Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., December 15, 1911.

BEND OVER AND KISS HER.

and looked in.

Bend over and kiss her-that won't hurt! Bend over and kiss from her heart the dirt Of daily trouble and sorrow and gloom. Bend over and kiss her, until the bloom Of love comes back to her cheeks, and she Is glad as the woman you love should be

Bend over and kiss her-she wants you to, Though she would not hint it, what'er you But that don't matter, and so be kind. And so lean over, and so don't mind, But softly caressing her brow and hair Bend right over and kiss her there.

Bend over and kiss her-it may surprise Her heart with joy, till her wondering eyes Lift through shadow and tear and trial, To look in yours; but her lips will smile And her heart will leap with a nameless thrill If you bend over and kiss-you will!

Bend over and kiss her-you forget Sometimes to do it, and she may fret. And far thoughts fill her of days to be When you'll grow cold and your love will fice. And she'll not charm you as once in life When you bent and kissed her and called her

wife.

-Baltimore Sun. HIS HOUSE FORLORN.

Young Clewes sat before the grate, with his hands in his pockets, looking at the red cross upon the map of Great Britian which marked the odd, unknown corner of his late father's estate. His fancy was pleased with the notion of the house which had stood swept and garnished and empty and unchanging while a century had blown over its roof. He had just that streak of cross-grained imagination that made the thought of going over the Clewes estate, the stiff and, leaning out, drew in a deep draught houses, the formal forests, the long, dull of relief. moors, a good deal of a bore. And now it occurred to him that he might miti-gate this duty by beginning his pilgrim-age with the little house of which, up to this moment, he had never heard.

ferred to sleep. He had meant to put off his inspection till the following month; now he decided his own involuntary promptness. The lord met him nervously. Did my lord to begin next week. But before he went room was oppressive, but it haunted him. to bed, next week had become the day It drew him by its mingled essence at once sinister and lovely. Look where he after-to-morrow, and when he arose in the morning, rather earlier than usual, he called to his man Pell to look up a train, for he meant to be out of town that after-hale upon him, left him whimsical and noon. Trains into that rather lonely part sad, apprehensive and tender, as if the of the country were slow, and the one delicate spirit of the place had already Clewes caught set him down at the Dedham station when the shadows were be otherwise than gentle. reaching long and black over field and hedgerow, and the pools of light that lay imagination. It was long since he had had between them were yellow. He stood a a fancy for anything he could not see or short driving distance from his own est touch. And later, when Pell had filled tate, and did not know in what direction all the tarnished candelabra in the drawit lay, and would not have recognized it ing rooms with towering tallow dips, the he seen it. He found himself in the last Lord Clewes managed to pass a very odd position of having to go to an inn to pretty evening beneath those flickering inquire the location of his own house.

The landlord of the "Dedham Arms" flourished around the walls, tinkering at who see it the clock to set time going in these rooms and, and—" tion; but after a moment's stare of wonder, he turned red, and, with a low scrape, "My lord." he said, "it's thirty years since I saw your father here, but, were my eyes what they once were I should from the treble such crackling laughter, have known you before you spoke."

The old man wore such a mixed look of awe, curiosity, and something like apprehension as mightily amused young

departing into the rooms above, as he ascended the wide central stair. struck out no echo from the floor, and This brought him to a hall, carpeted with red, and, at the end of it, a broad made no sound upon the walls, and yet to run toward the house. white door, with gilded cornices of love bowed down and brooding over it. Clewes she knocked upon them. She groped beneath the tapestries; she peered into the mirror, bending to it as if it had been a window; searching, searching with neck at stretch and terrible intent head, gave the emblems a moment's whimsical consideration before he opened the door

It was a painted chamber, white and and her quickening motions set his heart red, with four windows giving a view upon beating faster as if with a premonition that the garden. There was no dropped glove upon its floor, or film of lace upon its she was approaching something dreadful. He saw her flicker on the wardrobe door. dressing-table, which seemed to wait, ex-It opened to her. She stood, peering dread-fully into it. Then, before he could draw another breath, she turned and looked at pectant, for the light fall of it, yet, none e less, the room revealed the reason of Clewes House to him: it was the inmost him from under the great pale shadow of chamber of the jewel-casket. But the pearl it had been fashioned for was lost. her hair.

"Is there no way out of this house?" Its story was written plainly enough upon all the room, painted upon the walls with the loves of mythology, looped into the curtains of the bed, fitted into the inabout him, yet came from immeasurably far, as if clearly but faintly a voice was speaking from the other side of the world. It seemed to him his heart must lay of the dressing-table, carved in the gilded nymphs which clasped the mirror and leaned to look at their faces in the glass. And most of all was it accented world. It seemed to him his heart must "Why, it's absurd!" he apostrophized burst if he could not answer, but his the mute pictures "It 's impossible! tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth. And yet—"he looked into the dull mir-The sweat was pricking out upon his, ror at his own reflection, pale, disheveled, where, on the satin pillow of the bed, a body. While he looked, her eyes moved, shadowy impression hovered, as if there the ghost of a fair head had lain. lifted from him, looked across him, and her expression changed. Into the vacant Clewes bent to it, in the fancy that perterror of her eyes there crept a flicker of desk, and, searching in his pockets, findhaps some perfume lingered, but, how-ever sweet a hundred years ago, its odor now spoke only of the flight of time and doubt, of wonder. With a creeping sense ing card and pencil, wrote rapidly. Going of horror he saw it slowly transforming to the door, he called Pell. into a faint, incredulous, wistful smile brought him back roughly to the present.

The longer he was in this room the more its atmosphere impressed itself upon him as somewhat too stifling. It was the concentrated essence of the air of the "One, two, three, four!" The sound whole house, not unpleasant in odor,-

sweet, rather, as of many ancient perfumed shaken together,-but beneath the sweetbeat the black gap of the window was ness there seemed to lurk some original filled with her floating gown and hair. bitter taint, and the whole was so closed Then, in the casement, he saw again, up, so locked in, so confined, as to make framed terribly, only the clear, black garden trees.

He turned to the four windows. They were nailed as well as locked, though no He cried out; he reached the window; the garden swam before his eyes. He four high windows, he was driven with peered fearfully downward. The white the despair of a man undergorund these others, even on the lower floor, had been thus fastened. The rusty nails resisted like clinched teeth, but he finally succeeded in the wash of moonlight; only, on the flagging under the window, hovered a in bursting open the swinging-casement, shadow of drifting cloud; but to his dis- ror he looked forward to, or, if a horror The sound of steps approaching down ordered eyes it seemed like the ghost of it was, he seemed only too eager to em-something which years ago might have brace it. the hall gave him a strangely apprehen-sive start. It was only Pell, with linen and fallen there. lights, inquiring where his lordship pre-

When Clewes came into the Dedham want breakfast now? he inquired.

"I want a word with you," said Clewes. The landlord looked taken aback. He would, the objects his eyes traveled over, hesitated, gave a frightened glance at the young man's pale, disturbed face, turned,

and led the way into a small back room. Clewes closed the door. "Now," he said, "tell me what that means

laid finger upon him, forbidding him to over there at the house.' The landlord's secretive eyes seemed to retreat in his head. "Was there any.

Such sensations were stimulating to his thing wrong, sir?" he stammered. Clewes almost grinned at him. "You

flourished around the walls, tinkering at who see it-yourself, sir, your father,

"My grandfather?" "Ah. sir; he saw the real thing."

strange, unexpected sounds in his at-Clewes looked steadily at this state-ment for a moment. "Go on," he said. and groans from the lower register, and from the treble such crackling laughter, Who was she?"

from the treble such crackling laughter, such sudden cries, such windy breathings without sound,—as once or twice made him pause and look behind him. At twelve o'clock he went up-stairs. The painted chamber was dim and wery sprightly lady, sir, and very young. The painted chamber was dim and wery sprightly lady, sir, and very young.

to fumble along the wall. Her foot his head. "Surely I am mad now!" he rank; and without, at the foot of the struck out no echo from the floor, and muttered, but his black mood was flush-yet she stamped upon it; her hands ed through with excitement. He began great eyes of its lamps, waited the Clewes

On the threshold doubt returned upon real she seemed!" He crossed the hall, crossed the draw-

ing-rooms, wandered down the long pasthe house. Sometimes he hurried as if to escape the idea that pursued him; sometimes he walked slowly, frowning with concentration of thought, unaware of his surroundings, as if the vision were still the only thing in the world. And again he would come back to himself of head, with a smile, seem to repudiate mout his obsession. At last he stopped again door. in the middle of the drawing-rooms.

Chamberlain, in the Century Magazine. excited-"I must be mad," he repeated. Then, precipitately, as if he doubted his resolve, he turned to the old writing-

"Take this telegram to the station, and Then suddenly she transfixed him with the joy that flashed up in her face. She raised her hand; she pointed with a quick stabbing motion at the windows. portant that it should get out of his hands

before he change his mind. Then he waited while the day advanced rang in his head, a cry of triumph. She and waned, forgetting to eat, forgetting flashed across the room. For a heart- to rest, driven over the house by the spur of anticipation. He paced the rooms, measured the corridors, haunted the balconies. He was not merely young Harry Clewes in that strange hour: he was all of Clewes, dead and to come. He shook

with his father's fears at sight of those

At sunset Pell left again for the station, but dark had come before he re-turned with the fulfilment of his orders. without, but the pictures in the house stared down over the candle-flames in amazement.

Clewes took from Pell the travelingbag that he had brought from the station, and nodding the man away, went upstairs alone. Half an hour later he stepped out of one of the smaller bedrooms, went down the hall, and into the painted chamber. All his dishevelment,

his restlessness, was brushed away. The formal precision of his evening clothes, their brilliant white and black, looked strange among the dim, old, faded satins waited.

carriage.

Step by step, like a thing of wood, him. He laid his hand upon the door as Clewes descended, and terror sat upon if he doubted the very house was real. his shoulders. He reached the outer "And yet," he thought, "my God, how door, and turned. The hall was all a

broad reality, and through it he saw her coming. Beneath the lights, between the blank-white servants' faces, down the sageways into the far ground wings of solid stair, he saw her coming, like a lost wreath of mist, growing thinner, dimmer, still coming toward him. He stumbled the carriage. There immediately above him, he saw her hover on the outer threshold'a moment while the living air The whisper seemed to come from all with a start, and, with an impatient shake like a sigh, went past him into the dark shook her. Then something like a wind, mouth of the carriage. He closed the

> To London!" he cried. Leaning against the balustrade he watched the carriage lights disappear beneath the black yew branches .- By Lucia

The Chinese Bank Clerk.

The Chinese have a way of getting hold of the first principles of things, even though they may not have developed them into elaborate and scientific sys-He tems.

A foreigner, especially if he, be of pre possessing appearance, is received with great civility at a Chinese bank. 'Schroff!" shouts the head clerk. This word is not, as it sounds, German, but a corruption of the Hindu "sarraf," or banker's assistant. In response to this call a native cashier appears, noiseless and deferential, with a smooth-shaven skull, a four-foot pigtail, and a spotless, flowing garment.

With great rapidity he will make an exchange of notes, doing his calculating on an abacus-a frame of wire and beads, similar to those used in country square of the terrace beneath lay empty in the wash of moonlight; only, on the shadow—a shadow of rose branches, a the dw wash of rose branches, a shadow—a shadow of the beneath lay empty shadow of the beneath lay is no mistake in the total.

Perhaps the visitor will want a large piece of money changed into small coin. Instead of going through the wearisome operation of counting out the three hun-dred pieces included in this transaction, Night kept them unrevealed to the world a simple ingenious device is employed. A flat wooden tray is produced containing one hundred recesses, each just big enough to lodge one coin and just shallow enough to prevent the possibility of two lurking together.

The pile of small coins is poured out on this tray, and with one jerk of the clerk's wrist the hundred recesses are filled and the surplus swept off.

Women are to Blame

In a great measure for home unhappiknow it. You knew it last night—not only you, but he whole village. Come, now, have you ever seen it?" now, have you ever seen it?" the rusty locks. Over their staring faces obligations of marriage in ignorance of the consequences. When a woman is is sleeve across his dry mouth. "Clewes in the consequences. When a woman is careless of her appearance, too tired to lights, reading the French inscriptions of Clewes House, sir, are the only ones the light, and pushing a chair against the "fix up" for her husband; when she wall close to the door, sat down and scolds the children and neglects household duties, there is discord and misery For a little, muffled sounds came from to come. Why not use Dr. Pierce's Fathe rooms below, then they ceased. He sat motionless, listening, while the moon-light shifted on the walls. His ears were pricking to catch the soundless sounds

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN DAILY THOUGHT.

It takes so little to make us glad, Just the cheering clasp of a friendly hand. Just a word from one who can understand: And we finish the task we long had planned. And we lose the doubt and the fear we had-So little it takes to make us glad.

No matter how nicely it is polished and painted and varnished the toy in the store is really not worth half so much as down the steps, and opened the door of the toy you make yourself; and as a Christmas present I would rather ten times over have things made the hands of my friends than things made by other people's hand. by other people's hands and bought with my 'riends' money. So my advice to all boys and girls is, make gifts instead of buying them.

The following are a few simple toys that any ingenious boy or girl will find it easy to make.

Croquet-Set-A toy croquet-set may be made out of some pieces of wire, a few spools of button-molds, and several nails. The croquet-mallets are made of spools with wire nails driven into them to form handles. The stakes are wire nails driven into button-molds so that they will stand upright. For the wickets use wire bent to form arches, and insert in the sawed-off heads of spools. The holes in the spools are filled with beeswax to keep the wire from slipping out. A set of nine wickets, two stakes, six mallets, and six marbles for croquet-balls packed neatly in a box would make a capital gift for a Christmas tree or stocking.

The scheme of making outdoor games on a toy scale, so that they can be played on the dining-room table, is not a bad one. Games of this sort can be found in any toy-shop, and most of them are so simple that they can be made at home. An indoor tennis-court, for instance, could be made of a strip of soft-green felt marked out with white paint. For the net use a strip of pasteboard, and for the tennis-posts two spools. The paste-board can be fitted into saw-slots cut lengthwise into the spools. For the tennis-balls use small flat buttons, and for the rackets larger buttons. The buttons can then be snapped over the net as in tiddledy. winks

Tin-Can Kitchen Ware .-- A complete set of kitchen utensils may be made out of old tin cans. Some tin cans are made of such thin material that they can readily be cut with an old pair of shears. The handle is then bent down to make a very presentable toy frying-pan. The boiler is made in the same way, but with a deeper body. The pail is made by cutting and fitting a wire handle into place. The scoop is cut and completed by fastening it with a tack to a wooden

Rubber-Band Pistol .- A small boy will probably prize the toy pistol above the other gifts so far mentioned. The pistol is whittled out. A hole is dug out for the trigger, which is made of a piece of wood and pivoted in place with a small wire nail or brad. A groove is cut along the barrel for the wooden or paper bullets to travel in. A long rubber band is fastened in the middle, with a double-point carpet-tack. One loop of the band is hooked over the upper end of the trigger, and the other loop over the lower end, to keep the trigger cocked.

it was always kept ready; and he went on almost eagerly to say that his wife was the caretaker, and he knew well enough that he had been through it only last week. Would his lordship have dinner while a conveyance was sent for?

That his arrival had caused some small sensation Clewes was aware at dinner by the persistent, though covert searching of the old man's eyes, and, later, when he stepped into the carriage to go to Clewes House, by the open-mouthed interest of an assembled group of villagers by the door. There seemed to be something more than the ordinary inquisitiveness of a country town, he thought, as the phae-ton rolled him away between low hedges, winding through long, lonesome fields and black, ragged pieces of woodland, a country that might have seemed desolate under a gibbous moon, but, lighted by the late sun, looked fair enough. So fiery was that light that it even struck a gleam from a dull, ancient weather-vane which spun in the wind above a bundle of dark

"Clewes House sir," said the driver pointing, and presently the carriage turned in at a high, iron gate, scarlet with rust and all but eaten through. For a little way, the low-growing boughs of cypress and yew scraped across the phae-ton-top; then from the fringing grove they emerged upon a garden so wanton in its luxurianc that it amazed the sight.

Climbing roses, long untrellised, swept climbing roses, long untrellised, swept across the lawns; the grass was covered with a shallow flood of color so glowing that it appeared to move. Roses had climbed in breakers up the hedges; had tented the fountain over, clasping the marble nymph in the middle with a girdle of briars; had seized upon the statues and transformed them into pyramids of flowers; had flung their fiery garlands over the black yew branches; had scaled the walls of the house, hanging their crimson stars beneath the mullioned windows, waving airy sprays from the very roofs. Upon this riot the house looked quietly forth, too lightly, gracefully built to seem quite melancholy, in spite of its close-shuttered front. The sun lay as softly across its terraces as if but yesterday it had caught the color of moving igures there, and each echo of the higharched portico replied to the footsteps of the last Lord Clewes as obediently as it had answered the first. The great door, relenting to the resolute shoulders, open-ed, and Clewes walked into his long-untenanted possession.

Indeed it was, the landlord assured him; was always kept ready; and he went n almost eagerly to say that his wife nalmost eagerly to say that his wife house seemed to shut in around him ras the caretaker, and he knew well ike a wall. As he lay down in bed, the nalmost eagerly to say that his wife house seemed to shut in around him ras the caretaker, and he knew well in the heavy atmosphere of Clewes house seemed to shut in around him ras the caretaker, and he knew well in the heavy atmosphere of clewes house seemed to shut in around him ras the caretaker, and he knew well in the heavy atmosphere of clewes house seemed to shut in around him rest what hat house for her and—and—" "And got her there? Speak out, man!" was as still as death. The night seemed to travel on for hours, and fear seized him, lest what had come to him once was not to come again. He leaned his head back and closed his eyes. Imme-free. All correspondence private. Admusty odor of a past century breathed Did he take her by force?"

sgain, and drawing from the spinet such

it difficult to draw a free breath in.

For a while he lay wakeful. His eyes followed the fight of Daphne across the ceiling, and the rape of Europa along the the take her by lorcer Begging your pardon—as you say, sir," the man stammered. "No doubt he thought she, being so very young, would come to his way; but instead of that, sir, glimmering walls. Then the moon went around the corner of the wing, and the semi-darkness and the opiate atmosphere | treateddrugged him to drowsiness—carried him slowly down toward the edge of slumber. Perhaps he even touched it for a mo-ment; but the next he felt himself rising on a long gradual wave back to consciousness

sciousness. He woke with a start of one whose sleep is broken into; yet what sound had there been to snap it? He listsned. He could hear no creak of floor, or crack of rafter, or sigh of hanging. He thought he had never wakened in a house so still; and yet he had a sense that it was not wholly quiet. Had some shutter below been left open to the restless air? But there was no air. No breath came throught the was no air. No breath cam

there was no air. No breath came through the open windows, no breeze went over the garden. Without, the night was like the open windows, no bread the garden. Without, the night was like a grave. And yet within the house there was a soundless agitation, as though some wandering wind had been shut up here, and was struggling by window or n door to make escape. He could hear it fumbling around the walls beneath him. To his fancy it seemed to travel. First one room, now another, was full of that or inclose grusty breathing; and now in door so make escape. He could hear it fumbling around the walls beneath him. To his fancy it seemed to travel. First one room, now another, was full of that door so may breathing; and now in thing there?" To his fancy it seemed to travel. First one room, now another, was full of that noiseless, gusty breathing; and now in the farthest limits of the house, as if some keyhole had sharpened its breath, sounded a high, long note like despair. No echo of sound was in his ear, yet a sense that he had never known still heard. Some chord that he had never felt drew tight within him. For a moment sense and soul were stretched to snapping.

sense and soul were stretched to snapping. Then-it was not that he heard, but rather as if he saw, the tapestries streaming at a soundless something passing down the long middle hall; as if he saw the

Clewes, and smiling at such simplicity, The painted chamber was dim and he asked if the house were fit to sleep in. breathless. Its four windows opened pale and they do say she laughed at him; and was not to come again. He leaned his head back and closed his eyes. Imme-diately his mind became vacant. All dress Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. thought fled from it. Then, like one drop into an empty dish, came to him,

without reason the overmastering impulse to open the window. He went to it like He came to a full stop. a sleep-walker, and pushed back the case-"For God's sake, man," Clewes ment.

Then he turned about. There she was standing. She was so near it seemed he could have touched her, yet thus, broad awake, awaiting her, she seemed a hundred times more impossible than when he had watched her from his bed. He gazed knocking on the walls as if they were doors, and courtesying to the pictures, and asking them the way out of the house.

There was a little silence that Clewes

she-

"That will do," said Clewes, sharply rising. He pushed some money toward the landlord and turned away. "There's no train for an hour, 'sir,"

landlord suggested. and looked at him.

"I don't want a train," Clewes answer-ed, and went out, leaving the man star-

the long middle hall; as if he saw the gusty rise of the carpets as it fled up the middle stair. The hangings of the bed he lay in began to undulate about him like hair. The painted chamber bristled at the approach of some light horror. The cur-tains twisted. Their thin ruffles stood on end. He rose up on his elbow with the instinct that there was something here to be let out—some creature, bat or bird, beating its life out against the walls. For a moment the room was in commotion tains twisted. Their thin ruffles stood on end. He rose up on his elbow with the instinct that there was something here to be let out—some creature, bat or bird, beating its life out against the walls. For a moment the room was in commotion with the impulse of flight. Then, with the subsiding hangings, he felt that im-dulse drawing to a center, coagulating, crystalizing into form. Between the bed

Manufactured Milk.

Cows are not numerous in Japan, but the Japanese are fond of milk, and to meet this demand in the face of a natural shortage they long ago put their wits to work and evolved a product that the average person cannot distinguish from the regular dairy article. The artificial milk is derived from the

had watched her from his bed. He gazed as if he saw the vision of a vision. As if it were the first night over again, he saw her stooping there; he saw her listen; he saw her hands begin their fumble along the walls. And while he watched, the realization came over him that he could foresee her next movement. New of the solution of the solution of a vision of a vision. As if the noiled in water. Presently the li-quid turns white; sugar and phosphate of and the boiling continued until a sub-stance the thickness of molasses is ob-tained. This fluid corresponde realization came over him that he could foresee her next movement. Now she would start; now she would listen; now that lock of hair would fall across her that lock of hair would fall across her tained. This fluid corresponds very ac-

And the sight of that repetition going on before him, repeating itself unvarying, exact to the slightest turn of the head, the lightest flutter of the fingers, gave him a creeping sense of helplessness and fear. What was she, moving on like a mechanism before him? He saw her, but the terror grew upon him that she was not really there, that it was only a shadow in the room, cast on the wall of time by some great reflector that could fling the semblance of the past into the present. It was not the room that was between them. It was a hundred years. What word of his could reach across that distance? What touch could check her And the sight of that repetition going -There must be a balancing of the ration. It is as important with the ani-mal kind as it is with humans. "Man cannot live on bread alone." To feed an exclusive article of food to animal or bird quickly leads to trouble. Very little effort is made in some sections of the country to balance the rations for live stock, for the reason that under certain circumstances all the grains and grasses produced constitute in themselves a balanced ration. For example, where plenty of clover or alfalfa hay and oats and wheat are grown it would be next to impossible to feed live stock anything but a balanced ration. But where a large amount of corn is grown and fed it is necessary to balance for the ratio for the distance? What touch could check her progression? With hope ebbing from him, he watched her going on inevitably toward her end. Now she stood before necessary to balance the ration, for the reason that corn is one-sided in its charthe wardrobe door. The next moment would be his, but it seemed to him he should never move again. She turned acter.

A physician always in the house; a physician whose knowledge comprehends the whole of medical science and exper-As if at a summons he rose. He looked As if at a summons he rose. He looked to see her disappear, but she was there still. He listened for the whisper that had breathed round him the night before, but the room was silent as death. He waited for the moment when her eyes ience from the day of Galen down; that is practically what is offered in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This work containing 1008 pages and over 700 illustrations, is sent free, on receipt of stamps, to pay expense of mail-ing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for paper-covered book, or 31 stamps for cloth binding, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffa-

chains drewes waited into mis tong-un-tenanced possession. Through flowered rooms he walked, where fariting alse must be also begin into form. Be estimated that is breathed the swords of brocade beaux-cate daturing at their heeds. Pale panel that beauting into form. Be is hand. The cantage that be abuilted figure. The looked, knew the next mo-the abuilt solution of the same of the same of the same the abuilt of the same of the same of the same the sing is to form. Be defined that is breathed is to the hall, still with his hand stretched is datured allowly down the same of the same of the same of the same of the same the sing is to form. Be defined the same of the same the abuilt and the seen of the same the same of the same of the same of the same the same of the same of the same the same of the same of the same of the same the same of the same of the same of the same the same of the same of the same of the same of the same the same of the same of the same of the same of the same the same of the

Toy Boomerang .- This toy is really a sort of flying propeller, or fan, that can be sent spinning through the air. The fan is made of tin cut out to the shape of a spinning wheel with four blades. Each a spinning wheel with four blades. Each blade of the fan should have one edge, say the right edge, tipped down, and the left edge tipped up, Four holes should be cut in the body of the fan by driving nails through the tin. To set the fan in motion, take a spool and drive four brads in one end, to fit loosely in the holes in the fan, take a stick and whittle down one end of it to fit the hole in the spool freely; now, with the spool on the stick and the fan on the spool, a string is wound round the spool and quickly whip-

ped off to spin the spool rapidly. If the fan has been placed right side up, it will soar upward to a great height.

Toy Wrecker .-- For the boy who knows something about railroads a very fair-looking toy wrecker may be made out of wood. The wrecker has a crane that can wood. The wrecker has a crane that can be lifted to any angle by turning a crank, while, by turning another crank, bits of wreckage may be hoisted up. The crane is modeled to swivel in any direction. For the body of the car use a board measur-ing alevan by four inches. Mount this

ing eleven by four inches. Mount this on small wooden wheels which turn on nails driven into the edge of the board. Near one end of the board nail a block, and on this factor and on this fasten a box measuring 4x4x4 inches, made of half-inch material Fit this box with a hinged cover. The box may be swiveled to the block on the car by means of a nail. The crane is whittled out of a stick of wood to the sizes and shape shown in the drawing, and the lower end is fastened in the box by means of a long wire nail. Two cranks are made of wire, which reach across the box and are hammered flat to form wind-ing drums. Two lengths of fishing-cord

are wrapped around one of the drums and fastened to the crane near its outer end, while another length of fishing-cord is wrapped around the other drum, pass-ed through a hole near the outer end of the crane, and fitted with a small hook. A block is set on end and fastened to the car near the forward end for the crane to car near the forward end for the crane to rest on. A wire hook on this block is arranged to catch a pin on the crane, so as to keep it from swinging around when

the wrecker is in motion. Any kind of cabin may be built on the deck of the boat. Indeed, each toy suggests further possibilities in toy-maksuggests further possibilities in toy-mak-ing. The wooden gun suggests an air-gun, for instance. The croquet-set sug-gests delightful spool furniture, tables, chairs, stools, etc., as well as many sim-ple indoor games to be made for Christ-mas gifts. The tin cooking-set suggests many other kinds of doll-house furnish-ings

lo, N. Y.