during work the was an awkward pause of the great class that has been attracted for paper with this it was possessing practically no some attracted of the great class that has been attracted of the g among the native Germans where a good

Isn't This Interesting?

Some wonderful Glass Models of Curlous Little

At the American Museum of Natural History, New York city, there has been placed on exhibition a series of skilfully constructed glass models of the beautiful and intricate shells of certain varieties of microscopic animals known to scientists as protozonans. These glass models are the delicate handiwork of Mr. H. Muller, who made them under the direction of Messrs. Roy W. Miner and B. E. Dahlgren, of the museum staff.

Wonderful as are the protozoans themselves as viewed under microscopes, one's admiration is even more excited by the mechanical skill that produced the large and correctly detailed models. Photo-graphic illustrations, much reduced in size, like those accompanying this article, cannot do justice to the exquisite beauty of the models.

Many protozoans are so simple in structure that they consist of only a tiny cell without any covering. They have no legs, but extend any part of the jelly-like body in the form of slender, finger-like processes, with which they cling to the supporting object and so drag themselves along.

These processes are called "pseudo-podia" (false feet) and sometimes extend from the body so much like the roots of a tree that they have given the class name to the little creatures-Rhizopods, the

root-footed. Wonderful as it may seem, these animals have no special mouth, but may develop a mouth on any part of the body, for when one of the pseudopodia comes in contact with anything eatable, such as tiny diatoms, infusoria, algae, etc., the part is withdrawn, bringing the particle of food with it into the interior, where it

Huxley regarded these tiny creatures as the most wonderful examples of animate existence, mainly on account of their extreme simplicity. Mere bits of wonderful jelly are they, but nevertheless they digest and assimilate food; they live, grow and maintain their existence in the face of destructive forces constantly opposed to them. They have the ability to build a shell or external skeleton, which is always beautiful and often complex in

character. Another group of these lowly animals are the salt-water forms called radiolarians. These are found almost everywhere, but most abundantly in tropical seas, where they swarm in myriads. They may be taken from the surface, but they have also been dredged from a depth of nearly three miles.

You may get some notion of the countless numbers of these radiolarians and the millions of years that they have existed when you learn that their skeletons have formed vast beds of stone, one known stratum of which, in the Nicobar Islands, is 2.000 feet in thickness. The Barbados island is largely formed of their fossilized skeletons, but the deposit there is not so thick as in the Nicobar Islands.

Odd as these tiny creatured are in many ways, one would scarcely look for beauty in such mere specks of animated jelly. Here, however, lies their greatest charm.

The Size of Raindrops.

Raindrops do not always have the same size or weight, and this is primarily due to the fact that they are not formed like the drops of water that fall from a wet cloth or the spout of a pitcher, or the drops that rush out of the small holes in themselves, from the finest fog and driz-zling mist up to the heavy rain. It is commonly said that the bigger drops fall fast-er than smaller ones and overtake them and grow bigger. This sounds reasonable, but no one has really proven it.—St.

A woman needs to give double care to the preservation of her health—once for her own happiness and once for the health and happiness of the children she may have. How often does she take this extra care of herself? Rarely, indeed, until she has entered upon a course of suf-fering, and has learned from experience the necessity of care. It ought to be a part of the mother's duty to instruct her part of the mother's duty to instruct her daughter in the necessity of preserving her womanly health. The budding girl onght to be taught that the high office of motherhood has its weighty obligations and responsibilities, and that if there is peril in motherhood it is chiefly due to the neglect of the necessary laws of health. The best way for young women to protect and preserve their womanly. to protect and preserve their womanly health is to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Pre scription on the first symptom of irregu-larity. This is the beginning often of com-plicated and painful feminine disorders. "Favorite Prescription" regulates the periods, cures inflammation, ulceration and female weakness, soothes and strengthens the nerves and enriches the entire body with vigor and vitality. It contains neither alcohol, nor narcotic.

the Imperial post, the undeliverable matter increased from 327 pieces in 1904 to 396 in 1907—a gain of 21.7 per cent. During the latter year an average of ten thousand pieces of mail was sent daily to the dead-letter department to puzzle the experts.

The whole art of a happy and successful life lies in moving with Nature instead of against her. Directly we begin to antagonize Nature by neglect or disobedience of her laws written in our bedience with the law tion means waste of energy and loss of power. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medi-cal Adviser teaches the science of this