

# Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., December 4, 1914.

## THE BROOK.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
I slide by hazel covers;  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers.  
I slip, I slide, I groom, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows;  
I make the netted sunbeam dance  
Against my sandy shallows.  
I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wildernesses;  
I linger by my shingly bars;  
I loiter under my crosses;  
And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.  
—By Alfred Tennyson.

## THE ADVENTURE OF "LONE BOY"

When he was yet a small lad he had earned the name of "Lone Boy," because of solitary tramps which took him a long way from his own Sioux village. He was, in fact, best content when wandering among the breaks and canons of the Smoky Hill River.

At eleven years he met with an adventure which gave him another name among people.

He had learned to set snares for wild animals, and one day discovered the fresh path of a doe and two fawns, which were in the habit of going to drink at a certain point on the river.

After several attempts Lone Boy succeeded in snaring one of the fawns. But when he came up with his game a pair of bald eagles had already attacked and killed the fawn.

The young Sioux was very angry. He had intended, if he should take a young deer alive to carry the animal home for a pet. For some time he had known where this pair of eagles—at least, as he believed—had their nest. He had indeed planned to watch the growth of their young ones, and to lie in wait to shoot them on their first unwary descent from the aerie. It was sometimes quite easy to secure the much-prized tail feathers of the bald eagle in this way.

However, there was always the risk that another hunter might be on the watch, and so secure the prize at the opportune moment. Upon reflection, Lone Boy determined at once to attempt a capture of the young eagles, and so revenge himself upon the parent birds for the killing of his young deer.

More than once from an imposing height he marked the position of the eagles' nest. The huge pile of sticks was built upon a cleft rock near to the top of a cliff which overhung the sandy bed of a canon.

This cliff was nearly a half-day's journey up the river, but Lone Boy set out at the coyote's gait, and before noon had reached the crest of the height directly above the nest.

Here he seated himself beneath a pine and watched. Presently he saw both the old eagles sail away into the ether.

Then Lone Boy rose and began the descent—a perilous business. Hitherto he had refrained from attempting it only because of the apparent impossibility of bringing the birds back, even should he succeed in reaching their perch. Now he had determined to descend to them if he could, and to pitch them off into the canon, where he could pluck the coveted feathers at his leisure.

To go directly down the face of the ledge was impossible; so he made his way along the seams and crevices of the crowning rocks, keeping in view as much as possible the top of a leaning pine which stood beside the eagles' nest.

For some lengths of his body the descent was easier than the lad had thought, and he was already calculating with much satisfaction that he could really bring those young eagles up one at a time, when he came to a horizontal crevice which he knew to be the main obstacle to success.

Eagerly he stretched his length upon a sharp crown of rock and perched down upon a shelf some yards below, where the leaning pine had its root. Near the tree was a heap of sticks, bones, feathers and refuse, and two great squabs of birds, feathered yet downy, sprawled upon the pile.

It was such a little way to drop, and yet, crane his neck as he might, Lone Boy could see no shrub nor projection which he might lay hold upon.

He crawled along the rim of the crevice looking down from every possible point of view, but everywhere the incline dipped inward, the edges of the rocks projecting like the rim of a basin above the eagles' aerie.

Finally, almost despairing, the lad let himself down, clinging with both hands to the edges. Thus cautiously he felt with his moccasined toes the face of the ledge, seeking for some niche or coign of vantage.

While he was thus dangling over the rim of the ledge he heard a shrill, piercing scream overhead, and looked up to see both the old eagles hovering along the scrap not a bow-shot above his head.

One of them had poised, flapping its great wings, the tip of which almost brushed the rocks and he could see the craned neck and angry red eyes of the bird as it stooped for a swoop.

The lad made a frantic effort to draw himself upward, and in the same instant the eagle shot downwards like a hurled missile, with a hissing scream that set Lone Boy's nerves all a-tingle.

He had drawn himself half-way up, and was about to fling a knee upon the rim of the rock when he got a fierce buffet from the eagle's wing. He was flung backward, and his hold upon the rock was broken.

Like a falling stone he dropped to the shelf below, and would have tumbled headlong into the canon below but for the friendly leaning pine, which stretched some limbs across the path of his descent.

For a moment Lone Boy hung, clinging to these boughs, half-suspended over the depths; then scrambled to safety under the sheltering pine. He did this just in time to escape a fresh onset from one of the eagles, which swooped at him, screaming wrathfully.

The leaning pine had grown a network of small limbs, and its foliage was very dense. Crawling under the drooping boughs, Lone Boy was able to hide himself completely even from the keen eyes of the eagles. Yet the birds continued to wheel about their aerie, noisily excited for a time.

The lad lay very still within his shelter, peering from under cover at the pair of newly fledged eaglets, which had flopped awkwardly off their pile of sticks when the intruder dropped upon their perch.

These young birds now hugged the ledge with bodies flattened and wings drooping, evidently much depressed by the descent of this strange creature and by the worried screams of the parent birds.

However, as Lone Boy continued in hiding, the old eagles became calmer, and after a time seemed to have forgotten altogether the cause of alarm. They finally sailed away in search of fresh prey.

Lone Boy now crawled cautiously out of his hiding-place. His first move, boy-like, was to pounce upon the young eagles, giving them no opportunity to flap off their perch and into a canon.

In a brief time, sitting astride the two, the lad had cut strings from his buckskin leggings, and made fast a leg of each bird to pine shrubs which grew close to their nest. He tied them far enough apart so that they could not become entangled.

When this was done he began to take account of his situation; and very soon upon keen scrutinizing of the edge above and below, he discovered that without rescue by some passing hunter or person in search of him, there could be no hope of escape.

He was trapped as the wolf is trapped, or even as he had snared the fawn. The narrow shelf upon which the eagles' nest had been built, and from which the leaning pine had grown, was only some ten steps in length, and but a pace or two in width at the widest. It was a hollow trough enclosed by a basin-like rim, and was filled with pine cones, needles and other rubbish. And this little shelf suspended in mid-air was half a bow-shot above the bottom of a canon.

In vain Lone Boy scanned the face of the ledge from which he had dropped. There was no possible handhold within reach, and the bushy pine had leaned so far out to catch the sunlight, its flimsy tops came nowhere near the rock rim above.

If within a very few days some one should pass within hailing distance, there should be a chance of rescue; otherwise not.

Again the lad crawled within the tent-like shelter of the pine, where for a time he watched the uneasy eaglets flop about and peck at annoying strings which hampered them. Toward night the old eagles returned and one of them bore a cock-sage grouse in its talons.

Lone Boy was near to laughter when the dead bird was deposited upon the nest, for the tied eaglets struggled spitefully, jerking the quarry back and forth, flapping their wings, and pulling against each other for possession. In the meantime the old eagle sat with a solemn look of inquiry upon his face, and finally flew away, croaking in apparent disgust.

The boy crawled from hiding. Some of that grouse he must have, and secured the leg and a portion of the breast for his supper. This, of course, he was forced to eat raw.

That night he slept fitfully, and before morning his throat was parched with thirst. When an eagle brought a rabbit to the aerie, and he had secured a portion he was unable to eat more than a mouthful or two. So he lay within the pine's shelter, watching the eagles, and listening for any stir of life which should be taken a hunter within sound of his voice.

The eaglets had grown sullen pulling at the strings and each lay or sat upon its own side of the nest, sullenly dozing, except when a parent bird appeared. Then there were strange contortions of the body, with wings raised aloft and gaping red maws. Lone Boy now noted, too, that the old birds fed their young separately, apparently accepting the situation without further inquiry. After bringing some small bird or animal, either eagle would sit for a time perched on a preening, upon some nearby crag wholly oblivious of its rapacious offspring.

Watching these birds, Lone Boy retained his interest in life for another sun; then the fever of thirst consumed him. For several days he lay under the pine in a semi-conscious state. Half the people of his village might have passed through the canon looking for him, and he could not have heeded, much less have answered their calls.

Then, on a cool morning, when a heavy dew was glittering upon the pine needles, he came suddenly into possession of his faculties. Feeling strangely light of head and body, but with every sense alert, he came out from hiding.

He felt as if walking upon air, and stood upon the rock rim, looking down into the canon, feeling that he was quite capable of jumping down there upon the sands without taking hurt. If only he might jump far enough! He looked down at his hands and bare arms, which appeared to be nothing but skin and bone, and a startling thought came into his mind.

Why not take the young eagles and jump! They would help to bear up his lightened weight.

No sooner thought than put in execution. He turned to the eaglets, untied the hissing, pecking birds, now almost full-grown and full-feathered, and cut the thongs which bound them. They flapped their wings strongly, and nearly wrenched their legs out of his weak hands.

Then, in a sudden desperate rush, he bore them over the verge of the rock shelf and dropped into the space of the canon. Down they went, and the boy's arms wide spread and the eaglets flapping their untied wings.

The descent was appallingly swift, but the vigorous efforts of the birds carried the trio forward in a slant which plunged them into the sand at the canon's bottom. Lone Boy staggered to his feet, alive and whole.

A half-hour later he was able to visit a patch of ripe raspberries, and despite his swollen tongue was able to eat heartily of the luscious fruit.

Still dizzy and feeling very queer, the lad saw the earth spin round him for a moment. Then again tying the eaglets' legs, he staggered to the river bank, a half-bow shot's distance. There he quenched his thirst after the cautious manner of his kind.

A half-eaten rabbit, which he had kicked off the eagles' perch, still further renewed his vigor, and after a half-day's rest he was able to go slowly homeward, dragging his captives after him.

At the Brule Sioux village, in honor of this exploit, he was named Wambli Yuzza, Catches Eagles, by which name he is known to this day.

The WATCHMAN enjoys the proud distinction of being the best and cleanest county paper published.

## FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. Description of a Camping Tour Further into the Snow-capped Mountains of India.

Srinagar, September 24th, 1913.

### Dear Home Folk:

After a week of house-boat living I must confess already the novelty has worn off and I am ready for new worlds to conquer, so we are hoping to be off tomorrow on a ten days' or two week's camping tour.

We had a delightful view of this country and the curious old city yesterday, for it is surrounded by high peaks and situated on the top of one of these is an old Temple, formerly a Mohammedan Mosque, but being conquered by the Hindus was torn down and the present Temple erected. This "Temple of Solomon," as it is called, surely does command a most magnificent view of all the surrounding land; but the climb of nearly a thousand feet in three miles made me puff and puff.

The river makes big S shaped curves and the intervening meadow land is most rich and fertile. The peak upon which we stood thrust itself forward between the lake we saw on Sunday and the river's course and then all around us was the city—built as all Indian cities are built—on a little ground as possible; narrow, alley-like streets, but with the difference that all the houses are of two story. They are built of wood—evidently white ants are not feared here as they are on the plains—and everyone shows the national trade of wood-carving, in which these people do excel.

The great mountain ranges stretched out as far as the eye could see, nearly all covered with the snows, although this is the fall and the fresh snows have not fallen as yet. The sun was just up and its golden rays upon these mountain fields of ice was indeed a glorious picture. We stayed to enjoy it until our feelings warned us that it was nearing the breakfast hour and down we came; my muscles are still telling me how much they resented that hill climb.

Last night we took a boat and four oarsmen and down the river we went to get a view of this city from the river, as it is built along the river on either bank. Such a dilapidated place you could scarcely imagine; all the houses are of wood and are narrow and high built overhanging the river at the second story; the foundation, to be sure, is of stone but great tree trunks, set out at an angle of 30 degrees, are used to support the upper overhanging story. As there have been many earthquakes and floods here you may know that in many places these block packed houses look much damaged—added to which these people use no paint in any form on wood, so that with the old river mud coating the under story, no plant life is given greenness and a sullen, deep, dark looking river—it may be picturesque, but is not my idea of attractiveness.

The river is spanned by seven bridges and when you wish to go to a shop you are told "so and so by the first bridge," etc., and you get into a small boat and are taken there—or at least to a pair of high steps, and you then find your own way through a native bazaar. Of course there are beautiful roads and houses with very beautiful gardens, some distance back from the river, and motor cars of every description are flying around, but to me they are tame and uninteresting beside the boat and river.

We called upon a woman doctor who has charge of the State hospital for women and she proved to be very nice and has a very nice hospital, well equipped, and I am afraid I stayed later than we should have for the sun had gone down and only a glow of gold was in the West turning the snow peaks to a beautiful pink and a most beautiful effect was produced. I saw the nearby mountains quite in darkness while a great snow-capped range rising behind was in brilliant light, just as though a lime-light had been thrown on their peaks to bring out their beauty. But it all faded before we had gotten rightly started and night dropped down like a pall. It was a ghostly experience for neither our boat nor any of the others about us had lights and only the stars to give us light. The river has electric lights along its banks but as usual, they are so dim that they acted only as stars.

We would be gliding along rapidly when out from the night, almost upon us, another boat would be shot like a stealthy night-prowler, and the boatman would call out a warning and the boat that looked so terrifying before would almost at once be swallowed up in the darkness behind, only to be followed by another. Three hours hard rowing finally landed us at our doorway and as dinner was ready we hungry travelers were soon fed and then to bed we went, for I have nothing to do at night so bed sounds nice.

This morning as we are to go to Pahlgam, we were up early to attend to a few things before starting; to go for the mail, of which I got none, (would think my last letter had so tired you, you couldn't write but know you have not received it as yet,) and then we were off, three coolies poling from the sides with immense poles and one seated at the back with a paddle, steering.

The scenery, so far as the mountains are concerned, is the same, but we pass sheep being washed for their clipping, natives swimming, others bringing in house-boats, empty, their recent occu-

pants having sought new homes evidently; the coolies have now attached a rope to our floating home and are walking along the bank pulling, while we glide along. You should see the native "dunga," (boat) perhaps twenty or thirty feet long, heavy cumbersome bottom with a top made of woven rushes. They are very ungainly looking but seemed to be the freight boat of this section. Apple, stone, wood and grain laden ones all have passed us, being polled down the stream—the boatmen's entire family always occupying the rear part, for the women take their share of poling as well as the men, and just now we passed a woman and man pulling together a big boat of grain going up stream.

A native village is just passing, built of sun-baked mud bricks, two-storied affairs with grass-thatched roofs; again no grass, but beautiful chear trees. Just in front of me the whack of the "dhobi's" washing chimes into the call of the coolie as they put forth energy to push us up the stream. Off to the north the snows and the clouds are making a white spot between the intense blue of the sky, the purplish brown of the mountain's body which lower down becomes a vivid emerald green and then the yellow earth all reflected perfectly in the deep gray-green water—so perfect one almost thinks they must be standing on their heads. And such a lazy life, one feels as though you could just float on and on.

Morning comes and we have our little breakfast and then we sit at the front of the boat and watch the ever magnificent scenery change, for occasionally the river's bend puts the mountains behind and nothing does the eye see but fertile rice and corn fields spread out like a carpet, and so the days glide by, each like the one before except that the scenery becomes wilder. For three days we go thus and then we come to a native village, Bijbehara, it is most picturesque situated; a great wooden bridge across the river from the butts of which grow great trees and the city is built on the side of a hill in sort of steps, and long flights of stone steps lead down to the river, that is now very low. It is beautiful, with the great mountains directly behind—and to walk through the bazaar, with dust inches deep, the shops not more than eight feet from each other across the street and each having its keeper sitting awaiting customers. But the smell was so horrid that I took my views in a few minutes, mentally, and went back across the river to our boat.

The evening we spent under the most beautiful chear trees you could ever imagine; trunk at least eight feet in diameter and the grass was like velvet, while great beds of iris and narcissus, now past blooming, grew wild on every hand, and it was from here we watched the sun go down. No, I am not going to try to describe it for there are limits to my ability. We met here a charming woman whom Mrs. R. had known three years ago; she was passing and asking where we came from our servants said Jhansi, so we had a charming call from her.

This morning bright and early we packed our goods for a ten day's camping trip up into the Liddar valley, said to be one of the most beautiful in this magnificent country. Seven ponies, three servants and three coolies it took to take our modest belongings and ourselves. Yes, we were a funny sight sitting astride a small pony that wouldn't jump or run even if a bomb went off under him. I started out bravely to walk the twelve miles to our first camping ground but the brown shoes beat me out after seven miles so I had to take to the pony's back.

Our way was through big, big rice fields—red, white, black—that is the husk, so that it is not only interesting to see but very beautiful in its ripeness, as it now is. Not an ounce is allowed to be shipped out of Kashmir and so prices are not going up as to that necessity. The mountains, great tall, silver-gray topped ones with jagged pointed tops rose on either side of us and way off we could see many with snow moon-bonnets; I can't say they made them look as exquisite as the maidens in the *Ladie's Home Journal*, but these wearers are majestic and the snow-bonnets add cold, at least, to my northern knowledge. But up we go and the rice fields become less broad and the way becomes less attractive, from a farmer's standpoint, for this country is planted full of willows, and sheep and goats are here in thousands. The willows are now being cut, the young, this year's green growth, and is being stored in the remaining bare forks of the trees to dry for this winter's feeding of these self-same sheep and goats.

The whole valley is irrigated and so water is seen on every side in artificial canals; but it all lends itself to the scenery and adds to it.

We reached our camping ground at two o'clock and I took off my stockings and shoes and dipped my hot, tired feet into an icy-cold mountain stream and then laid down under a big English walnut tree and to sleep I went, thus waiting until the servants and the luggage would come. It is here and the small tents in place; the Behrer is preparing tea and I have just finished making my couch, which came in sections, and am now rather much interested in an immense storm that is preparing to descend upon us from those far off ice fields. The wind is making these great walnut trees twist and writhe and give up their fruit, and as though from the earth springs native women and girls, all dirty, all "khurta" clad, to gather these delicacies and I too must gather a few. These

walnut trees are covered with beautiful mistletoe. (Oh, for a man!)

Well, we gathered one hundred walnuts and now the storm is royal, the peaks are seemingly in a swirl of snow and a great gorgeous rainbow has been flung like God's arch across the valley. We poor, puny humans can sit and shake with the cold and the rain is good enough for us, but it has turned my silver-gray peaks to black with tiny mottlings of white, and the war has been carried into new territory.

(Continued next week.)

### Habit—A Curse or a Blessing.

Little Talks on Health & Hygiene by Samuel G. Dixon, M. D., LL. D., Commissioner of Health.

Someone said that "Man is a creature of habit" permitting us to draw our own conclusions. We are perfectly familiar with bad habits. Even if we were not liberally supplied with conscience, teachers and moralists have said enough to familiarize us with this side of the question. Fortunately there are good habits and they are often a blessing thinly disguised. Our general health and well-being depends largely upon the character of our habits.

Regularity partakes something of virtue. This is especially true when it pertains to eating, sleeping, labor and recreation which covers the daily program of the majority of mankind. In the primitive state it was impossible for our ancestors to eat regularly. The hunter might be successful and again he might not. Periods of enforced fasting were followed by corresponding overindulgence when the chase was successful. The demand for food at regular intervals was the first stimulus to civilization. We have achieved a state where three meals a day are possible to the most of us. In gratitude we should strive for moderation knowing that in a few hours more food will be forthcoming.

Sleep is the great restorer of both body and brain. Irregular hours of rest result in an excessive strain upon the nervous system which in turn reacts unfavorably upon the human economy. Regularity in the periods of rest make for even temper and physical stability.

Labor to achieve worthy accomplishment must be steady and persevering. The habit of work is a necessity for one who would realize his ambitions.

Even in our recreations the majority of us are better for a certain degree of system for otherwise it is apt to become a case of over or under indulgence.

It is the same with our bodily functions—temperance and regularity are conducive to obtaining the maximum of efficiency for the longest period of time. Excessive friction and rust are equally hard upon machinery.

The formation of good habits in the care of the teeth, bathing, daily evacuations, eating, sleeping, exercise and living in fresh air will go far toward making the doctor's visit less frequent.

The Chameleon Spider.

Every traveler that returns from tropical regions has extraordinary stories to tell of the strange mimicry of leaves and flowers by insects. Sometimes the purpose of the imitation seems to be concealment, and sometimes the laying of a snare for other insects. A curious instance of this was noticed on the Gold Coast of Africa by a member of a British scientific expedition when he stopped to examine a singular-looking white flower with a blue centre.

He found, to his astonishment, that it was not a flower at all but a spider's web, and that the supposed light blue heart of the flower was the spider itself lying in wait for its prey. The legs of the cunning spider, yellow mottled with brown, were extended in such a way as to resemble the divisions between the petals of the flower.

The web itself, very delicately woven into a rosette pattern, was white, and the threads that suspended it from the bushes were so fine as to be almost invisible. The whole thing had the appearance of being suspended in the air upon a stem concealed beneath.

When the scientist knocked the spider from its perch into a white gauze net his surprise was increased upon seeing his captive instantly turn from blue to white. Its former mimicry had been practised as a snare; now it was playing a similar game for the sake of concealment.

But the end of the performance was not yet reached. When the investigator shook his captive its body again changed color, becoming this time of a dull greenish-brown. Later he captured another larger specimen of the same species of spider, whose flower web resembled an orchid. This spider exhibited the same remarkable power of changing its color.

### How Mosquitoes Reached Hawaii.

It may seem strange to us who yearly fight the mischief-making mosquito that any country should be entirely free from these pests; yet, up to within a few years, the Hawaiian Islands and the mosquito knew nothing of each other. A few years ago a ship brought over a few, not purposely, but quite by accident, in the hold with some of her cargo. So persistently did these mosquitoes thrive and make existence miserable for the people of the islands that the authorities set about looking for something with which to exterminate the stinging pests. Reports from the Department of Agriculture in Washington mentioned the fact that in Texas, near Galveston, there thrived a fish called the "killfish," which fed greedily upon the larvae or "Wrigglers" of the mosquito.

As a result, four hundred and fifty of these fish found themselves at Honolulu. One quarter of this number were kept in special ponds for breeding purposes, and the remainder were liberated in various rivers and ponds where mosquitoes swarmed. So well have these fish done their work of extermination that the Hawaiian authorities optimistically declare it will be but a very few years before the mosquito will be exterminated from the archipelago.

## Russia; Its Youth and Its Life.

Russia is the land of paradoxes and contrasts. It is at once the most autocratic and the most Democratic of European nations. It presents the most extreme example of imperial power in national affairs and the most extreme type of popular sovereignty in local affairs. It exhibits at the same time the most stately magnificence and the most abject poverty. It has the most splendid court and the most servile people. It shows the richest culture and the deepest debasement. It offers much that is singularly attractive and much that is singularly repulsive.

St. Petersburg is one of the imposing capitals of the world. It was built by Peter the Great in the midst of a swamp; now it ranks among the marvels of modern development. That wonderful Titanic genius wanted a window to look out on Europe. He saw the naval power of the Western nations, and he wanted to be on the water.

He chose the miasmatic delta of the Neva, and although his capital is younger than Boston and Philadelphia, it is one of the greatest cities of the world. With its wide streets, its stately palaces, its grand churches, its cosmopolitan people and its dashing life, it has a distinct character of its own.

The rigor of the climate has led to stuccoed buildings, and the yellowish-red color which prevails so extensively is not pleasing to the Western eye. The city as a whole is not so handsome as Paris, not so impressive as the new Berlin, not so solidly majestic as London; but it has many features which are remarkably interesting.

The Winter Palace is the largest and finest in Europe. It combines Oriental splendor with Western civilization. The opulence of its treasures is only surpassed by those of the Kremlin at Moscow.

The Hermitage ranks among the few great galleries of art, and surprises most visitors, who had not looked for so superb a collection in the remote capital of the North. The Cathedral of St. Isaac's stands next to St. Peter's at Rome in its majesty and grandeur.

The Neva is the noblest river which any capital can boast, and there is no such open, attractive place of residence in any great city as on the magnificent quay which stretches for three miles along its course.

The scene on the streets in the characteristic winter life is one of great animation. The Nevsky Prospekt, which is the Broadway of St. Petersburg, is thronged with a motley crowd of pedestrians and sledges.

There is the prince with his rich sables and the muzhik with his unsavory sheepskin. There is the Turk, the Armenian and the Persian. There is the Great Russian with his fair, full beard, and the Little Russian with a much darker type. The thousands of diminutive droshkies with their little, hardy, scraggy Russian horses, and the unkempt Istovschiks in their heavy fur caps and long blue caftans; the numerous private equipages with their fat, padded drivers in curious, velvet pincushion caps, and their shapely black Ooloffs as swift as the wind, all unite to make the spectacle singularly picturesque and spirited.—*Youth's Companion*.

Greely the Speller.

No champion of the old-time spelling-matches, perhaps, ever excelled Horace Greely. He was, in fact, a spelling prodigy. What would the boys and girls of today, who grumble over their daily stint of 20 words, think of a child not yet six years old who could actually spell every word in the English language! That is what the young Horace is said to have been able to do.

His schooling began in his fourth year, and the art of spelling at once became a passion with him. In school and out, he kept incessantly at its study. Hour after hour he would lie on the floor, spelling over all the difficult words he could find in the few books that the family owned.

The fame of his prowess spread. Naturally, Horace was the first one chosen at spelling-matches. He had a hissing, whining voice, and spelled his words with the utmost confidence. Sometimes in winter, when the snow-drifts were so deep that one of the big boys had to take him to the school-house on his back, the little white-haired fellow would drop asleep between turns. When his word came round, his neighbors would nudge him anxiously; he would wake, spell his words, and drop asleep again at once.

So great was the boy's reputation as a student of unusual powers that the selection of a neighboring town, in passing a rule forbidding the attendance at the local school of any pup from outside the township, honored him by adding the clause, "Excepting only Horace Greely."—*Presbyterian Banner*.

There was a young man who started life with the proposition that he would believe nothing he could not prove for himself or see with his own eyes. For that man history was a sealed book, foreign lands did not exist, astronomy was a fable, chemistry a fairy tale. For the foundation of all knowledge is the acceptance of facts which have been proven by other people and belief in the records of history and geography written by chroniclers and travelers long dead. That young man would be doomed to perish by his own ignorance, because he would take no other man's word and trust no other man's experience. There is a class of people who might be blood relations of that young man who see time and again the statements of cures following the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Yet they go on coughing, spitting blood, and losing strength with every hour. The fact that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery does cure coughs, bronchitis, weak lungs, and conditions which tend to consumption, rests upon evidence as sound as that which proves the salient facts of history, geography, or astronomy. It is not more certain that Washington was at Valley Forge, that London is the Capital of England, or that the sun rises in the East, than that "Golden Medical Discovery" cures pulmonary diseases. You can't afford to doubt this evidence or reject it, if you are sick.

Marked End of Childhood.

Children pass out of a stage—open, beautiful, exquisitely simple—into a life and a discretion beneath an imposed and artificial life. And they are lost. Out of the finished, careful, watchful, restrained man and woman no child emerges again.—*The Pessimistic Friends*.