

Democratic Matchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., July 14, 1911.

PUSH UP THE CORNERS.

Push up the corners of your mouth. Even though it pains them; Push them up and make them stay. If you have to claim them. Turn up the corners of your mouth: You can't feel sad or sorry. If smiles are dimpling 'er the lips. Crisp, and sweet, and curly. A frown will kill the brightest laugh. Make vinegar of honey; A smile will kill the blackest frown. And make a dark day sunny. Turn up the corners of your mouth. No matter how you're feeling; And soon you'll feel the way you look. A heart of joy revealing. Mrs. Frank H. Beck, in *The Advance*.

MISERY LOVES COMPANY.

Mrs. Barr-Stokes, astride of a spirited roan thoroughbred, which she backed with nonchalant adroitness, lifted one of those crooked eyebrows which John Sargent has immortalized, and said: "Since when?" "Her companion, Mr. Adrian Wantley, did not answer. He looked into her eyes without any change of expression, and spun his crop between two fingers. Mrs. Barr-Stokes endured his look for a while, then blushed, sighed, and turned away. "Even if you *won't* admit it," said Mr. Wantley, "I have added in a big sweeping way. When a girl throws a man down, she gives him certain rights. The right to criticize if she doesn't find happiness with the other man; the right to watch over her interests, and to protect them when he can't." "Mrs. Barr-Stokes said nothing. "If I were an Arab," said he, "I'd be old enough to be your father." "You are old enough to be the Vincent girl's father," said Mrs. Barr-Stokes tartly. "What has Little Vincent to do with it?" said Wantley. "We are great friends, she and I—adore her." "That doesn't matter," said Mrs. Barr-Stokes sweetly. "It isn't your adoring her that worries us, it's her adoring you. She does, poor kiddie. You know she does." "Nonsense," said Mr. Wantley, "she rides my ponies for me." "And all your other hobbies." "And still, Evelyn," said he, "in the face of this accusation I ask you to pack the Ryder boy up in cotton and send him home. He is making all kinds of a fool of himself. . . . Of course, if you're really serious on the matter; really bent on cradle snatching, and being the recipient of the laughter that is sure to follow. . . . His family, of course, would send him round the world with a tutor to get over it." Mrs. Barr-Stokes laughed. "If I were serious," she said, "his family would never have the chance. . . . But I think it's good for a boy to play around with an older woman. . . . Not," said Wantley, "when he really takes her to heart." "As Jacko," said she, "hasn't taken me." Wantley shook his head. "It's bad taste, Evelyn. Shocking bad. It's undignified." "Say it," said she. "Well," said he, "you are too old." "I don't feel my years," she said gently, "any more than you feel your millions." "You certainly don't look them," he answered, as if with a kind of personal pride in her beauty. "You never will. You've got beautiful bones, and, of course, the famous eyebrows." "Shall we turn in here?" she said, "and have a gallop round the old track?" "No," said he, "I want to talk. Let's stick to the straight road." "The Whisky road," she murmured under her breath, and aloud: "Why do they call it the Whisky road?" "Because it's straight," said Wantley, "which we're not, my dear. We are evading the issue." "Suppose, Adrian," she plunged at it, "that the Ryder boy has touched my heart? What then?" "Even then," said Wantley gravely, "I say: 'Back-pedal.' Nature, though responsible for these Indian summer inclinations, is against them, Evelyn. Marry him and in ten years. . . . "I know, I know," said she. "How do you do, Mr. Summers? . . . Yes, it is very dusty. . . . In ten years he will be just about old enough to know his own mind. . . . But it's fun. . . . It's been the best fun I've had, almost the only fun, since—" "I know, I know," said Wantley, with great gentleness. "But just because we've been hurt, we mustn't hurt ourselves worse—must we?" "They rode for a little space in silence. "Then it's a bargain," she said suddenly. "A bargain?" "Of course. I give up Ryder; and you make your farewell bow to little Vincent." Wantley smiled up beautifully. "You think that necessary?" "Of course," she said, coldly. Wantley studied her profile for some moments, and several times smiled as if over some sudden thought. A wood road, sweet and shady with wild crabapple and jasmine, invited. "Shall we turn in here?" said he. "Where does it come out?" "I don't know," said he. "Do you care?" She smiled at him, a smile that had in it something a little pathetic and tired. "No," she said. "Do you?" "No." Jack Ryder had reason to believe that he would find Mrs. Barr-Stokes somewhere in her garden. And he felt at liberty to look for her without the intervention of a domestic. So he tied his horse to a china-berry that grew at the side gate, and passed between two generous clumps of bamboo, into a maze of sandstone squares and circles connected by paths, and hedged about by well-fed plantings of broad-leaved evergreens and spring-flowering shrubs. In the very center of the garden, an octagon of pale green tiles surrounding a white marble-rimmed pool, into which a tiny nymph without clothes poured water from a conch-shell, he found her. She had on something loose and mauve, delicately encrusted with weak-tea color; and she sat in a deep wicker chair that was padded with little white linen and lace pillows, and that had been placed in the heavenly sweet shade of a ole-olive. She had her lap full of sewing

that matched her gown. And she lifted her lovely crooked eyebrows at Ryder and smiled. "I don't see my chair," said the bold youth. "My butler," said she, "has frowned on your antemeridian calls, Jacko. He has put his foot down. He is a terrible stickler." "I don't care who frowns," said Jacko stoutly, "if you don't." "But I do frown," said she, and showed him. He laughed his clear boyish laugh. "But I do," and he detected a quality in her voice quite new to him. The bold youth did not know just what to say; and so he blushed to the roots of his yellow hair. "But I'm glad of this morning call," she said. "Can't you make yourself comfortable on the ground? . . . There. . . . That's the way you famous people always sit in your team pictures. You were foot ball and crew, weren't you, or was it track?" "I've forgotten," said Jacko, blushing still harder. "It was so long ago, nearly a year. . . . So many more important things have happened since. . . . You!" "My dear," said Mrs. Barr-Stokes, "you flatter me. I haven't happened since. . . . I happened when the men of your generation had no tails to their shirts, but buttoned them direct to their knickerbockers. I am what is called a has-been." "You aren't," he contradicted. "I did flunk my Greek time after time, but I learned enough to know a goddess—an immortal—when I see one. Verily in her walk she showed herself to be a goddess. That was in Latin. He laughed. "All the Greek I know," he said, "I got out of Latin." "It would shock your tender years," said she, "to learn how old I am." "In a small voice he said: "But I know." "That is cruel," she said. "It would be cruel if it made any difference," he said, "but it doesn't." "Jacko," she said, "do you know the word that is most used lately in connection with me? The word is 'ridiculous.' . . . It's time I earned a better reputation for myself." "I don't understand," he said. "I only understand one thing." She looked at him gravely. "And that one thing, Jacko, mustn't be said." "But I've said it every minute that we've been together since we've known each other. It must be said." "Every educated person," she answered, "passes at some time or other through a phase of worship for the antique. With one person it is old snuff-boxes; with another it is old books; with a third, Jacko, it is old women." "Don't you think," he protested, "that I'm old enough to know my own mind?" She laughed very frankly in his face, and he didn't like it. He wished to explain to her that he was no callow youth; but a man grown who had seen something of life. She read the wish in his face. "Every boy," she said, who has done a few things of which at heart he is heartily ashamed likes to think that he knows life. I grant you your late suppers and your notes and flowers via the stage door, and whatever else there is to be granted. But I affirm your years, Jacko. And these are green and blind. It isn't the crimson ribbon on your hat and the broad in your very pleasant voice that proclaim your Harvard training, but the rather comical fact that you fancy yourself a man of the world and a student of human nature." "Thank you," he said, "I had better go now." But he didn't move. "Most often," she said, "it is the innocent who learn life at first hand, and not the swashbucklers of temperament and intemperance. . . . I'm a good woman, Jacko, as women go. But I know life, a little. I've had to learn. . . . Do you know there's only one episode in my life of which I am heartily ashamed?" "There is *now*," he protested. "There can't be. There *mustn't* be." "Bless me," she said. "It's nothing dreadful. It's nothing that can't be mended. . . . She looked at him for a long time, and said: "It's yours. . . . "It isn't nice," said the young man, after a while, "to learn from the only woman in the world that one is an episode." "Jacko," she said, "you have touched the very heart of the matter. Let me continue to be the only woman in the world, while you, like Sir Galahad of old, go forth to seek the Holy Grail." "And just what do you mean by that?" he asked. "By that," said she, "I mean the only girl." He rose to his feet, somewhat stiffly. "At least," said he, "give me the satisfaction of knowing that I have served to amuse you." "You have amused me," she said seriously, "without offense, 'so such good purpose that I have come very near playing the fool for you. Let us thank God, Jacko, that there is no longer any danger of that. A woman can face scorn, drink, treachery and childbirth, and neglect. But she can't face laughter." "I am hanged," said Jacko, "if I'd let what the world thinks bluff me out of what I think." "Neither would I," said she, "if I were your age. But then if I were, the world wouldn't think anything." "Then there was quite a long and miserable silence between them. "Was it really the butler's idea," he said, "not putting my chair out as usual, or was it yours?" "No." "He drew a deep breath of resolution, stepped awkwardly but forcefully toward her, bent and caught her in his arms. "You mustn't," she said. "It comes off!" This served to check the ardor of his barbaric onslaught. He drew back. "Comes off," she reiterated, "and is said to be dangerous if taken internally." She rubbed her cheeks with the tips of her fingers, and then looked at the tips; and then smiled steadily in the young man's face. "It's a good ending, Jacko," she said. "At the end of our little romance, a crimson period, a scarlet exclamation point. . . . He shook his head, and though he was shaken in his beliefs and illusions, he threw conviction and devotion into his voice, and said: "No, neither the one nor the other, but a pink question mark." With that he left her, and mounting his horse at the garden gate, rode with his anguish and his humiliation, of a gallop, for the nearest woods. The sky turned from clear to gray; and to so thick a gray that no spot of brightness marked the whereabouts of the sun. When the south wind had accomplished this transformation in the weather, it stopped blowing. A drop of

Democratic Harmony.

Chairman Dewalt Offers the Olive Branch and Shows How the Legality of the Contending Democratic Factions Can Be Determined and Harmony in the Party Insured. Now Up to Mr. Guthrie to Say If There Shall Be Party Peace or a Continuation of Factions and Fights.

From the Philadelphia Record of June 28th.

ALLENTOWN, PA., JUNE 28.—In an effort to settle all party dissensions, former State Senator Arthur G. Dewalt, who is still the legal Democratic State chairman, today wrote to George W. Guthrie, of Pittsburg, suggesting arbitration of all legal snarls prior to the meeting of the State Committee at Harrisburg, July 19. Senator Dewalt's letter complete is as follows:

MY DEAR MR. GUTHRIE: My reason for addressing this letter to you, a copy of which I intend to give to the public press, is that I sincerely believe that we both desire success and stability of the Democratic party of Pennsylvania, however much our methods for obtaining the same may differ. It was my hope, when I answered Mr. Walter E. Ritter's letter, expressing my willingness to retire from the chairmanship, that you would meet me half way, and signify your willingness to resign all claims that you might have to the same office, for the sake of harmony, and to avoid any further friction. Your reply to my letter has convinced me that you do not deem such course either expedient or legal.

I do not believe that the Democrats of Pennsylvania are interested either in your political ambition or welfare, nor have they any great concern for my mine. The party will survive if both of us are entirely eliminated, and what they most desire is the success of Democracy in this State. Your reply to Mr. Ritter's letter in brief states that you hold a position of trust which was given to you by the State Central committee, and that you cannot now in honor resign the same, and you state that by my action in presiding at the meeting in March at Harrisburg, and by my appointment of the three members of the so-called Reorganization Committee I bound myself to abide by the decision of that meeting, and by the decision of the State Committee.

REJECTED ACTION IN ADVANCE. Let me remind you that at the meeting in Harrisburg in March, I distinctly said that any action taken would, in my judgment, be entirely illegal and void, and against the party rules, and in appointing the members of the Reorganization Committee I again declared that, although I submitted to the decision of the State Central Committee in the request for the appointment of the members of the Reorganization Committee, its action would not be legally binding. I have not changed my mind in regard to that phase of the controversy, although I again state that I am entirely willing to waive all claim of right to the position, if you do the same, and thus unite in the selection of some candidate for State Chairman who is entirely disinterested; or I am willing now to submit this question to any Court of competent jurisdiction, upon a case stated, agreeing upon the facts and submitting the points of law, and if that Court decides in your favor, I am entirely willing to abide by such decision; or, I will go one step further, and say that if a case stated cannot be presented to a Court or judicial tribunal, that I am entirely willing to agree to submit the question to three persons learned in the law, or to John G. Johnson and David Watson, if they will consent to serve; all this for the purpose of giving the meeting to be held on the 19th day of July next a complete understanding of the legal phase of the questions involved.

What was attempted at the March meeting in Harrisburg was an amendment of the rules and the election of a State Chairman in some other way than the one fixed by the rules. Rule 5th, Section 2, of the constitution of the State Central Committee, provides that a Chairman shall be elected on the first Wednesday after the third Monday of July in each year, and that the term of office shall begin on the first day of January following his election, and continue for the period of one year. . . . He was elected Chairman at such time in July, 1910, and unless this rule is changed, or was changed, no legal successor could be elected until the coming July 19th. Rule 14, Section 1, provides that "the rules may be altered or amended at any time upon the recommendation of the Democratic State Central Committee, and approved by the succeeding Democratic State Convention."

It was attempted, as I have before said, to elect a Chairman of the State Central Committee at a time other than the one designated by the rules, and in a manner other than the way fixed by such rules. The State Central Committee in March delegated its authority to a sub-committee, and that committee, by vote

rain made a dark splash on the pommel of Ryder's saddle. A tear would have made a similar mark. Ryder's mare looked as if she had been soaped; she has all suds and lather. It was half-past one o'clock; and a naturally healthy appetite had changed the course of Ryder's thoughts. He intended to remain friends with blight and despair; but would have liked nevertheless to have sat down to a square meal with them. He had urged his mare hither, by ways devious, involved, circling and unknown to him. There was no help in the sky. He was lost. Scrub-oak with an occasional towering pine extended for miles in every direction; traversed every which way by roads of deep sand, none of which were straight for more than fifty yards, and none of which had any beginning or end except in other roads just like them. He came to a little clearing, in the midst of which was a deserted mine, with rotted quarters and upper works. Whether the mining had been for gold, silver, iron, copper, zinc, or coal, Ryder was not engaged enough even to guess. The claim now belonged to a covey of quail. These retreated with great modesty at his approach. Beyond the clearing, in a stand of tall, long-needle pine, he came upon a girl in riding clothes. She lay face down upon the pine-needles with her head on her arm. By her hair, brown with sunset flashes, he knew that she was Miss Vincent. "Little Vincent!" and his heart stopped beating for a moment, because he thought she must be dreadfully injured, or even dead.

But this was not the case. She had dismounted to shorten one stirrup-leather, and her horse had chosen that golden opportunity to snort, leap sideways, jerk the bridle from her hand, and go home. She had walked after him for half a mile maybe, had discovered that riding-bots were not made for thick sand, had sat

down to rest, lain down to think, and shut her eyes because of the glare. But though she did not waken at his first touch, she was indignant to have Ryder think that she had fallen asleep. And he did not tease her about it, because she seemed so very discouraged and sad, which was just the way he felt himself. No, she didn't know where Aiken was, and she didn't care. Did he know? No. Did he care? Well, not for himself. "Still," he said, "we've got to make some sort of an effort to get you home. Your horse will arrive without you and frighten your family to death." "No," she said, "they've gone for the day to Mr. Newton's model farm. I was going, but didn't." "But you'd love it," he said. "It's a wonderful place." "I know," she said, "but I had a blow. And I don't love anything, or—she couldn't help shooting a glance from the corners of her eyes—or anybody. Life," she finished, with the conviction of one who has the most of it to live, "is a hollow sham."

"I were as hungry as I am," said Ryder, "you wouldn't be so tactless as to think me hollow." "I'm just as hungry as you are," she said, "now that I think of it; but I don't care. Besides, it's going to rain; but I'm sure I don't care." "The last time I talked to you," said Ryder, "you thought the world was a lovely place." "That was yesterday," she said. "Since then I have had a blow." "Well," said he, "you needn't be so proud. The world doesn't look the same to me as it did yesterday. He smiled a rueful smile. "I, too, have had a blow." "Is that why your horse is in such a lather? Did you jump on, and ride you didn't care where, as fast as you could? I did. It's funny we should have gotten to the same place."

"Shall we take hands," Ryder suggested, "and weep? But I'm glad I found you. It gives me some one to think of besides myself." "Since when," she asked, "have you lacked some one to think of besides yourself?" "Since the blow," he said. She nodded with grave comprehension. For Ryder's romance had never been hidden under a bushel any more than her own had. And she said: "Me too." "It's a kind of bond," said Ryder. "Being lost is another," she said. "And getting back to Aiken," said he, "if we ever do, will be a third." "Why try to go back?" said she. "It seems that there's nothing in Aiken for either of us." "Oh, I suppose so," said he gloomily. "There was an awkward silence. Little Vincent broke the silence if not the awkwardness. "What did she say?" she said. Ryder blushed to the roots of his hair. "I'll tell you," he proposed, "if you'll tell me."

"There's no comfort," she said. "You and I will never laugh at each other." "She said," said Ryder, "that people were talking, and that I'd better clear out." "He said," said Little Vincent, "that people were talking, and that he'd better clear out." Here the young people shook each other heartily by the hand. It is unknown why. "And now," said Ryder, "if you'll let me put you up, I'll shorten leathers, and we can set out for Aiken or any other old place we can get to." "No, no, no, no," she suggested. "No," said Ryder, rather curtly. "It isn't done. It wouldn't be a genuine rescue, either." "Then," she said, "we'll take turns." "We'll see about that," said Ryder, "when my turn comes." "My turn never came. He 'loved' to walk, he said, looking up into her face; his feet were hard as nails. At that moment a blister that had grown like a mushroom on his left heel broke and inundated his boot. But he was the kind of man who enjoys being hurt in a good cause. Little Vincent was a good cause. She didn't mind rain; she didn't mind hunger; she didn't mind being lost; and the oftener you looked at her the prettier she got. But what served chiefly to draw them together was the fact that they were really sure to be laughed at for similar causes. Already there was less of blighted affection in their mutual misery than indignation against those who had, so to speak, sent them ignominiously from the drawing-room back to the nursery.

"It's beginning to get dark," said Ryder. "I'm sure if you leave the reins loose and kick Bellaire she will find the way home; and you will be there in time to save your people anxiety." "Do you think I am going to desert you," she said, "just to save other people anxiety? Won't you ride now, and let me walk?" "I only wish," said Ryder, "that it hurt me to walk and made me tired. Because that would make the act a real sacrifice. Stead of that, I'm really enjoying it." "Don't your boots hurt?" "I'd take them off and carry them if they did." "Will you tell me a secret thing?" she said suddenly. "What?" "What is about Mrs. Barr-Stokes that sets all the men raving?" "Experience," said Ryder. "I've been asking myself that question, and that's the answer. . . . I thought I was hard hit," he said, and then shook his head. "Wouldn't it be horrible," she said, "to think you cared, and go too far, and find that you didn't? . . . Could you eat? I could. . . ."

"Age does make a difference," said Ryder. "There's no use exhibiting in the class above." "Or in the class below," said she. "It's a pity we weren't born with that knowledge." "It would save us the discomfort of being laughed at." "Meanwhile the rain fell steadily, and the night. "I'd give something to be sure," said he, "that Bellaire knows the way." "Would you? The wetter it gets and the darker the better I like it." "Soon," said he, "it will be so dark that I can't see you. I shan't like that." "And I shan't be able to see you. But I shall know that you are there, and that I am safe. Safe from everything but—the laughter. I like it to be dark because you can say things that you don't like to say in the light. Tell me, what have people said about Mr. Wantley and me?" "Just what they've said about Mrs. Barr-Stokes and me," he answered. "She whistled. And he blushed in the dark. "Young man," said Little Vincent, "I propose a defensive alliance between us two." "Young girl," he answered, "it is consummated."

"They shook hands. "I shall pretend," she said, "that it was you all along, and that the Wantley episode was to make you jealous. . . . I am glad it's dark." "It's going to be mighty obvious to everybody," said Ryder, "that my episode had a similar foundation." "But," she said, "you know we'll have to keep it up any way till the season's over." "Of course, I know it," said he; "that's why I'm dancing instead of walking." Suddenly a sandy, unfamiliar road turned into a long, straight road of hard clay, a little slippery with the rain, a road raised like a railroad embankment above swamps, a road where the sun never shone because of the trees that enclosed it in a long tunnel. Bellaire lifted her head, so that the steel clashed. "Lovers' Lane," said Ryder. "Half-way through the lane he said: "I can't see your face. Are you still there? Or have you really vanished?" Her hand touched his shoulder. "Soon," said he, "we'll be in Aiken, and this will be over. . . . Do you know, I've half a mind to take Bellaire's bridle and lead you back the way we've come—into the night at Vincent's."

"Do it, then," said she. Without a word he caught the bridle, turned the protesting Bellaire, and led her along the back track. For a quarter of a mile Little Vincent never said a word. But she smiled all the time, a smile of triumph in the dark. Then she said: "Is this far enough to show that I'm gone for any distance?" "Are you?" he asked. "I am," said she. "I think that being so, I think we'd better go where it's dry, and there are lights, and food." "If," he said judiciously, "you are absolutely sure that you would have gone to the ends of the world in the rain, and the dark—"

Once more they turned toward Aiken.

"Do you know," she said, "I think it's rather fun to be back in the nursery." "If you had said Eden, now—" "Well, wherever it is that we belong; I think it's fun to be there." "A long way ahead an outpost light of Aiken twinkled in the rain. "When we get to that," said Ryder, "I shall see your face. . . . "It's a wet, huggy little face," said she, "but a merry one." "Mine," said he, "is a happy face." When they had passed the light and were in darkness beyond, he spoke in a gruff, embarrassed voice. "To seal our compact and make it legal," he said, "I really think that our faces ought—to shake hands!" "Perhaps we'd really better go in," said Mrs. Barr-Stokes. "It's really raining. And at our age—"

Wentley smiled comfortably. "Even at my age," he said, "I don't mind a little rain." "It will ruin my gown and my pillows and my sewing," said she. "But, of course if you don't care." And she smiled very peacefully and beautifully, and went from smiling into laughter. "Adrian," she said, "aren't you ever going to realize that the Ryder episode was for your benefit? To make you jealous? And lead you on? . . . I am shameless." But he laughed aloud. "And what," said he, "do you suppose my pursuit of Little Vincent meant?" "We're a couple of old geese," said Mrs. Barr-Stokes, who resembled a swan. "Still their heads is real damage done. At their age they get over things." "Yes," said Wantley, sentimentally. "Even if they had it pretty bad, youth is resilient, and in six months or a year they'll have gotten over the sting." "Poor kiddies," said Mrs. Barr-Stokes. "At that moment Ryder was waking Little Vincent in the pine wood.—By Gouverneur Morris, in *Collier's*.

The Children of King George V. Among the most studious and best brought up boys and girls in all England are the six children of the royal family. Even in the summer, when the family goes to the royal castle at Blenheim, in Scotland, there is a corner of one of the gardens set aside for nature study. Each child has a piece of land, with hot beds and garden tools of his own, where he digs and plants and sows. They are earnest, hard-working little farmers. When the royal family is at home in London, Buckingham Palace, the King often goes with the children to a large lake in the park, where they have a fleet of little ships which they learn to manage. King George also frequently accompanies the children on long walks and takes them to see football games. The King loves his family devotedly and they all are very affectionate and happy.

Next in line is Prince John, the baby of the family, a sturdy little fellow now almost six years old. Next comes Prince George, nine years, and Prince Henry, eleven. The only daughter is Princess Marv, who is fourteen and is said to rule her brothers with a rod of iron. She is described as a fierce little lady, with a strong will of her own and she is very fond of study. Prince Albert is fifteen and Prince Edward was seventeen on June 23rd. As heir-apparent, Prince Edward is studying very hard to prepare himself for his future duties. For two years he has been in the navy, and at the naval school at Dartmouth. He has done the rest of the students, eating, playing, working just as they do. He is fond of all sports, swims like a fish, boxes and plays football. The Prince is a manly young fellow and is said to have "a heart of gold." His kindness toward animals was shown one day when he said, "When I am King nobody shall cut puppies' tails." Edward, who was a great favorite with his grandfather, Edward VII, is altogether a charming young prince, handsome, full of high spirits and good humor. He is extremely popular for "his kindness, his perfect courtesy and his untraced way make him loved by everybody."

The Sovereigns of England. This rhymed chronicle of the English monarchs since 1066 A. D., is here brought up to date for coronation purposes. It will be a handy thing to have about the memory: First, William the Norman, then William his son, Henry, Stephen and Henry, then Richard and John. Next Henry the Third, Edwards One, Two and Three. And then after Richard three Henrys we see. Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess, Two Henrys, Sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Bess. Then Jamie the Scotchman, then Charles whom they slew, But received after Cromwell another Charles too. Then Jamie the Second ascended the throne. A good William and Mary together came on. Queen Anne, Georges four, and fourth William all came. And Victoria then, illustrious dame. Next Edward the Seventh in line will be found. And his son George Fifth, just now to be crowned.

When the Clock Stops. When the clock has stopped you may have seen the wife or husband take it up and shake it to start it again. Sometimes they succeed. Some little clogging particle is removed by the shock and the clock starts again. But it does not go very long before it runs down. Another shock perhaps starts it, but the clock soon stops again, and presently has to be overhauled by the clock doctor. It's something the same way with the liver. It stops its useful and necessary offices, sometimes, and the man or woman affected tries to jar it into starting, with some powerful pill or potion. Perhaps they succeed. But the success does not last. The liver soon stops again, and finally they have to go to a doctor. The value of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in such cases, is that it carries off the clogging particles which interfere with the health of the body. It strengthens the liver, purifies the blood, and heals diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. There can be no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery."

Cheerfulness is one of the surest indications of good sense. —A good man does good mere, by living.