

Bellefonte, Pa., November 20, 1914.

A THANKSGIVING FEAST

We two are the last, my daughter! To set the table for two Where once were plates for twenty, Is a lonesome thing to do. But my boys and girls are scattered To the east and west afar. And one dearer than even the children Has passed through the gates aiar

I'm wanting my bairns for Thanksgiving. I thought last night as I lay Awake in my bed and watching For the breaking of the day. If a letter should come this morn To say that they could not leave us here To keep the feast forlorn.

Samuel, my son, in Dakota, Is a rich man, so I hear, And he'll never let want approach us Save the wanting of him near: While Jack is in San Francisco, And Edward over the sea, And only little Jessie Is biding at home with me.

Oh! the happy time for a mother Is when her bairns are small, And into the nursery beds at nigh She tucks her darlings all. When the wee ones are about her.

With gleeful noise and cry, And she hushes the tumult with a smile, Her brood beneath her eve. But a mother must bear her burden, When her babies are bearded men: On 'Change, or in the army, Or scratching with a pen

In some banker's dusty office-As Martin is no doubt-A mother must bear her burden And learn to do without I know the Scripture teaching. To help the halt and the blind.

And keep the homesick and the desolate At the festal hour in mind. Of the fat and the sweet a portion I'll send to the poor man's door But I'm weary for my children To sit at my board once more. I tell you, Jessie, my darling,

This living for money and pelf, It takes the heart from life, dear, It robs a man of himself. This old bleak hillside hamlet. That sends its boys away, Has a right to claim them back, dear

On this Thanksgiving Day. Shame on my foolish frettings! Here are letters, a perfect sheaf! Open them quickly, dearest; Ah, me! 'Tis beyond belief. By ship and by train they're hasting Rushing along on the way.

Tell the neighbors that all my chilnren Will be here Thanksgiving Day. -Margaret E. Sangste

A THANKSGIVING STORY OF ABRA HAM LINCOLN.

BY HONORE WILLSIE Old Pilgrim kept his ears back and his eyes on his mistress. He breathed heavily, but otherwise he did not stir. He as a large horse, a gray, with a small, intelligent head and a chest and barrel like an elephant's. On his right fore shoulder was a great three-cornered tear. from which the skin hung in a fold. Jason was sewing this up. Jason's mother, who was also Pilgrim's mistress, held the candle with one hand while she stroked the big gray's nose with the

"Be careful, Jason, do!" she said soft-Jason grunted. "You keep him from biting and kicking and I'll do my share,'

"Pilgrim bite!" cried Jason's mother "Why he knows exactly what you

are doing and why!"

Again Jason grunted, working swiftly, with the skill of trained and accustomed fingers. The candle flickered on his cool young face, on his black hair and on his long, strong, surgeon's fingers. It flickered too on his mother's sweet lips, on tired brown eyes and iron-gray hair. It put high-lights on the cameo at her throat and made a grotesque shadow of her hoop skirts on the stable wall. Finally Jason straightened himself with

a sigh and wiped his hands on a towel. That's a good job," he said. "Must be some bad spikes in the pasture fence to have given him that rip.—Get over

This last to Pilgrim, who suddenly had put his head on Jason's shoulder with a soft nuzzling of his nose against the young doctor's cheek and a little whinny was almost human.

"Why, Jason, he's thanking you!" cried

Jason gave the horse a careless slap and started out the stable door.

"You don't know him," replied Jason's mother. "This is the first time you ever saw him, remember. These last three years of your father's life he's been like one of the family.' She followed Jason into the cottage. "Often and often before your poor father died he said he'd never have been able to keep on with the circuit-riding and the preaching if he'd had to depend on any other horse than Pilgrim. That horse just knew father was sick and forgetful. He wouldn't budge if father forgot the sad-dle-bags When Pilgrim balked, father always knew he'd forgotten something

and he'd go back for it. I'll have supper on by the time you're washed up, Jason. The little stove that was set in the fireplace roared lustily. The kettle was singing. The old yellow cat slept cozily in the wooden rocker on the patch-work cushion. All the furniture was simple and worn and there was not much of it. A Methodist circuit-rider in Ohio moved

every year. His wife reduced moving and living to pathetically simple terms. Jason washed at the bench in the corner, then sat down while his mother put the supper before him-fried mush, fried

His mother's trembling lips warned him to stop. It doesn't seem possible," she said, "that it's only a week since we laid him away."

Jason interrupted gently. "I know, mother; but you and I have got to go on living!"
"It's you I'm worrying about," said his of a little sewing and a little nursing here in the village, the cow, and the chickens, and Old Pilgrim. But you, Jason, after the doctor's bills are paid, how am I going to keep you in Philadel-

"Mother, I've got to get the money friend." somehow. Just a year more with Dr.

Edwards and I can go into partnership carefully from his heart, and handed it with him. If we can just get enough together to get me back there, I'll manage

Jason's mother sighed. "Seems as if we'd ought to have saved something out him to me immediately. A. Lincoln.' of your father's salary. Two hundred Jason whitened. "What's up?" of your father's salary. Two hundred and fifty dollars a year besides donation asked the orderly. parties is a good deal of money. But it went, especially after he was sickly. orderly dryly. "We'll start at once, if Poor father! I've let most everything go you please, doctor." so as to send you the money, Jason. I'm In a daze Jason left for Washington. most at my wits' end now. But you've He thought of all the minor offenses he got to be a doctor! Our hearts always were set on it as much as yours, Jason. Grandma's silver teapot, that kept you a He could not believe that any of them month, and father's watch nearly six had reached Mr. Lincoln's ears, or that,

Jason was very much like his mother, yet very unlike. Where her face was sweet and tremulous, his was cool and still. His brown eyes were careless, hers were eager. His long, strong hands were smooth and quiet. Hers were knotted and work-calloused and a little uncertain. As if something in her words irritated him with the sense of her sacri-

fice, Jason said: "Well, what did you and father start me on this doctor idea for, if you felt it was going to cost too much? "No! No! It's not that!" cried his

mother. "There are still some things to go. Iason. Take the St. Bartholomew candlestick up to Mr. Inchpin. He always has wanted it. Tha your fare to Philadelphia." That will give you

Jason looked up at the queerly wrought silver candlestick that was more like an old oil lamp than a candlestick. His mother's grandmother had brought it from France with her. The family legend was that some Huguenot ancestor had come through the massacre of St. Bartholomew with this only relic

of his home wrapped in his bosom.
"Good!" said Jason eagerly. "The old
thing is neither fish nor bread anyhow. Too bigmouthed for a candle, and folks are going to use coal-oil more and more anyhow. I'll be off to-morrow!" To-morrow's Thanksgiving, Jason,' said his mother.

"I'll be glad to forget it," said the young 'God knows we've nothing to be thankful for."

His mother looked at him a little curiously—for a mother. "Were you ever thankful to anybody, for anything, Jason?" she asked dryly.

"I've seldom had anything to feel grateful about," answered Jason coolly. 'All I can remember all my life is mush and milk, and poverty, and wearing the pants of the rich boy of the town we happen to be in. I'll go up to see Inchpin tonight, mother-then I can get off by noon to-morrow.

It was on Thanksgiving Day of 1862 that Jason started back to Philadelphia. He said good by to his mother affectionately, and promised to write frequently. Three times a week during the year

that followed Jason's mother saddled Old Pilgrim and rode down to the post-office after the shrieks of the whistle had warned her that the tri-weekly river packet had come and gone. Four times during the year she heard from Jason. Each time he was doing well and wanted money. The first time Jason's mother sold her mahogany hat box to the storekeeper's wife. The second time the cameo pin went to the doctor's wife. The third time she could send nothing, she wrote Jason-and she wrote in deep contrition, for she knew that Jason was nalf-starving himself and working hard.

The fourth letter was urgent. "I'm going into the army. There's a wonderful chance for surgeons now. must have a hundred dollars, though to buy into partnership with Dr. Edwards before I go. That assures me of a good berth as soon as the war is over. I think you had better sell Pilgrim. You really don't need him, and you can get a hundred for him easily, if you sell him to the Government. Mr. Inchpin would tend to it for you."

Jason's mother read the letter heavily. It was November again. The river packets would not make many more trips. Drearily the Kentucky hills rolled back from the river, and drearily the Ohio vallevs stretched inland. Old Pilgrim plodded patiently toward his stable and his mistress huddled in the saddle, unheeding until Pilgrim stamped impatiently at the stable door. Then she dismounted and the great horse stamped into his

"I know that I don't need you, Pilgrim," she said. "It's just that you are like a living bit of Father-and if Jason would only seem to understand that, it wouldn't be so hard to let you go. wonder if all young folks are like Jason?'

Old Pilgrim leaned his head over his stall and in the November gloaming he looked long at his mistress with his wise and gentle eyes. It was as if he would "You'll be having it that he speaks tell her that he had learned that youth is Greek next," he said. always a little hard; that only long years in harness with always the back-breaking load to pull, not for oneself, but for others, can make the really grateful heart. One of the sweet, deep compensations of the years, the old horse seemed to say, is

that gratitude grows in the soul. So Jason and Old Pilgrim both went to war. They did not see each other, but each one,in his own way, made a brilliant record. Pilgrim learned the sights and sounds and smells of war. The fearful pools of blood ceased to send him plunging and rearing in harness. The screams of utter fear or of mortal agony no longer set him to neighing or sweating in sympathy. Pilgrim, superb in strength and superb in intelligence, plodded efficiently through a battle just as he had plodded

efficiently over the circuit of Jason's Methodist father. And Jason, cool and clear-headed, with his wonderful long, strong hands, sawed and sewed and probed and purged his way through field hospital after field hospital, until the men began to hear of his skill and to ask for him when the fear of death was on them. His work absorbed him more and more, until months went by, and he neglected to write to his salt pork, tea and apple sauce.
"Well," said Jason soberly, "what are we going to do now, mother? Father's gone and—""

mother! Just why, who can say? Each of us, looking into his heart, perhaps can find some answer. But Jason was young, and work and world hungry. He did not the same of the sa

> In November of the second year Jason was stationed in the hospital near Richmond. One rainy morning as he made his way to the cot of a man who was dy

"This is Dr. Jason Wilkins?"

"Sorry, doctor, but I've got to arrest you and take you to Washington—" Jason looked the orderly over incredu-

to Jason. Jason opened it uneasily, and gasped. This is what he read: "Show this to Sugeon Jason Wilkins, -Regiment, Richmond, Virginia. Arrest him. Bring

"I didn't ask the President," replied the

had committed. But they were only such as any young fellow might be guilty of. if they had, the great man in the White House would have heeded them.

Jason was locked in a room in a Washington boarding-house for one night. The next day at noon the orderly called for him. Weak-kneed, Jason followed him up the long drive to the door of the White House, and into a room where there were more orderlies and a man at a desk writing. An hour of dazed waiting, then a man came out of a door and

spoke to the man at the desk-"Surgeon Jason Wilkins," said the

"Here!" answered Jason. "This way," jerked the orderly, and Jason found himself in the inner room, with the door closed behind him. The room was empty, yet filled. There was but one man in it besides Jason, but that man was Mr. Lincoln, who sat at a desk. with his somber eyes on Jason's facestill a cool young face, despite trembling

"You are Jason Wilkins?" said Mr. Lincoln. "Yes, Mr. President," replied the young

surgeon.
"Where are you from?" "Green Valley, Ohio." "Have you any relatives?" "Only my mother is living."

"Yes, only a mother! man, how is your mother?" Well, young Jason stammered, "Why, why-I don't

"You don't know!" thundered Lincoln. "And why don't you know? Is she living

"I don't know," said Jason. "To tell the truth, I've neglected to write and I don't suppose she knows where I am. There was silence in the room. Mr. Lincoln clenched a great fist on his desk, and his eyes scorched Jason. "I had a letter from her. She supposes you dead and asked me to trace your grave. What was the matter with her? No good? Like most mothers, a poor sort?

Answer me, sir?' Jason bristled a little. "The best woman that ever lived, Mr. President."
"Ah!" breathed Mr. Lincoln. "Still

you have no reason to be grateful to her! How'd you get your training as a surgeon? Who paid for it? Your father? Jason reddened "Well, no; father was a poor Methodist preacher. Mother raised the money, though I worked for my board mostly.

"Yes, how'd she raise the money?" Jason's lips were stiff. "Selling things,

"What did she sell?" "Father's watch—the old silver teapot the mahogany hat-box-the St. Bartholomew candlestick. Old things mosty; beyond use except in museum Again silence in the room, while a look of contempt gathered in Abraham Lincoln's eyes that seared Jason's cool young soul till it scorched within him. poor fool!" said Lincoln. "You poor worm! Her household treasures-one by

one—for you. 'Useless things—fit for museums!' Oh, you fool!" Jason flushed angrily and bit his lips. Suddenly the President rose and pointed a long, bony finger at his desk. "Come here and sit down and write a letter to

your mother!' Jason stalked obediently over and sat down in the President's seat. Anger and mortification were ill inspirations for letter-writing, but under Lincoln's burning eyes Jason seized a pen and wrote his mother a stilted note. Lincoln paced the floor, pausing now and again to look

over Jason's shoulder. "Address it and give it to me," said the President. "I'll see that it gets to her." Then, his stern voice rising a little: 'And now, Jason Wilkins, as long as you are in the army, you write to your mother once a week. If I have reason to correct

you on the matter again, I'll have you court-martialed." Jason rose and handed the letter to the President, then stood, angry and silent, awaiting further orders. Abraham Lincoln took another turn or two up and down the room. Then he paused before the window and looked from it a long,

long time. Finally he turned to Jason. "My boy," he said gently, "there is no finer quality in the world than gratitude. There is nothing a man can have in his heart so mean, so low as ingratitude. Even a dog appreciates a kindness, never forgets a soft word, or a bone. To my mind, the noblest holiday in the world is Thanksgiving. And, next the Creator, there is no one the holiday should be

dedicated to as much as to mothers." Again Lincoln paused, and looked from the boyish face of the young surgeon out of the window at the bleak November skies, and Lincoln said to Jason, with God knows what tragedy of memory in his

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky: Thou dost not bite so nigh As benefits forgot."

Another pause. "You may go, my boy." And Lincoln shook hands with Jason, who stumbled from the room, his mind a chaos of resentment and anger. He made his way down Pennsylvania Avenue, pausing as two army officers rode up to a hotel and dismounted, leaving their horses. Something about the big gray that one of the officers rode seemed vaguely familiar to the young doctor. The gray turned his small, in-

"I can get along, with the help ing of gangrene, an orderly stopped him. grim. I'll get a furlough, if I have to ask lungs, purifies the blood.

the President himself. We'll get home to mother for Thanksgiving, Pilgrim. will, if God will let my unworthy

hulk live that long.' ooked the orderly over incredu-"You've got the wrong man, fore shoulder, and Jason with the scar on his soul that only remorse imprints there, The soldier drew a heavy envelope started that evening for Green Valley. arefully from his heart, and handed it —The Delineator for November, 1914.

One Has to Cut One's Way Through

the Roads of Paraguay. The roads of Paraguay are about five yards wide throughout, and the trees meet overhead at a height of some eighteen feet, thus forming a tunnel of very uniform dimensions. In the clear parts of the tunnel-that is, where it is not choked up with the giant nettle-it is full from roof to ground of usually being chosen as anchorages and the total clear span being thus more like eight yards than five.

The main cables or framework of the nets are composed of five or six strands of thick yellow web and are almost as strong as cotton thread. The rest of the net is made up of single and double strands of the same stout material, which is as sticky as it is strong Every yard or so one of these nets extends across one's path, making it necessary to hold a cutlass or a fairly stout stick at arm's length in front as one walks

The makers of these troublesome but picturesque obstructions are large, highly colored, gaudy looking spiders with bodies that look as if they were

At intervals in some more open space where the sky is visible one will notice a different kind of web, far more irregular in shape, but far larger than the others. Not content with the space available in the tunnel, these webs are stretched in complicated mazes from the ground to the very tops of the surrounding trees, with clear spans frequently twenty or thirty yards from one tree to another.

From these main cables smaller ones extend to the ground-a drop of fifteen or twenty yards-and the spaces in between are filled up with a mass of webs spun in all directions. - Wide World Magazine.

The Bishop's Place.

The bishop of London, speaking at the annual meeting of the bishop of London's fund at Grosvenor House. said that churches did not drop down from heaven any more than bishops, though a little girl in his congregation. evidently under that delusion, had recently said to her mother during a tiring sermon: "I am tired now, mother. Can't the bishop go back to heaven?"-London Standard.

Like a Mental Moving Picture. Baker-People who have been near drowning say that in an instant all the events of their past lives are presented to their mental vision. Barker -I don't believe it. Baker-Why not? Barker-If it were true they wouldn't allow themselves to be rescued.-Life.

The Attraction.

"You say you are in love with Miss Baggs?" "I sure am."

"But I can't see anything attractive about her." bank, all right."-Cleveland Leader.

A Cross Bull.

greatly to the humor of the nation. On one occasion. however, while he was still in the house of commons he tried to be sarcastic during a speech.

"I think," he said, fixing a certain minister with a ferocious eye. "I think I hear the right honorable gentleman smile.

satisfaction to him, he heard the whole house laugh.-London Globe.

By Other Ways.

"I am sorry to see you going with that disreputable young fellow, my son, even if he has plenty of money and goes everywhere." "But, father, didn't you tell me to

cultivate society?" "I did, my lad, but not with a rake." -Baltimore American.

blackboard and asked if any one noticed anything peculiar in it. After a short silence a small boy replied. "Yes, sir; the bad writing."-London Telegraph.

Unexpected Criticism.

Extravagance. "Quick, quick; a doctor! I have just swallowed a penny!"

"What! Spend \$4 to save a penny That's the way with you women!"-Paris Pele Mele.

There are some forms of animal life which are nothing but a stomach. All other parts and organs are dwarfed or rudimentary; the stomach is the center horses we must do it. We had our tea, of being. As a matter of fact the stomach plays a vastly more important part in the life of the highest type of animal life, man, than is generally recognized. The stomach to him is the center of existence, for man is primarily a stomach. telligent head toward Jason, then with a sudden soft whinny, laid his head on Jason's shoulder and nuzzled his at later than and ne weakens in brain and body. Feed him with innutritious food, and blood, and muscle, nerve and bone must suffer. For this reason the Starve him and he weakens in brain and ach ought to be the first care. disease shows its symptoms in head or heart, blood or liver, the stomach should ask himself embarrassing questions. The months slipped into a year, and the first year into a second year. Still Jason did not write to his mother, nor did he longer hear from her.

In Newspher of the exceed year Jason and old Fligrim's never had disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery was made to match the discovery that many diseases, remote from sobbed into the silky mane. Passers-by glanced curiously and then went on—that when diseases begin in the stomach washingten. be first examined for the cause of the Washington was full of tears those days. they must be cured through the stomach Pilgrim whinnied and waited patiently. "Discovery" is a specific for diseases of finally Jason wiped his eyes. "I'll buy the organs of digestion and nutrition. It you back from Captain Winston, Pilstrengthens the stomach, heals weak

FROM INDIA.

Country. A Picturesque Journey. Farming on a Steep Mountainside Like Flies on a Wall. Nearing the Journey's End. Etc.

Dear Home Folk. tired but could do thirty-five miles, and carved in a most gorgeous way. off we started.

moved from our path.

ful way in which the Kashmire's man we must get started. farmer succeeds in balancing himself The scenery becomes milder and more along the side of the 3500 foot hill while beautiful and we are making long dehe cuts grass, and that long stretch of tours, for the way is steep and the sun 3500 feet below has scarcely a shrub big hot. The trees seem to have vacated enough to stay him should he suddenly this especial spot-even the spruce and decide to have a bath in the quick icy pine, which for the last few miles have river below. Every least foot is planted been keeping us company, have entirely either in corn, rice or wheat and seems disappeared so that bald, bare, glisteny to be in splendid condition. The corn is white mountains now greet and repulse much smaller than I know, but other- you with their heat and glare and we wise just the same. His cows, goats and are indeed glad that only ten more miles sheep must all have spikes on their hoofs is to be our portion and ere long we will else they would surely slip down, for be resting, having had our bath and they ramble along the mountain side like clean clothes. We are whirled about a I might along the big road. Everyone mountain end and along its side for a litseems to be working, men, women and tle distance and cool, dark, shady groves children, and all look happy.

a native gentleman having come for his joying this gorgeousness with me. dinner, we go to the veranda and then I The late Lord Cross never added am asked "would I like to see a Kashmir bridge," and of course I say "yes," so all five go to the bazaar, and then on a bit, and two about six feet above on the post one species of spider, the trap-door spion either side these two hand-rails are der. After that remark, if it were any about every six feet, making a figure V, madly on to the two at the upper angles. while that mad rushing river makes you so light-headed you are sure you had best say your prayers. Our escort, whoever he may be, I never learned his name, glad to leave the thing behind. The moon had appeared while we were fool-A school inspector, examining a class the beauty, so we played "pussy-wants-ain grammar, wrote a sentence on the corner," tried sailing stones across the calmer part of the river, but finally, all 4.30 a. m., going in to Kashmir; and they exhausted. are coming out-vacation over-and I

> Friday evening-Forty-eight miles further on the road. 4.30 saw us up this morning and the moon still held sway; toast and eggs and paying our bill, picked up the smaller articles and climbed and we were off.

Nothing new for some time, but soon the east became lighter and the mountains and stream looked darker and then of many valuable statues and also of pre-Nothing new for some time, but soon the sun came up and the scenery, which before looked hazy and unnatural, now resolved itself into peak after peak-ma- British White Sea Squadron. The monks jestic in height, almost bare except for who inhabited the monastery at that time green grass and a few low shrubs. The marched in procession on the granite smaller places were cultivated and every here and there the road widened and the valley became broader and truly little could see them) of beaten clay, destitute monks.

of furniture except the "charpoi" which not only acts as a bed but does duty for By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern a chair; one can also use it very nicely for a horse's rack for food and so it is a

most useful piece of furniture. The scenery is just a repetition of yes-GARHI, Dak:, SEPTEMBER 21st, 1913. terday, but perhaps a little less wild, for much farming is done along here. The We are to be off at six o'clock this men are tall and fine looking, dressed in morning and I truly had only one eye blue pajamas, a long blue shirt reaching shut when I pulled it open again and to their knees, a "pugra" of blue on their striking a match found that my "nasty heads and generally a white scarf drawn little time-keeper" had run around its about their necks. Their wives are not dial and I was about to reach the stage small but have tiny feet and hands, are that told me I must get about. I wanted very fair and very pretty and covered to smash the tiny thing but decided that with jewelry, while the children are wouldn't help my weary muscles and in-dears. They are all hospitable and inenormous spiders' webs stretching stead, dressed and packed my chattels, clined to want to be of service, and I am clear across the road, the big trees ate, paid my bill, gave a last admiring greatly entertained by their friendly look at the scenery from that point, and stares as we stop in the bazaar, which, went to the carriage. I inquired about the by the way, is different from those on horses and the driver told me they were the plains by having the entire front

Our horses are nicely rested so we Our first halt is for a bridge-long and drive along right merrily, but it is nearhigh, stretching itself across the Jhelum ly noon and although we almost froze in river, for so my silver band has been our beds last night, today the sun is alnamed by these people. We pay a tax most intolerably hot and we ask our of two Rupees, or sixty-four cents, and driver to stop at the first shade tree and are allowed to proceed. Our way is now out we get to rest and make our tea and along the snow-fed river, a big volume eat our "tiffin" (dinner) while the men of angry, rapid-rushing water held in its unhitch the fagged horses and feed them way by the two great mountains on grass and balls made of coarse molasses, either side of us. It is along the side of bran and water, which they say acts as a one that we twist and turn-a road al- stimulant to them. A Fakir (holy man) most perfect, of white crushed limestone, comes along and winds the most peculiar about to explode, they are so blown taken from the mountains back-bone horn over a "puja" (worship) place near and as we go along, here and there one where we are sitting and on the road below sees the result of its most recent effort us camels, at least two dozen, are stripping to reclaim its own -a land-slide. There all the leaves from any and all the bushare many workmen on all parts and new es their rubber-necks can reach. Yes, piles of earth on the outer edge with it all is curious and strange, and in the many loose stones on the inner side back-ground, the magnificent mounshows what they have but recently re- tains which I have come so far to see. I could stay and drink it all in for We are greatly entertained by the skill- hours and hours but time is flying and

of hemlock, pine and spruce, with pop-Our entire way was almost at the riv- lars adding their straightness to the gener's edge and between mountains. Of eral assemblage, while ferns of all kinds, course we came up again but it has been golden-rod, wild snap-dragon and asters a gradual rise and the new peaks and help rest our eyes after the horrid glare. vistas that came in sight saved us from We came to a stop before a charming noticing the hard tugs of the horses. little gray stone bungalow and out The scenery is indeed grand (and I pop the servants and we are again under think that expresses best the way it im-shelter—this time the only ones to be presses me.) We have only done thirty- cared for. But it is late and the roar of ven miles today and came to this the river and the call of the night wind charming little way-house, where the make my eyes heavy, so please excuse roar of the river is so loud one me for I must sleep. We will be off at must raise one's voice if you wish to be four o'clock in the morning for our last heard. We go into dinner and find two forty-eight miles and I shall mail this at women and a man already seated; of Srinagar, so you will get it next week. "Neither can I see it. But it's in the course, there is frozen silence for a space The next time I will tell you about our but soon we are all chatting and finally, house-boat. I wish you could all be en-

(Continued next week.) The Trap-door Spider.

and here are two great posts with a reel its web? This question seems to have How many times can a spider rebuild between, and a cable fastened on the reel been answered with reference to at least

fastened to the under cable by a stick

These spiders are very plentiful in California. They construct their nests, consisting of a mammoth tube lined with so you go walking like a slack-wire per- silk of their own manufacture, in the former, along the bottom cable holding ground in situations protected from the washing effects of rain. Then they cover the nests with a woven trap-door supplied with a hinge.

The upper surface of the door is made to resemble the surface of the ground. If any insect disturbs the door the ownwas a cool-headed man and seemed to is not too large and strong, the spider know all about the place and as he went seizes it and drags it into the den. If, on the contrary, the stranger is a formider instantly opens it, and if the disturber able enemy, the spider claps the door to and holds it down with all its strength.

The result of many experiments, as reing there and we were all loath to leave ported by a naturalist of San Diego, shows that if the trap-door is destroyed the spider can reconstruct it just five times and no more; but each time there is evidence of a greater economy in the things must stop and off to bed we went, use of silk, and although the spider will not to meet again for we are to leave at attempt the renewal the sixth time, it 4.30 a. m., going in to Kashmir: and they

It would appear, however, that after don't even know their names; merely the lapse of a considerable period, the chance passers, then—"good bye." id from which it spins its web. Then it is able to resume the construction of RAMPUR DAK., Bungalow. silk-lined dens and trap-doors.

A Fortified Monastery.

The most strongly fortified monastery it seemed scarcely fair to have to start in the world is at Solovetsk, in Archso early but to get here and not kill the angel, Russia. This monastery is enclosed on every side by a wall of granite boulders, which measures nearly a mile in circumference. The monastery itself ed up the smaller articles and climbed is very strongly fortified, being supported into the vehicle again; the whip cracked by round and square towers about thirty eet in height, with walls twenty feet in thickness.

cious stones. Upon the walls are mounted huge guns, which in the time of the Crimean War were directed against the walls while the shells were flying over their heads, to indicate what little fear they had of an attack by the British fleet. Thousands of pilgrims come annually

rice farms were seen. The houses of to Solovetsk from various parts of Rusthe owners, low, six feet high shacks, roof perfectly flat, floors, (where we manded and manned solely by the