# Democratic Watchman.

## Belletonte, Pa., January 30, 1914.

#### THANK GOD FOR THE POSTMAN.

He trudges along through the snow and the slee With pack that is heavy to bear; The slush of the roadway has hampered his feet And the whiteness has powdered his hair.

But he stands at the gate with a smile on his fac And his whistle is cheery and gay; Oh, people who live in a far-away place, Thank God for the postman today!

He carries a massage that comes from the heart Of a boy who has gone from his home. And sometimes a letter to make the tears start From a soul that is sad and alone. The news of a world that is far from our sight Is stored in his magical pack, And he mingles the sorrow with words of delight For he carries a world on his back.

Through city and country, through byway and street

He comes to the home great and small; And we wait for his coming; he brings such treat,

A message of cheer to us all, And so in this season of harvest and joy,

When the crops have been stored safe away, We raise to the heavens our humblest prayer, "Thank God for the postman today!"

By Margaret E. Sangster, Jr

FREMWELL'S LEADING PETER WOMAN.

[Concluded from last week.]

She laughed. "Now if you had said 'young men' I should feel the force of your argumennt, for after seven p. m. young men all over New York are buying four, perhaps six, American Beauty roses-or if they are extravagant, a dozen, for some girl they want to please; but don't tell me that hundreds of young ladies are buying two dozen American Beauties at eight p. m. unless it is some great occasion like this."

Then," I said, "she ought to be at the theatre with her roses. We'll send an usher to know if seat

C-112 is still unoccupied.' "If it is empty?

A shadow passed over Margaret's face. "Then it is an accident-or she's gone home!

"Why should she go home?" Margaret pondered a moment. "Of course, I can only give you feminine reasons. She might go home to make what's known in bridge as a reentry-a return to the theatre in some sort of triumph. Mayby she remembered that she had scarlet ribbon enough at home to tie up those flowers without adding two dollars to the cost of the two dozen roses. "But would she miss the play for

that?" "Of course she has seen it dozens of

times at rehearsals-but I'm inclined to think she didn't go home.'

When we found that Miss Bennett's sister had not returned to the theatre I was for calling up the hospitals at once but Margaret seemed unwilling. An entr'acte was on, the first act being just over, and we lingered a moment to hear the comments of those who came out into the lobby. From them we gathered that Alice Bennett was proving a disappointment.

You see she has a divided mind, poor dear," Margaret mumured. "We must find that missing sister during the next

At the sound of her name Jean turned n astonishment but laid a detaining hand on the man's arm, as if she feared had pulled him gently down. "Wait until the play is over, Mr. Benhe would escape. "Wait until t "I am a friend of your sister," Mar- nett," he said.

garet explained, "and I've been searching for you because your absence from the Eagle Theatre is endangering the success of the play. Your sister is very much agitated over your leaving in this mys-terious way. You must come back at once before the third act is on.'

The girl began to tremble. She looked piteously at the figure beside her, who stood with a blank, patient expression, as if awaiting the opportunity to slip away. "This is my father," she said. "I left

the theatre to buy roses for Alice at the last minute and as I came out of the florist's I found myself face to face with him. He disappeared five years ago sud--without explanation. He had aldenly ways been such a loving father that we thought of only two things that could account for his disappearance, either he had been killed or he had forgotten who he was, as people do sometimes. He

doesn't know me-even now!" Her voice ended in a sob which seemed to distress her companion, for he look-ed appealingly at us at the same time ing through uncomfortable experiences— broad and one-eighth of an inch thick, result of electrical disturbances in the speaking in one of the strangest voices I have ever heard, as faint and far-off as if McClure Sholl, in the Woman's Home it issued from the lips of a specter in Companion. some fading dream.

'This young lady seems to know me. I do not know her. I am very sorry." "You see I was only thirteen when he went away," Jean explained. "When I say 'Jean' he thinks of a little girl with

curl "What is your name?" Margaret questioned. He looked troubled, shook his head, re-

nained silent. "Isn't it-Charles Bennett?" his daughter said.

"Charles Bennett--Charles Bennett," he repeated; but again shook his head

as if in doubt. "Will you come with us?" Margaret said in a soft, entreating voice. "We are friends of yours."

said, at the same time glancing down at that when one wakens up late at night his clothes, which were weatherworn, as if he doubted whether he was fitly garbed for her society.

I sent the driver to pick up a taxicab. Jean was now clinging to Margaret, her face pale with conflicting emotions.

"It was so good of you to come out to find me. Poor Alice always believed that getting fully awake I again heard this it was a case of loss of identity with long, lonely crying, I realized it was some Father-and I suppose she feared something of the kind had happened to me. Do you think he will ever know us?" she added in an imploring voice.

"Some word, some phrase may suddenly bring him back," Margaret replied. These cases where the nerve centers are affected are very strange. I should think that the sight of your sister acting might restore to him the sense of his identity. She was on the stage at the time when he disappeared?'

"Oh, yes! and he was so proud of her! She'll be overjoyed."

"Is it best to do more than let her know vou're back-until after the last curtain?

Jean reflected. "Perhaps you are right.'

While this conversation was going on, victim of some obscure visitation, the dupe of nerves which had perhaps endowed his daughter with her singular stood watching us with the same patient, frustrated look. He let us put him in him with an expression of mingled anguish and joy, seemed racking her brain Margaret and said in a low voice: "Alice sings a song in the third act. Will you go behind the scenes and ask Peter Fremwell to let Alice substitute a why-but you can explain to Mr. Fremwell. At the theatre, at Margaret's suggestion I sent in for the physician who had attended Alice and as quickly as possible we explained the situation to him. Fortunately, the friend who occupied the seat next to him had been called away, and Doctor Fleming promised to tak Charles Bennett to his seat and to watch him closely during the remainder of the well and told him the reasons for our toward a diminutive messenger boy who was sauntering along with the inimitable formed that her sister was in the theatre. change, Margaret accompanying him. She said she never saw a human being so vivified as Alice Bennett after she had learned of her sister's return, Margaret having given as the cause of Jean's absence only her desire to buy flowers for the occasion. "Of course, it's Jean who wants me to to sing 'Blue Butterflies'," she said gayly. in it, completed the outfit. Could you "You're very kind to let me, Mr. Frem-imagine such a start to go to Philadel

about him, and instantly the physician There are several railroads that have bridges across the Ganges and Junna at Puzzling Problems With Which Scien-

Afterward Alice sent for us. We found we sat in the boat and watched the trains her literally in the arms of her family, crossing these long bridges, then looked telegraphy is still by far the larger while Fremwell the Hun hovered in the down and saw the Indians bathing in part of that science. Practical efforts background, waiting for a word with her-looying meek for a Hun. It proved that thus all diseases will be healed and several months later to be the word that they will be blessed by the Gods of

The next day I mailed Margaret a clipping from a review of "Count Your Change," a glowing eulogy written by a man usually dejected over plays.

"Fremwell for once was beaten at his own game. His leading woman, by her performance in the third act, saved 'Count Your Change'."

Underneath I wrote in comment:

which presages a wedding

"But the leading woman, back of the leading woman-what praise hath she?"

Margaret's reply was characteristic: "I had the good fortune once to know what tricks tired nerves can play one

to help the undergraduate!"-By Anna

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. Violets in Wintertime. A Trip to Allahabad and a Describtion of that City.

**IHANSE DECEMBER 16th 1912** Dear Home Folk:

The festival season of these Mohammedan folk is surely demanding much attention; when I go out and come anywhere near the native city or huts, I see brilliant colored tissue paper being put over a square frame, which when finished is to represent a tomb, and the drums "Why, yes, I will come with you," he are being beaten almost constantly, so and all is silent, you are surprised and wonder what has happened. This morning about three o'clock I was aroused by a most unearthly howling or crying; at first I just couldn't tell which, when after jackals in the compound near the piazza, and from the racket they were making they must have been tearing some poor thing to shreds. You can't imagine what a lonely, wierd sound it seemed, everything else was so silent; I wished for the drums to start their melodious racket, just to drive the "goblins" away. I will leave for Allahabac on Tuesday, going from there to Benares, then back by way of Lucknow and Compore, intending to be gone at least ten days, and will

have my Christmas day away from Jhansi. As I look out across the garden I am trying to bring before my eyes your scenery, but it is hard. Here the color-Charles Bennett, nameless to himself, a ing is just a trifle yellow, mixed with the green and the temperature during the sunshine is about as near perfect as one genius, this man unrelated even to the could want; it is after the sun goes down vast environment of the city about him, that one realizes how truly cold it is. I have just picked six little pale violets the taxicab, sinking silently into his place | that are trying their best to make one -with no interrogation. Jean, watching think it is spring instead of dead winter. I am disturbed by the noise of the leaves been an average of nine hundred fires for some signal of recall to the blinded that have fallen; peculiarly they have memory. Suddenly she leaned over to not changed color but are simply dried green things being whisked over a yellow, grassless earth by a mad wind, and as the most of them are large and heavy, song called 'Blue Butterflies' for the one resembling the leaves of a rubber plant, she uses? The butterfly song was a fa-you are always thinking that some snake vorite of Father's. She needn't be told or other undesirable live thing is about or other undesirable live thing is about to make your acquaintance. The hedge that has been so beautiful is fast becoming merely a long line of bare sticks. It

His voice reached only the people just front on this beautiful wide stream.

WIRELESS WAVES.

tists Have to Contend.

that cannot be overcome or only par-

tially overcome by clumsy makeshifts

For example, the characterization of

But the fact is that we don't know

where they come from or how they are

generated. They manifest themselves

in the shape of troublesome noises in

the telephone receivers at wireless tel-

egraph stations. Another puzzling

question, perhaps of more practical

importance to the wireless worker. is

the action of the weather on his trains

of waves. When these signals have

long distances to travel the weather

often plays havoc with them in ways

as vet not well understood. The dif-

ferent carrying capacity of the ether

in the daytime and at night is another

practical problem still awaiting defi-

FLYING BULLETS.

Going Very Fast, They Leave Air

Waves and Eddies Behind Them.

could be taken the print would proba-

bly show a space like a body of water

marked by what looked like speeding

water bugs, each leaving a ripple in

its wake. Photographs of projectiles

have been snapped in time of peace.

but it is doubtful if the camera ever

caught one as it sped on its mission of

death. A bullet speeding at the rate

of 3.000 feet a second, which is more

than 2.000 miles an hour, makes a

great disturbance in the atmosphere

and creates air waves, which, of

course, are invisible to the naked eye.

If you draw a stick through the wa-

ter it causes little eddies and waves to

trail behind it. The faster you draw

the stick the more waves and the

wider the angle will it leave. The

slower the stick is drawn the fewer

waves. Just so the bullet. If it is

traveling slowly no waves can be pho-

tographed, as apparently there are

none. It is only objects traveling at a

If a photograph of a speeding bullet

nite solution .- New York Post.

because they are not understood.

What we don't know about wireless

this point and one is a mile long and as down and saw the Indians bathing in part of that science. Practical efforts these waters, superstitiously believing to use this means of communication are constantly hampered by difficulties

the three rivers, I could not help but draw a comparison between the East and the West. This beautiful bridge was the result of American engineering and I the waves used in wireless telegraphy think even some of the steel construc- as artificial is justified because the tion was made in America. As we came ether is in a state of constant pulsaback we saw some "Tahers," one who tion with waves of enormous length

had his face and body entirely smeared about whose origin we know nothing with yellow stuff and a yellow (orange or next to nothing. Some of them are due undoubtedly to lightning, but they colored) blanket wrapped about him, sitare continuously rolling in on antennae ting contemplatively watching one of his properly tuued when there is no thuncountrymen fixing his bed of spikes, for derstorm within thousands of miles. it was minus one leg. The spikes were It has been suggested that they are of four or five inch iron affairs, one inch which ended in a flat, fairly sharp end, sun. Some ingenious speculators have very closely placed and all of an even even attributed them to the Martians or some other of our planetary neighlength. It was truly a formidable lookbors.

ing affair and I was sorry not to see him on his bed. We had a most delightful drive home.

Allahabad has very beautiful trees, and being the capital of the United Provinces and having several colleges here, there are any number of beautiful houses, both belonging to the Europeans and those of the wealthy Parsee and Indians.

We got back just in time for breakfast and then came along an Indian man, Mr. Solebi, (a barrister) and he was very nice; being a christian and educated in England gives him beautiful manners. Upon learning that I was a visitor he suggested a drive in his motor car, which we accepted. We had a charming ride. and were whisked down these beautiful roads, as smooth as a floor, rushed past beautiful bungalows of the Government, flying along in true American style when a long, straight road gave assurance that no one was in the way, and I was shown the beautiful part of Allahabad. In an hour we returned blown almost to pieces. As there are some really good old tombs here that date back to the time the Taj was built and they are surrounded by a most beautiful garden, I must needs be taken out there to have tea. It was all very lovely and the architecture of these tombs, their arrangement and decorations were all so nearly like those seen at Agra. That they are beautiful goes without saying. We sat down on the lower steps and spread our lunch on the one above, at the side of this century old Tomb. The big, black, gray-necked crows came and talked about us; the little ants, thinking our sweets better than nice dead Hindus, swarmed over us and

(Continued next week.)

the flies! horrors. I do wish India had a

"swat the fly" club.

## THE CURIOUS AXOLOTL.

it's a Regular Jekyll and Hyde Sort of Reptile.

Persons of only ordinary powers of observation know that tadpoles become frogs. This process of transformation is one of the most interesting of the many curious things that go on about us every day. The case of the tadpole and frog is mentioned that the reader may more easily understand a reptile that is found in southern California and Mexico.

There are several varieties of salamandrine reptiles in North America, all of them perfectly harmless. One in particular lives in the desert regions of the southwest. The Mexicans call it the axolati. It is perhaps the most curious of all reptiles. It is a light gray or pure white translucent reptile about seven inches in length. It lives ir lakes and ponds, breathes through gills just back of the front legs, has a long tail and caudal fins above and below that extend its entire length and four stout legs, with which it creeps about the bottom of the pond.

In the region where these reptiles live long continued droughts are common. Then the ponds and lakes dry up. As the water falls evaporation begins. Instinct warns the axolotl that there will shortly be no water, and he makes preparation for a terrestrial life. The gills disappear, and he comes to the surface for air just as a tadpole does when he is about to become a frog. As the water grows shallower the axoloti loses a portion of his tail, sheds his caudal fins, changes from white to brown with gray spots and when the water is quite gone takes to the sand hills and becomes a spotted salamander.

The most remarkable thing about it all is that when the water supply is not exhausted he lives his entire life as an axolotl and never tries to become a spotted salamander. By experimentation an axolotl has been made to undergo almost complete transformation and then has been turned back into an axolotl again .- Youth's Companion.

## MYSTERY OF THE SALMON.

Their Annual Mad Rushes and Death After Spawning.

The world's greatest salmon runs are to be found along the shores of the north Pacific ocean, in the states of Washington, Oregon and California, the province of British Columbia and Alaska, on the American side, and Siberia and Japan, on the Asiatic side. So far, however, but few salmon have been canned on the Asiatic side.

To one who has never witnessed these annual runs it is almost an impossibility to convey an adequate impression of the countless numbers of fish that swim in from the sea in the late spring and summer, all imbued with the same desire-to gain suitable grounds in the upper reaches of the rivers, some of which are from 1,500 to 2,500 miles in length, where they may perpetuate the species. No obstacle appears too great to be surmounted in this feverish rush. Jumping falls, shooting rapids, dodging nets, bears, birds, mink, otter and other enemies, fighting with other males, whom the near approach of the breeding season renders especially savage-all these are taken as a matter of course. And yet one sometimes wonders if the heroic struggle is worthily repaid. for the moment of victory is also that of death, as, sad to relate, these valiant voyagers can breed but once and then must die, their wasted bodies. which have received no nourishment since leaving salt water, becoming the prey of any prowling bear or carrion bird which may chance upon them. Why these fish should all die after spawning still remains one of the great unsolved mysteries of the scientific world .- Wide World Magazine.

FROM INDIA.

act

Telephoning the apartment we learned that Miss Jean had not gone there.

Where, then, did she take her roses?" I demanded of Margaret. She stood for a moment lost in

though: "She meant them for Alice. If she did

not return to the theatre it was because she encountered some-one of even more interest to her than her sister." "Could it have been a sweetheart?"

ventured. "A sweetheart need not keep her from

the theatre. "Who then?"

"I find it difficult to conjecture." We went out again on Broadway, looked up and down, turned south aimlessly. Alice Bennett had described her sister, but a verbal description is like a signpost. It may point the way to a destination, but it does not overcome the difficulties of the road. I saw that Margaret, looking anxiously into the faces of the young women who passed her, was bewildered and at a loss what to do next. Suddenly I saw her dart from my side leisureliness of his kind, a large American Beauty rose firmly held in his teeth, his freckled nose buried in its petals. As I caught up to Margaret I heard her say:

"Please tell me where you found your rose. He regarded us doubtfully. I obtained

his confidence by slipping a quarter into his palm. "On Twenty-sixth street. A young

lady, she dropped it. She was walkin' and talkin' very fast, so she didn't notice.

"Was she with a man or woman? Margaret questioned.

"With a man. She seemed tryin' take him somewhere-and he wasn't payin' no attention. He acted like he didn't hear her."

'Did she have many roses-like this?" Margaret questioned, her voice not quite steady.

"An armful of 'em. That's why I didn't think it no harm to take this one. "Which direction were they going-the

man and the woman?

'Toward the East River."

"Call a taxicab," Margaret said to me. "No, not a taxicab, a hansom. We can see better from a hansom. Tell the driver to turn into Twenty-sixth street and then to go very slowly east."

Luckily a hansom was within call. We were soon in Twenty-sixth street, Margaret leaning over the apron of the hansom and looking anxiously first at one sidewalk, then the other. We had crossed First avenue and were in sight of the dark mass of the Bellevue hospital buildings when she suddenly exclaimed: "There they are!

Looking in the direction she indicated I saw, standing beneath a lamp-post on a street corner, a middle-aged man of dignified and gentle appearance and a young woman in an evening cloak, bare-headed, with her arms full of red roses, who answered to the description supplied by Alice Bennett of her sister. She seeme in great agitation. Margaret directed tude. Then gradually over his worn the driver to draw up to the sidewalk features spread a light that I can comand to wait. She was out of the hansom

before it had fairly stopped. As she drew near the girl she said in a low, clear voice: "Jean Bennett."

well. "I hope you will reward me in the third act," he said grimly. "So far you are a disappointment, Alice Bennett."

in our places. It was a pity that one of the finest pieces of acting Alice Bennett ever did was wasted on Margaret, on Jean Bennett, on an innocent physician involved in our little drama, and on myself. We didn't watch the play. We could'nt! We only watched the poor, patient creature who sat dazed and wondering in his chair by Doctor Fleming's side, blue eyes following the drama, unlighted by any recognition of the daughter who played in it. The time came at last for the song. I transcribed it after-ward, and here it is:

Blue butterflies that on faint wings Float where the azure myrtles creep,

Out of what dream-land came you forth, Return you to what sleep?

Perchance you flew from fairy-realms Where the lost princess scans the skies For tidings of her Love, until At dawn the old moon dies.

Perchance your souls will change to flow ers.

In sunny glades or shaded spots Where lovers bend with linked hands To pluck forget-me-nots.

Alice sang through the first verse be- me. I have been seeing Allahabad, took fore the melody seemed to reach the numbed ears of Charles Bennett, but I observed an intense stillness in his attipare to nothing but to the dawn coming, as it does in the South, with a kind of divine swiftness. Uttering a muffled cry,

he half rose. "Alice!"

in our world vegetation would just have to grow under this hot sun.

ALLAHABAD, December 19th.-I left ed and should be by carefulness. Jhansi Tuesday night at five o'clock and play. Meanwhile Margaret saw Frem- I laughed at my traveling kit. I had a thin cotton mattress and a pair of gray formed that her sister was in the theatre. blankets wrapped in a piece of burlap, He went himself to Alice to authorize the on top of this a pillow in a blue case, strapped together with a shawl strap; these things were for the train. In my "bisler" (hold-all) I had some sheets, towels and pillow cases, a comfort, and another blanket, my long coat, a basket my head down to my heels. Had hemdress suit case, a black bag with my hat

phia for ten days.

The journey to Mainkpur took until 1.15 a.m. (108) miles, I then changed When the curtain went up we were all cars and had a wait of two hours. It was picturesque; I was the only European woman, there were two white men, but of the other fifty waiting, from the squatting postures, the "sauris," the absolute indifference as to passing events, every drop of blood in their bodies was purely Indian. The platform was unpaved and simply covered with a yellow sandy gravel, and it was in this, under a shed roof we waited. The train was late and we were glad

when it finally came along. The coolie put my things into a compartment and I tumbled in after them and was soon fast asleep and slept so soundly that when the train finally stopped and they told me it was Allahabad, I doubted their word. I got out, gave up my ticket, and after seeing that the coolie had my packages I started down the platform to find some friends. I got to the mission without any trouble and found one of the women, a most charming girl, coming to see

a row on the Junna to where the Ganges and a supposed underground river meet, thus forming a triangle, where there were many natives bathing, and flowers and pretty leaves floated past us down the stream.

> There is a large Presbyterian college London Globe. here and their bungalows and college

Pennsylvania Fires.

Since September 12, 1912, there has per month Cities and towns throughout the State are constantly purchasing new fire ap-

paratus. Why not spend a portion of the amount for fire prevention. The annual fire loss in the State amounts to \$25,000,000,00. Shingle roofs are one of the most ex-

pensive causes of fires and cost the State an enormous amount of money that might be saved by using fire proof material for roofing.

Defective flues at this time of year is another destructive element. Prevent seems so strange that it should be so for this by close inspection and correcting defec

Rubbish and trash allowed to accumulate cost the citizens of this State over two million annually. This can be avoid-



It looks like Greek. But it is plain English for backache. People who suffer with backache and want to be cured. write to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. 'I wrote you for advice February 1896," writes Mrs. Loma Halstead,

Claremore, Cherokee, Nat. Ind. Ty. was racking with pain from the back of

baths and diet. To my surprise, in four months from the time I began your treatment I was a well woman and have not had the backache since, and now I put in sixteen hours a day, at hard work.

Satisfied His Curiosity. An inquisitive young gentleman read this advertisement in a local paper: "Young man, some woman dearly loves you. Would you know who she is? Send postal order for 10 shillings to Occult Diviner, address as below, and learn who she is." He sent the money and received this answer: "Your

mother." The Tip Terror.

"Give me a penny, sir, for something to eat."

"But you've got sixpence in your hand now. What's that for?" "Oh, that's to tip the waiter, sir."

terrific speed that create any appreciable air waves. Photographs of a bullet going at a

rate of speed less than 1.200 feet a second show no air waves at all. This is an interesting scientific discovery. But anything cutting through the air at a greater rate than this disturbs the atmosphere to such great extent that air waves are formed and can be photographed.-New York Sun.

#### A Wonderful Bird.

One day a wonderful bird tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's (wife of the famous arctic explorer) home at Christiania. Instantly the window was opened, and in another moment she covered the little messenger with kisses and caresses. The carrier pigeon had been away from the cottage thirty long months, but it had not forgotten the way home. It brought a note from Nansen, stating that all was going well with him and his expedition in the polar region. Nansen had fastened a message to the bird and turned it loose. The frail courier darted out into the blizzardly air. It flew like an arrow over a thousand miles of frozen waste and then sped forward over another thousand miles of ocean and plains and forests and one morning entered the window of the waiting mistress and delivered the message which she had been awaiting so anxiously.

Caught It. A man with a very red face met a friend on the street and the following conversation took place:

"You look warm." "Yes: been chasing a hat." "Did your hat blow off?" "It wasn't my hat! It belonged to someone else-there was a pretty girl

under it." "Did you catch it?"

"I should say I did. My wife saw me chasing it!"-New York American.

The Poets. "Poets are born and not made." "But they ain't born tagged," opined

a rural philosopher. "Their fathers consequently hafter go ahead and eddicate 'em, jest as if they was going to be good fer something."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

Two or Three Hits. "I suppose your new automobile made a big hit when you went out in it?"

"Yes, it did. Most of them are hospital cases."-Chicago Record-Herald.

A Natural Choice. Gabe-Bragley says he would rather fight than eat. Steve-1 don't blame him. I had dinner at his house one night.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

It is a brief period of life that is granted us by nature, but the memory of a well spent life never dies.-Cicero

#### Pocket Hunters.

There is no more interesting character in California than that class of prospector known as the "pocket hunt-In certain sections of the mouner." tains the rich gold deposits are contained in small scattered pockets near the surface. The pocket miners often discover many rich deposits by tracing the particles of gold in the soil to their sources. As soon as a pocket is gouged out and colors of gold are no longer shown the place is abandoned. In one pocket in Trinity county as much as \$45.000 was yielded in a few feet-Argonaut

How He Uses His Hands.

Some curious facts about Mr. Townsend, the art editor of London Punch. are narrated. He is a curious instance of ambidexterity. His drawings are done with the left hand, but his letters are written with the right hand. He is left handed as a billiard player, but right handed as a card dealer. And when he plays cricket he is a left handed bowler but a right handed batsman.-London Answers.

Way to Marital Happiness.

"Marry a bright woman for success and a pretty one for happiness." advises a student of the problem. Also one who can cook for the benefit of the digestion might be advisable, but the pesky laws limit you to one .- Louisville Courier-Journal.

Between Girls.

Marie-How are you going to reform him? Kate-By marrying him. Marie -Goodness! Does he require such heroic treatment as that?-Boston Transcript.

There is no tonic like that which comes from doing things worth while. -Orison Swett Marden.

about people." sincere."

Between Friends. "Isn't Percy Greener the most polite man you ever knew? He'll go out of his way any time to say sweet things

"Yes, but I don't believe he's at all "Of course he isn't. Why, only yesterday he told me what a perfect figure you had."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### orrhage for weeks at a time, and was unable to sit up for ten minutes at a time. You answered my letter, advised me to use your valuble medicines, viz.: Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' also gave advice about injections,