OH, GOD, FORGIVE.

Oh, God, forgive me that I fail to see The heroism now surrounding me, Nor count that hero great, whose spirits fail Because his body poorly fed does quail Beneath a task which he is set to do-A task too hard for him-that we the few In idle ease on luxuries may live: My God, that we forgot him, oh, forgive,

All day my Brother labors in the field: Labors that the brown Earth may richly yield Its strength of substance, that my life may live, I do not think of him-oh. God, forgive. And this my sister in the sweat-shop stands. Her heart so human, struggling with weak hands

'Till Death, more kind than Life, says: "Cease to live.'

Oh, God, I thought not of her-oh, forgive. Within the heated depths of darkest mines, Ten thousand slaves of poverty one finds-They never see the sunshine. In the dark They labor on till Death does stiffen stark Our Brothers' forms. Let their starved spirits

To life in Light, in homes beyond the skies .. We thought not of them, laboring to live-Remembering now we pray: oh, God, forgive.

Upon our streets the clubs our watchmen wield They wield for us, our safety, nor do yield, No matter how their weary arms may ache Nor feel for needed rest, they can forsake A duty tedious, stale of interest, In care for you, for me, that none molest. Ah thus from year to year we see them live.

Yet never think of them, oh, God. forgive. The firemen rushing to the burning home. The sea-men who o'er angry oceans roam,

The builders of the iron trails which link This world of men, from ocean's brink brink.

The men who swing great bridges high in air, And those whom pestilence can never scare-These all are heroes, and among us live We seldom think of them-oh, God, forgive. -Madge E. Anderson.

FIRE!

She did not look like a girl about to face a very desperate death. She was dressing with the deliberateness of apparent unconcern, and as she dressed she hummed—was that bravado?—a quivery little tune under her breath. With steady fingers she pinned back the bright curls whose fluttering escapes gave such a very little girl look to her small self, and she bent her head to survey the result with what was apparently a critical absorption. Yet she knew that within the hour she would be backed against a prison wall, looking into the level guns of her captors, who waited only the order

A knock sounded on her door. "Ready!" she called in a voice that was clear and unshaken. She gave a last quick look into the glass, a last quick twist to her white middy dress, a last quick touch to her hair. Then with a smile on her lips she turned to obey the

The sun was mercilessly hot in the big courtyard below. The high brick walls seemed to cage the heat and foster it like a furnace. The hard-baked earth stung through the girl's thin shoes; the sun beat down upon her head; the glare of it sprang back from the walls hot breath against her cheeks. In a short, sinister trench that had been dug on one side the recently flung up earth was already dried and caked

They were all waiting for her in the courtyard. Her quick glance fell first upon the young Mexican officer who was to give the order for her death, and lingered an instant upon his face and then, inattentively, she swept the line of the firing squad, standing at wooden attention. If her glance had lingered there a trifle she would have seen the palest of that squad, a lean young soldier, third from the left, fix her with strangely eager eyes. But she did not see him. She crossed directly to where the camera man was waiting, his machine in readiness, with the director of the scene beside him.

Both men turned in smiling greeting. "Making up for yesterday," declared the director.

Yesterday it had rained and so the picture-taking had halted at the last of the indoor scenes in sequence, the court scene, where the lovely American girl, come to Mexico to join a brother who is shipping arms to the insurgents, refuses to tell the Federalists, who have captured her, anything about the whereabouts of her brother and his arms, and is condemned to be shot the following morning-a situation doubly harassing, because the Mexican officer whose duty it is to carry out the sentence has fallen madly in love with her fair beauty. And in reality the beauty that the little actress offered the camera was so upsettingly lovely that it made convincing any amount of mental stress and struggle on the part of the enamored Mexican. She was a very fairy of a girl, slim and deli-cate, with a Lorelei-wealth of golden curls, and very biggest, brightest kind of eyes rimmed by a glamorous sweep of lashes. Even the camera man, seasoned to beauty, felt a thrill go through him

as he met those eyes. "It's real Mexican sun!" she answered cheerily to the director. "I shall register a squint the very first thing, unless you let me have my hat?"

"But your hat was lost when you were captured," he conscientiously insisted. 'And Robert finds it, and so has a clue. And you don't want to be wearing any soldier's cap now.'

"Oh, very well," she said resignedly. "But next time I'll take a look at the

"Besides-there's the hair," he pointed "You want the public to get to line.

know that hair of yours. It's a big as-

She caught at a rioting spirally lock Then she felt tenderly of her small nose. "My burnt offering. . . . Well, I suppose you're ready and waiting? Anything

to be gone through first, Mr. Tracey?" you before Castro, and he pleads and you defy him. He is angered, and orders you a hundred dollars to have scratched it! forward. You refuse to have your eyes forward. You refuse to have your eyes bound. You are marched there, past found tribute to the Little God of Sus-

your grave-" "Business of shuddering."

"Yes, strong," he advised; "and then It spoke volumes for the loveliness of the know I'm a rotten actor—but won't you are placed there, backed against the leading lady, also for the resolution of give me another chance at it?" The men line up here. Castro steps forward, and there is a moment's pause. We have to draw that out a bit to let you make your impression on the men, staring straight at them, angeliceyed, you know. Then he gives the word. They fire. You drop. He rushes to you. You are unconscious, but unharmed. Every man has fired over your head, leaving your execution to his neighbor. We flash that in on a leader. You have fainted from uncontrollable terror. Castro grasps the fact in a moment and orders the men away. They march out, except the two who remain to bury you. then wraps you in his cloak and carries you off to the jail."

"Nice little carry," said the girl smilingly to young Castro, otherwise McNulty, who had drawn near to listen to the outline of the scene's points.

"Why, you're a feather," declared the young man, with a note of sincere grati-tude. "I could carry you up Bunker Hill Monument and back and never feel it." "Don't suggest it," she warned. "Mr.

Tracey may want to use that next!" The director grinned. "You never can

Everybody turned and everybody laugh-High over the brick wall against which the captive girl was to face death stretched the appallingly long, dappled neck of a tall giraffee, one of the interesting menagerie of the players' com-But the giraffe is not a habitant of Mexico, and there was no local color in that unending neck and high suspended head with its mildly inquiring eyes that turned wanly down upon them, and the director hurried off to give orders to the animal keepers.

The company fell into desultory groups, and it was then that a lean young man in the ornate uniform supposedly befit-ting a member of the Mexican army swiftly removed himself from his place in the firing squad, third from the left, and marched boldly to the leading lady.

"Won't you say good morning?" he suggested with a boyish grin, that was a rather nervous grin, too. And yet it held a touch of droll triumph. The girl stared-and the color came poppy-pink through the powder-whitened oval of her cheeks.

"Why-you?" she said blankly. "At your service." Jimmie waved his sombrero. "The instrument of your exe-

cution." "You-in the company!" The young man nodded delightedly. It was the sporting thing to do, wasn't it? I heard that you were lovely to the company, so you can't make an exception

lowly and inoffensive member." "How perfectly—absurd!" said the girl. She looked only faintly amused, and very genuinely antagonistic. "What on earth are you doing it for?"
"Ha! That's good!" he declared aggrievedly. "What am I doing it for? Be-

cause I want the pleasure of your acquaintance. Because you refused me the pleasure of that acquaintance for no reason at all except to convince me that Mexican officer's lips went up the sudone girl didn't consider the Millionaire den and anguished cry, "My God, she's Kid as an opportunity."

He grinned very broadly and boyishly at the last words, an engaging and honest custom of moving picture actors of utgrin that ought to have softened any tering appropriate lines as they work. of the little leading lady was made of rock and flint and adamant as far as that course, that there were lines uttered, as particular young man was concerned. cues, as signals, and as necessary in con-The reason for that was best known to versations, but he was not prepared for herself, or perhaps it was best unknown. that feeling groan and cry from the offiblew up a tiny tempest.

"Because you entirely refused to be lieve me when I told you that I didn't know who you were when I jumped off that bridge near your boat and made you rescue me! Because you insisted upon thinking me one of your usual pursuers, your society girls, your fortune hunters, and you wouldn't believe me! So I said I'd show you I was sincere."

"I should rather think you did! Thoroughly! 'Not at home' at your hotelflowers returned-blank look of unrecognition when we passed-chilliest of arctic bows when you couldn't help yourself. Cozy little week I've had of it! 'Nobody asked you, sir, she said,"

mocked the girl with unfeeling laughter. "And you know you like me perfectly well," he retorted heatedly. "This is only a fool notion on your part."

"I should rather think it was a fool notion on yours." She eyed his flaunting uniform with disconcerting gayety. "And think of the headlines it will make! You, who dote upon headlines! 'Millionaire Kid in the Movies! Romance with Lovely Leading Lady! Followed into the Films! She burst into laughter.
"Don't I know it?" The young man

lesperate?"

"It proves you're just naturally set upon having your own way, because you've always had it. But-not-thistime!" There was mirth on her lovely lips, but there was militancy in her little prayer and despair. Then he cast himchin. Jimmie was silent.

She cast a sudden glance at the director, re-entering the court. "Does anybody know who you are?"

"Not a soul. Nobody associates Jimmie Nesbit in search of a job, with Jimmie one of them turned to him with a roar Nesbit, the Millionaire Kid, reported to of laughter. have left for his familiar Western haunts. I'm here distinctly on my own prowess."

"You may not stay long." "You mean I won't make good?" The director was giving orders. Jimmie clapped on his sombrero and clutched his gun, but still lingered for her words. "Have you ever worked for a living before?

"I'm not working for a living now." His eyes did their laughing best to meet hers, but she was turning away. "And what's more," stated Jimmie, "I'm not going to loiter as one of the rank and scenario first-and it won't be my hat I file, I'm going up and on, till as leading man we face the camera together. Coming!" he said hurriedly, and fled back into

It was, as before said, a hot day. And She caught at a rioting spirally lock and gave a droll side-long look at it. "Greetings, asset?!" she addressed it. Jimmie Nesbit's long, lean form, and the grease paint upon his freckled face was You are the sacrifice," she murmured. hot, and melted, and the oil-laden perspiration trickled down his bare neck and under his padded coat. He discovered that the Mexican sombrero, pulled well "We've been going through the motions again," he told her, "but you don't need another rehearsal. You enter there, you like the motions thoroughly efficient fireless cooker, even another rehearsal. You enter there, you like the motions the motions again, and the ground for making such a fool of myself," he said.

"Keep your talk of paying," said the know, in custody of the soldiers, your arms bound. They step back and leave band of it tickled and scratched his foremay look all right when we run it over

leading lady, also for the resolution of Jimmie's untampered-with and unwasted impulse. He regretted the present circumstances exceedingly, and his own lowly and unimpressive position in the company; but there he intended to stay

-at least as long as he wanted to.
Perhaps his infatuation wouldn't last. Perhaps the girl wasn't worth it. Perhaps there was nothing to her but curls and eyes—and provoking spunk. But here his memory of that golden after-that grin. Jimmie was very young and noon upon the capsized sailboat rose up to refute his cynicism. She was a witch of a girl. She had wit and grace and He bribes them and sends them away, pride and spirit-too, too much spirit, he gloomily reflected. It was that confounded spirit which would have nothing more to do with him after his too-candid revelations of his persecutions from fortunehunting ladies. No, there was no doubt about it, she was the merriest, prettiest, most delightful and delighting girl that Jimmie had ever chanced to see, and he determined to know more of her and, in spite of her, to thrust his own unwelcome and gilded society upon her.

And yet, for all his youthful romanticism, one corner of Jimmie's very wary tell! Now then, everybody. Are you— brain was humorously sounding the oh, see that! Somebody chase that giraffe depths of the young lady's sincerity. How sure. The director, however, only gave much did she know of the value of opposition? How disingenuously was she dis-playing the lure of denial? She fled and he pursued. But how uncalculating did she fly? A short but remarkably thorough course in wiles and ways had perverted the millionaire youth's perceptions. He .had been too rudely awakened from his young innocence, and his native faith was poisoned. Eternal vigilance had been the price of liberty, and now his vigilance was on guard even against the desires of his bovish heart.

> "Forward-March!" The firing squad, wooden faces to the front, moved forward in a steady line. "Halt!"

Clocklike, the men stopped. Opposite the line, against the flaming red of the wall, was a slender, childish figure in a white middy dress. The g.rl's arms were bound behind her; she was pitiful helplessness incarnate, yet she breathed a mute defiance as, with head flung back, her unbound eyes looked straight into the faces of her execution-

She was a desperately appealing little figure, and Jimmie found a totally un-necessary warmth of feeling adding to the superabundant heat of the hour. His heart throbbed and thumped beneath his heavy uniform. Mechanically he went through the military exercises, carefully rehearsed, raising his rifle to position taking dramatic aim.

'One-two-three-Jimmie felt an absurd excitement upon him. He hated the scene. "Fire!"

There was a deafening burst of noise and clouds of white spouted furiously from the row of guns. The little figure lurched helplessly forward, then toppled sickeningly over upon the scattered earth of the waiting grave. And from the

Now Jimmie was not familiar with the right-minded girl's heart; but the heart All he knew was the drill through which But at any rate his harmless words cer, and its intense realism stabbed him with horrible apprehensions

He had been told to discharge his gun and march off with the rest at the order given, but now, as he saw the officer dart toward the girl, he was utterly deceived by the earnestness of his rush and the expression of horror on his face. Jimmie took one quick glance at the soldier next him in line. That player, ever mindful of the camera, was staring at the fallen girl, his eyes round and glazed, his face frozen with fear. It was a fine touch for the film to perpetuate, but Jimmie did not stop to consider that. He thought the man as frightened as himself, and with one bound he shot out of his allotted place and ran forward to where the officer knelt above the huddled figure. "Is she hurt?" he demanded, in harsh

alarm. The officer raised a face of livid fury. "Get back to the ranks, you everlasting fool!" he spluttered wildly. He dropped the girl's head, which fell back limp-

"Back-back-are you having a brain-storm?" Stupidly Jimmie turned. "Down on your knees! Cast away your gun," bellowed the voice of the digroaned. "And doesn't that prove I'm rector, resourceful even in his rage. Look remorseful! Make the sign of

the cross! Say your prayers!" A man in the grip of a horrible dream, Jimmie Nesbit went through the motions of what he imagined to be Mexican self upon the ground, and two soldiers from the ranks, obeying orders, marched him off for discipline. They passed through the door in the wall and beyond

"Say, did you think that was real?" He leaned up against the wall and held

his sides. The other, a slender Italian, handsome as an angel but painted to the villainous contours of the blood-thirsty Mexican, turned a more solemn gaze upon him: 'Now it is to be done over again-in that

"It was worth it!" said the jovial one, and yelled at his comrade soldiers just pouring out the door. Back of them came the director, scarlet with heat and

Straight toward him Jimmie hurried. "Gee, I'm sorry!" he blurted out. "I -I want you to let me make it goodpay for the wasted film, you know, and your time and all-" "Pay for it-out of your morning's

'salary,' I suppose?" snapped the direc-"Never mind how—I'll pay all right," Jimmie earnestly assured him, "I know that doesn't make up for it, of course-He looked up at the director with acute chagrin written large upon his young features. "I'm just sorry down to

"Keep your talk of paying," said the head disgustingly. He would have given a hundred dollars to have scratched it!

Altogether it was an amazingly prothe film. But that's just about all we want of—" ceptibility that he did not reject the promptings that had brought him there.

"Me," said Jimmie bitterly. "Say, I pie.—Galveston News.

give me another chance at it?' The note of appeal in his voice was affections. He did not regret his foolhardy startling surprise to himself. He hadn't known he was going to say that. Or say it in just that way.

The director gave him a keen look. "All crazy about it, aren't you, kid?" he questioned quizzically. "Got it pretty

Jimmie grinned a shamefaced grin. 'Fraid I have."

frank and likeable, with his half-shrewd, half-innocent boys face. "All righthang on," he assented, half in spite of himself." "Maybe if you take this enough to heart you'll learn to do as you're told without asking questions. You can stick the week out, and we'll see.

"I'm much obliged." Jimmie was as fervent as if he had received the Cross and Star. "Say!" the director paused, struck by a sudden likeness. "Weren't you the

chap in the sailboat who rescued Miss St. John the other day?' Jimmie nodded, fearful of further identification. His name had not yet come

a careless laugh. "So that gave you the bug! Well, I thought I remembered those freckles.'

The Mexican officer had carried his insensible burden, wrapped in his obscuring cloak, through another door in the wall, out of reach of the camera's range. The next scene would now be indoors, in a cell in which the hapless girl wakes to find herself the secret prisoner of the officer, the victim of his importunate love-making and his baffled threats. It was a very lively plot. There was a good deal more of it before the brave American, Robert Wynne, following up the clue of that regretted hat, crashes into the prison in dashing rescue.

There was very little time now before

that scene would be called, and the leading lady was hurrying to her dressingroom. But by a peculiarity of her own impulse, her way came by the right, although her dressing-room was to the left, and she pasaed directly by a group of guffawing young men. Jimmie linger-

ing near where the director had left him Jimmie raised defiant eyes. He winced at thought of her cool, unfeeling mirth. But those eyes that met his were not bright with the dreaded mockery. They seemed to shine at him rather than sparkle. There was a tiny twinkle there, down in the depths, those shadowy hazel depths beneath the gray-blue surface, but it was a very discreet little twinkle indeed, and utterly submerged in a flood of warmest sympathy. Perhaps she too was catching the ring of his associates' ridicule, and realized how many days and weeks before its echoes would die away. Before Jimmie's surprised gaze she ex-

tended a little hand of sudden friendliness. "I'm not hurt a bit-but thank you very much!" "I was a chump," said Jimmie, swiftly enfolding that friendly little hand; "but

you did look so dead!

She laughed. "You'll have to get used to that—if you stay."
"Oh, I'm staying!" The grin crept to the upturned corners of his mouth. "I do all sorts of things, you know." She spoke rather hurriedly, withdrawing her hand, which he appeared clasping indefinitely. "I play with lions and break bronchos and jump out of burning build-

"For fifty dollars a week," said Jimmie, in disgust. Her eyes were all twinkles now, like flashing water in the sunshine. "Oh, dear me, no! It's seventy-five now! I got a raise for jumping off that bridge at you." Over her shoulder she flung back, "So I'm glad I jumped after all!" "So am I," said Jimmie. "And I'm going to be gladder!" And at her suddenly flashed-back look of denial he "So am I."

laughed aloud, with a curious sense of joy and well-being, and marched off with an air of cheer to take his chaffing like a man and a brother.—By Mary Hastings Bradley, in the Woman's Home Compan-

Annual State Sunday School Convention.

For fifty-three years the Sunday schools of Pennsylvania have been participating in a great yearly convention. This annual gathering has been growing in influence and power until now it has a platform that takes in all the Protestant Evangelical Sunday schools.

The great evangelistic wave which swept over Pennsylvania during the past year has added thousands to the churches and also to the Sunday schools. More people go to Sunday school in Pennsylvania than in any other State in the Union. Big business men and men of all professional callings are turning to the Sunday school and giving it their endorsement by becoming members of Organized Adult Bible Classes.

The Convention at Erie, scheluled for October 5, 6, 7, 8, promises to bring together Sunday school representatives from every county in the State. A great Peace meeting, with Hon. P. C. Knox. Ex-Secretary of State, as the principal speaker, is a feature of the program.

Thursday, October 7, will be C. A. B. C. day. This day will bring out large delegations of Adult Bible Class men and women. A street demonstration on wheels, calling for the use of 1000 automobiles, will be a unique event. The whole program is rich with talent of

national and international reputation. Centre county is entitled to 30 delegates. Application for delegate credential cards should be made to Darius Waite of Bellefonte, Pa., who is the Corresponding Secretary for the Centre County Sunday School Association. The railroads are granting reduced round trip rates for this great meeting.

Strange South American Fish. The eyes of a South American fish are divided into two parts, the upper adapted for vision in the air and the so?" "The parrot is jealous of the lower for use under water.

Private Emergency Hospital. One of Cincinnati's office buildings is supplied with an excellent emergency hospital.

Scriptural Reckoning. In Holy Scripture the day is always reckoned from the sunset of the previous evening.

Thoroughness. Don't half do a thing. Eat the whole

"Father of Modern Screw." Jesse Ramsden, an English inventor, is credited with being the father of the modern screw. He began in 1775 to pay especial attention to the making of screws by machinery, and his invention may be regarded as the first example of the modern form of screw-cutting lathe, although 50 years before there had been made in France a machine for cutting the thread on the fusees of watches, and 200 years before Jacobi Bessoni had designed a rude lathe for cutting wooden screws.

Futility of Flattery. Nothing is ever gained by flattery. To the serious man flattery in the form of sincere praise makes him more responsible and only sadder, because he knows how much he falls below what is expected of him and what he expects of himself. Lip flattery makes a real man feel as though his sex had been mistaken, he feels as though he had been given curling tongs instead of a razor for his morn-

ing toilet.

Generalization Impossible The truth is that age and power of achievement cannot be linked in sweeping generalities. It all depends upon the individual. One man may reach his highest mental powers before thirty and then decline, just as one man will reach his greatest physical strength before forty and then begin going downhill, while the mind of another may be most active at sixty or seventy.

Parents' Presence Sufficient. Little Harry had an operation and while coming out of the anesthetic looked up at his nurse and said: "Is my mamma here?" The nurse said, 'Yes." Then he said, "Is my papa here?" Again the nurse assured him that his parents were both at his bedside. Thinking a little he said: "Then you can go. When a child has its mother and father that's all it wants."

Retain Jewel of Friendship. If we have had the good fortune to win the esteem of a friend, let us do anything rather than lose him. We must give and forgive, live and let live. If our friends have faults, we must bear with them. We must hope all things, believe all things, endure all things, rather than lose that most precious of all earthly possessions, a trustworthy friend.

Almost Right.

Al Jolson tells an amusing story of his first golf caddy. Jolson found driving off rather difficult and communed with his caddy as to the reason he missed the ball so frequently. The boy sagely delivered the following advice: The first thing you've got to learn, Mr. Jolson, is to 'con the ball. Then you can hit it."

Conquering Death and Change. To take into the inmost shrine of the soul the irresistible force whose puppets we seem to be-Death, and Change, the irrevocability of a vanished past, the powerlessness of man before the blind hurry of the universe from vanity to vanity—to feel these things and know them is to conquer them.-Bertrand Russell.

Hard Luck Indeed.

Betty was lamenting to her aunt the fact that she only had one grandfather while her little friend had two. Her aunt tried to reconcile her by saying one grandfather was in heaven, to which she replied: "Oh, dear, I've had awful luck with my grandfathers; one is in heaven and the other one is lame."

Unity of Human Race Admitted. All scientists recognize and admit the unity of the human race, and attribute seeming variations to physical conditions, environment and habits. The points of physical identity among the different races are far more numerous and important than the points of difference.

Has a Hard Time. Someone is quoted as having said that of all the letters in the alphabet "E" is the most unfortunate, "because it is always out of cash, always in debt, never out of danger, and in hell all the time." It is also the most frequently used letter in the alphabet.

Pretty Legend of the Red Rose. The Greeks held that the red rose derived it color from the blood of Venus when she trod on a thorn of the white rose while going to the assistance of the dying Adonis.

Professional Jealousy. "Guess I'll have to get rid of some of my household treasures." "How phonograph."-Puck.

Those Insistent Admirers. Count that day lost whose low, descending sun finds no new candidate whose friends say he must run

What a Man Eats Every Year. It is estimated that the average man consumes a ton of solid and liquid food every year.

Yes, But Not a Costless One. Can't somebody invent a rutless road?-Union City Hagle.

His Evening Chat.

The other night Dickey (aged five) in concluding his prayers as usual with "God bless papa and mamma, and Florence, and Eleanor and Winifred" (the twins), and his grandparents, and all of the aunties and uncles he could readily remember, then added: "And God bless Mr. Brassey and Mrs. Brassey and Charles and Nell Brassey-You know 'em, don't you?"-Harper's Magazine.

Embarrassing.

A young man in the country had a tender passion and took his girl some flowers. "How kind of you," said the girl, "to bring me these lovely flowers. They are so beautiful and fresh. I think there is some dew on them yet." "Yes," said the young man, in great embarrassment, "there is, but I'm going to pay it off tomorrow."-St. Joseph Gazette.

Humor and III Humor. "The sense of humor is demonstrated by the fact that many a man can operate a pile driver who can't crack a joke," says the Philadelphia Record. Yes, and the nonsense of ill humor is demonstrated by the fact that many a knocker goes around toting his little hammer and can't even crack a smile.-Milwaukee Sentinel.

Banishing Fleas. Last summer my dog was almost eaten up with fleas, until one day I accidentally spilled some salt on him. It killed every flea. I then threw salt all around his house, and bathed him with salt water, and he was not bothered the rest of the summer.-Good

Housekeeping Magazine. Eel's Deadly Blood. If injected into man, the blood of an eel causes death almost immediately. This should deter no one from eating the fish, however, for the heat of cooking destroys the toxic properties of its blood and, besides, that blood is

practically harmless when taken into

the stomach. Farms All Taken. The Connecticut board of agriculture is authority for the statement that there is not an abandoned farm in that state, the demand for vegetables, tobacco, small fruits, poultry and oth-

er farm products having brought back

into use land that was long neglected.

The Naked Truth. Robinson Crusoe had just rescued the savage from the cannibals. "Whatever they do, they shan't touch a bit of meat on Friday!" he exclaimed, having already thought up a suitable name for his dark complexioned protege.-Jack-o'-Lantern.

Treat It Gently.

The human heart is like a millstone in a mill: When you put wheat under it it turns and grinds and bruises the wheat to flour; if you put no wheat it still grinds on, but then 'tis itself it grinds and wears away. -Martin Luther.

Undergraduate Philosophers. I remember one night when we sat up until three o'clock discussing the philosophy of prohibition over three bottles of port. I wonder how many other men have done the same thing! -Scribner's Magazine.

Usually Gets It. What the average girl in high society in New York seems to want is husband enough to last about three years and alimony enough to carry her through the rest of her life.-Houston

The wife of Congressman Taylor of Colorado says that the women of that state have found that "it does not take as long to vote as it does to match a piece of silk!"

A Difficult Undertaking.

The Lancaster League of Scientific

A Woman's Discovery.

Research is trying to determine if there are more cures for colds than for rheumatism.—Atchison Globe. To Fireproof Clothing. Muslin and cotton goods can be rendered fireproof by putting an ounce of

alum in the last rinsing water, or by putting it in the starch. Easiest to Learn. The trouble is that a man learns

how to spend money long before he learns how to make it. Avoid Speaking III,

If you can't say anything good of a

man try looking out of the window. Equally Useless. Faith without works is about as use-

ess as a watch without wheels. But Very Numerous. The most unnatural person in the

Never Worth While. What the self-seeker finds is never worth while.

Optimistic Thought

world is the natural liar.

Time brings the truth to light.