

FEATHERS OF SNOW.

Old Mother Goose is now shaking her feathers... She's nurse to the fairies who dwell in the skies!

BILLY, THE TRAITOR.

There was only one taint of disloyalty about Billy Houck—he kept his money in the Sarvis Point Bank.

It certainly galled the Bridge people to know that Billy Houck was not depositing his money in the home bank.

"Oh, yes," Latimer, the dentist, raised his voice a little as Billy approached.

"Bucky Bridge will boom now. If a few more of our farmers will just take all their money over to Sarvis Point, it won't be any time until we have water-works, electric lights and street-cars—at Sarvis Point."

"Funny, isn't it," he continued, bitterly, for he had a little stock in the home bank, "how the very fellow you would expect to stand by a home institution is the first one always to turn traitor?"

"Billy," asked Graham, the horse-doctor, as the farmer looked at a plow in Newton's hardware store, "how's the Rock of Gibraltar over at the Point these days?"

Billy squinted his eye at the plow and did not reply. "It is all right to buy things when you can get them handy," remarked Graham to a bystander.

"I reckon it's a good thing you took your money out of that bank; they say it's about to break."

"What?" Billy looked up quickly from his plate. "O pshaw!" he said. "That's all stuff and nonsense. Henry Simmons is good for it."

than he had ever hoped. He had put every cent he could raise into it, and from the profits he had built and paid for a house.

Simmons was still a young man, hardly past thirty, and he and his wife were very proud of the new house—the first they had ever owned. It had been finished only a month. It was the neatest house in town, stood on a little eminence only two blocks up the street from the bank, and was in plain view from the side window of the banking office.

Simmons and his cashier had made every preparation possible for the run. It still lacked five minutes of nine. Several times one and then the other had stepped out of the back door to observe the signs. There was no line at the front door—the panic had not reached that stage yet.

It looked ominous. When the scare began two days before, there had been twenty-five thousand dollars in the vaults. This was more than the legal requirements for the deposits were under a hundred thousand. Five thousand of the valuable funds went out that first afternoon and ten thousand the next day; and now if something did not happen to check the run, it would all be over before noon—the doors would be closed.

Simmons had telegraphed for the ten thousand he had on deposit in St. Louis, but it could not arrive before the next morning—and that would be too late. Even if they had it, it would merely give them a few more hours of life, unless something checked the unreasonable panic among the depositors.

As the clock ticked off the last five minutes, Simmons stood with his back to the cashier, looking out of the side window toward the new house.

It was nine o'clock. The cashier opened the front door. One, two, three minutes passed, then a customer came in with a show of leisureliness and withdrew his deposits. As he went out another came in. Before the second was paid, the third entered. When the clock-hand had reached the half-hour, three or four were in the bank waiting their turn; and a hasty glance out of the window told the banker that others were coming.

Simmons had taken the paying-window himself, and settled the accounts as deliberately as possible without obvious delay, hoping desperately that something would happen to check the run.

In the first hour two thousand dollars went out over the counter, and still the people came. In passing to and from the ledgers at the back of the office Simmons often gave a quick, nervous glance out of the side window.

The cashier, following the glance, saw that the banker's young wife was almost constantly on the front porch of the new house. Sometimes she seemed to be sweeping, again dusting a rug; but with one excuse or another, she was nearly always there, her face turned toward the bank.

The money went faster the next hour. At eleven o'clock only four thousand dollars remained. When that went the doors must close. Only four thousand dollars between Henry Simmons and bankruptcy, and it was trickling from under his fingers like sand in an hour-glass.

His face grew a little grayer, the lines deepened, but his teeth shut tightly and his hand and eye were steady as he counted out coin and currency to frightened depositors.

The New Prince of Wales.

Young Prince Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, heir-apparent to the throne of Great Britain, was 16 years old June 22nd, and his royal father made him Prince of Wales in honor of the day, no doubt with all the traditional "ensigns of honor, the girding of a sword, the delivering of a cap and placed it on his head, with a ring on his finger and a golden staff in his hand, according to ancient custom."

The title of prince of Wales does not belong to the heir to the throne by right. He becomes Duke of Cornwall when the monarch is under no obligation to be crowned, to make him Prince of Wales. The title dates from the year 1284, when it was conferred upon the young prince who afterward became Edward I.

This Edward was born at Carnarvon castle in Wales, and was the second son of Edward I. At the time he was made prince of the Welsh it was not expected that he would ever sit upon the throne of England, but later, the death of his elder brother, Alfonso, made him king, and so the title became merged in the crown. Since then it has been the custom for the reigning monarch to bestow it upon his first-born son, though in several instances kings of England have neglected to do so.

The title carries no domination of revenue with it, but its holder has a seat in the house of lords, and he may occupy that seat and cast his vote even during his minority. But this privilege also belongs to him as Duke of Cornwall, and so he gains nothing by being made Prince of Wales. The late King Edward did not take his seat in the house of lords until he was 40 years old, and King George, so far as is recorded, never cast a vote there at all.

Chances in Australia. "There is no country in the world that offers greater opportunities for immigrants than Australia," said J. R. Wainwright, in a London interview for the Washington Post.

"Not long ago, I had brought to my attention a letter from a man who went to Brisbane in 1908. He said that he left London on November, 1908, and arrived in Queensland early in January, 1909. He obtained employment at his trade, that of a carpenter, in northern Queensland, and when he went to work all he had was \$1. In the first year of his residence in Australia he paid all of his living expenses and at the end of the year he had \$400. He had lived comfortably and enjoyed all the pleasures that a reasonable man could ask for. He spoke highly of the climate and the character and hospitality of the people."

Australia is practically an undeveloped country. There are hundreds of thousands of acres of good land to be had for almost nothing. The settler there does not need cash in order to acquire property. If he has no money, the government will loan him enough to purchase the land, and all that is necessary is thrift and energy. Some of the wealthiest men in Australia went there as poor boys. I know of a score of men who today are among the leading citizens that had comparatively nothing when they landed.

Snake Had no Chance. Two secretary birds, the first of their species ever brought to this country, were received from Africa at the Bronx Zoological Gardens in New York the other day, says the Christian Herald. They cost \$100 each. They are of the hawk family, four feet in height, with long legs, slate-colored feathers and long quills protruding from the back of the head. They have the stride of an ostrich, but their peculiarity is that they are the deadly enemy of snakes and hunt and destroy them with great eagerness.

The Months and the Jewels. Garnets, January's gems, means "Victory and Power;" February, amethysts rule sweet "Affection's hour;" March with Jaspers decorates who are "Wise and Bold;" April's deep-blue Sapphires reign where "Truth" is bravely told;

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Farming the Water.

With the increasing acuteness of the food question and the consequent necessity of developing new sources of food supplies the American farmer might profitably undertake a more careful cultivation of the water areas of his property. If his lands include or border on a lake, around or along an unpolluted stream he should make his water lots yield crops as regularly as those he gathers from his fields and orchards.

Many States are encouraging farmers to farm the water by supplying them with fish for planting, either free of charge or at a nominal price. Pennsylvania appears to lead in this respect, and this State, according to an official report, has this year produced more young trout for distribution than have been turned out by the great hatcheries controlled by the Federal government, the number being estimated at nearly 12,000,000.

In addition, the Pennsylvania hatcheries have produced 223,000,000 pickerel, 426,000 perch, 53,000,000 pike perch and 143,000,000 lake whitefish and 120,000,000 lake herring. Unfortunately the out put of black bass is not stated, but it undoubtedly runs into scores of millions. The farmer who proposes to farm the water should give first attention to the black bass. The latter is one of the hardest, cleanest and most wholesome of all fish, and his bravery as a fighter invariably lures the paying angler to the waters where his species has its abiding place.

Women are to Blame. In a great measure for home unhappiness. Not always the woman who helps make home unhappy, but her mother, perhaps who let her daughter assume the obligations of marriage in ignorance of the consequences. When a woman is careless of her appearance, too tired to "fix up" for her husband; when she scolds the children and neglects household duties, there is discord and misery in the home. Why not use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and be a healthy woman and have a happy home? There's no excuse for the majority of women who are so dragged down with suffering. "Favorite Prescription" cures ninety-eight per cent, of all "female diseases" even in their worst forms. More than half a million women are witnesses to these cures. "Favorite Prescription" will cure you too, if your case is curable. It has cured hundreds of cases pronounced incurable by doctors.

Look Ahead. It's only a trifle now, that little touch of stomach trouble. But look ahead. Every stomach disease begins in a trifle, just as the destructive avalanche begins with a pebble in a rolling pebble. When the first symptoms of a disordered or diseased stomach appear begin to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The perfect relief exercised by this remedy over the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition makes a speedy cure certain. It will cure in extreme cases. But it cures quickest when the disease is taken at the start.

Quite Simple. It is told, no matter on what authority, that a telephone company in Chicago has no end of trouble with its wires. They were continually out of order. Nobody seemed to know why an investigation was started.

To Spade It Up or to Plow It? I am not sure but that the spaded garden has some advantage over the plowed one. The soil can be turned up just where you want it and as you want it by the use of the spade, while the plow works alike throughout the garden, though the soil may vary in depth and nature to a considerable extent.

Startling Encouragement. "Was Amelia's father encouraging when you went to him to ask him for her hand?" "Not very. He asked me to put the proposal in writing, so I couldn't back out, as all the others did."

Musical Note. First Young Thing during the sonata—I just love Brahms, don't you? Second Young Thing—What are Brahms?—Musical Courier.

LET IT PASS.

Has it been a weary day? Let it pass. Lots of others on the way—They will pass. Soon the skies will start to lighten. All around begins to brighten. And misfortunes cease to frighten—Let it pass. Does the world the wrong way rub you? Let it pass. Did your best friend seem to snub you? Let it pass. Chances are you were mistaken. None is ever quite forsaken. All for naught our faith was shaken. Let it pass.

Why One victim Lost Faith in Side Whiskered Brethren. "UB-whist yo' was gone," said Brother Smathers, relating the news to Brother Buckaloo, who had been on a journey. "A gentleman peared on de cerry yuh vid de notation dat he was a clartryoyant and de seventh son o' suppin—I dunnoh what—and was gwine to hold a secession in de lodge hall and show signs and wondure for de modest sum o' two bits for folks and 10 cents for betwixt sized children: pot'y poussage, wid a striped vest and woolly side whiskers, and 'bout de shade, he was, of de opposite side o' a fish."

Names and Messages Used to Be Scribbled on Playing Cards. It is somewhat curious that so useful an invention as the visiting card should have been unknown to society until comparatively recent times. Yet 150 years ago the carte de visite did not exist. The belles of the seventeenth century used nothing in the shape of a name card, or "ticket," as it was afterward called. Invitations to routs and dinners as well as names and addresses were written across the backs of playing cards, which in those days were made with a white reverse and innocent of the intricate pattern familiar to us in modern times.

Individual Towel. It is coming more and more into general use. It is a pleasant and dainty custom. It costs no more in the long run, requiring but a little extra care in sorting the laundry and arranging the towels in the proper places for each member of the family.

When the fashions changed so quickly this autumn, from plaited skirts to straight ones, from long coats to short ones, from gathered sleeves to tight ones, a woman looked at her last year's coat suit in dismay.

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

WEDDING. We all remember the wedding march in "Lohengrin"—how the long file of pages and maids carried aloft the all-soaked tapers as they marched before Elsa de Brabant and her mysterious defender—and perhaps it has occurred to some of us that the bridemaid's bouquets seem rather a frivolous substitution for the big solemn tapers. To suit as may have thought so it is a pleasure to know that this ancient custom of bearing candles before the bride has been revived and that in the South particularly the "candle-light wedding" has been chosen by many of this year's brides.

Too many Clothes.—It is a mistake to buy too many clothes for fall and winter wear. Better have a few nice ones and keep them well pressed and cleaned than to have too many. The fashions change so quickly and this year's styles cannot be made over to advantage. A good tailored suit with several shirtwaists will be sufficient for a woman who goes but a little. Or if she prefers the one-piece dress, then a long coat of color, cut and material suitable, both for street and evening wear is an excellent purchase. This, of course, refers to the woman, who buys a few clothes as she can possibly get along with, and that is much wiser than buying too many. The girl who makes up what she terms "stacks" of underwear will find it would have been better to make a smaller number of garments, for the dainty lingerie becomes yellow when laid away.

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Chocolate Caramels.—Two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of New Orleans molasses, one-half cupful of chocolate grated, one cupful of milk, butter half size of an egg. Boil half an hour, stirring to keep from burning. Pour in buttered pans and when cool cut in squares.

Glazed Sweet Potatoes.—Pare half a dozen sweet potatoes and cook in boiling water 10 minutes. Cut in halves lengthwise and lay in a buttered baking dish. Cook one-half cup of sugar and three tablespoons of water together three minutes, add a rolling teaspoon of butter and pour over the potatoes.

Basic once or twice while baking in a hot oven.