PATIENCE.

O wait, impatient heart. As winter waits, her song-birds fled, And every nestling blossom dead. Beyond the soft snows they sleep! Beneath soft snows they sleep, They only sleep. Sweet patience keep And wait, as winter waits the spring

And hope, thou heavy heart! If tiny, trembling violet fair But kiss her cheek-on morning air If faintest note shall fall-so soon Sweet spring awakes to smile. Though skies are gray. In hope the while She looks to greet full, golden June

Work, work, thou restless heart! As royal summer work; to warm To richer lift, and hold from harm Her fields and wood; to tint with gold And rose her fruitage fair. Only to lay with gracious care At autumn's feet her wealth untold

And trust, O doubting heart! As autumn trusts; bright robe and crown Puts by and calmly lieth down In winter's cold embrace: for so God wills. Into thy night Of woe shall break the morning light As bursts new life above the snow -Belfast Christian Advocate.

THE FIRE CHILD.

Selma Anderson swayed back and forth in her massive rocker. Her little son Olaf nestled in her arms. He was a red lipped child of about four, whose golden head like that of a weary cupid, rested against her shoulder. The fire roared on the wide stone hearth and lighted up the simple interior of the log-cabin. With the song of the fire mingled the song of

"Oh, hear him sing, the Fire King! Hear him, laddie, hear the fellow There he goes and there he blows. All in robes of red and yellow. Oh, my dearie, learn to fear him Be you wise and don't go near him.

The youngster lay soundly slumbering, elma rose and laid him in his little bed. Olaf that afternoon had wandered far away in company with his playmate and guardian, Thor, the great wolfhound. Despite the mother's warning, they had gone deep into the pine woods which stood dark upon the slopes of the hills. They had not returned until late in the evening, causing Selma to feel a sudden terror. She had gone down the road shouting "Olaf!" until the canons mocked her. At last, as the dusk fell, he had come toddling back, his face and fingers very black, and with a round hole burned in his frock. The guilty Thor gave a remorseful howl when Selma thwacked him over the ribs. Selma had smelled little Olaf's hands. Phosphorus!—matches!
The box she had carelessly left near the stove was gone. The child had a mad passion for fire, and nothing gave him greater delight than the crackle and flare of matches. He loved to crouch by the hour in front of the fire; he would stand with his face to the sun, stretching out his arms to it. Sometimes he would start little fires himself. In this he displayed great cunning. Burnings, punishments availed nothing.

Selma felt sure that the child had inherited the curse from her own grandmother, a weird old woman who had a mania for firing hayricks in an ancient vilage in Norway. Hell-fire would be the witch's lot in the next world, the furious villagers had said, and fire the lot of her descendants in this.

So Olaf had been playing with fire again! Selma had slapped his dirty little hands, relented the next moment, stilled his howls with kisses, fed him, then rocked him to sleep. Now she sat wait-

ing for his father. Halmar Anderson that day at dawn had galloped away north to Resinous, a small lumber town. He was to bring home three thousand dollars, for which he had sold his timber land to Mart Logan. He had disposed of his beloved acres with a heavy heart. But it was Selma's wish that they leave this wilderness and purchase a fruit farm in the Then part of the money was needed to consult a specialist on behalf

Selma felt very uneasy to-night. First it was Olaf who had troubled her by his long absence, then the thought of her husband on the road with all that money. Yet there was something else that oppressed her. The autumn night had suddenly grown sultry. But then the weather had been torrid all through the long summer drought. The wolfhound was uneasy too. He scratched and sniffed against the door, and whined. What ailed the brute? Why did Halmar not return? She glanced at the window. Had she slept? Was it already dawn? The clock gave the hour as a little past ten. But upon the west wall of the cannon there was a flush of delicate red, like the light of dawn. But dawn it could not be, for the rosy glow trembled and shifted over the cliffs. The skies were still deep blue; the great stars shone. She ran to a window that looked east, tore aside the curtin—and screamed! The hills and crags were crowned with fire. Long lines and patches of flame marched and threshed across them like an army with torches and blood-stained banners from that very part of the woods where Olaf had played a few hours before. The flames were eating up the slopes and crawling down toward the house. The woman stood transfixed with terror. The pines along the ridge flared up like giganic torches; the flames raced and danced. ran up trees and leaped in sheets through the air. It was their trees that were burning, their tall, magnificent pines. But what matter now, she thought. How lucky Halmar had sold the timber land cape in all directions except south. Desjust in time! The three thousand dollars was safely theirs.

The air grew stifling. There was a sound like rain upon the roof—the fall of cinders. Soon these came burning like "The child!" she cried. as soon as she swarms of gery bees. Thor howled and scratched furiously at the door. The heat in the room grew unbearable. Olaf coughed in his sleep. She ran and lifted him from the bed. The child awoke and stared dully. His eyes were very strange. They were beautiful in form, and in color of a rich dark blue, but in them was no glint of awakening life. They lay va-cantly in his head like sapphires on which dust had fallen. They reflected the light of the hearth and the glare through the window, but no light shone through them from within. Little Olaf had been born blind. Sun and fire were

arms, ran out upon the road. The shaggy dog leaped up on her and frisked about, barking madly. She ran across the road to a small plowed field and sat upon a stone under the shelter of a tree. Patches of grass about the house were already burning, golden serpent tongues were licking the logs. Would Halmar never come? Was he robbed—killed, perhaps? She prayed. A great joy possessed little Olaf. His angelic face bore a smile. He stretched out his little hands to the infernal glare, laughed, and shouted, "Fire!" Now, above the roar and mutter of the forost fire, there came another soundthe beat of horse's hoofs. Halmar Anderson, wild-eyed and soaked with sweat, came charging up the road on his white half-crazed mare Truda. He leaped from the saddle, a tall, beared man of massive figure. A hoarse cry of joy came from his throat as he saw his wife and child.
"We must go south! Thers's a second fire—coming on behind!" he shouted.

To the north there was a glow in the skies, between the cannon wall to the right and the jagged peaks to the left.
"It is the end of the world!" cr cried

Halmar took a leather bag from his saddle and dropped it on the ground. It clinked metalically as it fell. "What is that?" asked Selma

"The money—three thousand dollars," shouted her husband, "silver and gold— Logan's money!"

You will not leave it here!" screamed his wife. "Yes, yes! The horse can't carry it and I am going to throw it in our well. It is not our money any more."
"Not our money! exclaimed his wife, fiercely. "Are you mad? Why not our

Halmar Anderson pointed to the burning woods and said, harshly:

Woman, can't you see? Logan paid us for the land, for the house, for the timber! Look, look at them now-fire and ashes -every bit! Shall I rob the man! Would you make me a thief?"

"It's his loss!" shrieked Selma. "We cannot help the fire! You were always too honest. Her husband lifted Olaf from the

ground and seated him astride the horse's neck, fastening him to the high pommel of the saddle with a belt. Then he lifted his wife from the ground and put her astride the saddle.
"You, you?" she cried in terror; "what

is to become of you?" "Never mind-I'll be safe. You and the baby first." Cinders and ashes were hailing down.

The white mare reared. "No, no!" cried the woman, frantically,

"I'll not leave you alone!"
"Selma, would you lose Olaf? Shall he, shall I lose you? Keep still," her husband exclaimed, "and wait!" He seized the ponderous money-bag that lay in the dust, ran to the well, tossed the bag into it, and dashed back. Selma had slipped from the restive horse, a desperate, sac-rificial look upon her face. Little Olaf, with the impassive face of the blind, sat snug, his hands twisted in Truda's mane.

"For heaven's sake mount! mount!" called Halmar. "Why did you get off!"

"Ill not go without you," said Selma,

"Selma!" he said, earnestly, "think of yourself—of our boy! Save yourself! Get black—black and red—red as blood!"

"Either we go together or we die to-gether," said his wife, firmly. 'The horse can't carry three, I tell you! Oh, for God's sake, go! Go!"

"Fire!" said little Olaf, smiling against the blood-red heavens and flaming mountains. A large spark fell and singed Truda's flank. With a snort she tossed up her head and bolted up the road, north, toward Resinous, with Olaf clinging to her mane. Thor, barking loudly,

charged after them.
"Olaf!" shrieked Selma. "My child! Oh, oh! He'll be killed!' "Yes," cried Halmar in bitterness, "yes, night-dress. we will all be killed now! Yes, now you have your way—now we can all die to-

She implored forgiveness. He began dragging her by the arm along the road, following the horse, straight toward the wall of fire from which he had flown. At every turning they feared to see the tiny body and golden head of Olaf lying in the

in this, but now it was dry with drought. "If Truda crossed the Dead Tree Bridge they're safe!" yelled Halmar above the roar. It was the one bridge that spanned the ravine and led into the only defile in the cliffs and up to the plateau above. All the world was lighted now with a terrible gold and crimson, the sky was domed as with ruby glass, and the smoke blotted out the stars. Ahead they saw the broad fires marching south from Resinous over the years of the cliff and looked to the safe!"

It was even as she said. Behind the white horse pacing the edge of the abyss they saw a shaggy dog, and behind the dog a rout of other animals—lumbering bears, wildcats, tawny mountain-lions, deer, sheep, goats, and foxes. White-tailed rabbits bobbed along the brink and gaunt timber-wolves stretched their heads fires marching south from Resinous.

stood in flames. The dead tree's white skeleton limbs crackled and blazed, and bloomed again with a foliage of fire.

"Wait here!" In the distance he saw several men and women and a few burdened horses making toward him.

'A horse-have you seen a baby and a horse?" he called. No one had seen either. These people came from a lumber settlement this side came from a lumber settlement this side of Resinous. The flames had cut off esover the bridge with him and Thor beperately they toiled, on eleven men, eight women, fourteen children, four horses, and

her and pulled her along, the while

to him only a dim, luminous glow, the the hills east of the Anderson home, the hills; the fiery horseshoe would become world a thing of mist and shadow. Perhaps, said the few backwoods doctors who had seen him, perhaps some day he might see. There had been such cases. But to his parents' sorrow, sight had not come to the beautiful eyes. There was now nothing to do but to consult the great specialist in Chicago.

Selma, holding her little son in her in the hills east of the Anderson home, the first raging up from Resinous, the other end was shaping itself along the top of the cliffs two hundred and fifty feet overhead. The fugitives were in the open ends. At intervals one or two pious Norwegians burst out in prayer. A tall lumberman, Niels great specialist in Chicago.

Selma, holding her little son in her in the Anderson home, the first raging up from Resinous, the other end was shaping itself along the top of the cliffs two hundred and fifty feet overhead. The fugitives were in the open ends. At intervals one or two pious Norwegians burst out in prayer. A tall lumberman, Niels Braekstad, had torn his frail, ailing wife angel led the youths out of the burning furnace!" great specialist in Chicago.

Selma, holding her little son in her out of bed, and carried her mile after furnace!" mile. He would not trust her on one of the horses.

"It is a judgment!" muttered Selma again and again. "No!" shouted a rough, bearded fel-

"It was hunters, I'll swear!" cried a gaunt woman. In her long calico wrapper, with her iron-gray hair streaming over her shoulders and with blood-shot eyes, she resembled some lean witch. "God's damnation upon them for the loss and sorrow they've brought us!'

"People, it was the drought," replied Richard Wayse, a young forest ranger.
"No man did it—everything was dry as tinder. No one knows how it starts, but once it starts it starts everywhere.' "It was lightning from heaven," shouted a half-crazed man. "The black world

shall be swept clean by fire!"
Niels Braekstad, staggering along under the weight of his sick girl-wife, stopped suddenly, let her sink against him and raised his long arms to the heavens. His hands were open; they slowly clenched

into fists. "Listen!" he thundered against the smoke overhead. "Listen! Would you send your children into hell alive? Would you destroy the lovely world you have made? If so, then we are ready, we two-

his arms and crushed her against him. The woman uttered no sound, made no resistance, but pressed her lips against his cheek. Halmar dragged the despairing Braekstad forward, flung the bundles off one of the horses and seated the sick woman on the animal's back. They passed the house of the Andersons. It was a roofless mass of fire and blackened wood.

the well.

the sick woman first. Selma glanced at in his direction. At the bottom of the the slopes where Olaf had played with slope Halmar set his little son on the the matches. Straight the black trunks rose, thinly smoking; the hills showed their cnarred and naked sides spitting flame and drifting smoke. The tall, gaunt woman was now at the head of the little band. Thick smoke, choking gases, show-ers of coals like flakes of flashing gold throats closed as if invisible hands were arms about her neck and cried, "Mamma!" strangling them.

"Lie down-flat!" shouted the forest ranger.

"My baby, my poor little blind baby," moaned Selma for the hundredth time. The horses, released, suddenly broke away. Dark, swift shapes raced by and over them—the wild animals of the woods, seized with panic. Overhead,mingled with the crash and roar, they heard the sound of flapping wings. Myriads of birds were flying south. Some, scorched ell heavily. Then the smoke lifted and their lungs drank in sweeter air. The witch-like woman was first upon

"The world was green-and now it Is A wind blew the smoke from the face of the cliff to their left. The tall woman peered into the heavens, then sank upon her knees. She raised her skinny arms and shouted:

"See! See! God's mercy to his lambs! See! God's own angel come to save us!" One or two dully followed her gesture They, too, cried out and stopped short. The entire face of the cliff was lighted as if by day, and there, along the very edge of the precipice, moved a white horse that shone like silver. On its back, bolt upright, sat a small, cherubic figure with clustering yellow curls, attired in a long

"Look, Selma, look!" Halmar shouted in her ear. "Olaf!-up there on the cliff!—our baby—see!"
Selma shrieked, "Alive!" stood still, then raised her arms as if to draw her

little son from the heights.
"He is blind!" she moaned, "blind! He will fall!" "See!" the old woman went on. "See! dust. To their right lay a deep ravine. In the winter a clashing torrent raced death and darkness—the day of peace! death and darkness—the day of peace! The lion shall lie down with the lamb

and a little child shall lead them!"

Once again Selma cried, as they hurried on:

"The whole world's afire! O God, it is a limited by the street of the cliff and looked down with crimson jaws and lolling tongues. The law of tooth and claw, the limited by the street of the cliff and looked down with crimson jaws and lolling tongues. The law of tooth and claw, the limited by the street of the cliff and looked down with crimson jaws and lolling tongues. The law of tooth and claw, the limited by the street of the cliff and looked down with crimson jaws and lolling tongues. The whole world's affe? O God, it is a judgment!"

She could not tell her husband that Olaf had fired the woods below there with his box of matches, but she thought of her grandmother's deeds and the curse of the peasants. They reached the bridge. It cast them in sharp relief, the white horse sap ceases to flow, the leaves wither and little Olaf in his long white sap ceases to flow, the leaves wither and and little Olaf in his long white robe, tinged with the unearthly rosy light. Above them flew flocks of wood-doves, He may have got over before the grouse, owls, and hawks. Slowly the bridge took fire," exclaimed Andersen, dumb brutes wound along, keeping pace dumb brutes wound along, keeping pace with the horse, over two hundred fifty feet above the black road where the

> "Follow! Follow!" cried the gray haired woman. "Follow the God-child! He has come to lead us out of burning hell!" "It is really our little Olaf, not a dream,"

fugitives stood.

fore it caught fire."

Parallel they moved with the wonderful procession above. The valley embraced them with its creepers and tentacles of flame. It was like some dragon's may studded with black fangs, a saw Halmar.

He flung his arms wide in a gesture of helplessness.

"He's dead—dead!" screamed the distracted mother, and made as if to plunge over the burning bridge. Halmar grasped her and pulled her along the while she her and pulled her along the while she while she would be parted again by some blest of would be parted again by some blast of kept crying:

"My baby—my Olaf! Let me go to him—let me go! It's all my fault." They fled at the head of the fleeing people, silently, with bowed heads. Now the fires had joined behind them and were burning south in the shape of an enormous horseshoe. One end of this lay in mous horseshoe. One end of this lay in the shape of an enormous horseshoe. One end of this lay in the cliff-top would join with the flames of the local words and streamers of flame flashed and shot out in the warring air. Further on the hills and cliffs almost met, both of Bellefonte. Wm. J. Sager and M Bellefonte.

Wm. J. Sager and M Bellefonte. Harry F. Auman and both of Spring Mills.

Niels Braekstad's sick wife was staggering on by her husband's side. There was a stench of singed hair and burning cloth. Selma stumbled onward, leaning on Halmar's arm, who half dragged, half low, who bled from a deep gash in his carried her along. As they approached the pass whirlwinds of fire encompassed the fire!" ground. Stones and earth showered from the cliff, blazing branches sang through the air, great trees fell crashing. So they crawled out of the valley of doom, and the flaming sea lapped together behind them, meeting in a great spiral fountain of fire that soared higher than the hills. They found themselves crawling, blundering on in a world of stone. The cliffs here were no longer walls, but slopes of rock strewn with enormous bowlders. Here the forests ended too. The fires lolled forth their gigantic tongues, but found no food. The child on the white horse had vanished from the eyes of the fugitives. Slowly they staggered out of zone of heat. A huge, ominous crimson globe rose out of the distant foothills. It swam higher and higher in the heavens.

"It is morning!" some one muttered. There's the sun.'

They let themselves sink on the rocks. Selma lay unconscious in Halmar's arms. The old gray woman stood erect in her torn calico gown, peering, peering into we are ready and waiting for the end!" the skies. Again she pointed upward.

He took the thin body of his wife in Several of the weary ones lifted their heads. A narrow trail wound up the stony slope. High up amid the rocks there stood a great dog with a brass col-

"Thor! Thor!" shouted Anderson. Thor barked, made a leap and disappeared. Then from behind a towering rockmass the mare Truda came into view. Carefully, with braced forelegs, she step "Water," moaned the sick little woman ped down the rock-strewn trail with Olaf with the greenish skin. Halmar ran to safe upon her back. Halmar toiled up the trail; he seized the swinging bridle. In a few moments he returned with a bucket of water dripping and hissing along the ashes. All drank feverishly, the sick woman first. Selma glanced

The child gazed gravely from one to the other of the scorched and blackened beings that surrounded him. The witchlike old woman, grinning pathetically, held out her bony arms to him. But he turned and toddled direct to his mother, whirled upon them in the counter-draught | who lay with closed eyes. Halmar stared of the fire. Their eyes burned, their as if spellbound. Little Olaf put his

The mother awoke with a start. She seized her child convulsively, and out of "Braekstad, take your wife off her parched throat came sounds of a wonderful joy. She hugged, kissed, and crushed him to her, then held him at arm's length and devoured him with her eyes. He smiled back at her and pointed to the fires in the valley.
"Fire!" cried Olaf, and laughed his

silvery laugh.

She made a gesture; he followed it, blinking owlishly. There was a new light in his eyes, a light from within. The nires that were cleared of dust. Selma, her own eyes in this enlightened land. And these sacwide with wonder, scrutinized those of her little son.

"He sees! He sees!" she shrieked, excitedly. "My little Olat sees!" The child's eyes, dark since birth, were pened to the world. It was a world of blackness and fire and stone, of human creatures woeful to behold, but little Olaf saw, and to him all was fair and bright. -By Herman Scheffauer, in Harper's

Weekly. The Cork Industry in Spain.

The cultivation of cork-trees forms an important industry in Spain. The cork-tree is an oak which grows best in the poorest soil. It cannot endure frost, and must have sea air, and also some altitude. It is found all along the coast of Spain, the northern coast of Africa, and the

northern shores of the Mediterranean. There are two barks to the tree, the outer one being stripped for use. The cork is valuable according as it is soft and velvety.

When the sapling is about ten years old it is stripped of its outer bark for about two feet from the ground; the tree will then be about five inches in diameter, and about six feet up to the branches. This stripping is worthless. The inner bark appears blood-red, and if it is split

or injured the tree dies. After eight or ten years more the outer bark has again grown, and then the tree is stripped four feet from the roots. This stripping is very coarse, and is used to make floats for fishing nets. Every ten years thereafter the bark is stripped, each year two feet higher up, until the tree is forty or fifty years old, when it is have so fallen that a Swiss gold watch in its prime, and may then be stripped may now be had for about \$11, one of every ten years from the ground to the

sap ceases to flow, the leaves wither and fall, the grass dies. In man's physical nature there is a corresponding loss of vitality in the autumn of life. At about fifty years, man's vitality is low and there is need to re-inforce Nature if health and strength are to be retained. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is to the body what sap is to the tree; it contains and combines the vital elements out of which Nature builds her fabric of beauty. Strengthened by this great medicine, blood increased in quantity and in richness, men will pass across life's autumn landscape with healthy step and keen enjoyment of a season which is in itself beautiful to the healthy man or itself beautiful to the healthy man or

Marriage Licenses.

Myles H. Breon, of Smullton, and Sabina A. Douty, of Rebersburg. James F. Gessner, of Rebersburg, and

Flossie L. Runkle, of Woodward. Clark M. Gramley, of Rebersburg, and Rosa Wolf, of Madisonburg. Clarence Heaton and May Spicher,

Wm. J. Sager and Mary Jury, both of

Harry F. Auman and Maude E. Bower,

The Eskimo Sealer

The Eskimo method of hunting seais shows a primitive calling improved to a fine art. When a seal is discovered the direction of the wind is at once noted. Then the hurter, keeping himself to the leeward of the seai, walks up to within about a quarter of a mile of it. Beyond this he begins to crouch and advances

only when the seal's head is down. Now, as the seal is one of the most wide-awake of animals and has the habit braids and transformations have been of throwing up its head quickly, every few seconds to guard against danger, it follows that the Eskimo has to be extremely alert if he would get his seal. When the seal's head is down upon the in these brief intervals it takes its sleep. seal's movements, is able without much self and to mankind in general. difficulty to get within about two hund-

the real sport begins. been reduced to a few yards.

When near enough to make a sure shot, the Eskimo takes his bow and arrow from his side and sends a swift shaft through the head of his outwitted companion. Sometimes, instead of the bow and arrow, a harpoon is used with equal

Real Estate Transfers.

Thos. M. Hosterman et ux to T. A. Hosterman, April 4th, 1911, tract of land in Penn township; \$185.

Rachel Crotty et bar to Roy E. White, November 8th, 1911, tract of land in Spring township; \$275.

Fiella Krumrine et bar to R. D. Bierley, May 29th, 1911, tract of land in Miles township; \$526.55.

John W. Thomas to J. M. Davis et al, September 23rd, 1911, tract of land in Taylor township; \$35. Fred W. Gowland et ux to Lewis hair that did not grow upon the head.

Mitchell et ux, March 31st, 1905, tract of land in Philipsburg; \$850. Walter C. Stephens Exr. to Sadie Davis, October 27th, 1911, tract of land in Phil-

ipsburg; \$2300. Keystone State Saving & Loan Association to W. T. Bair, October 5th, 1911, tract of land in Philipsburg; \$740.

Geo. A. Burns et ux to W. H. Garland, Nov. 14th, 1911, tract of land in Taylor township; \$1500. J. A. Finkle to C. E. Finkle, June 30th,

1911, tract of land in Gregg township; Samuel I. Reber et ux to F. P. Zeigler, November 1st, 1911, tract of land in

Howard township; \$400. Vilera Spotts et baron to Alebertus Lucas, November 18th, 1911, tract of land in Unionville: \$800. Jas. W. H. Shires et ux to Fred A. Auman, November 10th, 1911, tract of

land in Potter township; \$3400.

Fetichism marks the lowest point of a gross and degraded supersition. It be-longs to savages and not to civilized peo-Yet there are social fetiches to daughters rifices are no less horrible than those of the degraded African who throws his writhing child into the fire. The name of the great social fetich is Ignorance. Mothers see their daughters "standing with reluctant feet where womanhood and girlhood meet," see them take the step beyond and assume the stupendous responsibilities involved in marriage and motherhood, and yet they say no word of warning or enlightenment as to the great physical change which marriage brings to women. For those who have suffered through ignorance, and have allowed disease to develop in the delicate organs, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a true minister of mercy. It stops drains, heals ulceration and inflammations, cures bearing down pains, makes weak women strong and sick women well.

Swiss manufacture exported in 1900 6,800,000 watches, representing more than \$21,000,000 in American money, while in 1910 the exportation had increased to 0,470,000 watches, valued at nearly \$25,000,000.

The sale of the cheaper grade of Black and white still leads in mil-watches has grown considerably. In linery. All the best hats are of black 1885, 561,000 watches of base metal were velvet or plush skunk with trimming, be

have gradually been lowered. In 1885 terra cotta,) gun metal and white. Taupe the prices ran from about \$13 up for gold or gun metal has had an unprecedented watches, \$5 for those of silver, and \$2 to run, and this season it is almost as popu-\$3 for those of base metals, but the prices

Overlooked a Point.

"Take as much of this powder, once a day," the doctor said, "as will go on a 10-cent piece." "Is that all?" asked the patient.

whether I disinfect the 10-cent piece or and serve with cream.

will be surprising. A vote should be taken as to which is the best, the winner to receive the wish-bone—or a real prize, if desired.—Children's Magazine.

"So Miss Gummage got no damages in her breach of promise suit!"
"No. Her lawyer proved the man to be such a lowdown, contemptible speci-men of humanity that the jury decided he hadn't any value and congratulated her on losing him."

"Think of the benighted days when they had no telegraph or telephone."
"Yes," replied the traveling orator;

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

At eventide search through your ways-What you have said this day. What done what thought, For more than once you may have sinned Against your neighbor and your God.

No more false hair! Curls and puffs,

Today the woman who follows the fashions and is just as careful regarding her coiffure as she is of the other accessories of her toilette wears only the hair ice its eyes are shut, and it is said that that nature gave her, but she wears it in such a manner that it not only makes her The hunter, by carefully watching the more attractive, but is beneficial to her-

difficulty to get within about two hund-red yards of it, but at closer quarters he is obliged to employ other tactics. He lies down at full length on the ice. Then when the seal's head is down the hurthe hat fits comfortably and snugly upon ter, who keeps a keen eye on his prey, is able to approach still nearer by dragging himself forward on his elbows. This manage is the head and it is no longer necessary to resort to the extra long hatpins which have a way of protruding themselves have a way of protruding themselves nœuvering continues for some time, until with disastrous results upon those who the distance between man and beast has come in contact with their stiletto-like

With the new coiffure the short hatpin is used and so the accidents we read about or become the victims of will hap-

pily pass out of existence. Next comes the healthful results to be derived from the absence of mountains of hair, the source of which is unknown, and which rested day after day upon heads that could ill afford to endure this

Many women whose hair, hidden for so long from air and daylight, had be-come faded and thin, and perhaps the women themselves had grown careless regarding their crowning glory because of the ease with which the transformation could be slipped on without bothering about the hair tightly crushed beneath, have now, through patient grooming, brushing and undulating, regained the glossy, luxuriant tresses of olden days, when it was considered the height of bad taste to embelish the coiffure with any

Lastly, and most important, is the improvement that the wearing of one's own hair has made in the appearance. the hair parted in the centre or to one side and then rolled softly over the ears and toward the back, where it is gathered into a simple chignon, there seems to be many years taken from the real age and the hardened expression that is unavoidable when false hair is placed near

the face disappears.

Half of the attraction of youth lies in the natural way of dressing the hair. Take the most youthful face and frame it with hideous strands of false hair, and it will age and harden. On the other hand, take a face which Time is beginning to mark, and even though there are lines appearing under tired eyes and the natural bloom has gone from the cheeks, all this will not be so apparent with only the natural hair to serve as a softening

background. "Back to nature" may be the cry of many, but for the woman who wants to look well "back to youth" is forever ringing in her ears and she manages to ac complish this to some extent when she takes to a coiffure similar to that of her schoolgirl daughter and wears her hair parted, waved and falling in graceful, careless lines that artificial methods can-

not imitate. After a lapse of a season or two net blouses have been revived once more. This time it is Paris who calls them back into favor once more and some of the recently arrived French blouses have been

of sheer nets. In keeping with the present vogue, these new blouses frequently show wide, frilly, fluffy side ruffles, which may be of the same net as the blouse proper, or of

colored net or chiffon. Usually they are rather simple in style, however, with a daring touch of color, a band of black satin, a vivid tie or some little touch to distinguish them. And though many of them are made from sheer nets, chiefly Brussels, others are of fancy nets or beautiful laces.

After a season of feathers, roses and ribbons, hats are again trimmed with birds' wings. They are mostly milliner

Black and white still leads in milsold, 1,730,000 watches of base metal were sold, 1,730,000 of silver, and 440,000 of gold as against 5,845,000 of base metals, 2.682,000 of silver, and 943,000 of gold in 1910.

For a long time the chief buyers of Swiss watches have been England and Germany. As the sales have grown, the prices have gradually been leavested in 1885. ferino (a kind of yellow-red bordering on

Apricot Tapioca.-Soak one cupful of silver for \$2, and a good metal one for a fine tapioca for two hours in sufficient little over a dollar —Harpers Weekly. cold water to cover. Drain, put into a double boiler with one-quarter of a cupful of sugar and the syrup drained from a can of apricots, adding boiling water sufficient to give three cupfuls of liquid. Add one-half of a teaspoonful of salt and cook until transparent. Cut each piece of apricot into three and put in layers in "Yes."

a pudding dish with the cooked tapioca.

"Then it doesn't make any difference Bake for half an hour in a moderate oven

Blind Turkey.

A good quiet game is this, to be played with pencil and paper for each child. (Grown-ups also like it.) At a given signal all players, pencils in hand, are told to close their.

Nut Caramels.—Put a quarter of a pound of grated unsweetened chocolate into a pan with four ounces of butter, one pound of brown sugar, a half cupful of molasses, a half cupful of cream and a half tearnounful of warnilla. Cook until of moiasses, a hair cupiul of cream and a half teaspoonful of vanilla. Cook until brittle when dropped into cold water, then add a pound of chopped nutmeats, either of one kind or mixed.

Fire red satin is the latest color for evening wear. This vivid hued material is made up effectively with dull black velvet and white ninon in startling trast. It lines the evening cloak of black "Yes," replied the traveling orator; "and yet it must have been a comfort to make a speech in one town without feeling that you would have to stand for every word of it in the next."

Tast. It mes the evening cloak of black velour or tailless ermine. Touches of fame illumine the black evening gown. Fire colored ribbons are twisted through the hair, and the new princess trains are lined with the same flame red.