Belletonte, Pa., April 3, 1914.

#### EARLY SPRING.

Once more the Heavenly Power Makes all things new, And domes the red-plowed hills With loving blue: The blackbirds have their wills,

Opens a door in heaven;

From skies of glass A Jacob's ladder falls On greening grass, And o'er the mountain-walls

Young angels pass. Before them fleets the shower. And burst the buds. And shine the level lands,

And flash the floods; The stars are from their hand Flung through the woods. For now the Heavenly Power

Makes all things new, And thaws the clod, and fills The flowers with dew; The blackbirds have their wills The poets too.

Alfred Tennyson.

### A DIP IN DIMENSIONS.

The big aerodrome loomed up, huge and mysterious in the early morning haze, as Fuller and I arrived before it.

My first impression was one of sur--there is something essentially surprising about one's first introduction to anything aeronautic. I had had no idea that aeroplanes needed so much stable room. It was only when Fulller opened a wicker door and we stepped inside that remembered that Fuller's standard biplanes were thirty-four feet wide and about the same length, and that two of these, side by side, would require over seventy feet of easy space. An aerodrome to accommodate six biplanes must have nothing in common with a New York

Fuller turned on the electric light, and varnished canvas planes stood out like waiting ghosts of the centuries to come. He led me to the machine standing nearest the big sliding doors. Its white wings seemed poised in alert expectancy, im-

patient for the opening of the way.
"This plane," said Fuller, in his matter-of-fact way, "is, I believe, the last word in aeronautics, so far. I gave her a good trying-out yesterday, and she exceeded my expectations. When I have made a few adjustments, I am going to give her some more work. Want to

come along? I am a timid man, and it was not until I had seen Fuller make half a dozen short, perfect flights in his beautiful new "bird" that the idea attracted me. Fuller, I might say, knows rather more about aeronautics than any other man alive. At that time I probably knew rather less; therefor I can be forgiven the hesitation, even apart from my natural timidity. It was friendship and not enthusiasm for aviation that had taken me to Fuller's experimental station among the Jersey sanddunes and flats.

I stood, speculatively, beside the aeroplane after a bit of particularly pretty circling and maneuvering, and Fuller, as he tinkered about noticed my half-yield-

ing attitude. "Come on." he said, persuasively. "climb up on this seat and take a trip. I am rather afraid to get you started, be-cause I know you'll want me to keep the machine flying all night to amuse you."
"Is it perfectly safe?" I asked.

"Safer than a steamship, and twice as safe as a railway train," replied my friend; and he straightway began to help me into the rather narrow framework

No sooner had I braced my feet against the forward support than I began to regret my haste, if haste it might be called. I remembered several important matters that should have had my attention before I embarked on this adventure, among them the signing of my

I was about to explain these things to Fuller when I forgot them in the ease of

Gently, lightly, the great canvas thing started forward, slowly, then with a graceful sweep she followed the inclination of her forward planes and took the air. Confidently, almost caressingly, she seemed to balance herself for a moment, and then she shot forward and upward, exulting in her freedom.

There is something intoxicating about flight. Perhaps it is the joy of conquest -the joy that has carried mankind on from one invention to another since the ages of barbarism. For the time my timidity vanished. I leaned forward and

gasped with delight.

"O my, Fuller, but this beats all the dusty roads in the world!" I exclaimed.
Fuller smiled contentedly.

"Just wait," he begged. "You haven't really begun to enjoy it. Wait till we reach our ascensional range." What ascensional range was I had only

a very vague idea. Fuller explained: "The ascensional range is the limit of height to which any machine will rise with a given engine-power and given barometric conditions. It is the height at which the handling of an aeroplane

becomes a two-dimensional vehicle.' The explanation was all right, but it removed one difficulty to bring in another. I nodded. A flying aeroplane is no place for conversation, and I decided I would learn about those two dimensions when talking and listening were easier.

Up and up we went, now shooting with arrow-like straightness, now circling in wide or narrow spirals, like ascending smoke wreaths. I was utterly delighted. liked the straight flights best; the banking" of a machine at the curves

brings nervous moments to a timid man.
The wind rushed through the canvas frames, whistling an eery, exhilarating accompaniment to the rhythmic exhaust of the engine and the whir of the pro-peller blades. Occasionally Fuller would peller blades. Occasionally Fuller would up to the crosspiece and forced myself to move his hand slightly, pushing one of the levers at the other side of him this way or that, or turning the wheel in front of him, to take advantage of aircurrent or wind.

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Suddenly the machine stopped gliding upward and shot forward at increased

"This," explained Fuller, at the top of his voice, "is the limit of our ascensional range. Here, so to speak, we lose a dimension." He moved the elevating

down, but only forward. At this height

—Jim, I got to own up. I t' ought it
would pass off, but I—be' e—I'm—

dizzy height was eaten up, and the jour-

And without further ado, .nat is cactly what Fuller did! He slumped forward, and would have fallen but for the support of the steering-wheel. For some seconds I was in the grip of real panic. Feverishly I pulled Fuller into a more secure position. My heart almost stood still as my efforts caused the machine to lurch violently. but the great planer righted itself and cut its way serenely onward.

In moments of extreme fear the mind works in the haphazard manner of nightmares. I remember being at the same time grateful and indignant over this conduct of the aeroplane. Acutely realizing how we were dependent on it, l was conscious of a foolish wrath that it should skim exultingly onward, as if indifferent to the plight into which it had tempted us.

In a minute I became calmer, and turned my mind to more sensible reflection. They did not promise to be much more profitable. I tried to chafe Fuller's hands, but the movement threatened to shake him from his seat. I upbraided myself for not having paid more attention to the working of the levers, and then I reflected that however much knowledge I had, it would be of no value with the levers beyond Fuller, a good five and a half feet away. A feeling of

utter helplessness swept over me.
With a curious, whimsical turn, I felt grateful for the loss of the third dimension. I was not very certain what it prevented us from doing, but if it kept us from a downward direction I was willing

to bear the loss of it. Then it suddenly flashed over me that that was exactly the direction we must take before lack of gasoline caused an engine failure. If that happened, we should certainly be dashed to pieces.

I looked at Fuller. He had not stirred. Right there was another imperative reason why we should descend. Fuller might be suffering in some way from the altitude, and probably needed either medical attention or at least denser air. I touched him; he was cold as ice. There was only one thing to be done—a thing for a man like myself, so desperate that only the extremest need gave the semblance of sanity to the attempt. I must get to the levers; better to die fighting than to sit there and wait for death.

At what speed we were traveling I had no means of knowing, for there are no stationary objects by which one could judge. It must have been terrific, though, for the wind swept through the planes like a hurricane. And through that hur-

ricane I must reach the levers.

I looked down for a flash. It made me deathly sick. The earth seemed miles below, desired, but grimly challenging. Perspiration poured from me. I slowly took off my leather coat and threw it over Fuller. Then I realized that this

was the first step of preparation, and fear stabbed me anew.

In front of the two seats ran the cross piece of wood against which our feet were braced, and which gave partial support to the elevating planes. Between this slim foothold and the seats was the terrible chasm, the yawning threat of which dared me to make a fight for life. It was along this rail support that I must crawl to the levers. A slender chance to

grasp a slender hope.

I gripped the upright beside me, and gingerly half-turning, reversed one foot for the journey. I hope that I may never two weeks, but no damage has we to make such a terrific effort been done. of the will as the completion of that turn required. Summoning every ounce of courage I ever had, I left my seat, completed the turn, and the journey was begun. No man's reason could survive two such efforts. I was weak from the struggle of it. I paused a second, and took a steadier grip. The wind tore fiendishly at me and the vibration of the engine threatened to shake my feet from their support. A slip was too horrible to contemplate, and I moved a little more to keep from thinking. By some mercy Fuller's feet had kept a slight hold on the brace, and I should have to step carefully over them, or I might dislodge them

and see him slip to death. The shaft of the steering-wheel gave me partial support, but oh, the care had to use, and the fear lest a turning of the wheel might capsize us! Slowly I lifted one foot over, pulled the other one nearer, made room beside the first, grasped the upright beyond, and was over The machine lurched with my weight, and I feared that we were lost; but slowly she righted herself until she was almos

I leaned forward to examine the lever connections. The power I dared not touch, I would try to get to a lower level, and then go straight ahead, in the hope that Fuller would revive in the denser air.

I grasped the lever that was connected with the forward planes, and pulled it. I pulled hard. The lever shot forward with a suddenness and ease that were quite out of my calculations. My feet slipped from under me, and I shot down into that terrible chasm and looked into the eyes of death.

The shock gave me a singular calm. Long before I realized that I had a firm hold of the lever and the upright, I was fully resigned to my fate.

I telt in that flash rather glad that the terrible strain was over at last. I had gone to the extreme of terror, and although I am by nature a timid man, I had weathered the storm and turned the corner to true, calm courage. And greatly I needed it.

My fall had pulled the lever clear for ward. The planes were deflected almost vertically, and were rushing to the earth at a fearful speed. I could hardly breathe. My ears pounded and my head throbbed. In a minute more or less, we must strike. I tried to pull myself up, but the straining of the lever warned me of the risk. If that broke, there was indeed no hope.
In a burst of unthinking strength I let
go the lever and clutched the upright with both hands. Every second I expected the crushing, mutilating impact.

With a mighty effort I pulled one leg laugh, pushed it into a perpendicular

The guides answered with the precision of intelligent life. For a second the terrible momentum carried us down; then, with a sweet, curving swoop, the great canvas bird sped on horizontally, not more than thirty feet from the ground.

I gasped with a great relief. We were planes to a horizontal position without changing the course.

"You see," he said, "that here the aeroplane becomes a two-dimensional vehicle, with a tendency to go neither up nor larger with a great reflet. We were agreat reflet. We were over flat-lying meadow land, and I was just determined to try my hand at bringing the plane to earth when Fuller stirred uneasily, put aside the coat I had to set the sirup into a larger vessel of warm water, so that it will not harden.

We did not exchange a word. I scramb-, The Duty of Husbands to Make Wills.

ney had no terror for me now.
Fuller reached out to the levers, and in two gentle curves we took the ground. And still we did not speak as we climbed stiffly from our seats and our hands met For Fuller knows that I am a timid man, and he knew what I had done. And both of us knew that the gratitude of our hearts was beyond the reach of our tongues .- Youth's Companion.

New Island Born Off Japan's Coast During Fugi Eruption.

A new island, 100 feet high and five miles in circumference, was born in the Bonin group during the recent activity of the Fugi volcanic system. The Bonin group lies off the Japan coast due South

of Yokohama. When volcanic ash fell heavily in the Bonin Islands on January 13 it was supposed to come from the erupting volcano at Sakurajima, but it was later found to be issuing from the Iwo (meaning phosphorous) Islands of the Bonin group. A steamer was despatched to rescue the inhabitants of the little islands but it was learned that while the fall of ashes continued for two weeks no catastrophe had occurred.

Suddenly on the day after the steamer's arrival, January 23, a great eruption occurred in the sea at a point about three miles east of South Sulphur Island. A thick volume of white smoke rolled to the sky and attained a height estimated to be 10,000 feet.

Masses of rock and lava were discharged, as at Sakurajima. Detonations continued rapidly throughout the following day, the average number of explosions each hour being 26. On the morning of the twenty-fifth the weather was cloudy, but in the early afternoon when the atmosphere cleared observers were astounded to perceive a large new island on the horizon.

Its location is about the same as that of the smaller island which sprung from the sea in 1904 only later to disappear. Dr. Omori, a noted seismologist, who has returned from an inspection of Mt. Sakurajima, is of opinion that the volcano already has passed its eruptive period and has entered into what is called the earthquake period; therefor greater precaution should be taken in respect to the state of the mountain hereafter. A great deal of arsenic acid has been emitted from the rock lava in the village of Ari,

and one can scarcely approach it. "Ashes fell heavily almost all over the island," he said, "and the heaviest fall was at a village called Kurogami and its neighborhood, where the houses are buried almost up to the roofs. The amount of rock lava which has flowed out of the volcano is almost unprecedented, and in some places these rocks are piled as high as 230 feet."

jima Island, added Dr. Omori, reached 24,000, many of whom went to Kagoshima, which supplied them with food at a daily cost of \$800. A few slight tremors and quakes are

The number of refugees from Sakura

still felt but the mountain has spent its force and is beginning to settle down to rest. What was once a beautiful green gem floating in the blue waters of Kagoshima Bay is now an imposing heap of ash and lava.

Since the eruption at Sakurajima earth-

# Spring Music.

My heart sings with the robin, The silver flashing rill, And carols with the breezes In joy's delicious thrill: With flowers and grass and lambkins, It joins the glad refrain; "Oh, fairest days! Oh, rearest days! 'Tis blossom-time again!"

### George Cooper LIKED BIG BANKNOTES.

An English Lord Who Had a Curious Mania For Hoarding.

A curious story of hoarding is told in Ralph Neville's book of gossip:

A former Lord Dysart who lived more or less an invalid's life in a house on the outskirts of London, carefully watched over by a lady who acted as a sort of companion-nurse, one and testament he gave to his beloved I am not complaining, merely trying to day asked her to go to town and get a check cashed for him at the Bank original two thousand dollars for fifty of England. When she was ready to years then amounted to about \$60,000. start the old peer sat down at his writing table and, having written out ered to be a good investment. sure and see that she got one note for the whole amount. \* \* \* When she her authority for making such a request, he said that if she did not object he would much rather send a

After having done so he told the peer that there were only three such notes in existence. "One," he said, "we have at the bank, another I have just handed to your lordship and the third. which some time ago disappeared from circulation, we have never been able to trace."

"Perhaps I can help you," said Lord Dysart, and, hobbling over to a bureau, he unlocked a drawer and took out the missing £100,000 banknote, which had been lying there for many vears.

# How to Glace Nuts.

Glace nuts are always great favorites. Use walnuts, filberts, almonds. Brazil nuts and pecans. For the glace turn into an enameled saucepan onehalf pound of granulated sugar and one-half cupful of water. Boil until it threads, then add three tablespoonfuls of vinegar and boil again, removing from the fire the very instant it changes color. Dip the nuts as quickly as possible, let them dry and dip warm water, so that it will not harden.

It has been our custom for a number of years to pass our summer vacation on the banks of Lake Seneca, where one of us was born. Here our paternal grandparents came when the country was yet a wilderness, and here they lived and died. Their wedding journey from Rensselaerwick was made in a covered wag on, in which they brought their worldly possessions, some chairs, a table, a bed, stove, some dishes, and cooking utensils. A half-dozen sheep and a cow brought up the rear of this caravan. Here they cleared the ground and built a house. Grandmother dyed and carded and spun into varn and wove into cloth the wool from the sheep, from which she knitted the socks and mittens and made the clothing. From the flax which grew wild thereabouts she made the household linen. No small tasks were these when eventually nine children came to demand care and protection. Once a year a percountry, and then this small army was with boots and shoes in reserve sufficient to last until his return. By and by a frame house was built, a luxury of any kind about their houses, it was all in years was a drill of the "Lancers" on in those days; property was accumu lated.

To whom did it belong? In justice and equity it belonged to both parents. Each had borne the burden; each should share in the reward. But the law said no. The wife's services belong to the husband, and their joint earnings belong to him, only the husband nothing. Truly a munificent compensa-tion for fifty years of service such as

Were grandmother's services less been on for a varying number of days, valuable than grandfather's? By what all of her clothing was sticking together righteous authority did everything belong to grandfather?—he being allowed to give or will away everything, except they undressed her and washed her body the use of one-third of the real estate, before I could make an examination and which grandmother might have after his death, but for her lifetime only. It was barely possible that grandmother might with. And yet these better grade Mohave liked to give or will something to hammedans are supposed to keep clean her children on her own account. When as a part of their religion. I decided to she had earned it, by years of toil as hard as his, why should she not have been allowed to gratify this altogether worthy pital where we can take good care of her. ambition:

Forty years ago a boy and a girl married. He had nothing. She had saved five hundred dollars teaching school. They bought a farm, paying her five hundred dollars down, and taking a mortgage carts which it would have pleased you to for the balance. Title was taken in the see. Walking two or three feet in front husband's name. They worked together for forty years. He died, leaving no will. There were no children. Under the law of the State the property went to his fingers widely parted to let out some brothers and sisters, all old, all well-todo. The personality amounted to very The wife's dower, the use of onelittle. third during her life, amounts to less than \$200 a year, and this is her sole support

in her old age. In that section of the country women can get one dollar a day for at least half the year working in fruit, tying grapevines, putting handles on baskets, picking berries, cherries, and currants, and packing grapes, peaches, and plums. Household service is always at a premium, as no one there will go out to do that kind of work. They are the descendants of the old settlers and are proud. The married women work in the fruit in the daytime, and perform their household duties at night. This means baking and to be indian, for they cooking and stewing, and washing and sible way, even to turning their teams as dull as the coal to the eye. But it is ironing and mending for the hired men as well as the family. Incidentally they raise children. No one person could be hired to do this work. They do it for "sais" continuously call out to get out of love, but we believe there is no insurthe way. mountable obstacle in the way of getting both love and justice; we believe that love and injustice are irreconcilable-and advice is to exact justice and take a Our dinner tonight was part of this. The

chance on love. 

Total more than this wife was entitled to? A bride was presented by her uncle with \$2,000, with which the thrifty bridegroom bought sheep. It proved a profitable investment, and in time they were or eggs had been spoiled; but that did well-to-do. At the expiration of fifty years of matrimony and mutual toil (which included the rearing of six children) the husband died. By his last will the pudding was thrown to the "surper." wife two thousand dollars in cash, or her show you the ways of this strange land. dower interest in his real estate. Her

This shows that a wife may be consid-A clerk in a delicatessen store in a a check for £100,000, told her to be large city married a German governess. apparel is changed; when taken up in They started a similar store of their own the morning and their faces must be and lived in the rear. The wife did the washed, a cup is brought full of water reached the bank the cashier communicated with the manager, who asked for the store, and between times waited the nurse to step into his private of on customers. They were frugal and fice. Having satisfied himself as to prospered. After twenty years the husband died. The wife naturally thought she was entitled to the property, at least a portion of it. But the husband had made a will prior to his marriage, whereclerk to accompany her with the note.

She gladly assented to this arrangement, and in due course the clerk in state a will prior to his marriage, where by he devised his property to his brothers and children following a herd of cattle, state the will of an unmarried man is catching in their hands the fresh manure person handed the £100,000 banknote not revoked by his subsequent marriage unless a child has been born and the wife received not one cent of the proper-ty she had spent twenty years in helping ried upon the head, and all around you,

to accumulate. A woman's will is revoked by her subsequent marriage. It is not so with a

The staple argument of the opponents of equal laws for men and women is that wives are privileged in that they can do with their own as they like, while the husbands cannot. But is the property the husband's any more than the wife's when they accumulate it jointly? Up to the marriageable age girls earn nothing; after marriage their services belong to their husbands. Where is the opportunity to accumulate property which shall be their very own in the eyes of the law, ither very own in the eyes of the law, ither very own in the eyes of the law, ither very own in the eyes of the law, it we riding on a camel which was just as with which they may do as they like? What provision can they make for possible incapacity and certain old age if they live?-By Harriette M. Johnston-Wood, of the New York Bar.

# To Erect Westinghouse Memorial.

Heads of the various Westinghouse concerns and well known Pittsburghers have formed the Westinghouse Memorial Association. It is planned to erect in Pittsburgh a memorial, probably a monument, to the late George Westinghouse.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. An Interesting Potpouri of General News and Happenings, With Queer Customs, Etc.

JHANSI, FEBRUARY 28th, 1913. Dear Home Folb.

After several weeks of dark, gloomy, day was hot and sunshiny and today all my dark blinds are carefully drawn to shut out the glare, and when I go out I must use dark glasses.

I went to see a sick woman this morning, one I had seen some time ago in a similar attack of sickness. This time foot high wall I entered a large courtambulating shoemaker came through the The court-yard was all paved and could have been made very picturesque, but few Indians ever have flowers or shrubs white, glarey, and what was worse, had a horse back to band music. Half of the very had odor

side. As you have learned before thisall these people go to bed in their day small triangular flag of red and white clothes, night garments being a sign of on the topmost point. Those horses must support the wife. The wife owned the Western world. In this instance it were well trained; I have never seen a was a little worse than usual, since from calisthenic drill that was better done. bis!
Did grandfather support grandmother? ered with linseed poultices and having they are not nearly as good as the men. with the stuff and I had to wait until have the patient brought into the hos-I am just back from church and as I walked both over and back I feel a bit tired. Although it will be moonlight later, I passed several native bullock same time giving a weird and very interesting effect to me, coming from the opposite direction, for it was like a vivid picture coming out of the intense darkness-a face and naked "torso" well lighted with the shielded candle-at a little distance away I could not see what it was or from whence it came.

One is stopped here unless your "ghardirectly across the road in front of you, the latter, after all, that helps the

In so many ways this is such a lawless we must choose between them, my death with laws and conventionalities. soup, which I think was potato, was so full of cinnamon and cloves one could only guess what it was; but all Indian ..\$30 000 food has cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg, so we must have it also. The meat was \$36 000 cooked to death and the beets, carrots, Would the whole estate have been potatoes and squash might just as well have been cooked in the same pot. Then came an egg custard with caramel dressing, not fit to eat, since either the milk

I think I have told you, that although our nurses have nearly all been in training for two years, yet when the children are put to bed not one stitch of wearing washed, a cup is brought full of water and poured over a hand and the face thus 293; Disciples of Christ, 1,519,369; Prowashed. Not a wash cloth have I seen used.

Daily I am disgusted with these Indians' short-sightedness. Not a single bit of cow-manure is ever left to help the soil; daily one meets men, women catching in their hands the fresh manure as it falls, or picking it from the ground and putting it into a basket, always caryou see the poor starved trees, small, stunted verdure and only a poor excuse for grass, which at this season is, of course, brown and one wonders what this wonderful climate would produce could the produce for the course for th the natural fertilization be procured.

The natural picturesqueness is often used to attract attention. For instance, there is to be a musical in General Y's there is to be a musical in General Y's men. The Twenty-fifth, the banner garden one day this week, for the benefit suffrage ward of the city, shows a female tive riding on a camel which was just as tive riding on a camel which was just as brilliantly attired. Imagine such a thing can put jacks under and slowly lift it into at home to announce a concert given by position. He can raise it much quicker a very good string orchestra.

The Y. M. C. A. had a tea party and sale and among the attractions was a the bowels, the slow, sure method, by motor car drive and an elephant ride. I could not resist the elephant so crawled the method of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant up onto the seat with three others.

That great mountain of flesh first pitched us violently forward, then nearly tossed the method of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. There are other pills that act like dynamite. But they ruin the system in doing it. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets in doing it. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets is the method of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. us violently forward, then nearly tossed us over his tail, and he was on his four feet and with a long slow step started. It was a nice, rocking sensation and had I their use does not beget the pill habit.

had a book would have just liked to have gone on and on, but it was a slow progress and me thinks unless compelled to do so, will not select the elephant when starting on a long journey. It does well enough for the beauty of a circus to ride but scarcely fits in with the rushing Western world we know. The first opportunity I have I am going to get on cool days, without any warning, yester- a camel. I am told that you are sore all over after your first attempt and many are very sea-sick. I know all about that, now I am ready to find out this new form.

Wednesday-After two nights of dinner party and work the recreation this week has been watching the military after stepping through a gate in a twelve- "Assault at Arms" during which all the regiments must take part and compete yard surrounded by dwelling houses, on for place; it is like a big school exhirade ground, but instead of children, they are men from two countries.

One of the prettiest sights I have seen men rode light bay horses, the other half I was taken through a near-by door, to on black horses. The riders all had on find my patient lying on her bed just iners and each carried a long lance with a some previous advice, she had been cov- Today the officers compete and I am told

(Continued next week.)

Jottings of Interest.

"The frivolous, purposeless lives of this world are like ships at the mercy of wind and tide. Hail one of them and ask, "Whither are you bound?" and the answer will be, "I don't know." 'What cargo do you carry?' 'Nothing.' 'Well what are you doing out here on the ocean of life?" 'Only drifting. Oh! but you don't know what a sorry spectacle you make-only drifting when there is so much to be done."

SAMUEL V. COLE.

"In France during the Second Empire, forty years and more ago, an investigation of the government schools showed that the boys who used tobocco were so far beneath the others in health, intellect and morals, that the use of tobacco was prohibited thenceforth in all French government schools. France is a logical nation. The American boy who wants to make the best of himself should be logical too, and rule out the cigarette."

"The diamond is one kind of crystal and coal is another. But, on the whole, ry" candles are lighted, and all must though the diamond is beautiful, the show a light on the right hand side since world would rather give up its diamonds all pass to the left. You remember that than its coal. More depends upon the is the English custom—never believe it coal—far more. Genius is as shining as daytime, and perform their nousehold to be Indian, for they will pass any pos-

> "When the imprisoned Louis Napoleon was being derided for his foolish attempts country and yet in others it is ridden to upon France he said: "Who knows? I am the nephew of my uncle, I may yet sit upon the imperial throne" and he did. Nothing is ever lost in aiming at the highest and best, for as one says: "Laboring toward distant aims sets the mind in a higher key, and puts us at one rest."

> > **Publicity Committee** Bellefonte Woman's Club.

Year's Growth in the Churches.

The actual enrolled membership of Christian churches within continental United States showed a net increase of not matter to the cook—it must be a 618,000, or 1.8 per cent., during 1913, ac-"brown pudding"—with the result that the pudding was thrown to the "surper." the Washington office of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. The Methodist church led in the increased membership with 220,000. The other churches in their order follow: Baptist, 64,000; Presbyterian, 45,600; Lutheran, 36,100; Disciples, 21,800; and

Episcopal, 16,500. The actual membership of the largest churches in the United States are given as follows: Roman Catholic, 13,099,534; Methodist, 7,125,069; Baptist, 5,924,622; testant Episcopal, 997,407; and Congregational,748,340. These eight churches contain 34,000,000 of the 37,280,000 of actual church membership within the

Hold Balance of Power in Chicago.

Women voters will hold the balance of power in every ward in the aldermanic elections April 7th, politicians noted on Wednesday after a careful scanning of the registration books closed on Tuesday

Women to the number of 218,643 have registered as qualified voters in Chicago. The male registration is 474,981, giving

The First ward, where "Bath House John" Coughlin is opposed for re-election to the city council by Miss Marion Drake, has 4,718 women registered and 13,514

by exploding a charge of dynamite under the house, but it will ruin the house. There are two methods of treatment for which a small pill and a carefully graduated dose remove obstructions. That's