

PATIENCE.

O wait, impatient heart. As winter waits, her song-birds fled. And every nestling blossom dead.

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.

Her 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 life, and hold from harm. Her fields and woods, to tint with gold. And lose her fragrance fair.

Only to rise with gracious care. At autumn's feet her wealth unfold. 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 night.

—Belmont 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 the mother:

"Oh, hear him sing, the Fire King! Hear him, ladies, 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. Selma 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 woodchuck.

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! Olaf!"—matched 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 thrucked him over the ribs. Selma had smelled little Olaf's hands. Phosphorus—matched! 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 haystacks in an ancient village 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 ever again! Selma had slapped his dirty little hands, relented the next moment, stilling his howls with kisses, fed him, then rocked him to sleep.

Now she sat waiting for his father. Halmar Anderson that day at dawn had galloped away north to Resinous, a small lumber town.

He was home three thousand dollars, for which he had sold his timber land to Mart Log. 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 West. Then part of the money was needed to consult a specialist on behalf of Olaf.

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 pressed her. The autumn night had suddenly grown sultry. But then the weather had been torrid all through the long summer drought.

The whiff of wood had been uneasy too. He scratched and sniffed against the door and whined. What ailed the brute? Why did Halmar not return? 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 curtain—and screamed! The hills and crags were crowned with fire.

Long lines and patches of flame marched and thrashed 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.

to him only a dim, luminous glow, the 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 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 forest fire, there came another sound—the 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, bearded man of massive figure. A hoarse cry of joy came from his throat as he saw his wife and child. "We must go south! There'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!" cried Selma.

Halmar took a leather bag from his saddle and dropped it on the ground. It clinked metallically 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 you two. 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 money?" 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 saddle, a desperate, sacrificial look upon her face. Olaf, with the impassive face of the blind, sat snug, his hands twisted in Truda's mane. "For heaven's sake mount!" called Halmar. "Why did you get off?"

"I'll not go without you," said Selma, calmly. "Selma!" he said, earnestly, "think of yourself—of our boy! Save yourself! Get on! Get on!"

"Either we go together or we die together," 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 sizzled on 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 her.

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

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 dust.

To their right lay a deep ravine. In the winter a clashing torrent raced 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. Once again Selma cried, as they hurried on:

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

He may have got over before the bridge took fire," exclaimed Anderson. "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 of Resinous. The flames had cut off escape in all directions except south. Desperately they talked, on eleven men, eight women, fourteen children, four horses, and several dogs. Halmar Anderson groaned and ran back to where he had left Selma.

"The child!" she cried, as soon as she 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 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

the hills east of the Anderson home, the arch was made of the fires 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 out of bed, and carried her mile after 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 fellow, who bled from a deep gash in his forehead. "No! Some dog of a tramp set the fire!"

"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!"

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The Eskimo Sealer.

The Eskimo method of hunting seals 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 hunter, keeping himself to the leeward of the seal, 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 of throwing up its head quickly, every second 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 ice its eyes are shut, and it is said that in these brief intervals it takes its sleep.

The hunter by carefully watching the seal's movements, is able without much difficulty to get within about two hundred yards of it, but at closer quarters he is obliged to employ other tactics. He lies down at full length on the ice. Then the real sport begins.

When the seal's head is down the hunter, who keeps a keen eye on his prey, is able to approach still nearer by dragging himself forward on his elbows. This maneuvering continues for some time, until the distance between man and beast has 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 effect.

Real Estate Transfers.

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

Rachel Croty 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 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 Philipsburg; \$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; \$200.

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 superstition. It belongs to savages and not to civilized people. As his eyes are dark within, the blue orbs were now supphires that were cleared of dust, Selma, her own eyes wide with wonder, scrutinized 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 tearing 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 9,470,000 watches, valued at nearly \$25,000,000.

The sale of the cheaper grade of watches has grown considerably. In 1885, 561,000 watches of base metal were sold, 1,730,000 of silver, and 440,000 of gold 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 lowered. In 1885 the prices ran from about \$13 up for gold watches, \$5 for those of silver, and \$2 for those of base metals, but the prices have now fallen that a Swiss gold watch may now be had for about \$11, one of silver for \$2, and a good metal one for a little over a dollar.—Harper's Weekly.

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. "Yes." "Then it doesn't make any difference whether I disinfect the 10-cent piece or not?"

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 eyes and draw a picture of the Christmas turkey. The results 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 specimen 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; "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."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN