Belletonte, Pa., June 5, 1914.

WRITE THEM A LETTER TONIGNT.

Don't go to the theatre, concert or ball, But stay in your room tonight; Deny yourself to the friends that call And a good long letter write-Write to the sad old folks at home, Who sit when the day is done, With folded hands and downcast eyes.

And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble: "Excuse my haste, I've scarcely the time to write," Lest their brooding thoughts go wandering

back To many a by-gone night, When they lost their needed sleep and rest, And every breath was a prayer That God would leave their delicate babe To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel that you've no more need Of their love and counsel wise; For the heart grows strangely sensitive When age has dimmed the eyes. It might be well to let them believe

You never forget them quite; That you deem it a pleasure, when far away, Long letters home to write. Don't think that the young and giddy friends, Who make your pastime gay,

Have half the anxious thoughts for you That the old folks have today. The duty of writing do not put off. Let sleep or pleasure wait;

Let the letter for which they looked and longer Be not a day too late. - Selected.

"SAID."

Sir Eliot Holt had been down in the City the greater part of the day; the brougham had been waiting for him in front of the offices of Anglo-Chinese Derelopment Co. for over an hour when he finally descended the steps and got in. "Marsden," he said to the footman,

"get me to Sir Walter Thorne's by half after five; so tell Jupe to drive slowly, and by the Embankment.' The man touched his hat, and sprang

up beside the coachman. The afternoon was what is called one of proverbial London weather: the somber sky lowered almost to the touching point with the somber earth; there was no rift in the lead, no promise in the east or in the west; the fog infolded the embankment, made one with the river, and hung like a drift of gauze about the houses, the towers, the monuments, and the steeples. It was of course all essentially English, and yet to this man the misty Thames stood that day for one of the yellow rivers of the Orient; the swathe of the British haze was the vapor that swallows up swamp-land and upland of the province of Fu-chau, and for all that his eyes were now closed, they be- field. held with vivid exactness the face of a pupil in the mission-school in Tientsin. had seen her there only once, and had gone again and again to find her:

harder and more reticent expression.

and next to no feeling. He was thought sentiment and imagination.

pulled up before Sir Walter's house in and waiting for other guests to leave.

When they started to go, she rose and went with them the length of the two drawing-rooms, and seemed in no hurry to return: but when she looked into the mirrors before her, and noticed that he was pacing back and forth, she smiled to herself, left the guests, and went back to paper, with no one with her but her

She was very charming, gracious, and graceful, perfectly gowned, and a bit languorous from the top of her tall, blonde head to the tips of her velvet slippers. she "So you are really going away?"

Sir Eliot Holt, men said, appraised every-

upon the floor.
"How long?" she asked.

his tall, straight figure, his gray eyes, his clean-cut, smooth-shaven face, with for the beggars were abroad. Ah-Moystrong jaw, and lips full of tenderness Ah shouted back that she would, but when he smiled. He was faultless in the that already the grandmother was asleep. little motions of hand, arm, and feature that betray human fineness or coarseness,

yet withal calm, unaroused. 'Twelve whole months! she exclaimed under her breath.

absorbed was he in saying within himself, is what she heard: 'Shall I, or shall I not?" that even courtesy went by the board. And, too, for all the charm of her pink lips, he did not crave to kiss them; for, between him and the English girl stood that girl of the Ori-

Twelve whole months!" Nina repeated in an even lower tone.

Sir Eliot took a step nearer, and standing quite erect before her, said smilingly "Suppose we call it on. What do you

Miss Thorne's heart seemed to stop beating; the things she had most wished "I am an old man; I have not long."—A for this man and his possessions, were ter how? They were within her grasp; the triumphant red flooded her face and throat. At last, after months of subservience and diplomacy, she had her chance. He might wait a minute or two; guards my crops save Ah-Moy-Ah and she had waited many days.

"Don't you think we can hit it off fairly well, Nina?" he said, laughing a little sir,—I prostrate myself before you, and as he sat down beside her. "Come," he added, as she kept silent, "had you not mat,—what of your daughter?"

better give me your answer now? I have remember, to-morrow."

"Precisely. I must tell you. A new railway-line is to be built through the valley of the Yellow River." His voice was suddenly full of enthusiasm. "A mag"Then," the third voice went on, "it is nificent piece of work; I am putting a

nese or our European governments."
"Yes?" she uttered the syllable with was only four thousand a year, a trifle shriek had died, the same voice which had beside the high-tide mark which she had provcked it went on:

"What do yoù suppose 'betrothed' is in Chinese?" He was surveying her critically as he spoke. She smiled radiantly. "I don't know,"

she said. "Said?'" she repeated, still smiling.
"Said,' and done?" he reiterated gaily.

"Is it not?" 'I-suppose so," she replied, laughing gaily with him.
"Then"—he looked at his watch—"I'll drop in at the club and see your father

on my way. He will be there, will he not, as usual?" "He is there now," she answered "My very best to the lady mother."
He took her hand, touched his lips to it, looked into her upturned eyes, and added: "I will send you all sorts of pretty things from the Orient, including a

contented man in England to-night." "I hope so," she laughed. "You will write

"You have been in the Orient before?"

prayers, don't they?"

she asked. had gone away from her. "There's some-thing out there in the East that supplies largest price; say what you must say as my lack, or wakes the dormant in me." the bluejay speaks to the crow, softly, but "May we not go there together some listen, listen, always listen, and tell it to and feels it cooler. One tries not to

on the knob. "I don't ask you to come tion. to the very last instant. I'll call you up before I board the train for Liverpool." Ah-Moy-Ah sat on her mat by the lattice; she did not take up her needles since I have told most things over many down and see me off; I've a lot to do up before I board the train for Liverpool.' She smiled, and he was gome.

alike in the Chinese country, the lights in the watching-lodge built on the high to embrace everything; the bushes which separated the different fields had disapcame in with a silver coin and said, "here of her honorable father's watermelon-

The watching-lodges in the Chinese gentle fawn-colored girl of the East, a farm-lands, dotting as they do every ten acres or so of cultivated earth during harvest-time, are among the most picturesque features of the Oriental landscape. but she was never found or heard of, save that her father, whose name no one with sorghum-leaves or bits of old matknew, had come secretly and taken her ting, branched with rude arbors full of away, probably to earn money for him by clinging and flowering vines, with a great cline the voice of a foreign devil speak, and keep my U. S. coin for a pocketmaking the exquisite flowers of silk on number of poles sticking out at angles ing to the pony as she had heard other As he stared out into the vapory waste, shining in the misty nights like fairy her ancestors. Oh, no; rather one who globes, the watching-lodges are things of came to rob the melon patch or to please vanished in the merging of earth an sky, he saw in fancy another face—a fair, English face of rose and pearl, thin-lip—who watch for the hordes of thieves who watch for the hordes of thieves who limb the proved arching browned and point and pearl, thin-lip—who watch for the hordes of thieves who limb the proved arching browned and point and pearly the province browned and pearly the province browned and pearly the English face of rose and pearl, thin-lip— who watch for the hordes of thieves who gong to her side, and stripped the cotton ped, arching-browed, and quiet-eyed, and infest every spot in China where there from the beater. She would frighten the reflecting on it, his own face took on a is a grain of millet, a stalk of sorghum, a intruder with the noise, and at the same Sir Eliot was accounted a man of inexorable pride, few foibles, little heart, not watched day and night, the farmer would never gather a grain. So Ah-Moyto be addicted to nothing less than to Ah, of the Flowers of silk, sat in her sentiment or imagination; therefore it father's watching-lodge, looking out bealmost goes without saying that he was tween the grape-vine leaves, her fine, obsometimes ruled, even obsessed, by both long eyes now on the fields, where perhaps the robbers were lying flat be-At the desired hour the brougham tween the vines or crawling like lizards, now on the basket of silks and velvets South Audley Street, and presently Sir on the stand beside her. For the trade Eliot was having tea with Nina Thorne, of Ah-Moy-Ah was to make, with her nimble fingers, exquisite flowers of silk, velvet, and muslin, which, surpassing in loveliness the flowers of all other makers, had gained her her second name and not

a little money. She sat in the upper staging of the watching-lodge, perched on a slab of thick grandmother, who slept soundly on her mat in the corner. Her needle was his hat. "I have lost my way; my pony threaded, and near by were a jar of gum, has gone lame in your thicket garden. sharp scissors, little steel tools, brushes, and reels. But her needle was idle; for her gaze went away beyond the melons and the millet, the maize, the sweet pota-He inclined his head, looking at her toes, and the golden squashes, to rest from under his level, appraising brows, upon the river, where it coiled through the far-off burial-places and slid quite money value, at a value of some sort, against the blue-purple horizon. Then the crows laughed in the elms, and Ahup as she took her seat and indicated a she heard some one approaching. Those

The three men came into the watching-"A year, at the least."

Then she did raise her lids, taking in father of Ah-Moy-Ah screamed up to her and to her grandmother to watch well,

While the three men whispered to-gether, Ah-Moy-Ah swept her blossoms to one side, slipped down to the slatted flooring, and, wetting her finger, laid it nder her breath.

On the paper carpet, making a tiny hole,
He did not answer at the moment, so to which she applied her pretty ear. This

> In the heavily voweled Manchu, her father spoke first: "Look at the burialplaces of our ancestors! the foreign devils have come; they will build the railway that will lead from the city to the sea; they will make cursed bridges over the river; they will desecrate the tombs of our honorable grandfathers. Is this

"No, honorable sir," answered a voice. "I respectfully bathe myself before I reply to you; and my reply is, No!"
The father of Ah-Moy-Ah exclaimed:

groan greeted this announcement.-"I being offered to her, what mat- have five sons. Of course they are all married, and there are thirty-three grandchildren, not to say my wife and my daughter. Forty-one mouths to feed, and I have only fifteen acres, and no one

> the mother of my wife! What can I do?"
>
> A third voice said: "But, honorable A third voice said:

A murmur like the sighing of the wind only a few minutes more. I'm off, you greeted this. There was an interrogative note running through it, as there always "No!" She put out a very beautiful is when a young girl is spoken of in hand a little way; it was not taken. "Not as soon as that?"

China up to the time of her betrothal. Then the father of Ah-Moy-Ah no doubt made some significant sign, for Ah-Moy-

"Then," the third voice went on, "it is, honorable master, not impossible that pretty big lump into it personally, and Ah-Moy-Ah, having been at the devilish the approximate outlay, all told, will be ten millions. I am pledged for the whole, the foreign devils in their own tongue, hours' walk from here so I prefer to do if it is not subscribed by either the Chi- can waylay them with those wiles of the it in the morning rather than at night, dog that wonien know?"

But the voice of the father of Ah-Moysufficient interest, her heart throbbing at Ah broke into so fearful and scornful a church and looked out I could see the the thought of ten millions. Not that shriek that it startled the crows in their hedge of white oleanders, now in full she was poor; but her fathers income nests. However, when the echo of the bloom, and I thought how beautiful such

> Moy-Ah learned the embroideries which fetch to you much money, making your Did you know that oleanders die almost daughter valuable far beyond most, and the price her future husband's family as soon as they are broken off? I had to help us toward the preservation of our venerated tombs? The wit of a woman is an abomination when directed against her husband, but why not in the behalf of her sacred ancestors?"

But the father of Ah-Moy-Ah gave a second wail more appalling than the first, which, however, merely meant that Ah-Moy-Ah should do just what the friend for the groom's home the next day. It motioned his two companions out of the

watching-lodge.
Ah-Moy-Ah sprang from the eye-hole to her post at the lattice as he said to her, "Listen." He stood at the foot of ring, and I am sure I am quite the most the ladder, looking up. contented man in England to-night."

"I listen, revered and honorable sir; I

kneel to receive your words." She knelt, leaning over the ladder toward him. "Rather! I'm not much at long letters, though," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "but we understand each other too our forefathers; they will dig them up as well to pin our faith on scraps of paper." the dogs dig up the sweet potatoes; they "Yes," she assented. "We can leave those to the Chinese: they use them for You know their tongue?"

"Yes, honorable sir, I know their tongue."
"Then, if any come this way in the pleasant daytime, bid them halt; feed "Oh, dear me, yes! I like it." His gaze them with the ripest melons; sell them

may?" She moved a bit closer to him.
"Of course. Anywhere you like. On wedding-journey, eh? We must be two friends across the wide fields to the were watching-lodge, where they also it and enjoy it, is by forgetting all about you please." He laughed.

She inclined her head. His hand was the dogs, and their own possible starvature its discomforts; hence my talking so much of the cool days.

and silks. The little moon had sunk into the arms of the mist, for the mist in the Ah-Moy-Ah, of the Flowers of Silk, sat Orient is always holding out open arms peared; only just beneath her casement is a strange coin that the matron was could she perceive the vines hung thick with fruit. Suddenly she seemed to hear given at the bazaar in change, and sent it something besides the deep breathing of to you as a present." It was a ten-cent the toothless old woman who slept on piece and I was so glad to see it I almost her mat in the far corner of the loft.
Ah-Moy-Ah descended the ladder, knelt, and laid her ear to the ground. Yes, she heard the dull pound of a pony's (eight cents) and so passed for it. I all over them, and with each of these foreign devils do in Tientsin. This could piece. I cannot imagine how it ever got hung with brilliant-colored lanterns, not be one of those who would dig up into circulation here except that three her ancestors. Oh, no; rather one who days ago another of those "Clark tourists" peach, a plum, a grape, a mellon, or a time call to her relatives in the other

But she did neither, for just then she heard the thud of a man's boots in the loose, damp soil at the threshold of the

It was Sir Eliot Holt, who on his trip of inspection had missed his way in the fog, lost his companions, and had come to the first light he saw for information. He caught sight of her by the flash of her swinging lanterns, little, lithe, with granate's hue, and hair as sleek as the wings of birds. He saw her before she saw him. Just as Ah-Moy-Ah was raising her right arm to beat the gong their eyes met. Her arm dropped to her side, and her breath came quickly as she recog-

nized him, and now she was not afraid. "Do not be alarmed, honorable little lady," he said in his best Chinese, raising his hat. "I have lost my way; my pony The mists are heavy. May I stay down here until the wind blows away the fog?' Then Ah-Moy-Ah recalled the strange customs she had observed in the mission

compound in Tientsin. "I understand. I have been warned. You come to steal the crops, the sorghum, thing, and while not necessarily at a over to the Sacred Mountain, limned the little millet, the pears and plums and grapes; but if you do not go away I will physical, or mental. So of course he appraised Nina Thorne. She did not look Moy-Ah brought her eyes home again as relatives will rush forward and kill you." So much Ah-Moy-Ah felt she must say chair to him. Her blue eyes were fixed upon the floor.

So much All-woy-All left she milet say the for her father's sake; but she smiled as honorable father and two of his cousins. she said it and she did not strike the she said it, and she did not strike the only a taste. You can't buy ice cream

> Sir Eliot made haste to deny any appropriative inclination toward the crops. Then Ah-Moy Ah, remembering all her father's injunctions, cried: "Oh, you are a high wind. I am very glad for the then the Lord of Bitterness, and you ride over the sacred places; your servants dig up the honorable dust of my grandfathers and plow up their bones; and the spirits lament; and my ancestors are scattered to the salt winds. You up and sends you off to bed with a bad plant instead the bars of iron and screws of steel, and upon these comes riding the evil of evils-the monster on his wheels, with smoke and fire and sparks in his

Sir Eliot reached up to the bamboo shed where Ah-Moy-Ah leaned over the uncertain railing, and took her hands in his; then, although she made no motion, he laid her hands back on the sill, drawing away; then bent his head and pressed to his lips the edge of her sleeve. She sighed, lifted the sleeve across her face,

and, looking over it, said: "You are Englishee man I have see" mission-school, Tientsin side?' Sir Eliot exclaimed, "You speak Eng-

Ah-Moy-Ah nodded eagerly. "Yes, I am an Englishman, but I am not a lord of bitterness. Oh, no, Listen," he said. "It is true I am come to your country to build railways and set the cars

"Ah!" she interrupted with a low wail, at which he smiled. "I have heard say so, truth?"

(Concluded next week.)

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. More Hot Weather. A Hindu Wedding, With Festivities, Etc.

JHANSI, APRIL 23rd, 1913.

Dear Home Folk: I got up and went to seven o'clock church this morning and stayed for the since the days are so hot. As I sat in a hedge would be at home. There is "It is at the mission-schools that Ah- plenty of water in the church compound so their garden is not quite all gone. must pay you will be great. Should you always thought that they would live like not, while she is your slave, instruct her lilacs and was so disappointed after making up a big bouquet, and it was so pretty, to come back in about half an hour and find my beauties faded.

Our wedding will come off on Tuesday and we are to give them a tea directly He invented the method for the deterafter the ceremony and they will start in council had designated. So the father is a two days' journey from here. The groom-to-be is a native preacher and earns the wonderful salary of eighteen rupees (six dollars) a month; and they his ideas during the eighteen centuwill be able to live well on that. I won- ries between him and Leonardo da der how many people live well on six dollars a month in the States.

You wonder at our cool spring; so do the people of Jhansi. Such a cool February and March has never been known as the heat begins in February and by March it is hot; it will get hotter and hotter until the middle of July when, as you know, the rains come and cool us down. I mean just that, for if for a day or two there is no rain it simply is as hot as ever and only the damp earth and the clouded sun make it cool. And that lasts think of the heat for it is an ever presit and enjoy it, is by forgetting all about chine.

I am sometimes puzzled as to what times. A surprise came to me last night; the nurses know I am looking for some kissed the lady on the coin. It is just a went through here en route to Agra and Delhi and they must have passed it

Well, our tea party is over and it seems that all these Hindustani people want is food, since they came directly here from the church and tea and cake were given at once, ice cream being served a little later; and as soon as they had eaten home they went, just like an

American crowd of the same kind. The bride looked like a Christmas doll, in white silk "sauri," a wreath of many colored flowers on her head, with a white eyes black and shining, lips of the pome- chiffon veil edged with cheap lace over all. Her fat, black face looked fatter and blacker, and her cheap imitations of English jewelry were truly comical, and I could only think of a colored bride in a minstrel show. But they were in dead earnest enough and went off last night, amidst many good wishes and many presents (such as they were.) Miss McL. and I gave her four sheets, others gave her cups and saucers, aluminum, glasses, a mirror and many cooking utensils, since they are the main things in a native house. The whole tea thing took place out in the garden and the dishes were so hot that the ice cream melted as fast as I dipped it out, but they lapped up the melted milk and I wished I could give them more; our freezers are too small for such a crowd so they all had here and it is considered much of a treat. The "loo" is getting very strong and

we have big dust storms now with such wind when I am in doors since my "kuskus tatti" works mighty fine then and I am kept nice and cool, but when riding headache and a big desire to get rid of your breakfast, so I try to avoid it as as much as I can.

We have had no after Easter snows. There was a little rain one night last week, perhaps twenty drops, and "honest Injun" it sounded when it struck the earth as though you threw water on redhot irons; simply sizzled, and by the time I decided not to go into the house but lie down again and let it rain, it was all over and the moon was smiling as serenely as ever, and I was hotter for the clouds had stopped the wind. You may French: know how hot it is when one don't even draw up the sheet at night when we are sleeping under the stars, as far as we conveniently can from the house. (Continued next week.)

-Remember that the WATCHMAN costs you no more than the cheapest paper in the county.

CALLED FATHER OF SCIENCE

Truly Wonderful Thinker and Inventor Was Archimedes, Famous Through the Centuries.

On December 10 of the year 212 B. C. perished the great Archimedes, murdered by a brutal, ignorant Roman soldier, as he sat with bowed head in his house at Syracuse thinking out the mighty problems of science. Archimedes was born at Syracuse

Sicily, B. C. 287, and was therefore at the time of his death seventy-five years old. He was the greatest man of his day, and will ever rank as one of the profoundest thinkers and reasoners of all time. In mathematics and natural philosophy he had no peer on earth, and it is not too much to say that he is fairly entitled to be called the "father of science." He would have discovered the differential calculus had algebra been known in his day, and he came very near doing so even as it was. He anticipated the astronomical system subsequently worked out by Copernicus. He laid the foundation of hydrostatics. mination of specific gravity. He formulated the true theory of the lever and uttered the ever famous words, "Give me whereon to stand and I will move the earth." In theoretical mechanics no advance was made upon Vinci.

It was Archimedes who invented the endless screw, the most important mechanical contrivance known to science. From the teeming brain of the old Syracusan came also the idea of the screw pump, the hydraulic engine and the burning mirror. He was the creator of the catapult, the artillery of the olden time, whose dreadful bolts were the terror of ancient armies. He invented another engine, the ponderous claws of which, reaching over the walls, lifted up ships and their crews and then suddenly dropped them into the sea, while with his great "sun glasses" he was able to set on fire such of the enemies' ships as could ent condition and the only way to live in not be reached with the grappling ma-

It took the world 2,000 years to produce the equal of the mighty intellect that was brutally snuffed out by the blow from the mace of that brutal Roman soldier.

Baths of Sea Sand.

The very latest beauty bath is that composed of hot sea sand. Some famous beauties have the sand brought direct from Coney island or Long

island in barrels. These baths are fairly expensive, but then it is claimed that they do infinite good to a certain quality of skin-that white skin which so often accompanies red-gold hair and a peach

complexion. The hot sea sand bath is prepared in rather a peculiar way. A large sheet is placed on the floor and covered thickly with smoking hot sand. Then the "patient" is wrapped up in the sheet and quietly massaged. After five minutes the "patient" is rolled over and over a dozen times and then again massaged. By this time the sand is cool and the operation finished, unless a very enthusiastic beauty lover has the courage to begin all over again.

After the sea sand bath is over a strong hot sea water bath is taken, and this is followed by a delicious douche of cold, faintly scented water. Next comes the cup of coffee accompanied by a roll and then-half an hour's repose!

Lesson in English.

Many travelers have the unfortunate failing of attributing ignorance and backwardness to everyone who wears the strange garb and observes the strange customs of a foreign land. Often, as in the case of the tourist in China that the New York Tribune tells of, there is a rude awakening.

When his steamer touched at Hongkong, the tourist was delighted to see a Chinese woman in the costume of her country come on board ship. She was the first Chinese woman that he had seen in the native dress, and he determined to take a picture. Advancing to within a few feet of the little woman, he leveled the camera at her, and began to exclaim loudly in amateur pidgin English:

"Me takee picture! Can catchee? Can catchee?"

The Chinese woman looked at him in deep disgust, and replied in perfect English:

"You can catchee, but you may not." Turning, she walked away. She had been graduated from an American college the year previous.

A Fair Offer.

It was at the moving-picture show. In front sat a young woman, very pretty and modishly costumed, with her son, a youngster of perhaps six years. Just behind sat a young man-a goodlooking young man-a well-dressed man. The young man watched the young woman very much more closely than he did the screen across the stage. For the first quarter of an hour he did not dare to speak to her. But she was so attractive that he cudgeled his brains for sonle excuse to begin a conversation. At last he hit upon the idea of pretending he was a stranger -a foreigner-in need of information. He leaned over and said in his best

"Pardon, madame, may I address a few words to you?"

The six-year-old escort turned around with a courteous inclination of

his curly head. "If you wish, sir," said he, "I will translate for you. My mother does not understand French."-New York Evening Post.

MEAN MAN USED DIPLOMACY

Proving That There Are More Ways Than One of Getting a Seat in Crowded Car.

He was not tagged the meanest man in town, but he might well have been. The first thing he did after stepping inside the car was to fall over a suitcase, the next was to astonish his neighbors with an outburst of vigorous language. His virile remarks made the owner of the suitcase uncomfortable.

"I am sorry," he apologized. "The suitcase does seem to be in the way, but I have no ; It se else to put it." "No place el-s to put it?" repeated

the irate passenger. "You can easily find a place. Any place would be better than right here by the door." The man in the corner seat sur-

veyed the well-filled car doubtfully "But I can't move." he said. "and I can't shove the suitcase any further along with nobody to look after it. Somebody might swipe it." The irate passenger reflected a mo-

ment. "I'll tell you what to do," he said. "Ask somebody to change places with you. Almost any man down there in the middle of the car would be willing to swap. You ought to try, anyway. Somebody is going to get a broken neck if that suitcase is left standing where it is much longer."

The prospect of being charged with homicide quickened the corner man into immediate activity. He picked up the suitcase and advanced to the

middle of the car. "Sir." he said, addressing a gentleman of portly mien, "will you change places with me? I have a seat in the corner, but my suitcase appears to be in the way. If you will let me sit here

I will appreciate the favor." "Certainly," said the stout man, and began to rise. Before fully surrendering his advantageous position, however, he looked toward the corner and sat down again heavily.

"I believe," he said, "I'll stay where I am."

The meanest man in town had usurped the place occupied by the owner of the suitcase and was intently studying the panorama as viewed through the platform window. His victim sighed and clutched at a strap, and during the rest of the trip he imperiled his own neck by stumbling over the inconvenient suitcase.

"Movies" Not So New.

The "movies" (perhaps we should omit the quotation marks, the word is working into the language so fast) are considered a strictly twentieth-century development. Here is an amusement advertisement which appeared in the public prints in England exactly 101

years ago: "At the Duke of Marlborough's Head in Fleet street, is now to be seen a new invented machine, composed of five curious pictures, with moving figures, representing the history of the heathen gods, which move as artificially as if living; the like not seen before in Europe. The whole contains near an hundred figures, beside ships, beasts, fish, fowl and other embellishments, some near a foot in hight: all of which have their respective and peculiar motions, their very heads, legs and arms, hands and fingers, artificially moving to what they perform, and setting one foot before another like living creatures, in such a manner that nothing but nature can excel it. It will continue to be seen every day from 10 in the morning un-

til 10 at night." This will probably hold you for a while, although it must be admitted that the moving pictures of 1812 were different in mechanism and extent from those which play so large a part in the life of 1913.-Marper's Weekly.

Philadelphia's Early Journalism. The first newspaper published in Philadelphia was the American Weekly Mercury, which issued its first number 194 years ago on December 22, 1719. It was the third newspaper in the American colonies, its two predecessors having been published in Boston. The publication was "printed and sold by Andrew Bradford, at the Bible, in the Second street, and John Copson, in the High street." Bradford, like the founders of the Boston News-Letter and the Boston Gazette, was a postmaster. His father, William Bradford, had established the first printing office in America outside of New England. The postmaster-editor had his troubles with the authorities, and was warned, on pain of imprisonment and the confiscation of his printing plant, never to publish anything about the political affairs of the colonies. The reprimand and warning followed the publication of an article which Bradford explained had been inserted by a journeyman printer without his knowledge. Bradford had other disputes with the powers that ruled Philadelphia, and on one occasion was committed to prison, but was released.

Dreamless Rabbit.

Those who want a dreamless sleep after the late tidbits will surely appreciate this rule and will enjoy the dish in the bargain.

Put in the blazer of a chafing dish one tablespoonful of butter; when hot add one cupful of milk, a cupful of fresh breadcrumbs, two cups of grated fresh cheese, add a teaspoonful of dry mustard and a pinch of paprika and salt. Stir constantly and when well blended add two well-beaten eggs. Cook one minute and serve at once on hot crackers. This is delicious made with Edam cheese, using one cup of grated cheese, one and one-half cups of milk and one and one-half cups of breadcrumbs. It also makes a good

luncheon dish.