Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., June 26, 1914.

THE HEART OF A CHILD.

There is nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.
They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still shines in their eyes.
Those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The Kingdom of God to a child.

—*Charles Dickens.*

THE FOURTH AT HERNDON.

"How about the Fourth?" Harold Bates asked the question in a casual tone as he swung lazily in the hammock under the big elm.

His cousin, stretched out on the grass, answered indifferently: "The Fourth? Oh, the Fourth's just like any other day here."

"No celebration? Nothing doing?"

Jack shook his head. "No, they have doings of a sort over at Greenfield, and some of the fellows usually go there."

"What do they do there?" Harold persisted.

"The fellows, you mean?"

"No, no," said Harold impatiently, "I mean the celebration. What does it amount to?"

"Not much of anything," Jack replied. "They have what they call a brass band, and they get the biggest speaker they can to give them what they consider 'an oration,' and sometimes they have a parade, and they generally wind up with fireworks or a bonfire in the evening."

"Huh! Should think you could do as much as that here in Herndon," remarked Harold.

"Well, we can't, Jack snapped out sharply "I s'pose that doesn't sound like much to you, but I know it cost the Greenlanders over a hundred dollars last year."

"A hundred dollars!" Harold's voice was scornful in the extreme. "What's a hundred dollars for a Fourth of July celebration? I should think you might have some patriotic spirit even in a slow little place like this."

Jack sat up scowling. "See here, Hal Bates," he broke out angrily, "I guess we're just as patriotic here in Herndon as you folks are in Chicago. It isn't the patriotism that's lacking, it's the cash. It's no easy matter, let me tell you, to raise a hundred dollars among a few poor farmers."

"So it's a question of money, is it," returned Harold slowly.

"That's what!" Jack snapped out the words in a savage tone. It was not the first time that a question of money had arisen between the two since Harold came for a summer visit.

"Well, if that's all," Harold went on slowly, "there's no reason why there shouldn't be a celebration here this year. I'll pay the bills up to a hundred."

Jack stared at his cousin, the color creeping up over his freckled cheeks and his eyes beginning to shine.

"Say, Hal, do you really mean it? Can you give that much?" he cried out eagerly. It seemed incredible to him that a boy could have a hundred dollars to use as he pleased.

Harold looked amused. "Anybody'd think a hundred dollars was a fortune," he returned. "Why, I always have twenty-five dollars a month for spending money, and there's nothing to spend it for here—except postage stamps—and father gave me an extra hundred when I came away."

"An extra hundred to do as you like with!" Jack's face was a study. "And twenty-five dollars a month for pocket money! That's what it is to have a millionaire for a father."

Harold brushed that lightly aside. "But say, why can't we get up a celebration? Would the other fellows like it, and help?" he asked.

"Like it?" Jack sprang up with shining eyes. "Say Hal, it will be great! We can get the Tingley band—it's lots better than that old one-horse affair at Greenfield—and we'll find somebody, some big fellow, you know, to orate for us and have somebody read the old Declaration; and in the evening we'll have fireworks and wind it all up with a jolly big bonfire on top of Scotch Hill. Oh, it will be great, I tell you—the biggest ever for Herndon!"

Harold began to catch the contagion of joyful excitement. He sat up in the hammock, his face brightening with sudden interest.

"Now you're talking!" he declared. "Father thinks a lot of the Fourth—says we always ought to celebrate it wherever we are. He always does when he's abroad. I know he'd want to have a hand in this. He'd hustle round and get up a big show if he were here"—

"Wait a minute!" Jack interrupted and dashed into the house. He came out again in a moment with a satisfied air.

"Father says we can go ahead. I thought I'd better ask him about it first," he said, now come on, and we'll talk it up with some of the fellows. They'll all be crazy to have a hand in it. And there's Captain Brown"—Jack stopped short and looked at his cousin, his face alight with eager excitement. "O Hal, he's just the one! We must give him first place—the place of honor, you know."

"Who's Captain Brown?" questioned Harold. "I haven't seen him, have I?"

"No, he's been away for a few days, but he's home now. Why, Captain Brown's our one hero, a Civil War veteran, you know. He enlisted the day he was twenty-one and was in nine battles. He was wounded three times, has only a thumb and two fingers on his right hand, and was in Libby prison for six months. Oh, he's a veteran all right. I tell you it makes a fellow's blood dance to hear him tell about those battles. It almost seems as if you'd been in them yourself."

Harold was intensely interested. "I'd like to get him talking," he declared. "We'll have a place for Captain Brown sure, on the Fourth."

"He isn't really a captain, you know," Jack explained. "We just call him so because we're so proud of him. He's always reminding us that he was only a private in the army, but all the same, I guess it pleases him to have us call him captain. Oh, he's great, the captain is!"

This was the middle of June, less than three weeks before the Fourth, so there was no time to spare; but little time or effort was required to rouse the eager interest and enthusiasm of the boys of Herndon; Herndon, however, was a small place and there were not many boys near the age of Harold and Jack—only seven or eight, in fact. These were all promptly formed into a committee of arrangements, and under Harold's direction they went systematically to work to interest everybody else in the place. It was decided that there must be a parade, and since no soldiers could be had, it must be a parade of "antiques and horribles." The mothers and sisters could help the boys get up the costumes. Then there must be a chorus of girls in white dresses with red, white, and blue ribbons, to sing patriotic airs. As nobody in the village had a big flag, Harold sent home for his father's, and it arrived promptly. The minister, as interested as the boys, volunteered to read the time-honored Declaration of Independence, and the boys of all ages began to scour the woods for material for the bonfire. It should be a giant bonfire, big enough to be seen for miles, if only there be no wind on the night of the Fourth. The small boys almost prayed for a windless night, for, next to the brass band, that bonfire was the best part of the program, in their estimation.

But nobody, not the eager small boys nor even Jack or Harold, was more keenly interested in the affair than was Captain Brown. There never was a boy who could resist the old captain, he was such a delightful mixture of old hero and small boy. As Jack put it, "One part of him never had grown up," so he was ever a welcome comrade to boys of all ages, and they all regarded him with a mixture of reverence and affection, reverence for what he had been, and affection for what he was.

So merrily the preparations went on till the last week in June. Then one day Jack went to his cousin, his face grave and anxious.

"Look here, Hal, I've just found out something," he began.

"Well, what?"

"It's about the captain. You know he's never had a pension—he says an old soldier ought to be ashamed to accept one if he can live without it, and he has always taken care of himself; he's lived all alone in that little cottage of his since his wife died—"

"Well?" Harold prompted again as Jack paused.

"Well," Jack repeated, "it seems he's not been able lately to make a living, and he's getting too old to live there alone any longer; it isn't safe, and he isn't strong enough to do farming now even on a small scale. So he's made up his mind to go into the Soldiers' Home at Newton, but it will take a hundred dollars to get him in there, and he hasn't a cent. He doesn't own the cottage."

"Well, that's easy!" returned Harold in his lordly way. "Father'll send me a check for a hundred. I've only to ask him for it. I'll go and write to him now."

Without waiting for an answer, he hurried off to his room, while Jack went to talk the matter over with his father.

"It's splendid of Harold, he's always so generous," he ended, "but father, do you think the captain will be willing to take the money from him?"

"I doubt it," his father answered, "and as to Harold, I'm not so sure. He's generous in a way, but it isn't what I call real generosity. It's his father's money he is giving away so freely. It doesn't cost him anything to give so, and it's mighty bad for a boy of Harold's ago to fling money about as he does. I'll have to write Thomas about it. He's spoiling the boy."

So it came about that two letters went to Harold's father by that night's mail. Mr. Bates pondered long over those two letters, and the result was that Harold received from his father a letter that made him first amazed and angry, and then thoughtful. The letter contained no check.

"If you want to help your old soldier," Mr. Bates wrote, "you and Jack must put your heads together and find some other way to do it, or else you can give up your Fourth of July celebration and use the hundred you have for Captain Brown."

"Give up the celebration! Not much!" Harold growled, as he talked the matter over with Jack. "I can't think what's got into father. He never did a thing like that before. But give up the celebration I will not! That's flat."

Jack's face was troubled. "But we can't let the captain go to the almshouse, Hal, and there's no other place for him," he said.

Harold flushed hotly. "The almshouse," he repeated, "for that old hero? I guess not!"

He thought over the matter for a long time; finally he turned to his cousin and spoke decidedly. "Look here, how much do you care about the captain, Jack?"

"More than you do, anyhow!" Jack flung back instantly.

"Don't get mad," his cousin returned. "You see it's this way. We just can't give up the celebration now with all the arrangements made; we'll have to have it. But what's the matter with making the Herndon folks pay for that, and we turn over our funds to the captain as a—well, say as a special gift on the Fourth—a sort of medal of honor, don't you know? not from us fellows, but from all the townspeople? He could'nt refuse it coming that way, do you think he could?"

"Why, no, I guess not," Jack answered slowly, his face beginning to brighten. But what's the rest of your idea? How are you expecting to make the Herndon folks pay the bills for the celebration?"

Harold drew an envelope and a fountain pen from his pocket and began to scribble rapidly.

"We'll put down the names of all the people within reach," he explained, "and we—you and I—must go to every single one of tham and get them to subscribe all they can for the celebration. We'll tell them our plan for the captain, and then they'll understand why we're not paying the other bills, as we agreed to do. Don't you think we can work it that way? Do you think they will do it?" he asked a little anxiously.

"Maybe they would," Jack replied, but his tone was dubious; then, his face flushing, he added, "It won't be any fun though, to go around asking folks for money that way after what you—we've—promised to do, and all."

"Who said it would be fun?" retorted Harold sharply. "I don't fancy the job any more than you do; but what difference does that make if it's the right thing to do; and it is, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," Jack assented hastily, his cheeks flaming again. He had thought lightly of Harold's generosity before: but evidently it was not only his father's money that he was generous of, since he was ready to undertake such a disagreeable task as this for another's sake.

What Harold undertook he was very apt to accomplish and this was no exception. He borrowed a horse and buggy from his uncle, and the two boys spent the next three days driving from farm to farm. He stated the case clearly, taking it for granted that everybody was not only willing but glad of the chance to give. The result was astoninsing to Jack, for everybody or almost everybody, did give, and many liberally. By the end of the third day, the boys had collected one hundred and five dollars. That would cover all the expenses of the celebration, and leave Harold's hundred for the captain.

The Fourth dawned hot and clear, an ideal day for an out-of-doors festival. As Harold had foreseen, the farmers who had paid for the celebration were all keenly interested in it, and at an early hour they began to appear at the village center in carriages and wagons of every description, wherein were packed not only children of all ages, but the mothers and aunts, and even many of the grandmothers and grandfathers. It was Herndon's first real Fourth, and everybody wanted to see and hear all that there was to be seen or heard. A large platform had been put up in a pine grove near the village center. Its rough boards were hiden by pine branches and drapings of cheese cloth with Harold's big flags hung at the back, and the speaker's stand was draped with red, white, and blue cambric.

On one side of the platform were the singers, and on the other the Tingley Brass Band, its red and gold uniforms and glittering instruments contrasting well with the white dresses and tricolor ribbons of the girls.

Long before it was time for the exercises to begin, the space about the platform was packed with men, women, and little children, but the larger boys skirmished about the edges of the throng exchanging admiring comments on the band, and giving each other surreptitious punches and cuffs by way of letting off steam. The "Committee of Arrangements" was much in evidence, especially Harold and Jack, who were here, there, and everywhere attending to a score of last things.

"I believe the Hon. William's going to disappoint us," Harold fretted at last, his anxious eyes on the road "He ought to have been here long before this. It wouldn't take him more than half an hour to drive over from the Junction."

"Unless Birney's horse went lame," replied Jack. "Look—there's somebody coming now, but it's not the Hon. William." Then he groaned. "O Hal, it's Billy Brown with a telegram!"

He dashed forward, snatched the yellow envelope from the hand of the messenger, and handed it to his cousin, then leaning over Harold's shoulder, read it with him. Having read it the two looked at each other in dismay.

"It's too bad—to disappoint us at the last minute when we can't get a substitute!" Harold cried under his breath.

"I suppose he couldn't help it. It says sickness in the family," Jack reminded him.

"But what are we going to do?" Harold groaned. "The thing will be a regular fizzle without any oration."

"I'll tell you, Hal," Jack's eyes were shining. "Get the captain to tell the story of Gettysburg. He'll do it—I know he will, and if he tells it the way I've heard him tell it, it will be better than any cut-and-dried oration you ever listened to—you see if it isn't!"

Harold hesitated. He had never heard any of the captain's war stories. "But will he do it, do you think?" he questioned doubtfully.

"I'll ask him," and the next instant Jack was up on the platform whispering eagerly into the old soldier's good ear. He came back with shining eyes.

"He'll do it; he's promised," he whispered in his cousin's ear, and Harold, only half satisfied, nodded, as the band struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner."

From that moment everything went well. The voice of the old white-haired minister as he read the Declaration was so earnest and reverent that even the wriggling small boys were impressed with the importance of the document. The girls sang "America," "The Red, White and Blue," and "Marching Through Georgia," the band accompanying, and the crowd gathered under the old pines joined enthusiastically in all the choruses. Everybody sang, from the grandfathers to the babies—sang as many of them never had sung before.

Then the minister, having explained why the Congressman whom they had expected to hear, was absent, laid his hand on the shoulder of the old soldier and in a few tender words, introduced him as the "orator of the day."

A storm of cheers greeted the old man as he rose and stepped forward, wearing the old army coat of faded blue. Again and again, and yet again the cheers rang out, till the tears gathered in his eyes, and the minister lifted his hand for silence. Harold looked up anxiously at the tall, thin figure and the worn face with its halo of white hair. Could he do it? Could he tell the story there and tell it well, or would he break down and spoil it all?

But Jack was not afraid—he had listened too many times to the old soldier's war stories.

"I'll have to come right down amongst ye, boys," the old man began. "I was only a private in the ranks, ye know, an' I ain't used to ben' set up on a platform. Jes' wait till I get down, an' I'll tell ye the old story once more, though I wonder ye ain't all tired of hearin' it."

They helped him carefully down to the lowest step, and standing there with the sunlight falling through the green branches upon his white head, he told the story of Gettysburg—told it so clearly, so simply, so vividly, that the boys thronging about him listened with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, and the men and women drew closer and closer about him, breathlessly eager to lose no word.

"And boys," he ended, turning his earnest old face toward a group of young men on his right, "boys, don't ye forget that there was jest as true hearts beatin' under the gray coats as there was under the blue that day. They thought they was fightin' for their country just as much as we thought we were—'twas the point of view that was different, that's all. Mebbe I didn't see it so then, but I do now, and I tell ye they're jest as glad today as we are that the dear old stars and stripes are waving over an undivided country."

There were no more cheers as the trembling old voice ceased but many hands were stretched out silently to grasp that good right hand that had been maimed in a righteous cause, and some of the voices that spoke to the old soldier were as tremulous as his own.

Harold drew a long breath as he pulled his cousin aside.

"He's a hero all right," he declared. "Did you ever hear such a story? My, but I'm glad the Honorable William didn't come! He couldn't have held a candle to your old captain!" and only Jack's eyes responded, "Didn't I tell you so?"

Afterwards came the procession with the brass band accompanying, and the old captain in a carriage drawn by gayly decorated horses, as the guest of honor; and after that the smallest of the white-robed singers presented him with a little box containing a letter and a check for one hundred d llars. The letter had been written by the minister and signed by nearly all the people of Herndon, and its words of love and appreciation brought a mist into the dim old eyes that read it. It was the most cherished treasure that the captain carried with him to the Soldiers' Home when he went there a few days later.

That evening there was a shower of fireworks; and later a royal bonfire glowed like a giant beacon on top of Scotch Hill. To the small boys of Herndon this was the climax of a never-to-be-forgotten day, but to the older ones, the old captain was the heart of it all, and for Harold Bates, his story had given a new and deeper meaning to the word "patriotism."

—*Forward.*

USED BY THE SCANDINAVIANS

Nautical Terms Common Today Are Easily Traced to the Days of the Old Vikings.

When we say a ship is bound for a certain port or homeward bound, we are using, not the past particle, as we might think, of the English verb to bind, but of a Scandinavian word meaning to prepare, to get ready—a word which in the form of "boun" still lives on in northern dialects.

"Billow" is probably a Scandinavian word which survived in one of the northern or eastern dialects, which still preserve so many Danish words. It made its way into southern English in a literary standing by its use by Spenser and Shakespeare.

"Wake" for the track of a ship is another Scandinavian word preserved in dialect. Its original meaning, as Professor Skeat tells us, was that of an opening in the ice, especially the passage cut for a ship in a frozen lake or sea, and then, from being applied to the smooth watery track left by the ship after its passage through the ice, it came to be used when there was no ice at all. This useful word is one of the nautical terms which the French have borrowed from the English, although it is not easy to recognize it at first in its French form of ouaiche, and it is still used on the Norfolk broads with its original meaning of an open place in the ice.—English Review.

Motherhood Most Highly Developed Among the Creatures of the Lower Creation.

The contention that the hen is the most compassionate thing in creation is strikingly illustrated by a case of motherhood in nature related in Country Life. A correspondent tells how in a farmyard were two puppies for whom the mother had no affection, so an old hen took pity on them, and when she went to roost they followed her. Squatting in a corner of a cart shed, she lifted a wing and the two youngsters crawled under for the night, her chicks clumbering on the backs of the puppies.

As a proof of how strongly motherhood is developed in the lower creation, two incidents occurred recently. A cat, having carried away a young crow from its nest, was attacked by six older birds and killed. The other incident was where a hen blackbird held at bay a cat. The cat hid behind some bushes, and not three yards in front of the bush the bird stood clucking most indignantly. The cat lay quiet for a time, the bird still holding its ground. When it quieted down somewhat, the cat crouched forward as if to spring, but the bird set up again a defiant clucking and the cat withdrew. This lasted for 20 minutes until the cat was removed into the house.

Turner's Generosity.

The pictures of Turner, the English artist, who died at Chelsea in 1851, have mounted to prices nearly as great as those of the old masters. He hoarded his sketches as eagerly as a miser hoards his money and now as some of these from time to time get into the market they bring large sums. Turner painted his grand picture of Carthage to order for $500. It was refused by his patron. He afterwards received an offer of $12,500 for it, but refused to accept the offer and gave it to the nation. It is now valued at more than a dozen times that amount. He was generous to other artists. He blackened a bright sky in one of his academy pictures which hung between two of Lawrence's, so as to cast its merits into the shade. In this condition he allowed his own production to remain throughout the exhibition, and whispered to a friend to allay his indignation. "Poor Lawrence was so distressed. Never mind, it'll wash off; it's only lampblack!"

Men and Women Typtists.

Good women typists usually exhibit a marked development of tactile and muscular sensibility and an excellent memory for letters, and especially for concrete phrases, remarks the Scientific American. The right and left hands are nearly equal in strength and their attention is keen and well sustained. Their relative slowness of auditory reaction is a theoretical defect, but the value of a typist depends rather upon a combination of good points than upon a great superiority in one particular.

Men exhibit greater uniformity than women, but the difference between good and poor typists are, nevertheless, well marked. In general, men surpass women in rapidity of auditory action and consequently in speed of work, but are inferior to women, perhaps, in power of sustained attention.

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. Smallpox in India. A Bad Night of Sleep. Bear Hunt Ends in a Bee Rout. Queer Storms. Etc.

JHANSI, MAY 7th, 1913.

Dear Home Folk:

Tonight a man came, asking me to go and see his wife. I consented, ungraciously I confess, and then I stopped him and said, "what is the matter with your wife and how long has she been ill?" He said, "she has been ill for two days and has great fever." Again I asked, "what is she sick of?" He replied, "she is covered with a rash called small-pox." Needless to say I did not go to see her; not that I am afraid of the trouble, but I can do nothing to help so "what's the use." When I can't speak the language I can be of no consolation even. Oh, how I wish I could talk to them for no one can, even a little, express for you the things you want to say.

Just now Miss McL. is quite ill and I am so sorry for it is hot weather and it's bad enough to be sick in decent, nice cool weather. This peppery production is surely trying to my disposition, even when in good condition and I know that no nurse nor doctor would stay near me had I to be in bed now. It has surely upset this household for as we all have our own special work to do, let me tell you that to pick up another's is just a wee bit perplexing.

Last night one of my friends here was to be alone and asked me to come and sleep with her and I consented, forgetting to ask whether she slept outside or inside, and when I arrived found that she was sleeping indoors, in a little room with a "punkah" over her. Well, we ate dinner and then I nearly went to sleep, but managed to stay awake until 11.30 when the rest of the guests went home, and then we went to bed. Oh, could I describe the night; not a thing did you want over you, but you kept a sheet because the mosquitoes would bite, and that big fan would give you a cold in your "tummy." Well, that "punkah" flew wildly, then it would die down and just as I was about to sleep the thing would stop and I would be nearly reduced to water; then, after calling to them, again they pulled vigorously. Thus it went on hour after hour; when the fan is going the wind is so strong that it stings your face like nettles but the minute it stops you break into profuse perspiration and feel as though in a dripping bath. I was glad when it finally came time to get up and I could get outside where at least the air is pure and always after four o'clock in the morning rather cool. It was only my second night under a fan and I dont want many more; the swirl and swish of air about my head makes me nauseated.

Miss McC. is having the "Dhurgsi" (dressmaker) fix her a gown and I wish you could see it, at least when he had it ready to try on. The whole skirt was about an inch crooked and much too tight, and instead of a nice little plait down one side he had an inverted tuck; such a "gee-wampus" looking thing to be called a gown. Of course I had to straighten it out and point out all the defects to that wretched man, and yet he has been making gowns for years, and this was such a plain, simple affair. But that is the way of this East; only a person most lax and "don't carish" could ever stay here and keep sweet. These natives must be watched at all times, and I am free to say I have surely found that my scolding temper is very bad and becoming worse, so be prepared for my return.

Why aren't you a docter, then I could tell you of some interesting cases I have had this week for they were unusual and very good, but as you don't belong to the "profesh" guess I had better not give you a graphic description of them.

A little later I am going to the Club, where one of the bands is now playing. It won't be anything new but as there is a good well on the Club grounds they have been able to keep their grass nice and green and you have no idea what a pleasure it is, and the restful feeling to be able to put your feet on that green stuff, even if the earth underneath is hard and hot and it has the feeling of steam around your ankles.

General Y. was telling me a good story last night. He with three other men went out into the jungle to hunt bear and at last tracked one to a cave. They decided to put off a bomb in the mouth of the bear's retreat and drive Mr. "Bruin" out. Unfortunately the man with the bomb was slow and the thing exploded in his hand, making a bad wound and causing Mr. Bear to growl; but horrors! A big swarm of bees had a nest just above the man and the smoke so irritated them that they attacked these four men at once and down the hill they ran, over bowlders and through the jungle, loaded guns in their hands—but how could you shoot a bee with shot intended for bear—until finally exhausted, they fell down among the stones and drew their coats over their heads and awaited the withdrawal of the bees. Then, General Y. said, he occupied the time pulling out the stingers that the bees had left behind, until he began to feel ill. He was badly stung about the head and face, and he thinks it was the Formic acid in the bee's sting, but for two hours he was very ill, could eat nothing and just had to lie down and be quiet. The bear—well—I don't know what became of him.

I am just back from the club; the band was disturbed by a bad storm. All dav the sky has had a few fleecy white clouds to change the endless blue, and tonight the sun was obscured by the clouds in the west. In any other place you would have said it was going to rain, and so some strangers with whom I was talking, thought; but with a rush and a roar the whole place was full of flying particles and a curious grayness covered everything. The wind roared and you felt as though your face was being hit by sand; we made a rush for the Club house and shut the doors. It lasted for perhaps fifteen minutes and then all was over and the air as pure and cool as though dust had never been heard of. But off to the east one saw moving a dense yellow cloud and you realized that other places were being treated to this new kind of a storm, when everything cried out for rain.

I know I talk a lot about the heat and I do hope you'll forgive me for, as I have many times said, there is little else of interest. Although to me just now, since I am once more house-keeper, the finding of food that will tempt our jaded appetites and trying to suggest something to the cook that the others will like, well, let me tell you it keeps my brain on a jump.

(Continued next week.)

NOT BROUGHT BY THE STORK

For Once Famous Bird Was Absolved From Responsibility for Presence of Little Stranger.

Conversation in the lobby of a Washington hotel the other night turned to the little folk, when Congressman Thomas G. Patten of New York was reminded of the neighbor who went over to congratulate little Willie on the arrival of a baby sister.

Two or three days after the gladsome event the neighbor rambled to the happy suburban home to make a call, and found Willie, six years old, playing at the front gate.

"Well, Willie," smilingly remarked the neighbor, pausing to pat the young one on the head, "they tell that the stork has brought a new baby to your house."

"We got a new baby," promptly replied Willie, "but it wasn't no stork that brought it."

"Wasn't the stork," returned the neighbor, with a wondering expression. "You don't really mean it?"

"That's right," repsonded the youngster, quite positively. "I heard it honk-honk, and at first I thought it was a goose, but when I looked out the window I seen it was an automobile."

Diplomacy Needed.

Women were holding a market in a Columbus store when the supply of cottage cheese began to run low. The demand for the cheese was so great that the women worried because they had not brought in a larger supply. Finally one of them declared she could present a solution for the trouble. She seized a real egg and broke it. She beat the egg to a frothy mass. Then she worked the beaten egg into the rapidly diminishing supply of cottage cheese and, behold, one quart had grown to three quarts. A merchant bought the whole supply.

"Just leave it here until noon and I will take it home," he said.

When he returned the beaten egg had collapsed and there was only the original amount of cottage cheese in the can. The explanations required diplomacy.—Indianapolis News.

Paris Police Poorly Paid.

The Paris police, some of whose members have fallen into disgrace, are poorly paid. The maximum salary attainable by a "sergent de ville" is $360 a year. In view of the high cost of living in Paris, this amount is inadequate to maintain a family in any degree of comfort, and the married members of the force have frequently to supplement their incomes as best they can. Some of them earn a few francs by working as market porters during their time off duty. Others do boot repairing, and there is one who does odd tailoring jobs.

Still, in spite of these hardships, there are always plenty of men eager to join the force, about ten candidates being available for every vacancy that occurs.

Old Newspapers.

The earliest English newspaper, Nathaniel Butter's Weekly News, some copies of which are to be seen at the advertising exhibition, had several predecessors abroad. The first of these in point of time was the Ordinarij Avisa, the publication of which began at Strassburg in 1609—14 years before the appearance of Nathaniel Butter's venture. In 1620 Abraham Verhoeven founded the Nieuwe Thijdingen at Antwerp, and this continued to appear weekly for 227 years. The oldest existing newspaper is apparently the Swedish official gazette, which dates back to 1644.

David Livingstone.

From the spot where he died, near "Chitambos Village," on the Malilano, in Africa, Livingstone's body was, in 1874, taken to England and deposited with high honors in Westminster Abbey, the British government bearing all the expenses of the elaborate funeral. Livingstone will always rank among the most illustrious of the African explorers. He was a pathfinder and civilizer as well as a most devoted Christian and philanthropist. Upon his large and lasting fame there seems to be not a single blot.