GUARDING THE TONGUE.

- If each of us, as we pass through life Would bridle and curb the tongue And speak of only the pleasant things
- To be said of every one. What a wonderful difference there would be Between this world of ours And the paradise it might become
- With all pathways strewn with flowers! How surely a little reflection
- Will show us as plain as the day The mistakes we made when we hastily Allowed our tongue full sway.
- When the day is done and we think it o'er Ah, me! that it should be true-
- There are few of us who can honestly say There is nothing we would undo Too often the faults we clearly see
- In others are faults of our own-And those who dwell in the houses of glass Should be wary in casting a stone So, have charity, much charity-,
- The loveliest virtue of all, And look well to the member unruly. For it's prone to slip and fall.

THE DAGO.

We are sure to have trouble unless we make a change. It's better to take the Italian out of the gang for a while than to have a strike on our hands.'

The young foreman, who had grown up in the foundry, spoke seriously to the office superintendent, who sat drumming his nicely manicured nails upon the polished desk. 'Nonsense!" the other said, with a

laugh. "At times, Mason, your imagination gets the better of your judgment.' His manner, as he finished speaking, was almost sneering.

The foreman's jaw set a little harder, but he had grown up in too stern a field to let his temper be aroused easily. "I don't believe I'm wrong in this case, Mr. Gunter," he said, coldly, "and I haven't

forgotten the riots of two years ago."
"Oh! that strike!" said the superintendent, loftily. "If a different man than old Banford had been in charge at the time, things would have gone very differ-

ently."

The foreman got up and went out quickly; he did not dare trust himself longer with this conceited fanfaron.

Standing on the polished granite steps of the elegant office-building, he looked across the foundry yard with its long, ragged rows of pigiron, enormous heaps of coke, and littered maze of truck tracks; at the gloomy foundry, its smokestaihed, staring windows flashing back the glare from the setting sun. He shook his head doubtfully as he went down the steps and out of the gate in the high, spike-topped fence that surrounded the works. He would have a talk with Big Mike in the morning and give him a warning; possibly he might quit of his own accord, but the foreman didn't think he would.

In the semi-gloom of the late afternoon the motionless steel cranes, like watchful the motionless steel cranes, like watchful sentinels, stood silent guard over the gaping pipe-pits. On top of the ugly brick ovens the sheet-steel covers warped in bulging rolls from the intense heat of the fire. In front of the ramming-mathing from long brown for the fire. In front of the ramming-mathing from long brown for the pipe for the sand, hot from the last shake-out, steamed clouds of white vapor tinged with red from the clay of the mixing-water. The air was heavy with odors of burning sand and cooling castings, and throat-smarty from the acrid fumes of coal-gas pouring from under the loose-fitting oven covers. Over all, like a living, crushing weight,

pressed a heavy, expectant silence. It was the brooding silence of a tired giant resting after the day's maddening strove with the fury of demons, uttering hard, gasptng curses against inanimate

of a moulding-board ruuning the length of the twelve-foot core. Facing them on and shiny black hair spattered with flecks the watchman and led the way. of brown core-mud so that little of flesh or hair was visible.

The three Irish coremakers talked and laughed as they worked, but always ian who labored in sullen silence, swing-

weight as if it were a toy.
"Hello, Mike!" A handsome, merry son and grinned at the perspiring men.
"Hello-a, Tony!" answered the big Ital-

ian, glancing up with a grin. What's da matter da gang late today? You maka-a da bum fire, hey, Mike?" The big Italian did not answer, but ran to the end of the moulding-board, and, in- was a narrow iron car-track running the serting an iron bar in the hollow spindle, swung the core above his head.

muscles rippling under his brown skin, trussed steel-brackets fastened to the founstanding out in knotty ridges and lumps on his enormous shoulders, The two by an endless cable, travelled back and ed and grunted from the strain, the blood for the cores. The big shive-wheels at rushed to their faces as they lifted the either end of the foundry over which the Italian, but it was part of the gang's plan the men who worked at the mud-mixing to put as much work as possible on the machine

"Ah!" he cried, enthusiastically, "that-a torches.

and his dancing eyes mocked the boss er and watched them fill the car.

acknowledged Farley, "but he ain't got th' brains iv an ass." Big Mike did not whipped and tightened with a menacing understand the words, but, sensing the snap as the car started and rumbled animosity from Farley's manner, his eyes along the track. When it reached the sixglittered as he bent to his work. It was the first time since his coming to the gang that he had showed the least sign clear; he pulled the switch and stepped

"Maybe I drink-a one, two myself," answered Mike, good-naturedly.
"Like hell ye will!" roared Moran, the

Mike straightened slowly, scoop-shovel got t' know, anyway." in hand. "I drink-a where I like; no dam' Irish stop-a for me," and the two

raged across the moulding-board like "Cut ut out an' git t' waurk, all of honest men out of waurk?"

ment demanding an immediate issue. The ing to happen to the "dago."

Italian, with his Old World training of When Moran and Farley got through

the gloom of the rafters. animosity against his race. Only shortly arrived from his native country, he was slow to understand the petty spites and shop sectionalism, and persisted blunderingly in his efforts to make friends with his fellow workers. Openly repulsed and frowned upon, he ignored the insults, passing them by with the broadness of a animosity against his race. Only shortly derneath the track. passing them by with the broadness of a big, good-natured disposition, while with for them his prodigious strength he tried to compel

the repeated insults, snubs, and sneers, the gloomy foundry; and they went back at foreman stoutly.

and the manner of the foundrymen in to Sweeney's saloon. turning their backs whenever he apmight do, as long as he stayed they would treat him the same.

of the gang were ahead of him.

"Hello!" he greeted, cheerfully. Farley

coremakers were leaving that evening; and Mike leaned on his shovel-handle watching the three go out together, a sense of loneliness in his heart, in his "What's da matter, you no speak-a eyes the dull hurt expression of a St. Bernard that had been chained for bois-

terous romping.

It was a half-hour later when Mike fin-

after the young clerk, a puzzled expression on his face as he wondered what was It was went his way.

Hands deep in his trousers pockets, his eyes on the sidewalk, he did not look up as he passed Sweeney's saloon; he had forgotten his boast, and did not see the

they would only speak to him, smile and be friends? That night for the first time to his side as it jerked him off his feet. With a snort of surprise Mike caught unable to sleep.

"Hello, Kelly!" bawled Moran's hoarse voice, and the little round-shouldered

tering in the swinging lantern-light from the scarred mask of his burned face.

the interior was like the midnight gloom of a graveyard; the men's voices, booming hollow among the high steel roofcolumns in ghostly whispers.
"Dom ut," said Farley, coming to a stop,

th' shivers, ut's that dom clammy like."

and old Kelly chuckled to himself as he boss coremaker when they skirted the edges of the pits.

On the side wall back of the core gangs length of the foundry. It was set high on the wall, supported on top of the box-like He handled the heavy weight easily the core ovens, and held up between them by coremakers carrying the other end heav- forth on the track, carrying the mixture core to its place on the oven-car. The cable passed were driven by an electric other coremaker should have helped the motor, its control being in the hands of

"dago."

The man in the doorway watched the magnificent strength of his countryman

"We're goin' to git th' mud ready for the marnin', so yer needn't wait," said Moran to the watchman, as they stopped at the six-inch gang and lit two coal-oil

Mike; he one great-a, big-a man, easy strong-a like—like a two small-a mans,"

The watchman did not heed the remark, but followed them to the mud-mixcoremaker, a slightly built, petulant individual.

Farley went back to his gang, and Moran climbed on the wooden platform and threw "Big an' strong, all right," grudgingly the switch. The motor hummed, the big

"So long-a, Mike," called Tony as he dodged back from the door. "Maybe I kin lend a hand, Tom," said the watchman, eagerly. "Ye know I ain't drink-a whiskey for you at Sweeney's." down.

roughly; and when they came to where Farley was standing under the track look-

inherent submission to authority, swung there was a half-inch Manila rope tied to Mike came back to the gang, but he gave pleading toward O'Rourke's smoking pishis shovel and bent to his work, his the mud-car, the other end noosed, and them hardly a glance as he picked up his tol. hearty, good-natured laugh echoing into laid across the open track in such a way that it would drop when the car started. Big Mike was the first Italian to be The noose was spread directly above soon the clash of the machinery hummed broken-hearted sob heaved his shoulders, employed in the foundry and hold his job for any length of time, and he bid fair to door in the bottom of the car, to empty work. Sudden death—coming, as it often he reeled, half turned, and fell crashing stay on and break down the prejudiced the core-mixture into a concrete tub un- did, to the foundry-occupied but a few to the bridge; hung for a moment on the

Moran, as the watchman opened the gate the foreman as he came into the foun-

friendly recognition by doing the greater part of the gang's work, unknowing that "W part of the gang's work, unknowing that he violated the strictest code of the laborer in doing more than his share.

But as dripping water wears into stone,

Bu

turning their backs whenever he approached a group, gradually bored into his dull intellect. He began to understand that he was not wanted, and that, regardless of his overtures, or of what he gardless of his overtures are all of the gardless of his overtures. Why, should be carried on in a business way, the same he is not a finite being living that and that good business and that good business and that

"We're th' first on th' mud in th' marning"; git here airly," ordered Farley as the coremakers were leaving that evening; turned his back. Moran walked to the him that these men with whom he tried next core gang and Flannigan, the other to be friends had planned and attempted coremakers were leaving that evening;

me?" the "dago" asked. Farley leaped away at the touch of the Italian's hand on his shoulder. He ripped out a string of oaths. "I don't care t' The coremakers soon began to sense a string of oaths. "I don't care t' The coremakers soon began to sense a The chief obstacle to the nomination

when the timekeeper cursed him for be, ing late, slammed his office window, and hurried out up the street. Mike looked hook for pulling the slide-door on the land, without suspicion, picked up the iron hook for pulling the slide-door on the land, without suspicion, picked up the iron hook for pulling the slide-door on the land, without suspicion, picked up the iron land, without suspicion land,

It was too early for the pit gangs and the cause of his resentment. Glancing slowly over his big hands and body, he shook his head uncomprehendingly and

With a snort of surprise Mike caught in his life he tossed restlessly on his bed, his feet on the second bound, grasped the rope with his free hand, and, as he was It was after midnight when Farley dragged upward, braced his feet against the side of the core-oven, throwing the interpretation of the core-oven, throwing the core-oven throwing dragged upward, braced his feet against the free lunch. that rang an electric bell in the engine- self back in an effort to hold the car. ly big men, clothed in coarse woolen After the first surprise, not a cry nor sound did he utter.

The muscles stood out on his legs like watchman hurried out, carrying alantern. those of a truck horse, a swelling ridge of giant resting after the day's maddening rush of struggling, half-naked men, who go keep yer fires in shape?"

"What's th' matter, b'ys—don't the dainted into his body, the blood rushed to his face. Moran's lurid answer was convincing, and his staring eyes seemed about to pop and the old watchman nodded under-

From under the side-roof at the canal end of the foundry came the sound of voices as the six-inch-core gang hurried and sweated in feverish haste to finish the day's work.

Three of the gang worked on one side of the

With a last desperate effort he eased The ventilators were closed and the air up suddenly, then, as he caught the slack, was heavy and dense from the all-night swung his body back with all his strength. Mike fell back into the mud-box, his head The melancholic, brooding silence of striking the edge, gashing his scalp.

The free end of the cable whipped back to the shive like a flash of light, its and they worked, but always ing hollow among the high steel roof-ong themselves, ignoring the big Ital-girders, were flung back along the big Flannigan and the motor. Knocked from ing with ease the big scoop-shovels of mud upon the moulding-board; running it along, handling the heavy, dragging the heavy, dragging to a stop, and he shivered as he glanced superstitiously about him, "th' place gives a man of blue flame, and a scream of agony the switch-platform, the coremaker, to rang through the foundry, and in the "Hello, Mike!" A handsome, merry son of Italy stuck his head inside the door and grinned at the perspiring men.
"Hello, Topy!" argument the his Italy stuck his head inside the door and grinned at the perspiring men.
"Hello, Mike!" A handsome, merry son death-like silence that followed, the whispering echoes and the whine of the wind through the cupola seemed to mock the body that swung back and forth from watched the uneasy side-stepping of the the big shive-wheel, wrapped in the steel

The cool, calculating shrewdness of Farley saw the possibilities of the accident, and he quickly cut the rope from about Mike's breast and removed all traces of it from the cable; then he hurried to join the group about the mud-

mixer. A shuddering sigh passed through his big frame and Mike opened his eyes.
"How you feel-a now?" asked Tony,

hand across his eyes before answering. "I no feel-a very good," he said, as he struggled to a sitting position. "What's da matter over there?" he asked, pointing at a group of coremakers gathered about an object on a pile of straw, covered with a strip of burlap bagging.

Talking in his native tongue, Tony explained what he knew of the accident as told by Farley. Mike watched him closely while he was speaking, and when he finished he shook his head doubtfully. "I don'no'," he said, his dull eyes watching the group at his right. "I get-a caught in da rope." He looked at Tony. 'Yo' know how I get-a caught?"

Tony shook his head. "I don'no',' said the Italian again, and Mike's big hand felt the welted ridge of raw flesh where the rope had burned. The foreman came out of the foundry while they were talking. He had just come from an examination of the cable

"Come on, then," said the coremaker, cable, as told by the coremakers, he had swelled, and grew into the surly roar of a "Does he know what happened?" Mason

Mike understood without the translafoundry.

scoop-shovel and went to work.

The cable was quickly repaired, and they try for-for kill-a me."

dry. He listened in doubtful silence to "That I will, me b'y," assured the old the foreman's suspicions.

"And you really think they roped him "We will be after sendin' one of the to the cable, and he broke it by main man and let him run the city government

'Impossible, man; impossible. Why,

rasp of his clothes against his rope-burned fiesh kept the idea constantly before climbed on the switch platform, where he know, or how it was done, for it had all happened so quickly that he did not re-"What's da matter, you no speak-a for member whether it was Manila hemp or in his business, but not as a mayor or in steel rope that had wrapped itself about any public office. There he is a mere in-

The six-inch-core gang was late again that night, and as Mike dropped his check at the gate the time-clerk cursed cry out that it is visionary, that parties inch gang.

As Mike raised the hook Farley's eyes up and jammed him back into his chair young fellow by the throat; he lifted him

"You-a too fresh; nex'-a time I break-a

air was heavy with tobacco smoke, the sawdust-covered floor was smeared and stained with tobacco juice and littered with bread crusts and bologna skins from

Many men were crowded there, mosttrousers, belt at the waist, and sleeveless undershirts open at the throat, exposing broad, hairy chests; the hard, knotty muscles bulged through the flesh; the skin on their faces was shiny from the scorch of the fires, and drawn tight across the cheek bones, from lifting and straining at heavy weights. They were

waiting for the first move. Mistaking the ominous silence for fear or friendship, Mike smiled as he stepped community could elect a major who

the bar watched him closely as he set should ignore politicians or party leaders, out a brown bottle and spun a glass over or refuse to consult with them or listen the opposite side worked the "mudder-up," a big-boned, swarthy Italian, his face housing of the fire-gases. Moran coughed, and, cursing, grabbed the lantern from a rifle the cable parted at a splice, and as Mike filled and raised his glass.

could recover himself they were upon

Two of them he caught in his great mirror. But they were too many for him; fierce, brutal fighters, they swarmed over him like a pack of wolves; battered and

harsh command, and the man clinging to Centu;y. his throat loosened his hold and was dragged back. At the same time a boot-heel raked Mike's forehead, sending the blood streaming into his eyes. Pulling his head forward to avoid the next kick, he jerked his right arm free and slid his hand down inside his wide old-country belt. His hand came out with an upward twist, and the man on his waist, striking him foul, groaned and rolled limply back, giving Mike free swing with his arm. Again he dodged the boot-heel, at the same time bending over him.

The big Italian blinked and passed a raking upward with his hand. A scream of agony from Moran, who had kicked, and he doubled back on the floor, trying What's to close with his hands the gaping knife-

wound. Slashing right and left, Mike regained his feet, roaring for vengeance. The lust of the killer upon him, he lunged at the dodging Farley, missed, and went crashing through the flimsy door into the

street. the canal.

these things he took no heed. His one thought was to run, to get away as far as fensive, fighting for existence. Truly a possible from what he had done, and, as metamorphic change of attitude! he ran, he sobbed and cried, calling on the

mob thirsting for blood.

Timothy O'Rourke, newly appointed potallest of the Irishmen; "no dago drinks with us."

ing closely at the truck, he said to him: asked Tony, who translated.

ing closely at the truck, he said to him: asked Tony, who translated.

ing closely at the truck, he said to him: asked Tony, who translated.

Mike shook his head and got upon his brass buttons, his soul burning for an op-by Grant Hoover, has aroused a flood of got t' know, anyway."

"Yes, I'll tell ye, Kelly," said Farley, confidently. "We're goinl t' put a crimp in the dago, or the gang'll strike on payday, an' what's th' likes of him t' throw

"Mike show his head and got upon his feet. "I don'no," he said, and he showed the foreman the rope marks.

"Tell him he'd better quit, Tony. I'll bridge when he saw Mike. Drawing his pistol, he stepped behind a truss beam and waited.

"Tell him if he stays in there."

by Grant Hoover, has aroused a flood of exclamation among the deer hunters who standing at the far end of the canal standing at the far end of th

and waited. As the big Italian reached the bridge,

ing the knife spinning. One hand clutched The coremakers bunched together as at his breast, the other was extended

"Pleas a, I no hurt somebody; they-

As the times for election periodically approach, the same demand of a large number of people is regularly heard: is true that the business affairs of a city should be carried on in a business way, his lip in chagrin.

All day as Mike worked the constant rasp of his clothes against his rope-burned flesh kept the idea constantly before him that these men with whom he tried to be friends had planned and attempted to be friends had planned and attempted. scribed by law, all sorts of necessary checks and limitations upon official power.

ished his work and, stripping, plunged into the big water-tank, splashing and playing like a schoolboy in a summer pool. As he climbed out, end stood up to dress, the splendid health of his magnificent body glowed in the foundry gloom.

The coremakers soon began to sense a portent of danger in the change that came over the demeanor of the Italian. It came over the whenever Mike glanced in his direction. national politics and issues for national He was humming rapidly to himself as

With a puzzled frown deepening his
he dropped his time-check at the gate, forehead and the hurt of unjust abuse gathering of the gangs on the canal bank, state elections, and local politics and issues, and none other, for local elections. Every time this is said people who talk cannot be done away with, that they are necessary. Certainly they are necessary, and there is no suggestion of doing away

with them. Voters in local elections should cross the national party line freely, being in the killing of the white deer was looked fluenced by local considerations only, upon by those who heard of the case as you neck," he said. Then, giving a hitch to his trousers, Mike glanced up the street candidates of a party in a local election opinion that the deer had snow on its or know of the preparations that had been made for his reception should he been made for his reception should he judice plays right into the hands of the Record.

Nothing should influence the voter in a local election except the local questions of in a great measure for home unhappi-

government is the control of the governthings as they toiled and struggled with massive moulds, or fought as living beings the fifty-ton, crane-swung ladles of molten metal; raging in impotent wrath molten metal; raging in impotent wrath work for a month," rasped Farley, thick-bearings, the steel cable became taut as a bow string, throwing off a fine oil spray, the low doorway, the loud-voiced talk suddenly silenced and the men glared writer of this article so stated in Tanhard Raylor and the low doorway, the loud-voiced talk suddenly silenced and the men glared thought the standingly as he locked the graylor and the struggled with them.

The motor whined and spat crackling growled to silence as they settled on the bearings, the steel cable became taut as a thing raising on toes. The motor whined and spat crackling and the shive-wheels cracked and the many hall during the last mayoralty contesting the loud-voiced talk suddenly silenced and the men glared them.

As the unexpected bulk of Mike shoved the loud-voiced talk suddenly silenced and the men glared them.

As the unexpected bulk of Mike shoved talk suddenly silenced and the men glared to silence as they settled on the bearings, the steel cable became taut as a lake them.

As the unexpected bulk of Mike shoved talk suddenly silenced and the men glared to silence as they settled on the bearings, the steel cable became taut as a lake the silence and the sil being completely emancipated from such to the bar and said, softly, "Give-a da whiskey, please?"

The short bullet-headed man back of sibility only. This does not mean that he should act from a sense of official responsibility only. This does not mean that he to them, but only that in the end he should follow his own enlightened official As his lips touched the liquor the door act. A mayor, governor, or President they are called. It is only a weakling painful to see such an official so distrustful of his own fortitude or integrity, or else so confident that he knows everybore him to the fioor amid the wreck of the bar and fixtures.

He fell fighting, his back against the liam J. Gaynor's "The Problem of Efficiency of Efficie He fell fighting, his back against the overturned bar. A hoarse voice called a cien: City Government" in September

The Chuach and the Saloon.

Until less than a century ago the liquor interests had the tacit approval of church and state, of scientist and humanitarian. In the year 1807 the society known as the Brethren of Christ was organized in a room over a distillery. In 1832 the Bishop of Vermont wrote a book denouncing the temperance workers as infidels and opponents of scripture. As recently as 1866 an article written by a Congrega-tional clergyman, and published in a Bib-lical Encyclopaedia of good standing, acclaimed with gusto the alleged fact that the founder of the Christian Church was a maker and user of wine, and applauded the use of intoxicating beverages as the exercise of a Christian virtue. illustrations suggest how difficult was the progress of the temperance sentiment. They afford us reminiscent glimpses of a On the sidewalk he paused to wipe his time when to be an abstainer was to be eyes clear and looked wildly about him. rated a fanatic; when there was no rec-From the saloon came cries, curses and ognized ethical side of the temperance groans; a bullet whizzed close to his head, another scored a red streak across his throat, and he began running toward the minister received liquor as part of his salary.

Children scattered and bawled, women screamed, dogs howled and followed, dealer is a social outcast; as we have snapping and barking at his heels. Of just seen, the liquor interests, even in their least offensive forms, are on the de-

Virgin for help.

——The wise are polite all the work is behind him the sound of pursuers over; fools are polite only at home. -The wise are polite all the world stout and hearty. It is due entirely to

Shot Albino Deer, Scoffs at Curse,

The shooting of a white, or albino, deer,

a terrible fate of some kind. "Cut ut out an' git t' waurk, all of yez," rasped the boss coremaker, and as he shoved Moran back he whispered, fiercely, "Don't be a dom fool; this aln't th' time."

Mike understood without the translation. "No, no, I no quit—a da core for the door, stopped and came back. "I-like-a the eye out fer anyone that might be companded the bridge.

Mike understood without the translation. "No, no, I no quit—a da core over the thing. He is satisfied with the stopped and came back. "I-like-a the eye out fer anyone that might be companded to the bridge.

Mike understood without the translation. "No, no, I no quit—a da core over the thing. He is satisfied with the stopped and came back. "I-like-a the eye out fer anyone that might be companded to the bridge. But Hoover, who is a prominent insur-door of the bridge. But Hoover, who is a prominent insur-door over the thing. He is satisfied with the stopped and came back. "I-like-a the straight on. Suddenly, near the centre of the bridge. But Hoover, who is a prominent insur-door over the thing. He is satisfied with the stopped and came back. "I-like-a the straight on. Suddenly, near the centre of the bridge. But Hoover, who is a prominent insur-door over the thing. He is satisfied with the stopped and came back. "I-like-a the straight on. Suddenly, near the centre of the bridge. But Hoover, who is a prominent insur-door over the thing. He is satisfied with the stopped and came back. "I-like-a the straight on. Suddenly, near the centre of the bridge. But Hoover, who is a prominent insur-door over the thing. He is satisfied with the stopped and came back. "I-like-a the stopped and came back. "I-like-a the stopped and came back. The bear, but, knife in hand, blood-spattered, the translation. The stopped and came back. "I-like-a the stopped and came back. The bear the bridge. The bridge of the bridge. But Hoover, who is a prominent insur-door over the thing. He is satisfied with the stopped and came back. "I-like-a the bridge. The bridge of the bridge. The bridge of the bridge. B year. He is willing to run the risk of spocks and hob-goblins and bad luck, and will have the hide of the white buck finely mounted and then present it to the Larrys Creek Fish & Game Club, on whose preserve the deer was killed, and of which Hoover is a member.

TAKEN FOR PATCH OF SNOW That the club is not afraid or superstitious is shown by the fact that it al-ready has as a club-house trophy a white deer skin, the animal also having been

killed in the same woods. But it is far inferior to the Hoover specimen. The Hoover deer was seen last year by a hunter named Linck, from Williamsport. The deer was in an old orchard, and was a fine shot for Linck, but he declined to shoot, whether because of his respect for the popular belief that white deer lead a charmed life or not, is not known. The white deer was also seen by other hunters during the past two seasons, but until it came within range of

Hoover's rifle it escaped. And it came near escaping Hoover, too, for until it moved Hoover thought the white thing was a patch of snow. But once it started it went like a streak, and only the fact that Hoover is an exceptionally good shot prevented its escape. Over in Miffiin township, near where the old Jay Cooke preserve is located, several years ago, a white deer was found wounded. A hunter who had fired at the animal on the spur of the moment, when he found that his game was of the pure albino variety, refrained from dispatching it, preferring rather to run the risk of the deer surviving and recovering from

But this did not occur. It died in a few days. But never since has the man who shot it handled a gun, either for hunting or anything else, so firmly convinced is he that the shooting of the white deer will avenge itself upon him if

he indulges in the use of firearms. HUNTER ENCOURAGED TRADITION. In Sullivan county, three years ago Henry Shelly shot a deer in a deep woods. The animal fell over the edge of a cliff toward which it was running. Shelly attempted to hurry down the same cliff, when his rifle was discharged, the bullet grazing his head. He was stunned and fell to the bottom of the cliff, where his hunting companion found him quite bad-ly hurt. The dead deer beside him was an albino, an almost unknown specie in

that section of the State. Shelly's accident following so quickly

Women are to Blame

men and measures which are up for consideration. And it is a misnomer to call make home unhappy, but her mother perofficials nonpartizan who are elected in this discriminating way. They are partiological solutions of marriage in ignorance of zans, but only on local issues, and it is the consequences. When a woman is entirely seemly and proper for them to careless of her appearance, too tired to make their appointments to office or place "fix up" for her husband; when she scolds from the local party which elected them. the children and neglects household An inevitable cause of corrupt local duties, there is discord and misery to 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 many hall during the last mayoralty con-test in the city of New York he received 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.

You can consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mistletoe a Menace.

As his lips touched the liquor the door was slammed shut, the glass was knocked may learn much in respect of what not as a desirable feature of Christmas decofrom his hand, and he staggered sidewise to do, by listening to the advice of politicarations understand that the plant is a from a blow on the neck. Before he al leaders, or even political bosses, as parasite dangerous to the life of trees in the regions in which it grows. It is only who will declare after reaching some a question of time, after mistletoe once high office that he will have nothing to begins to grow upon a tree, before the hands and flung crashing against the do with "politicians"; and it is always tree itself will be killed. The parasite saps the life of the infected branches. Fortunately, it is of slow growth, taking years to develop to large proportions, but

eased trees. -"What a noisy thing that bass drum is!" remarked the clarinet diagustedly. "Yes," replied the trombone; "just like a human being, isn't it?"

"Like a human being?" "Yes; it's the one with the big head

that makes the most noise.' Shaking Hands.

Few people know how to shake hands well. The general run of folk either give a limp paw and allow it to be shaken or else grasp yours in theirs and nearly dislocate it with their violence.

-If bees are wintered in ordinary, thin, unprotected hives, the moisture arising from them will condense and freeze to the hive, thereby encircling the bees with

Many people express surprise after having tried many doctors and medicines to find quick relief in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is suprising, but it is a surprise which is taking place every

Mr. Edward Jacobs, of Marengo, Crawford Co., Indiana, writes: "After three years of suffering with liver trouble and malaria I gave up all hopes of ever getting stout again, and the last chance was to try your medicine. I had tried all the home doctors and received but little relief. After taking three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and one vial of his 'Pleasant Pellets' I am your wonderful medicines."