Democratic Watchman

Belletonte, Pa., April 16, 1915.

A HUSBAND'S CONFESSION.

Yesterday Mirandy voted, But so far I haven't noted That she's sprouted any whiskers or adopt trouserettes; And she hasn't indicated Since she got emancipated That she means to start out raiding with a bunch of suffragettes. Took her half an hour to do it, An' as soon as she was through it, She went hustling home without a stop to scrub the pantry floor; Cooked the dinner, did some baking, Trimmed a dress that she was making Mended socks and got the ironing all done by half past four. She appears to be as able To keep victuals on the table

said

ders.

And to keep the moths from feeding on my gomeeting coat-Just as handy with the baby (Or a little more so, maybe)-As she was before they told her woman ought have the vote. Far as I have observed Mirandy, She is just as fond of candy And as keen to read the fashions and the daily household hints As before she was my "equal," And-however strange the seque I've been just a trifle prouder of Mirandy even since! -W. Kee Maxwell in Judge.

GOOD CHILDREN.

Ralph paused at the front steps, and shook himself as though literally to throw off the care that had been dragging down his grave young head and shoulders through twenty blocks of bright city autumn. The house had been a handsome double mansion in the days of old had overturned her world: it was not New York; now signs and show-cases, flanking the broad steps, told of trade to slightly fastened to careless strips of gray paper, and signed, "Sarah Calvert, pho-tographer," in a small, fine handwriting. bronze knocker.

"Come in, Ralph," called a girl's voice. intended for sitters, two cameras, and a table piled deep with photographs. A girl with dishevelled brown hair, her gown completely covered by a smock-like apron of dull red, leaned against the table, while an elderly woman sat very erect in a papal chair, bonnet-strings spread on her shoulders, the gloves she had just pulled off straightened across her knee.

"Nothing of the sort, Ralph," Mrs. Calvert spoke with good-humored vigor. "But this daughter of mine is so unreasonable, so tyrannical-

"That she won't let Mother go out charring by the day," broke in the girl impatiently, yet also on a note of humor. 'Oh, come, Sarah! Ralph, you know

tea

me better than that. All I say is-"But it isn't as if I were not perfectly

own mother. Why, you couldn't bear it. ness, she could scarcely get it open. Sarah declared more than once in the Oh, Ralph, if you take her side and en. Then the light died out of her eyes and fortnight that followed. Mrs. Calvert Oh, Ralph, if you take her side and en-courage her—" And Sarah's eyes did fill her lips set. The agency made the offer had an air of suppressed buoyancy, a gay with tears. He put out a hand to pat apologetically, not expecting acceptance; the edge of her sleeve. but the home was "refined" and the need "Sarah, Sarah, dear, if you cry, I immediate. Mrs. Calvert faced it square-"Well, let's cry," she said, and laughed at the picture. He did not laugh. "Oh, poverty, poverty!" He had the air of looking about for something that he might safely kick. "I am growing sick of it, dear." "Well, let's cry," she said, and laughed at the picture. He did not laugh. "Oh, poverty, poverty!" He had the air of looking about for something that he might safely kick. "I am growing sick of it, dear." "We are both doing rather well," she ly, she drew a trunk out of her closet reminded him, but feebly. and began to pack her clothes and be-"But so slowly, so inch by inch! Once

longings. When that was done, she pushed it softly back and brought down

"Oh, I shall always want you," she ternoon. It would be a simple matter for Mrs. Calvert to walk out undetected He held out his hands. "Sarah!" with her bag, and a telegram before din-'We are not engaged.' ner would forestall anxiety. If her cour-"I know. But just this once! age faltered before the unheroic light She lifted her tired arms to his shoulof day, she put brisk determination in its "Oh, just this once!" she begged place. During their brief breakfast, the of the powers that held them apart. next morning, her tenderness encom-passed Sarah like a warm tide; and, Neither noticed a step in the pas nor the pushing back of the unlatched door. Mrs. Calvert, who had come with though she kept it out of her spoken

words, the girl rested in it, and was a hospitable suggestion of tea, drew softgrateful. Before she went to work, she y back again and went to her own room. put an arm around her mother's shoul-There she sat down as breathless as ders. though she had been running. Some way, Ralph-that boy-and her Sarah! Fif-"Have a good time, and don't get too

tired." she said. Mrs. calvert's lip tremteen minutes of hot resentment had to bled, but she caught it between her teeth. be lived through before she began to She wanted to say something that Sarah realize that, after all, there was nothing would remember afterwards, something against Ralph personally as a suitor. She had even been fond of him before that not trust her voice. She had to let her blighting moment when he had laid hands | go without a sign. on her little girl.

"I am a selfish old woman," she admit-ted as the pain abated. Not till that moment did the practical side thrust tself upon her.

hurrying life about her. A young woman Ralph, good and faithful son, supportburdened with a baby and a bag, and ed his mother. Sarah, dear and devoted daughter, supported hers. Four people; trying to telephone, presently caught her attention. The child was afraid of the and then the inevitable fifth and sixth, telephone-booth, and was too young to be left out-side. Mrs. Calvert went to her of addresses. and Sarah perhaps unable to earn. Suddenly she read aright the tableau that aid. "Let me take him. Babies are always

impetuous happiness that she had seen, good with me," she said. The harassed but sadness and resignation. The droop mother glanced quickly into her face, the very attic. One of the cases held of the boy's cheek against Sarah's, the heaviness of her arms on his shoulders, ed her placidly as an exponent of the the very quality of their silence, told of universal grandmother.

heart-sickness and hope deferred. They "It is so hard when you have no one had never let her even suspect; and now you want to leave them with," the young assured him. Three flights up, Ralph paused before a door hearing the same name over a bronze knocker. Ah, poor little children! she saw why. Tears rushed hotly into her eyes. Oh, loyal son and daughter! Ah, poor little children! you want to reade them with, the young woman said gratefully. "You just have a woman is real poor, she can put the a woman is real poor, she can put the They must have it. They shall have baby in a day nursery; but there's noth-

"But don't interrupt; we are having a family row," it added as the door open-tat erect, one hand, clasped into a fist, "Mrs. Calvert's response had a startled ed, letting him into a big green-walled studio. The place was pleasantly bare a solemn oath, her thoughts running des-studio. but for a little carved furniture, evidently perately down every known avenue to of enterprise growing in her eyes, a quivearning. There she was, fifty-seven, ac- er of amusement stealing into the line of tive, capable, willing; there must be some her lips. Presently she took out paper way. No use going to them with tears and pencil, and began to write, with of sympathy; that would merely add the many hesitations and erasures. Train burden of her unhappiness to theirs. No; after train was called, including her own, her part was to aid and abet their chival- but she paid no need. At last she rose rous secrecy till she could show them and turned back into the city. that she need no longer be an ecomonic

A servant admitted her to the apartburden. "Work!" she breathed. The ment where Ralph lived with his mother.

the doorway. "Ceceline is out, won't you as she entered the sunny sitting room. be a perfect angel and make us some "I will, my little girl." The warm rush of the response, her eager starting up, sent Sarah back troubled; even remorse-ful; for an instant she had a dismaying offered in a tone of conviction; her son The voices came on a note of happi-

alertness, that had not shone out of since dependence had overtaken her days. She only laughed at her daughter's susly: a little Connecticut town, a mentally picion, and Sarah was too absorbed in broken old woman in her care day and her own anxieties to wonder very much; but she felt anew the older w man's charms and value, and a longing to confide in her fought daily with afternoon, when a sitter had failed her, she suddenly threw down a pretense of work and ran to her mother. Mrs. Calvert was not in her room and

ures were in it-a shabby little Bible, faded photographs, bits of old lace, a cameo pin. Sarah rose from frantic in- habad the irrigation is so wonderful that vestigation with wide, frightened eyes, everything is green, but as we came toand flew to the telephone. Ralph came at once, and together they

confronted the evidence of the half-filled trunk. "She is going to do it. She has taken some position. She will work." Sarah

burst out. "I have seen it coming; I ought to have known. And she will break herself down. Ralph, I can't bear

No question now about being engaged, Sarah was wholly and frankly in his arms. "We won't allow it, that's all," he comforted her.

"But how can we stop her if she has gone far enough to pack up?" Sarah had to dry her eyes. "Ceceline says she has been out every day till nearly dinnertime. I saw she was tired and excited, but I was so absorbed in myself-what is it?" for Ralph's stare suggested discovery. "Do you know, there has been something queer about my mother lately," brought out with sudden conviction. have been too rushed to think about it. but she has been like that-tired and excited; and she has asked me for all sorts

'So has Mother!" "They are up to something together, dear.

"We'll stop it," she promised, running for her hat. Ralph called after her. "Sarah. do you suppose they suspect-

about us?" "Oh. no! Mother hasn't an idea," she

At the door of Mrs. Dunne's apartment lay a printed card. Ralph auto- at one o'clock. matically picked it up; then his eye caught a name, and he held the card apidly before him. "Great goodness!" he muttered. They read it together: "Mrs. Dunne and Mrs.

Calvert, Professional Grandmothers. Leave your baby with us-"Oh, I must say!" they both exploded. Ralph's latch-key admitted two stern oung judges, who came to upbraid; but in the hall they paused, still undetected. The open door of the sitting-room showed a sunny tableau: a gentle, elderly woman sat in a big chair, her face softly alight, one furtive arm stealing sweetnes "Mother?" Sarah's head appeared in "Two maids, two apartments, two the picture-book on her knee, and in a mothers," went grimly through her head big chair, alert, radiating content, second big chair, alert, radiating content,

sent Sarah back troubled, even tellorse ful; for an instant she had a dismaying glimpse of their life from the other side. "But I can't let her work," she argued But I can't let her work," she argued the dinner-table. Mrs. Calvert glanced and their eyes grew misty as, at last, wise at the top, and there will be hun- some reliable cnart, snowing the rocks

RETURNING FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. Beautiful Scenery and Majestic Mountains on the Trip South Through India.

DARJEELING, JANUARY 29th, 1914. Dear Home Folk:

Dak. Bungalow at Senchal .--- I left you at Allahabad and I must tell you of my free night jaunt to Calcutta, as you are always talking of my traveling alone. Well, I got into an intermediate carriage in "But so slowly, so inch by licht: Once by licht: On her mother's possessions. Lifelong treas- Jhansi and its surroundings look so bare and barren one is repulsed, but at Alla-

> ward Calcutta vegetation became more and more profuse and palm trees were the servants but I, giving one good-bye everywhere, and I began to see my India of books.

We came to Mogal Seri, a big junc- ered white with a hoar-frost and I sliption, and along came the guard and put ped and slid along in a most old-fashioninto this tiny section five soldier boys, off ed way. The long green moss was glis-

more for comfort and the five made us green ferns looked as though just taken over-full, but it was truly ludicrous to from a watery bath.; the whole world see how those boys made the best of was as beautiful as nature could make it. things and one, while sleeping on the I got my coolie woman with my bedding floor, would rouse up and make a witty | and we hastened to the foot of the hill, remark that would send the rest into where we took a little way train back to peals of laughter. They offered me their | Darjeeling, and now I am sitting on a pillows and seemed to be most sorry that garden-seat, gazing in the direction of I should not think it worth while to un- the mountains but curiously enough they pack my bedding and get comfortable, are veiled heavily with clouds and if to but I can scarcely manage my "hold-all" be seen again today one must wait until when the compartments are not crowded and I was afraid I never would get my set are you sure to get a good view, prothings packed up again, so did not make viding of course the weather is fine.

any attempt at being comfortable. We finally reached Calcutta, and I was

once more back in a city. Calcutta is After staying three or four days there I new and thriving, with good buildings and all modern improvements, but as I had not written just what day I would arrive, the mission people did not have room for me so I came on that same day to Darjeeling, getting here the next day

The trip up the mountains was as different from those others as you could well imagine for the train runs on a two foot wide track and reminds one of a snake and after twisting and turning until you are nearly ill, suddenly it switches back and then starts its twisting; three or four feet higher up it loops and double-loops in a most amazing way and you see truly tropical foliage on every side-trees hung with long waving moss, great fern trees, twelve to fifteen feet "Two maids, two apartments, two from a little blue aproned boy, lured with high, and the grass like palm, we grow in little pots at home, here are great Mrs. Dunne was watering her window-plants, and greeted Mrs. Calvert eagerly watched the block building of two small poinsettas in full bloom-four to six feet trees, and a beautiful hedge was made of as a possible authority on the needs of a figures at her feet. In the room beyond, high (as it grows wild;) this was so pretty about a native house.

changed every few moments until finally the sun's first rays touched the tops and life-pink, beautiful and alluring, seemed to be breathed into them. My companions exclaimed at the wonder but I could only stand silent in awe drinking in this, the most wonderful sunrise I had ever seen. The rest of the range stood out cameo-like from the pink sky. It was Kinchinjunga that excited our admiration for away off to the left of it, just showing above the intervening mountain like the dome on the top of a Mohammedan Mosque, Mt. Everet was seen, cloud-like; it was interesting only on account of its actual superior height, but being one hundred and twenty-five miles away, gave one no idea that it was to be compared with the peaks in front of us.

Coffee and crackers were served by look, started down my white pathway, for the daylight showed everything covon a holiday. We could only have had two tening as though with diamonds and the five o'clock, for only at sun-rise and sun-

> I will go back to Calcutta tomorrow, where Cook's will have my tickets ready. will then start south. I wish you could be with me for I know that I am not traveling fast enough to tire you and this part of India is much more beautiful to the eye than where I have been living.

> Darjeeling I need not describe as it is iust like Simla, perched on hill-sides so steep you can easily coast to the bottom. There are some very good buildings, as it is the capital of the State and all the government houses and offices are here, brave with their red roofs. It is a damp atmosphere and the moss and ferns, lillies and roses are luxuriant while the fuchias have stems as thick as my wrist; the daphne grows to the height of our shrubs at home and the blossoms are so sweet the whole air is saturated. A new species of fir covers the hills and elk-horn moss is running riotously along the ground. There are but few blossoms and I don't recognize the bark nor leaves of these grown strong hot-house beauties. I will stop, and finish this in Calcutta.

(Continued next week.)

The young man or young woman who undertake the voyage of life without dreds of acres planted in tea, all up and wreck, are inviting catastrophe. Of all down these hill sides, and grown on books, fitted to give instruction on the care of the body, the preservation of its health, none can compare with Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It tells ing; "but if we can't manage our board and clothes with this start, we are two people are Thebetians and are as differ-with questions of vital interest to both people are Thebetians and are as differ- with questions of vital interest to both sexes. Its 1008 pages have over 700 illustrations, some in colors. This book is sent absolutely free, on receipt of stamps hut is replaced with bamboo, boarded to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 "They'd take our neads on, sne proph-esied; "but when they realize that they can marry as soon as they like, they may on poles three or four feet above ground. Or 31 stamps for cloth binding. Address Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

tone of despair.

"Willing, my dear girl!" Mrs. Calvert's voice was a caress, a benediction. There never was such a willing daughter. But here I am, in active possession you consider that this girl ought to sup-port an able, energetic woman like me?" Ralph smiled from one to the other, leaning over the tall back of a dark oak chair. "Let's hear some more." he

temporized, with the young lawyer's caution 'You have heard it before," said Sarah,

sighing; "only, this attack is the worst yet. Mother won't admit it, but I think she has been out to an intelligence office.' "Not quite that, dear." Her mother

was compassionate, but amused. "You see, Ralph, if Sarah would let me do our cooking-

"But a high-art photographer has to have a maid," Sarah protested. "It is part of the stock in trade. And since Ceceline is here all day anyway, she might as well cook our ridiculous little meals. It doesn't cost any more."

"There is no earthly reason that I should not be the maid as well," inter-posed Mrs. Calvert, rising. "I see nothing derogatory in hooking up fine ladies and actresses and attending the doordo you, Ralph?" The erect dignity of her figure, ample, but good still, her fine face, touched with the unconscious austerity of a Roman matron when she was grave, the distinction of her simply parted hair and quiet bonnet, contrasted with the office of ladies' maid, sent Ralph into sudden laughter, in which Sarah unex-pectedly joined. Mrs. Calvert did not derstand, but laughed too, from vholly un sheer good humor. "You are making fun of the old lady,"

she protested as she passed out.

Ralph came over to the table for the deferred ceremony of shaking hands. Something new had risen up between them as soon as they were alone. Though they shook hands like friends, their eyes exchanged a different greeting. Sarah had her mother's gray-blue eyes, but not her gravely handsome features, and gave no hint of inheriting her unconscious dignity. Long-armed, and careless in bearing, she would never under any circumstances suggest a Roman matron. Just now she had a look of strain and weariness under her habitual air of good

You're tired," he said sympathetically.

"Oh, well, Saturday night!" she excused it. "Are you hard up?" "No." The answer

"No." The answer was quick and de-fensive, though she added a temporizing, "If rents weren't so awful! Mother has these attacks about once in three months," she went on, as he said nothing. "Some day she will do it, you know. It worries me to death."

"Well," he began slowly, "if she is not happy this way, why shouldn't she? Just by way of argument, I wonder if you have really a right to limit her free-

'Now look here, I won't have you on the other side!" Sarah looked ready to cry. "In Heaven's name, what can she earn that would pay for shutting her up and risking her health? Think of your if anything turned up, and, in her eager-

Matron in a school, housekeeper, chaperon, the care of motherless chil- point. dren, family mending: Mrs. Calvert car-ried the modest list of her abilities to all of all my faculties: Ralph, frankly, don't you think I might be allowed to carry the places where women market the services, and went hopefully, day after day, for results. She met courtesy every-tremulously, until something unspoken "His. Dunne was not rearry superset, tremulously, until something unspoken "He in the places where women market their where—often a startled courtesy; but the very qualities that won her this, the a good boy, Mrs. Calvert.'

unconscious dignity of her bearing, the middle-aged distinction of her bonnet and her parted hair, were against success. It was unthinkable that she should "step lively;" and that was the order of the day's march in the laboring world. in her forehead. When Mrs. Calvert had The consideration that she never dreamed of asking was subtly demanded for her in every line of her personality. And she was too old. The unimpaired vigor to spend, she was miserably ready to lay of her brain and body could do nothing against the mechanical demand for could be managed without wounding a vouth.

"Old women without means ought to be chloroformed," she decided, wearily climbing the stairs after the third week of disappointment. The studio was unlighted, and Sarah lay stretched out on a bearskin rug, arms

spread along the white paws, her favorite way of recuperating from a hard day. "You do gad so, Mother," she said cheerfully, too cheerfully. Mrs. Calvert

did not need the white glimmer of a crushed handkerchief to tell her what had been happening. "Tired, my little girl?" she asked.

bring me up to a good, plain, honest trade, like plumbing?" "Ah, why wasn't I brought up to one?"

At the cry in her mother's voice, Sarah lifted a startled head.

"Now you're not going to have another wage-earning attack?' she pleaded. "Mother, I couldn't bear it."

"No, dear." The voice in the dimness was reassuring, even humorous. "I'll be good. Now can't I do something for

"No; just let me rest. I'll be all right tated. Mrs. Calvert's face was stern when she went to her own room. She knew well enough that the thirty dollars' worth of plates had

had little to do with Sarah's crushed handkerchief. Lighting the gas by the mirror, she looked long and unsparingly at herself.

"I am good for twenty years yet," she said aloud. The twenty years of de-pendence stretched desolately out before her. Theoretically it was right and fitting that children should provide for needy parents, but to her selfless spirit love was the supreme right of youth, and must not be denied. She took up again a thought that she had daily taken up and laid aside—the thought of going to Ralph's mother. Was she suffering too, in the pleasant apartment her son proin the pleasant apartment her son pro-vided for her? But, as always, a vision of the gentle, sensitive, rather helpless little lady trying valiantly not to find the long days lonely deterred her. "I have got to fight this thing out alone," she decided, turning from the mirror. It was then

that she saw the letter.

at the fern, but went straight to her they saw clearly. Emptiness had been point. they saw clearly is a new filled; power had found its outlet: a new

"Do you know that your boy and my lease had come into two lives. girl love each other?

made her add a quick, defensive, "He is

"A dear, good boy. But how are they going to marry?" Mrs. Dunne had not confronted the

problem in detail. Ralph was doing well, can marry as soon as they like, they may on poles three or four feet above ground. put before her the difference between what Ralph might hope to earn in the next five years and what he might have kins. herself down and die at once, if only it

good son.

"We can't die till our time comes," Mrs. Calvert said strongly; "but we are both able-bodied and active. Why shouldn't we go into partnership and der their fingers, like jets of light. earn what we can of our expenses?" "Oh, if we could!" The clasping of Their influence is an inevitable glad-Mrs. Dunne's hands did not suggest efficiency, but it meant a passionately willing spirit. Mrs. Calvert drew off her

gloves as though she were going to work that very moment. "We are both very found of little chil-

dren," she began. "Oh, yes!" interjected Mrs. Dunne,

"Oh, sort of. I have just wasted thirty dollars' worth of plates." Sarah changed a sigh into a yawn. "Why didn't you hundreds of them, who long for a few hours off now and then, or even a whole

dav.

"Yes, yes!" "Then there are families where there is no grand-mother or aunt to let the mother escape who would jump at the chance of getting a responsible and wellbred person who could mend, for an occasional half-day, especially in the suburbs.

Mrs. Dunne looked nervous. "I am so bad at finding my way about," she hesi-

"Oh, that is my part; and that would come later. The thing is to start, here in your home, a mothers' aid bureau. The prosperous don't need us, and the very poor can't have us; but think of all the overworked, overtired mothers in between!

Mrs. Dunne's face lit, then clouded "But how shall we find them?"

"Cards." Mrs. Calvert drew a sheet of paper from her bag, then hesitated, a smile coming and going in her fine face, "We can't do it half-way," she warned, and offered the paper. On it was written, neatly spaced:

> Mrs. Dunne and Mrs. Calvert Professional Grandmothers. Leave your baby with us when you want a little freedom.

Leave his clothes to be mended at the same time. Terms moderate

"It wouldn't hurt my pride," Mrs. Calvert said stoutly. "How about yours?" Mrs. Dunne's face showed bodily fright but an exalted spirit. "I want my boy to be happy," she said earnestly.

"Mother, you are up to something,"

"Of course our dear children will have steps just like the rice in the north. But to pay our rent," Mrs. Calvert was say- the native has changed and here the very stupid old women."

"It is so hard not to tell them," said Mrs. Dunne happily. Mrs. Calvert laughed. "They'd take our heads off," she prophforgive us."

Very softly, with hands tightly clasped, Ralph and Sarah regained the front door and stole out.— By Juliet Wilbor Tomp-Daily Thought. There are souls in the world who have the gift of finding joy everywhere, and of leaving it behind them when they go. Joy gushes from un-

dening of the heart. Volcanoes in United States. In Washington Mount Rainier is a

volcano believed to show evidence of internal heat. and Mount St. Helena is reported to have been in eruption in 1843, while Mount Baker, the most northerly in the United States, was in eruption in 1843.

Proof Positive.

"Don't you be afraid, Fritz!" called the ally as Fritz pommelled the new-

big brother. His schoolbooks are perfectly new." First Brick House in America. The first brick house in America, it is said, was Penn's Letitia house in Philadelphia, built of imported bricks in 1682.

Beyond Her Understanding.

A woman can never understand why her husband has to work so hard in order to make both ends meet, when he is so much smarter than other men.

you say when you get home late?" asked the Wise Guy. "Never," replied

Artistic Discount. Merchant (to portrait painter)-How much will you charge to paint my portrait if I furnish the paint?-

Always a Handy Weapon. Dad used to say that a sense of humor was like a shillalah-"an illigant thing to have around handy, especially when the joke's on you."-"Dawn O'Hara."

ent from the people seen in other sections as they are from us. The mud

The "hookah" of the north is not nearly so common now; the cigarette is in every one's mouth, the flat, soggy "chappetti" (my Hindustani spelling is purely by sound) is replaced by most appetizing

looking bread and tea-well, every one drinks tea by the gallon. And then those great Hymalayas, snow-encased for long distances, catch your eye and hold it, for they are so magnificent you almost hold your breath in wonder. Here the mountains are only forty miles away so that their full beauty can be appreciated. Today I came by train a little distance to the foot of a hill from where Mt. Ev-

eret is to be seen, and stopping over ed in June, 1607. A water power sawnight at the Dak Bungalow I want to see the sun rising on these the greatest present site of Richmond. mountains in the world. Truly, as I sit here and write-perched thousands (over 8000) of feet high-the valleys full of clouds and only the great white moun-

tain range visible, the world and its attractions can easily be forgotten. They look like the Rockies, but as though comer at school. "He ain't got no carved from marble, and the setting sun don't seem to have much effect upon their cold whiteness, merely making them stand out in more exquisite relief. But the mists and the wind are growing worse and the cold will soon drive me

in-doors, where a big wood fire is blazing in a most inadequate fire-place. Sunday afternoon.-I got up at four

o'clock this morning and made a cup of tea, boiled an egg, and taking some bread and butter fortified myself for a one-half mile climb to the top of the look-out; then started and climbed and climbed, a new kind of soap?"

finally reaching the "look-out bungalow." The sun's coming was putting the stars to shame and they were slowly withdrawing from the competition. All the sky had been black, but off to the west like a

phantom one saw the great snow fields gradually growing higher and higher-almost as though a lime-light was being thrown onto them, all around where we stood, for there were English people, a dozen strong, also looking at this magnificent

pageant, was in darkness and the valleys were one soft billowy mass of clouds just like a white, fleecy sea. Up, up, came the King of Day and the changing colors were like the ones seen in a prism. The shadows on those marble hills In Search of Knowledge.

"I shall call upon a fortune teller this morning," said Mr. Blubb. "Going to try to learn something about the future?" asked Mr. Waggles. "Yes, I'm going to ask him when he expects to pay the arrears of rent for that cottage of mine he is occupying as a 'School of Astrology and Institute for Psychical Research.'

First Sawmill in United States. It is said that the first sawmill in the United States was at Jamestown, from which sawed boards were exportmill was in use in 1625 near the

Richness of Life.

In our friends the richness of life is proved to us by what we have gained; in the faces in the street the richness of life is proved to us by a hint of what we have lost.-Browning.

Careful Worker.

City Editor-"For a beginner, that new reporter seems very particular not to make any mistakes." Assistant-"Yes; I told him to write on one side of the paper, and he wanted to know which side!"-Judge.

Natural Question.

"I will wash mine hands in innocency,'" said infant class Hilda, memorizing her Sunday school lesson. "What is innocency, mamma? Is it

Daily Thought.

"The greatest test of friendship, it seems to me, is the knowledge that one may tell the truth to a friend with the certainty that no offense will be taken."

One Cause of Old Age.

According to a Roumanian scientist, old age is simply due to a decrease in the amount of water in the human system.

For Blood Stains. For taking out blood stains nothing is better than a few drops of am-

monia

Never in Doubt. "Does your wife ever doubt what

the Grouch. "She knows I am lying."

Fliegende Blaetter.