Belletonte, Pa., July 18, 1913.

If Eyes Were Always Glowing.

If eyes were always glowing And hearts were always gay. With shadows never showing That grief would have its day. I'd wish a life of joy for you, Without grief's dark alloy for you, Without one trace of pain for you, With everything a gain for you, If eyes were always glowing

And hearts were always gay Eyes are not always glowing. Hearts are not always gay. For shadows still keep growing That grief does have its day. 1 pray, then, joy be sent to you. That grief be only lent to you. The two be blended so for you That life will ever show for you That happy eyes keep glowing,

That loving hearts are gay.

THE PICCANINNY AND THE CZAR.

[Concluded from last week.] Douglas was not certain what the Tsarskoye-Selo was, but suspected that he was being sent to a dungeon for life and fled more madly than he had done from the sound of the supposed bomb to the shelter of Miss Angela's dressing gown. That lady was in a good humor but whacked him vigorously to bring him to his senses and a condition of co-herency. When he blubbered forth his fears, while the other piccaninnies looked at him as if he were a murderer, Miss Angela rang for the manager.

What's this here sarkysola stuff I'm hearin'?" she demanded "Ah, Mademoiselle! It is a very great honor. It is the Czar who would see your boy dance at his smoking party. It

s indeed extaordinaire. It is a high compliment."
"High compliment be hanged! Why didn't the old guy send for me? I'm this show. My little nigger can't go unless I do. See? You tell him so."

Poor Douglas could not understand why all the following day she snarled at him on the slightest provocation and slap-ped him when he wanted to go out on the street with the other piccaninnies. He could not fathom why he was told that he was "gettin' too fresh." He could not define professional jealousy. The utmost he wanted was to escape this tyrant and get back to Baltimore where he could dance and shuffle in the roadway, and wear old clothes that could not be soiled by a fight or a frolic; back to where his mammy was kindly and cuddled his little woolly head to her ample bosom if he so much as stubbed his toe.

But Miss Angela was in a country where her dictum was of little avail. As if she were the merest atom in the world. she was overruled in her decision that Douglas should not dance before royalty unless she danced with him-and incidentally absorbed all of the spot. It was foredoomed that she was not to have the honor nor the opportunity to gloat over her prominence when she returned to London or New York. "Mademoiselle," the manager said to her through the crack of her dressing-room door on the completed and she was changing her somewhat ornate evening dress for street clothes, "send forth the young negro,

Douglas. The droshky waits. "You git out of that! Didn't I say as how he couldn't go unless I went? Who's

the boss here—you or me?"

The manager hurried away in perturbation. In another instant the door was thrust back with a smashing impact. A man in a gold laced uniform stood in the doorway. "By the order of the Czar!" he declaimed in good English. "Madame will at once submit to the Czar's invitation for her employee or her passports will be held and she may not leave Russia until she has satisfied the courts as to who she should disobey. An invita-tion from His Imperial Majesty is an order. If Madam still further objects she shall be arrested. The theater will |, be closed until the manager can make proper explanations, and Madame will

learn that the law is beyond her whim.' took him down through the narrow alley of the stage entrance. He turned him over to a driver who at once lashed his horses to a run, and the droshky tore away for the railway station. Douglas was too surprised to the conquering of his mistress to do more than sit and wonder and to obey when told to get into a carriage that was to take him to the

outlying palace. A frowning mat, immaculately dressed, sat in a corner; but Douglas did not know he was a famous Russian actor. Another group chattered joyously, but with some slight awe, over their great opportunity, and still another man walked up and down the small space and went over "some new stuff" he intended "to At last the group in the corner espied him, and among them were two kindly English acrobats who comforted him and finally made him understand that this was the great honor of his life; that hereafter he could say that he had danced at the Imperial court, and that when he grew up he could always come again when in Russia and would invariably receive more salary. His spirits bounded joyously. He was not to be imprisoned. He was to have a good time. He was going to be even bigger than

The drive came to an end outside high gates that loomed against the whiteness of the snow and the brightness of the stars. Douglas was led through the grounds into a massive building and then up a flight of stairs. His escort pushed open a door, and there was a tiny stage and a blaze of light and exclamations. A great "T" shaped table was there below, and at the head of the stem sat a tired looking man with a beard. Stretching away on all sides were officers in much lace, smoking. Suddenly the man with the beard leaned back and laughed freely, as if for once he could not restrain a natural impulse and was an unhedged he was to see him. The man stopped talking, dropped his hand and started off the stage. Douglas would have followed; the stage. Douglas would have followed; The stage of the

ing to escape dungeons, dancing to avoid more terrible physical punishment than he had ever known. The pigeon wing was easy. The buck had three or four extra twists of the unheld foot. The glide shuffle was wide and free. The cart-wheels were better than ever as he slapped the stage, hand and foot, in time. The slides were long and swift. He danced as he had never danced before, and then at the proper pause he halted in the spot light, forced his face to a grin and made more marvelous goo-goos than

had ever gained him acclaim. Every man in the place was on his feet, the blonde bearded man included. There was a roar of laughter, and the clapping of hands and stamping of feet arose from a Gatling gun sharpness to an overwhelming billow of sound. He stood in a daze, and his face took on a look of extreme apprehension. Maybe they were mocking him! He tried to run but could not. He was in a nightmare. They laughed and applauded more loudly at this new manifestation and fairly shrieked with delight when he gave way to a blind impulse and succeeded in darting off the stage, intent only on finding a door and running anywhere out into the arctic night. A man picked him up in the wings and carried him, striking and kicking, through a side door down into the hall.

screamed Douglas Fairfax until the man reassured him and stood him down by the blonde man who held out his hand and drew him toward him. Douglas Fairfax felt from the kindly of the gray eyes that here was a friend. He dove to shelter. He clutched the blende man frantically and snuggled his face against the cordons of the uniform and sobbed, piccaninny fashion, even as, piccanny fashion, he had sobbed against Aunt Mandy's breast. The man seemed to understand. He patted his heaving back and said, "There!

It's all right! Don't be frightened. Nothing shull hurt you!"
Then the piccaninny regained his composure and scrambled back to his feet. They were crowding around him-grim faced old fellows; bearded, fierce looking men, and others who had kept in the background but looked their sympathy. A huge ash tray stood in the center of the stem of the table. The man with the beard beckoned to some one. Its contents were dumped into another tray. filled! It overflowed! There was more

money than he had ever seen before. "That is for you," the bearded man said. "Just for you. Now don't be frightened any more. Go back and dance for us again; then they will send you home with the other performers. You

have danced for the Czar." The encore he gave was rapturous. Fear had gone, and emotion and turmoil centered themselves on doing something to show that he appreciated all that money. He danced as if there were brains in his feet. And as he left the palace a not read, announcing that he had been gloated over the money that had been tied in a handkerchief and was heavy for bats advised him, "That old ham you're workin' for will cop all that if she sees it. You'd better hold to it. She ain't got no right to grab that away from you, kid. I'll tell you how to hide it. You'll

want it when you get back home." "Do you-all reckon Ic'd git back to Baltimo' wid dat?" the boy asked.

"Sure you could!" The homesickness that had tugged at his heart-strings in all the weary months surged up until he blubbered a little, for he was but a piccaninny after all. And the kindly performer, an exile himself, understood the feeling and came to his

It is to be feared that Douglas Fairfax had some inherent trait of what might be styled either deceit or diplomacy; but he had been in a hard and cruel school For once the combative Miss Angela was overawed. She hastened to turn sent Aunt Mandy, had been confiscated, who sent Aunt Mandy, had been confiscated, and hope to escape from Miss Angela had grown dim, as a candle burned to the

drip 'Dar de money," he announced to Mis-Angela who, greedy eyed, met him when he reached the boarding house in St. Petersburg. What she said can scarcely be told in full.

"Stingy lot of pikers," she declared. taking every cent of the money Douglas gave her. Computing from rubles to dollars and

they had given him less than twenty-five "I always heard that this Czar was always a-lookin' for charity stuff and which water and some attention could didn't cough up without pain. Guess you vastly relieve. didn't hit him very hard. Serves right! Ought to have put me on the bill. You hustle to your bed now. Git a move

Their dates and bookings coincided with those of the acrobat who had given sage and sympathetic advice on the train. They returned to London together, and the acrobat occasionally saw Douglas but said never a word of recognition. His wink, however, conveyed much hope. It was a balm of Gilead to the hope that fumed in the piccaninny's mind. bought him a steamship ticket, hurried

right straight home. When you feel the ground at New York the men there will tell you all about your trains. Hit the grit now and don't be afraid."

painted gorgeous blue and yellow and whose chief interior decoration was a sudden burst of the big orchestra into the familiar strains of "The Alabama Blossom." He knew that he must dance, dering but contented, a fat "mammy" But after a few generations are educated but system and early marriages. No one at home can understand the conditions here.

always, to that tune. His goo-goo eyes with a new and brilliant bandanna wrap- and made to meet the world, I think were for a moment mere rolling whites of apprehension. Then he caught the time and doubled it, and his heels and toes tore madly across the stage. All his previous efforts were outdone. He really believed at first that he was dancted was discontinuous about her head.

"Czars must be mighty big fools," she chuckled "to pay all dat money foh dat; but I ain't a gwine to let dat chile loose no mo, 'Gawd knows! He might be President of these heah United States yit, a dent of these heah United States yit, a content of the chuckled "to pay all dat money foh dat; but I ain't a gwine to let dat chile loose no mo, 'Gawd knows! He might be President of these heah United States yit, a children of these heah United States yit, a children of the chuckled "to pay all dat money foh dat; but I ain't a gwine to let dat chile loose no mo, 'Gawd knows! He might be President of the chuckled "to pay all dat money foh dat; but I ain't a gwine to let dat chile loose no motor of the chuckled "to pay all dat money foh dat; but I ain't a gwine to let dat chile loose no motor of the chuckled "to pay all dat money foh dat; but I ain't a gwine to let dat chile loose no motor of the chuckled "to pay all dat money foh dat; but I ain't a gwine to let dat chile loose no motor of the chuckled "to pay all dat money foh dat; but I ain't a gwine to let dat chile loose no motor of the chuckled "to pay all dat money foh dat; but I ain't a gwine to let dat chile loose no motor of the chuckled "to pay all dat money foh dat; but I ain't a gwine to let dat chile loose no motor of the chuckled "to pay all dat money foh dat; but I ain't a gwine to let dat chile loose no motor of the chuckled "to pay all dat money foh dat; but I ain't a gwine to let dat chile loose no motor of the chuckled "to pay all dat money foh dat; but I ain't a gwine to let dat chile loose no motor of the chuckled "to pay all dat money foh dat; but I ain't a gwine to let dat chile loose no motor of the chuckled "to pay all dat money foh dat; but I ain't a gwine to let dat chile loose reglah Abram Linkum, an' so he orto git ovah this heah skakin' of his feet. Come in heah, you Douglas Fairfax an' cut dat

And Douglas Fairfax, happy and fairly obedient, went.

of Life There During the Very Torrid Weather. Disease, Distress and Dirt. The

Dear Home Folk:

been so long waiting have come, but only brought us thunder in terrifying claps although we had some hail this afternoon, "punkah" makes a trifle cooler. Even up on the seat: with it all, the streams of perspiration

The monsoon has not come yet and as to the sanitary conditions. it always brings are the only ones that

bear it until that relief comes. The hospital is filled just now with poor sick souls, suffering intensely from these torid, murky days. The natives about the streets have discarded all semblance of dress, save the loose loin cloth; even these are laid aside at the well. where the men have their baths, pouring about to cleanse and cool themselves a

Women don't bathe at the public cover them-simply swathed as it were in yards and yards of "stuff." Only the high-class women, whom one never sees walking, wear the thin sauri; as transparent as gauze. The only women one ever sees walking are the "coolie" class, and they have their "sauri" made into regular skirts, with a draw string three inches from the ground. They have man came and handed him a roll of regular skirts, with a draw string three parchment, a diploma, which he could inches from the ground. They have beautiful little feet, high arched, with appointed a dancer of the Imperial court beautiful little feet, high arched, with of Russia. The other artists on the train dainty ankles which are usually spoiled looked at him enviously and explained by the ugly "anklets" which all wear.

off. The ring, unfortunately, was not a ring, but a strip of carried from to place place. him to carry, and finally one of the acro- ring removed as she had been wearing it into our tent and went to sleep. about the toe and the ends pressed down.

These had embedded themselves in the over, we put Smith on the windward under part of the toe and it took chloroform and quite a bit of manipulation to down the government lands; traveling get results without breaking the toe. over four counties; and in the end my and many times the holes closed up.

I must say I have never seen so many kinds of disease as one finds here; like the ones at home, and many more, mostly arising from extreme neglect, and because these people have little or no power of resistence, they come to us in their and the sandhill crow; the coyote and worst form.

This morning, in the dispensary, girl was brought to me swathed head, face and neck in yards of dirty, bloody rags. I wondered, while having her placed on the table, what could have happened to cause the loss of so much blood, and on unwrapping the miles of bandage, found merely a bad sore which long day's work makes a long day short; had been bleeding for several days and a short day's work makes my face her people had merely applied more rags as the blood came through, never thinkcents she arrived at the conclusion that ing of uncovering the wound or cleansing either it or the girl. She was in a frightful condition to be sure, but one

The natives here use a sort of shoemaker's wax-black as ink- for sores of all kinds, on top of which they tie or bind a "neme" leaf, which is a bad combination for the sore, but as the "neme" leaf is sacred, and has been used here for ages I can't hope to change the superstition during my short stay. It is all on a par with the "garb" of the little Hindu children; they wear absolutely the hope flame increased on that day nothing, save a brown string tied about when the kindly acrobat slipped away the place where the waist is supposed to be, and woe betide any one who mishim to the station and put him on a places or breaks that string. One pities train just departing for Liverpool. "Here, little nigger," the boy's new happy, playing with mud pies, etc., just friend said in his rough way, "take this paper and keep it pinned inside your shirt. It's worth a thousand bucks to girl is so pathetically short-married. your mammy when you get to Baltimore girl is so pathetically short—married, ——For high class J Don't be afraid. That woman can't usually at three years of age; a mother the WATCHMAN Office. catch you now. Your ticket takes you at twelve or thirteen; an old woman at eighteen, and at thirty a wrinkled old "hag." In the meantime, she never dehuman being. Every one laughed.

Douglas' escort, still holding his hand, grinned and made a speech. The boy of Baltimore—a cabin that had just been most trivial causes, just as a child at origin.

A month later, out in the dust of the cighteen has to be handled just like a child; she will cry and sulk from the most trivial causes, just as a child at origin. "Favorite Prescription" is essystem and early marriages. No one at

view. I have been studying "high class" view. I have been studying "high class" commission merchant in advance of native life close at hand, these days, as shipment, and ask his advice as to the a wee, fat pudgy woman, not as tall as I best method of packing, as he knows his but twice as broad, came to the dispensarv for treatment.

FROM INDIA.

She is a "begum," her husband a strikingly handsome chap,—Major in one of the native regiments here. The "lady"

She is a "begum," her husband a strikingly handsome chap,—Major in one of the native regiments here. The "lady" milk, which is no small item in the cost Country. Back in Jhansi. Vivid Descriptions has all the hall marks of an Eastern of living. beauty; long, oval eyes, very fair com-Pathetic Life of Indian Children. No Child- plexion, long silky hair, as black as any hood, Married While Babes, Mothers at Crow India can produce. She wears no profitable line of farming because it is a Twelve, Old Women at Twenty.

Twelve, Old Women at Twenty. gant ear rings; she is a Musselman, and loss in plant food constituents and at a JHANSI, JULY 3rd. would that you all could have seen her, ducts. The rain clouds, for which we have for of course they wear tight-fitting "pajamas" and hers were of silk; above tariff will likely be taken from the wool this she wore a thin shirt, rain-bow that there will no longer be profit in raisand rolls. The heat is so intense that striped, at least three inches in width, the tail of the shirt spanning her voluthe earth, as I walked over from the hos- minous hips in true hobble fashion. Over pital, felt like a green-house, into which this was thrown a "chuda," a thin, yard- use of it. the hose had just been turned. If you square piece of silk, drawn about her could see me sitting under the great shoulders and face when any one ap-"punkah" being pulled over my head and proached her. She, of course, brought the "kustas tatti" saturated every fifteen her own furniture with her, but while minutes with water to keep what air the using a chair sat with both feet drawn in cleaning cows when compared with

She has already asked me to a tea parare trickling merrily from every pore, ty at her home, which I will surely atregardless of the fact of my sitting ab. tend, on the hope of seeing something solutely quiet. This heat simply cannot new in entertaining and also in cleanlibe described. Even the natives in the ness, for so far my experience at native hospital are feeling it now more than I. parties has been anything but satisfying

those who know, say we need not expect This woman has her servant with her it before the middle of August; it is very so of course we may only prescribe; the late this year and as the long, hard rains "personal touch" is left to her own servants. She was only here a few days really cool off the earth and rocks about and on our advice went home and is now Jhansi, I suppose we will simply have to trying to get thin, which job I am glad is not to be accomplished by me, for I fear the undertaking a hopeless one.

(Continued next week.) Cruising for Homesteads.

BY WILL TRUCKENMILLER.

In June, 1897, I went with a party of The bearded man threw yellow pieces of where the men have their baths, pouring Indiana people cruising for Homesteads money into it. Others did likewise. It water over each other and splashing on the vast stretches of government land then remaining in northeast North Dakota

Leaving the settled country at the east end of the Sweetwater lakes, with its big baths and they wear plenty of cloth to lawns and houses, groves and grain fields, we passed through township one hundred and fifty-six, and entered into a vast extent of public domain.

Here, unoccupied and unused, lay township after township of the most fertile land on earth, to be had for the taking; but my party of land hunters were hard to please, and the more land we looked

made camp.
"Come.Smith, you put up the tent; Beck,

that post hole and cut dead grass for That reminds me, the other day a fuel; while Amziah and I get supper," I young girl of ten came to have her toe can smell that bacon frying yet; and then under the twinkling stars we crept

off. The ring, unfortunately, was not a ring, but a strip of metal fastened and he becoming chilly reached over and side of the tent as punishment.

For one week we wandered up and Ear rings frequently have to be filed off land hunters located in Rolette county, four miles west of Perth; fifty miles fron the first land we looked at. On this trip I also located my father and brother Arthur, on land six miles west of Bisbee. Flourishing towns and prosperous farms now occupy that government land, railroad trains and automobiles have driven out its old inhabitants; the wild goose, the fox.

"The Ten Demandments."

"These Ten Cemandments" are hanging in the coms of a certain factory: 1. Don't lie. It wastes my time and yours. I am sure to catch you in the end, and that is the wrong end. Watch your work, not the clock. A

Give me more than I expect and I will give you more than you expect. I can afford to increase your pay if you in-

crease my profits. 4. You owe so much to yourself you cannot afford to owe anybody else. Keep out of debt or keep out of my shops.

5. Dishonesty is never an accident. Good men like good women never see

temptation when they meet it. 6. Mind your business, and in time you will have a business of your own to 7 Don't do anything here which hurts

your self-respect. An employee who is willing to steal for me is willing to steal from me.

8. It is none of my business what you do at night. But if dissipation affects what you do the next day, and you do half as much as I demand you'll last half

as long as you hoped. 9. Don't tell me what I'd like to hear. but what I ought to hear. I don't want a valet to my vanity, but one for my

Don't kick if I kick. If you're worth correcting your worth while keeping. I don't waste time cutting specks out of rotten apples.

-For high class Job Work come to

Young women who wish to preserve the health on which beauty is dependent will find certain help in Dr. Pierce's velops past ten years, mentally, and at Favorite Prescription. It cures irreguand unhappiness so often have their the proper officer for your State, as origin. "Favorite Prescription" is essistant with the accompanying list, for

---Have your Job Work done here.

FARM NOTES.

-Soil is not a dead, inert substance, as many suppose. It is an active, virile force, full of energy and power, and the farmer should know his soil if he would

maintain its productiveness. -It is a good plan to write to your market much better than you do.

-Buttermilk is a very palatable and wholesome drink for children. Those

-Cream separators and silos are good indications of progress in farming. Dairyrecognized more as a ing is sure to be minimum cost in marketing farm pro-

-Let no man imagine because the ing a few sheep to supply the local market with mutton and the wool clip trade occasionally. The small farmer has the opportunity. Let him make good

-A well graded barnyard, on soil with good natural drainage, is very desirable as a site for a stable, and, will, in addition to furnishing good conditions for a winter exercising yard, save much labor the quagmires one sometimes sees masquerading under the name of barnyards. -Twenty-five or thirty years ago the

hog was rather affectionately referred to as "The Mortgage Lifter" by the farmers of the corn belt. Since then the name has fallen into disuse, not for want of hogs, but for want of mortgages to be lifted. Having successfully removed the mortgage, the hog did not go out of business. He is still on the job.

But these days he might more proper-ly be called "The Bank-Account Builder," "The Other-Farm Buyer," or "The Automobile-Buyer," or "The Ready-Cash Provider." In all these capacities the hog is still working for the benefit of the farmer, turning more than seventy-five million dollars a year into the pockets of the farmers of Iowa alone. Forty millions more into the pockets of Illinois farmers. There is probably no State whose hog crop falls below a million dollars a year.

And this is in the face of a scourge that has destroyed more than half a billion dollars' worth of hogs in the halfcentury that has elapsed since it was introduced into this country. While it is true that these figures are beyond any man's comprehension, they serve to show the stupendous money cost of the scourge variously known as swine-plague or hogcholera and to impress on the reader's mind the money value of any method or mode of treatment that will stop the

ravages of the disease. It is my purpose to sketch briefly the nature of hog-cholera and to outline the campaign which most of the States are now waging against it, and most impor-tant of all to put Farm and Fireside readers in a position to take up the study of the subject further by giving the address of the proper official in each State to whom the reader is urged to apply for further information and necessary sup-

"Come, Smith, you put up the tent; Beck, look after the horses; Doctor, go over in For want of space, we shall not deog-cholera in detail. It is enough to say that it is a deadly and highly contagious germ disease that is likely to break out anywhere at any time, because

> veek! As will here be seen nearly three fourths of the States have gone into a systematic campaign to fight hog-cholera by what is known as the "serum treat-

> It has been found that hog cholera belongs to the same class of diseases as smallpox, rabies, typhoid and other germ diseases which may be prevented and often cured by giving the patient the disease in a light form, which it is found defends the system against the later attack of the disease itself.

If you will take a glass tumbler full of fresh blood and set it away in a moderate temperature for a few days, you will find a thick red clot floating in a light straw-colored liquid. This liquid is called "serum" and is an

essential part of every kind of blood. seems to be the part of the blood in which the fight between life and death is constantly going on.

Within its current the white corpuscles contend with the germs of the poisons that daily enter the system, and so it has been found that the germs of hog-cholera may be obtained from the serum of a sick hog, and by injecting them in very small quantities into healthy hogs the latter may be given just enough of the disease to make them safe against the

Here we have the bed-rock idea which underlies the whole system of treating hogs for cholera, as it is carried out by the various States.

It was first worked out by the United

States Department of Agriculture and is now in use in nearly all the States, each State acting for itself. When an inventor has produced a ma

chine intended to be used by all kinds of people, his work is not more than half done unless he has made it what inventors call "fool-proof;" that is, made it so that anybody can use it and nobody can

make it go wrong.

Now the serum treatment for hogcholera is far from being fool-proof, and
it would be a great mistake for anybody to get the idea from what we have said. that all he needs to do, in case of hogcholera, is to draw a little blood from a sick hog and squirt it into the healthy

Properly used, the serum treatment is now saving millions of dollars' worth of hogs, but improperly or carelessly used the last condition of treated hogs will be worse than the first. And right here we have the main rea-

son why the States are going into the manufacture and distribution of the remedy. Under state supervision it is plain that greater care in the preparation is to be expected, since the process is an intricate as well as expensive one. Applied in actual use, however, the remedy itself is not expensive. Write to

further information. And tack up this page of Farm and Fireside in your hog-house so you will not lose the address. You may need it any day.
When ordering serum, state number and weight of hogs to be treated.

No Profit in Alligators. The difficulty about raising alligators to supply the demand for the animals and skins is that they do not attain full growth for about 100 years. The skin of the six or seven-year-old animal is available, however, for many practical purposes. There is one on a farm at Palm Beach which measures 18 feet in length and is said to be about 900 years old. There are several of these farms in operation at the present time, but the industry will not be really profitable until the wild

alligators become scarcer. On Pennsylvania Farm. Here is one of the stories, says the Americus Greeting, from the old man's row in front of the barber shop: One man said back in Pennsylvania they farmed the land where the hills were so steep that when they planted potatoes one man had to hold them in a furrow while another man covered them up. When they dug them in the fall they were simply allowed to roll to the bottom of the hill before any attempt was made to pick them up.

Now Comes the Golf Faker. A ball played by a golfer at Weston. super-Mare struck a skylark, so we read and cut the bird's head off. You should hear us tell our story of the golf ball which stuck in a bird's beak in the middle of its flight. The bird flew off with the ball to its nest. Fortunately for the player, the bird had made its nest in the next hole.-Lon-

Where She Went.

Mater (at the Alpine resort)-We're back again, count; we've had a splendid day; we've been up the mountain. you know. Count-Ah, you English mothers, you are always as young as your daughters. Mater-You flatter me, count; it was only my girls who climbed. I went up in the vernacular. -Punch.

Philanthropic Penology. "What is that open-Lir structure you have inclosed with mosquito netting?' "That," replied Farmer Corntossel, "is our village jail." "But you want iron bars for a jail?" "Not here. Anybody we put in there will be so thankful to get away from the mosquitoes that he wouldn't think of leaving."

'Twill Be Different With the Lady. A Cincinnati man has married a woman because he fell in love with her voice when he heard it in a talking machine. The case is not a remarkable one. He could stop the talk ing machine whenever he pleased.

Quite Another Thing.

"What makes you so sleepy today, old man?" "I was up at 4 this morning?" "Come off! You never got up at 4 in your life." "I didn't say I got up; I said I was up."-Boston Evening

The most difficult thing for a bride of two months to understand is that her husband may occasionally want to leave her to spend an hour or two with an old college friend.-Philadelphia In quirer.

Not at All.

Because this country spends something like \$10,000,000 a year for umbrellas, isn't it to be taken as conclusive evidence that our people don't know enough to go in when it rains?-Browning's Magazine.

Put One Over. Wife-What a wretch that Mrs. Get taway is. When she found I was de scended from King Lunky III. she goes to a genealogist and gets descended from King Lunky I.

Unofficial Notice. Hibernian in front of unfinished building to fellow workmen at fifty. story window: "Mulcahy, go to the spaking tube. I want to tell yes to come down."

Perfectly Proper. McStab-"Miss Jerolomon, do youer-think your father would care if I called you Minnie?" Lovely Girl-"Certainly not; he calls me that himself!"

Unforgivable. Blobbs—"Why do those two girls both hate you so?" Slobbs—"I once innocently remarked that they looked alike."-Philadelphia Record.

If you wish to preserve yourself in health and safety, avoid serious cares and do not give way to passion .-Latin Proverb.

Still Have to Be Caught. There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, but few of them are likely to try to crawl up into your lap

Small Eggs of Silkworm. The egg from which the silkworn comes is so small that it takes one hundred of them to weigh a grain.

Unwilling to Disturb Her. A majority of the men are willing to permit the mannish girl to be her own man.

"Finds Tongues in Trees-" A man writes well only what he has seen or suffered .- De Goncourt.