## Aemocratic Watchman.

Belletonte, Pa., November 14, 1913.

vultures

something lost.

path into a deep cleft.

little black kid in his arms.

know.

delay.

he could not choose.

It was the secret orchard of Herod and

the stars seemed to withdraw themselves

against the blue-black of the sky till they

the yeil of snow

They

"Little fool," he said, "fortune is

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year, Of wailing winds and naked woods, and mead

ows brown and sear. Heaped in the hollows of the gro the stars.

leaves lie dead: They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rab-

bit's tread. The robin and the wren are flown, and from shrubs the jay,

And from the wood-top calls the crow seems. all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers that lately sprung and stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beaut terhood?

Alas! they all are in their graves, the race of flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds, with the good of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie, November rain

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The windflower and the violet, they perished long ago.

And the briar-rose and the orchids died amid the leaping down the broken cliffs, came cirsummer glow. But on the hill the golden-rod, and the cling back to him, one after another; and as they came, he interrupted his

the wood, And the yellow sunflower by the

tump beauty stood.

Till fell the frost from the cold, clear heaven, as falls the plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was upland, glade and glen,

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, still such days will come. To call the squirrel and the bee from out their

winter home; When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,

though all the trees are still. to you! You have escaped. What? You are crying for help? You are still in the And twinkle in the smoky light the wate

The south wind searches for the flowers

fragrance late he bore, And sighs to find them in the

streams no more. And then I think of one who

beauty died. The fair, meek blossom that grew up

by my side: In the cold, moist earth we laid I

forests cast the leaf. And we wept that one so lovely

life so brief; Yet not unmeet it was that one, like

friend of ours, So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with

the flowers.-By William Cullen Bryant.

## THE SAD SHEPHERD.

they Out of the Valley of Gardens, where a film of new-fallen snow lay smooth as feathers on the breast of a dove, the ancient Pools of Solomon looked up into the and bosom bare. night sky like dark, tranquil eyes, wide open and motionless, reflecting the crisp His long shadow and the confused mass stars and the small, round moon. The of lesser shadows behind him drifted full springs, over-flowing, melted their down the white moonlight past the yelway through the field of white in winding low bars of lamplight that gleamed from channels, and along their course the grass was green even in the dead of winbound to go somewhere and would not

But the sad shepherd walked far above the valley, in a region where ridges of

staring while the robbers searched their trouble to save a tiny scrap of worthless

"This is a stray dog," said one, "he Even when a man does not know or has lost his collar, there is not even the care where he is going, if he steps ahead price of a mouthful of wine on him. Shall we kill him and leave him for the he will get there. In an hour or more of walking over the plain the sad shepherd came to a sheep-fold of gray stones with "What have the vultures done for us, a rude tower beside it. The fold was said another, "that we should feed them? full of sheep, and at the foot of the tower Let us take his cloak and drive off his a little fire of thorns was burning, around full of sheep, and at the foot of the tower flock, and leave him to die in his own which four shepherds were crouching, wrapped in their thick woollen cloaks. With a kick and a curse they left him. As the stranger approached they look-He opened his eyes and lay still for a moed up, and one of them rose quickly to his feet, grasping his knotted club. But ment, with his twisted smile, watching when they saw the flock that followed "You creep like snails," he said. "I the sad shepherd, they stared at each thought you had marked my time to- other and said: "It is one of us, a keeper

for nothing. I must pay for all, it raiment? It is what men wear in kings' houses Far away, slowly scattering and reced-"No," said the one who was standing, "it is what they wear when they have

ing, he heard the rustling and bleating of his frightened flock as the robbers, been thrown out of them. Look at the running and shouting, tried to drive them He may be a thief and a robber rags. over the hills. Then he stood up and with his stolen flock." took the shepherd's pipe, a worthless bit "Salute him when he comes near," said

He the oldest shepherd. "Are we not four air, to one? We have nothing to fear from of reed, from the breast of his tunic. He blew again that plaintive, piercing air, sounding it out over the ridges and disa ragged traveller. Speak him fair. It is the will of God—and it costs nothing." tant thickets. It seemed to have neither "Peace be with you, brother," cried the beginning nor end; a melancholy, pleading tune that searched forever after youngest shepherd; "may your mother and father be blessed." While he played, the sheep and the

"May your heart be enlarged," the goats, slipping away from their captors by roundabout ways, hiding behind the laurel bushes, following the dark gullies, stranger answered, "and may all your families be more blessed than mine, for I have none.

"A homeless man," said the old shepherd, "has either been robbed by his fel-lows, or punished by God.". "I do not know which it was," answer-

playing, now and then, to call them by ed the stranger; "the end is the same, as When they were nearly all assembled, vou see.

he went down swiftly toward the lower 'By your speech you come from Galilee. Where are you going? What are you seeking here?" valley, and they followed him, panting At the last crook of the path on the

steep hillside a straggler came after him along the cliff. He looked up and saw it "I was going nowhere, my masters; but it was cold on the way there, and my outlined against the sky. Then he saw it leap, and slip, and fall beyond the feet turned to your fire." "Come then, if you are a peaceable

man, and warm your feet with us. Heat is a good gift; divide it and it is not less. But you shall have bread and salt too, if you will." "May your hospitality enrich you.

trap? Then I must go down to you little am your unworthy guest. But my flock?" "Let your flock shelter by the south fool, for I am a fool too. But why I must do it, I know no more than you wall of the fold: there is good picking there and no wind. Come you and sit He lowered himself quickly and peril-

ously into the cleft, and found the creawith us. ture with its leg broken and bleeding. It So they all sat down by the fire; and was not a sheep but a young goat. He had no cloak to wrap it in, but he took the sad shepherd ate of their bread, but sparingly, like a man to whom hunger off his turban and unrolled it, and bound brings a need but no joy in the satisfying it around the trembling animal. Then he climbed back to the path and strode of it; and the others were silent for proper time, out of courtesy Then the on at the head of his flock, carrying the oldest shepherd spoke:

"My name is Zadok the son of Eliezer. There were houses in the Valley of the of Bethlehem. I am the chief shepherd Mills; and in some of them lights were burning; and the drone of the mill-stones, before you in the fold. These are my where the women were still grinding, came out into the night like the humming sister's sons, Jotham, and Shama, and Nathan: their father Elkanah is dead; of drowsy bees. As the women heard the pattering and bleating of the flock, and but for these I am a childless man. "My name," replied the stranger, "is Ammiel the son of Jochanan, of the city wondered who was passing so late. One of them, in a house where there of Bethsaida, by the Sea of Galilee, and was no mill but many lights, came to I am a fatherless man." the door and looked out laughing, her face

"It is better to be childless than fatherless," said Zadok, "yet it is the will of God that children should bury their fath-But the sad shepherd did not stay. ers. When did the blessed Jochanan die?"

"I know not whether he be dead alive. It is three years since I looked the doorways. It seemed as if he were upon his face or had word of him." "You are an exile then? he has cast

you off?'

Yet with all his haste to be gone, it "It was the other way," said Ammiel, was plain that he thought little of where look he has going. For when he came to the At this the shepherd Shama, who had foot of the valley, where the paths divid- listened with doubt in his face, started ed, he stood between them staring va- up in anger. "Pig of a Galilean," he cantly, without a desire to turn him this cried, "despiser of parents! breaker of way or that. The imperative of choice the law! When I saw you coming I knew halted him like a barrier. The balance you for something vile. Why do you of his mind hung even because both darken the night for us with your presscales were empty. He could act, he could ence? You have reviled him who begot go, for his strength was unbroken; but you. Away, or we stone you!" Ammiel did not answer or move. The The path to the left went up toward twisted smile passed over his bowed face the little town of Bethlehem, with hudagain as he waited to know the shepherds' will with him, even as he had dled roofs and walls in silhouette along the double-crested hill. It was dark and waited for the robbers. But Zadok lifted forbidding as a closed fortress. The sad his hand. "Not so hasty, Shama-ben-Elkanah. shepherd looked at it with indifferent eyes; there was nothing there to draw You also break the law by judging a man unheard. The rabbis have told us that The path to the right wound through there is a tradition of the elders-a rule rock-strewn valleys toward the Dead as holy as the law itself-so that a man Sea. But rising out of that crumbled may deny his father in a certain way wilderness a mile or two away, the without sin. It is a strange rule, and it smooth white ribbon of a chariot-road must be very holy or it would not be so haps many would be willing to adopt selay upon the flank of a cone-shaped strange. But this is the teaching of the mountain and curled in loops toward its peak. There the great cone was cut squarely off, and the levelled summit was capped by a palace of marble, with round silver-'it is Corban, a gift that I have ty for these signboards, which are a blot towers at the corners and flaring beacons vowed unto the Lord;' and so his father along the walls; and the glow of an imshall have no more claim upon him. Have you said 'Corbin' to your father, mense fire, hidden in the central courtvard, painted a false dawn in the eastern Ammiel-ben-Jochanan? Have you made a sky. All down the clean-cut mountainvow unto the Lord?" slopes, on terraces and blind arcades, the

To the Citizens of Bellefonte.

[Second Article Contributed by the Woman's Civic Club.] A walk on Water street between High and Lamb streets, at ten o'clock of a

week-day morning, impressed one thought on my mind most forcibly. Tennyson never would have written "The Brook" Dear Home Folk:

had he had the Bellefonte creek for his inspiration. Of all deplorable streams of Dr. McMillan or I are not called out to water-I beg your pardon, Bellefonte's see a woman who is having a case of creek at ten o'clock of a week-day morn- hysteria and the entire family are standing is not a stream of water. It's little ing about simply frightened to death, not more than a mud-hole with its natural knowing what to do, and finally running night. But not even that is given to me of sheep. But how comes he here in this amount of rocks and its unnatural for a doctor whom they hope will cast a

amount of rubbish donated by the citi- spell over the woman and make her well zens of Bellefonte and vicinity. again. Sometimes it is laughable but Statistics are a bore but I'm going to more often it is irritating and I feel most give you a near-official count of just what inclined to use a stick for medicine; but I did see in Bellefonte's creek. One round instead, I must make up a good concocdozen barrels. You notice I say one tion and her devoted people keep watch

round dozen barrels, not one dozen round night and day, sometimes in their zeal barrels, for they were no longer round. giving three powders instead of only one They were in all stages of decomposi- - and she gets well, more because there tion. One or two of them were making was nothing the matter in the first place, a brave effort at rotundity but most of than that the medicine was any good. them had lost ambition and had permit- These people love to be sick; they re-

ted their staves to fall out. Some of ally have so little to do and, you see, it them had given up the ghost entirely and gives them something to think about. were lying with their staves supine in There are many, many days when I am the mud, and their wire hoops standing hard pressed to prescribe a fitting "dope" bravely up, in hopes of a festoon of rags, for it must neither help nor injure and papers or weeds. There were dozens of our drug-room is stocked with drugs boxes, wooden and pasteboard, in all only, not make-believes, as one readily

stages of decay; several crates with wa- finds at home. ter-soaked straw still in them; tin cans I know I have spoken of the thinness

shiny and tin cans rusty; an old bucket and the daintiness of all these women here and there; old brooms, broken bot- and each day I am more impressed. If tles, remnants of bed-springs, pieces of their thinness is due to living on vegeold furniture, bits of crockery, some rags tables--well, then I am going in for meat. of horse blankets, and other rubbish of meat, meat. I saw a young girl yesterunknown variety. Right in the centre day and truly her bones are almost pushwas a mysterious package about four ing through the flesh, and she had been feet by two, neatly wrapped in heavy pa- ill only a few days. Although she was but per and tied with heavy twine. Just fifteen or sixteen years old she looked all what this package contained I am unable of twenty-five or eight. I am glad I don't to state, but when time and water get in live in this country, or rather, I am happy their work these treasures will be brought that I am an American.

to view and be added to the museum of As the fall comes on-although you relics now on exhibition in our beauti- would never call this fall weather, for of ful (?) stream. course we are wearing all our thin

However, there is one good thing about clothes and it is very hot in the middle it all and that is this: It is an ever- of the day, we are planting our flowers changing scene. What is today is not and the new garden truck is just coming tomorrow; for as we are given a little in. I have spent hours looking over seed water from the mill race, or Providence catalogues and now flower seeds galore sends showers, so the scene shifts. The are waiting to be put into the ground.

familiar object moves on to its neigh- am told the gardeners are not to be trustbor's place, but something just as unique ed with the seed; they will probably sell and sometimes more antique comes down them and keep the money, saying the stream to take its place. seeds were no good and did not come up;

I have often read of "barns bursting but really, very few of the ordinary flowwith plenty," but when I raised my eyes ers grow on the plains. I am going to from the creek and beheld the rear of experiment and will tell you later wheth--well, it was bursting all right but er any flowers result from our efforts. there was no association of prosperity There are but few things that can resist with the bursting thereof. In direct op- the hot, dry seasons followed by the position to the rear of this barn was the long, heavy rains and therefore Inrear of a certain Supply company's yards dia has but few flowers, so that one is which are as neat as the front of any surprised to see a pretty bunch of roses

house in town. This demonstrates, it or, in truth, any other flowers, and yet time and again the seems to me, the fact that all such places the weather is just what one wants at following the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden

FROM INDIA tive houses I was surprised to see some men working with what looked like a By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern small ladder, having about four rungs; Sick. Women are Extremely Thin. Hard to at the end of each cross-piece was a stick Grow Flowers. Good Cooks Scarce. Peculiar standing unright with a silver teacher JHANSI, OCTOBER 9th.

standing upright, with a silver knob on the end, and above this was a little red paper flag Other men were sitting under a near-by tree, showing interest in their work, but nothing more. Just behind the men was a table one and onehalf feet long and one foot high, covered with a brilliant red cloth spangled in glass, and standing on the top were two vases of poor looking flowers and about six balls of candy. I happened to look behind this and there lay a body, merely covered with her own old "sauri" and I was told "she died at the hospital last night, her name is ---." It was our patient. The mourners were there, the drummers and the cymbals ready to begin but the native priest had not come so all were waiting, watching the preparations. They then informed us that the "burning Ghats" about a mile away would be the place to which they would take the body and by three o'clock it would all be over. No dignity, no pity, no grief; merely a dead animal body to be put out of sight as soon as possible. They must have a "show," so let it be with red flags and drums. It was ghasty to my western views.

(Continued next week.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.

We all went down to Washington, And of all the beautiful sights we saw In the City of Washington, D. C.

We visited the National Capital. And I tell you it was grand. Saw all the statues of our Presidents, And they were very grand.

We went down to the Navy Yard, and Saw the big ships there, We went on board of one big ship, And I tell you it was grand.

We went down to the White House, And walked all through the grounds But saw nothing of our President, But I talked with the friendly guards, And they was just as gentle, as gentlemen can be

But of all the towns and Cities. That I have ever seen, There is no town like Old Bellefonte, For it is "Home, Sweet home to me." By MARY E. GUNSALLUS.

There was a young man who started in life with the proposition that he would believe nothing he could not prove for himself or see with his own eyes. For that man history was a sealed book, foreign lands did not exist, astronomy was a fable, chemistry a fairy tale. For the foundation of all knowledge is the acceptance of facts which have been proven by other people and belief in the records of history and geography written by chroniclers and travelers long dead. hat young man would be doomed to by his own ignorance, because he perish would take no other man's word and trust no other man's experience. There is a class of people who might be blood relations of that young man who see statements of cures Medical Discovery. Yet they go on coughing, spitting blood, and losing hemorrhages and conditions which tend to consumption, rests upon evidence as sound as that which proves the salient I am invited to a native house next facts of history, geography, or astronomy. Capital of England, or that the sun rises in the east, than that "Golden Medical Discovery" cures pulmonary diseases. You can't afford to doubt this evidence or reject it, if you are sick.

Country. A Land Where People Love to be

Burial Rites. Etc.

There is scarcely a day goes by that

y rock welted and scarred the back of the earth; and the solitude was desolate; and the air was keen and searching

His flock straggled after him. The sheep, weather-beaten and dejected, followed the path with low heads swaying from side to side, as if they had travelled far and found little pasture. The black, lop-eared goats leaped upon the rocks restless and ravenous, tearing down the tender branches and leaves of the dwarf oaks and wild olives. They reared up against the twisted trunks and crawl-ed and scrambled among the boughs. It was like a company of gray downcast friends and a troop of hungry little black devils following the sad shepherd afar

He walked looking on the ground, paying small heed to them. Now and again, when the sound of pattering feet and panting breaths and the rustling and rending among the copses fell too far be-hind, he drew out his shepherd's pipe and blew a strain of music, shrill and plaintive, quavering and lamenting through the hollow night. He waited while the troops of gray and black scuffled and bounded and trotted near to him. Then he dropped the pipe into its place again and strode forward, looking on the ground.

The fitful, shivery wind that rasped the hill-tops, fluttered the rags of his long lights flashed from lesser pavilions and mantle of Tyrian blue, torn by thorns pleasure-houses. and stained by travel. The rich tunic of striped silk beneath it was worn thin, and the girdle about his loins had lost all his friends, their trysting-place with the its ornaments of silver and jewels. His spirits of mirth and madness. called it the Mountain of the Little Paracurling hair hung down dishevelled under dise. Rich gardens were there; and the a turban of fine linen, in which the gilt threads were frayed and tarnished; and cool water from the Pools of Solomon plashed in the fountains: and trees of his shoes of soft leather were broken by the road. On his brown fingers the vanthe knowledge of good and evil fruited blood-red and ivory-white above them; ished rings were still marked in white skin. He carried not the long staff nor and smooth, curving, glistening shapes, whispering softly of pleasure, lay among the flowers and glided behind the trees. the heavy nail-studded rod of the shepherd, but a slender stick of carved cedar All this was now hidden in the dark. battered and scratched by hard usage, and the handle, which might have been Only the strange bulk of the mountain, a sharp black pyramid girdled and crownof precious metal still more richly carved. was missing. He was a strange figure ed with fire, loomed across the night-a for that lonely place and that humble ocmountain once seen never to be forgotten. cupation-a fragment of faded beauty from some royal garden tossed by rude He looked at it with the eyes of a child winds into the wilderness—a pleasure- who has been in hell. It burned him craft adrift, buffeted and broken, on from afar. Turning neither to the right nor to the left, he walked without a path rough seas.

But he seemed to have passed beyond straight out upon the plain of Bethlehem, caring. His young face was frayed and still whitened in the hollows and on the threadbare as his garments. The splendor of the moonlight flooding the wild world meant as little to him as the hardness of the rugged track which he followed. He wrapped his tattered mantle closer around him, and strode ahead, was infinitely far away from him. Even looking on the ground.

As the path dropped from the summit of the ridge toward the Valley of Mills and passed among huge broken rocks, three men sprang at him from the shad-ows. He lifted his stick, but let it fall again, and a strange ghost of a smile twisted his face as they gripped him and threw him down.

"You are rough beggars," he said. "Say what you want, you are welcome to it."

"Your money, dog of a courtier," they muttered fiercely; "give us your golden collar, Herod's hound, quick, or you where he walked, except the soft-padding feet of his dumb, obsequious flock. He felt an endless isolation strike cold

"I have said 'Corban,' " answered Ammiel, lifting his face, still shadowed by that strange smile, "but it was not the Lord who heard my vow.

"Tell us what you have done," said the old man sternly, "for we will neither judge you, nor shelter you, unless we but cannot hold our admiration unless year so we decided it would be better to hear your story.'

"There is nothing in it," replied Am-miel indifferently. "It is an old story. But if you are curious you shall hear it. Afterward you shall deal with me as you will.

So the shepherds, wrapped in their warm cloaks, sat listening with grave faces and watchful, unsearchable eyes, while Ammiel in his tattered silk sat by the sinking fire of thorns and told his tale with a voice that had no room for hope or fear-a cool, dead voice that The sad shepherd remembered it well. spoke only of things ended.

"In my father's house I was the second son. My brother was honored and trust. of our creek, for with it it is, God's pro- doctors that make up our household, so if ed he had. My place was a narrow one. sheltered side of its rounded hillocks by There was neither honor nor joy in it, for it was filled with daily tasks and re- from disgusting accumulations of rub- all you need do will be to use your best He faced a wide and empty world. To the west in sleeping Bethlehem, to the east in flaring Herodium, the life of man bukes. No one cared for me. I was a bish. beast of burden, fed only because I was useful, and the dull life irked me like an

ill-fitting harness. There was nothing in it.

"I went to my father and claimed my share of the inheritance. He was rich. were like pin-holes in the vault above him. The moon in mid-heaven shrank into a bit of burnished silver, hard and He gave it to me. It did not impoverish glittering, immeasurably remote. The ragged, inhospitable ridges of Tekoa lay him and it made me free. I said to him 'Corban,' and shook the dust of Bethsaida from my feet. stretched in mortal slumber along the horizon, and between them he caught a

"I went out to look for mirth and love glimpse of the sunken Lake of Death, darkly gleaming in its deep bed. There eyes and sweet to the taste. If a God made me, thought I, he made me to live, was no movement, no sound on the plain and the pride of life was strong in my heart and in my flesh. My vow was offered to that well known God. I served "The quicker the better," he answered, closing his eyes. The bewildered flock of gray and black, gathered in a silent ring, stood in served, to his heart, against which he held the black, gathered in a silent ring, stood in served, to his heart, against which he held the black heart, against which he held the him pody of the wounded kid, wonder-ing the while, with a half-contempt for his own foolishness, why he took such (Continued next week.)

(Continued next week.)

can be made clean and neat.

From the track of the Central Railroad | sunshine in plenty, just now heavy dews, From the track of the Central Railroad sunshine in plenty, just now heavy dews, strength with every hour. The fact that to the bridge of the creek was practic- since the rains stopped; no wind, just Dr. Pierce's Golden Medicol Discovery ally clear of rubbish, for there seems to charming breezes, and yet no flowers, does cure coughs, bronchitis, weak lungs, be much more water just along there. except what have been most carefully But I was surprised to find the bank of tended.

home for their good growing weather-

ing, this lining must be replaced each

month and a man called the "Khli-walla"

the creek at the Central Station strewn with rubbish and branches of trees with week, and this time it will be truly na- It is not more certain that Washington an accumulation of old bricks, ashes, tive for they are typical Indian, of the was at Valley Forge, that London is the roofing-paper, etc. I wondered if filling better class; then I shall have something in is going on there. to write to you that will be at least a bit Going up the east side of the street I interesting. Three invitations to dinner

was asked in letters three feet high-and after rather a long spell of home eating, a picture of the gentleman himself-to make the next few days look fairly intersmoke "Bull Durham;" also in equally esting although, unless the people with emphatic way to get my clothes at a cer- whom I eat are nice, I am even getting tain store, and very modestly was asked tired of dinners. to attend the Centre County Fair. Per-Just here I had to stop and talk alum-

inum kettles with one of the girls. All be willing to obey these commands if, by are usually made of copper, lined with a so doing, they might destroy the necessimetal that looks to me like lead. Either upon the landscape. on account of the cooking or the clean-

In an article on advertising Hugh Chalmers said that businesses sometimes advertised themselves the wrong way, some- comes around with a few strips of metal times unconsciously just as people do. It seemed to me that there was an apt factory he goes to work, first with his relation in this to a town and that Belle- feet and then finishes up with his hands, fonte unconsciously advertises herself. and our pots look as though lined with

but cannot hold our admiration unless year so we decided it would be better to there is harmony in the toilette. A pair buy some vessels that would not need of rundown heels may spoil an otherwise this constant fixing. Aluminum stands charming appearance. Would it be too the wear very well and except that at much to say that our unsightly stream first it is expensive, being sold by weight, and alleys and other places are Belle- it is much the nicest and best. As I am fonte's rundown heels? Or what part of supposed to be housekeeper I had to Bellefonte's costume is the creek? Per- show a wee interest in all these things.

haps it would be better to say that it is You know how very little I know about one of her physical attractions made un- kitchen things and honestly I care just attractive and ugly by neglect and abuse. as little. I find the others know just as The old saying, "man proposes, God dis- little; housekeeping seems to be a lost poses" is turned around when we think art among these teachers, nurses and

the cleaning of the creek and the devis- a native could stand the native stove ing of some way to keep it clean, free with its smoke and odor) the food, and

Pimples

gestures, as one can only half talk, even knowing the language. You can learn

the pantomime play I go through with Are looked upon generally only as an annoying disfigurement, something to be got rid of in some way as speedily as want: I am becoming rather graceful (?) possible. But the pimple is only a symppossible. But the pimple is only a symp-tom, and though the symptom be sup-pressed the disease is unaffected. Pimples, blotches, eruptions, are the signs of bad blood. Make the blood pure and the pimples will go away and the skin be-

pushes out of the body the waste matter trying to a red-headed temper. which corrupts the blood. It increases I had to stop to go to the postoffice and I want to tell you what I saw by the side of the road on the way. A patient

the blood supply, and enriches every vein with a full flow of rich, pure blood. When the blood is pure the skin diseases, which are caused by impure blood, are naturally and permanently cured.

Marry and Part For a Year.

Among the many peculiar customs prevalent among the people of Central America is that of parting for one year after the marriage ceremony has been solemnized. This custom has prevailed vere cures for extreme cases and would the cooking is done in big U shaped ves- among the Jarnos from time immemosels set directly upon a charcoal fire and rial. There is no courtship allowed to be carried on between the parties prior to the wedding. When a man selects a woman he obtains the consent of the parents on both sides, and if this is given they are at once married. The reason, however, for their not living together as man and wife for one year to show you the quality and being satisafter marriage is in order to permit of the parties visiting and staving with their respective friends in different parts of the country, which is a customary thing and occupies the time specified. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of these marriages turn out well.

Ways of Burmese Beauties. Instead of a coming out party as we know it, the Burmese girl's entrance into society begins when she has her ears pierced. As soon after this as she feels inclined she selects a husband and goes to live in a home of her own. The home is provided by the man, but it becomes his wife's as soon as they are married. All women, young and old, are addicted to the use of tobacco. The women seem to prefer the very large size black cigar. Often one meets ed in all things. He was a prudent man and profitable to the household. All that that a paramount issue in our town is will furnish the cook (for none other but with one of these huge cigars in her would be used by the streets of a village of the streets of a village will furnish the cook (for none other but with one of these huge cigars in her mouth and two or three more stuck in mouth and two or three more stuck in the holes of each ear.

The Cosmic Law.

There is neither waste nor economy in nature. Energy is as indestructible as matter-no trace of waste each time I wish to tell the cook what I anywhere, no economy. Nature does not use a fraction more than necessary in the use of my hands. So come along, nor less. The two words "waste" and you would honestly find lots of time to "economy" cannot apply to the stustudy the country and other things about pendous cosmic law, the conservation of energy.-Edgar Lucien Larkin in New York American.

> No Luxuries. "Any insanity in your family?" ask-

ed the life insurance man. "No," replied Farmer Cornter el. "I couldn't afford to hire any alie. .st. If our boy Josh gets into any trouble died in the hospital last night, rather we'll jes' have to admit that he's suddenly. As we passed a group ef na. plain foolish."-Washington Star.

here; then think of the fun we would have having a really good housekeeper to see that these five servants do their work. It is not hard work, but mighty

come clear and smooth. The blood can be cleansed perfectly by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It