

Belletonte, Pa., February 11, 1916.

THE LITTLE WOMAN.

One of the Little Women, she came up to Heav-And seeing the throng was pressing, she sighed

that she fain would wait. "For I was not great or noble," she said, "I was poor and plain;" And should I go boldly forward, I know it would

be in vain." She sat near the shining portal, and looked at

the surging crowd Of them that were kings, and princes, of them that were rich and proud;

And sudden she trembled greatly, for one with a brow like flame Came to her, and hailed her gladly, and spoke to rarily.

her her hame: "Come, enter the jeweled gateway," he said "for the prize is thine;

The work that in life you rendered was work that was fair and fine:

So, come, while the rest stand waiting, and enter A crown of the life eternal is waiting to press

thy brow." Then trembled the Little Woman, and cried: "It may not be I!

Here wait they that wrought with greatness, so how may I pass them by? I carved me no wondrous statues. I painted no

wondrous things. I spoke no tremendous sayings that rang in the ears of kings.

"I toiled in my little cottage, I spun and I baked and swept; I sewed and I patched and mended-oh, lowly the house I kept!

I sang to my little children, I led them in worthy And so I might not grow famour, I knew nought but care-bound days.

"So was it by night and morning, so was it by

that were bright or drear:
And I have grown old and wrinkled, and I have grown gray and bent; I ask not for chants of glory, now that I have

found content." "Arise!" cried the waiting angel, Come first of the ones that wait, For you are the voices singing, for you do we ope

the gate: So great has been thy labor, so great shall be thy

Then he gave the Little Woman the glory of the -Chicago Evening Post.

THE MAN AT WASHINGTON.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

"Tell us a story, Uncle Timothy." but we boys in Old Middleton called him | ed of.'

story for ye every day?"

Timothy liked to talk about his soldier tellin' the other fellers 'twas their duty

"We was pretty scared those first days," he said, with a reminiscent grin; "pretty deep like, an' then he said: 'I like the scared—some of us. The fellers that patriotic sentiment in y'r speech, sir,'turned out t' be the bravest in the long in his kind o' melancholy manner was a run was 'bout the most scared of any of us, I guess. I wan't as scared as some," in more—'I like that; but I don't like he added, hastily, lest we should think it y'r implied slur on ministers. I don't Raymond Perry, in Harper's Weekly. he boasted unduly, "but I was pretty say 'tain't natural you sh'd feel that way scared. Cap'n Tucker was scareder than But ef you was to think it over a little, I was; an' Cap'n Tucker was the bravest I'm sure you'd see it in a different light. soldier Old Middleton sent to the war. Now, I don't b'lieve ministers are any 'Tim,' says he to me, pale as a sheet the mornin' Bull Run was fought—'Tim, I'm chanics 'r any other men. Some min-'Tain't right—an' Sunday too!'

us; which wa'n't long nough to brag ting shot than any other class. An', about." The old eyes twinkled. "So ye want a story 'bout the war?

think he had forgotten he was to tell a know how you an' other volunteer men story. His jaws worked very slowly dur- 'u'd be talkin' about 'em. So I say 'tw'u'd ing the pause, but finally spatting out his take a pretty high order o' courage f'r a tobacco cud, he said: "D'jer ever read physically brave man t' stay home under hist'ry, boys? Et ye have, ye prob'bly those conditions. But s'pose his con-'ve read 'bout Bull Run. As I said be-science told him t' stay. S'pose he was fore, a good many of us got consid'rably scared that Sunday, an' Washin'ton looked good to us. 'Long pretty early Mon- there was wives an' sweethearts left at day mornin' some of us crossed Long home w'u'd need all the strength an' Bridge into the city. It hadn't been comfort religion c'u'd give 'em in their what you'd call a reel orderly retreat, loneliness, an' in their dread—their awful an' when we got into the capital we dread for the dear ones in the field. didn't all keep together quite's ye might | Don't you s'pose wives an' sweethearts expect an army would. In fact, we was back home-mebbe you've got a wife 'r consid'rably scattered. I did't know jest | sweetheart y'rself-don't you s'pose they where the rest of my company was, an' lie awake in the awful blackness of I thought I might's well look round a bit before huntin' em up. I hadn't ever band 'r lover hundreds of miles from been in Washin'ton, 'cept t' jest march through, an' I'd al'ays wanted to see the Capitol an' White House, an' some of the day comes after sleepless nights, those

Washin'ton Monument—'twas only a yesterday are widows today, some who little stub of a monument then, though had lovers yesterday are loverless today; it looked pretty sizable to me—an' was cuttin' back 'cross lots, when I saw a feller walkin' 'long kind o' dejected like, an' not payin' 'tention to anything. He an' I was the only persons round blood—very much blood—will be shed there, an' I looked him over pretty sharp before it is ended.' His voice sort o' 'cause he was kind o' queer-lookin,' an' broke, an' he stopped t' blow his nose. kind o' queer-actin' too, it seemed t' me. "'Don't you see, my friend,' he wer me was 'bout the lankiest feller I'd ever set eyes on, an' kind o' teetered as he walked, the way some old backwoods fellers does. He had on some black clo'es that didn't fit him any better 'n mine do me, which ain't sayin' much.

"I didn't realize till I got up near mate"

"Don't you see, my friend,' he went on, 'that some the worst sufferin' in the hull war is bound to be back in the homes the soldiers left, 'mong the wimmen an' children—poor little children? An' don't you s'pose the ministers have foreseen it all, an' know the teachin's

a powerful tall man he was. He was in those stricken homes? An' who's to taller n' Cap'n Tucker, an' Tucker's six give these bereaved an' sorrowin' ones feet three in his stockin's.

see me. What I mean is, he was busy thinkin' mighty deep 'bout somethin' an' was lookin' in on what he was thinkin' mighty deep 'bout somethin' an' ef you was a minister, an' saw y'r duty as I've pointed it out? W'u'dn't you be bout, 'stead o' out at what was goin' on brave enough to see t' be a coward in round him. But after a minit he seemed t' kind o' wake up. 'Are you a soldier?' he asked, lookin' at my clo'es. I thought he was jest inquis'tive an' s'spposed he was prob'bly some feller in "Then again'—his voice changed a

an' we fellers c'u'd hold our heads up higher 'n they c'u'd those days. Well,

got y'r leave the same way some the oth- quiet dignity, 'You mustn't jedge by er men did. Got it from the enemy, didn't you?'

did give me p'rmission to leave-temp-

"'I hope,' he said, lookin' solemner than any one c'u'd imagine 'thout seein' an' then he stopped as ef

company "'Well,' he said, serious, back of his ef I was you.'

"Then he asked, 'Was it pretty bad up front yesterday?' I never seen a man guess,' I said. liven up so, when I b'gan t' tell 'bout it. thousan' men shoot at you?'

"He shook his head, but didn't say long ef he was me had riled me some, pulpits than in. an' made me a little peppery. Ministers "'An' now, my friend,' he said, 'ef I had made me kind o' mad. They'd talked a hull lot 'bout the other feller's duty fast as my legs c'u'd carry me. Soldiers—how he oughter 'nlist an' all that, but 'll be needed from now on, all we can get week and year;
I worked with my weary fingers through days that were bright or drear:

selves; so I says, 'Guess you wouldn't of us, an' every man must do his duty, liked it any better 'n we did. An' I an' not shirk. We've got to save this guess ef you'd been there, you'd 'a' run Union, an' we've got to fight to save it.

legs o' yourn!'
"'Yes,' he said, kind o' slow, an' meditatin,' 'I might 'a' run; I don't know. I destroy it. We mustn't let 'em; first for don't b'lieve I sh'd stayed there alone an' fought 'em single-handed, That's theirs. Preservin' it means as much to what I'd had t' done ef I'd been there an'

hadn't run, ain't it?' "That seemed t' be sort o' castin' reflections on the army —leastwise the
part that was at Btll Run, so I didn't or mebbe in their children's hearts, they'll ty, 'It's easy 'nough f'r you fellers 'at wan't in it to laugh at us who was.'

ryin' about it.'

"'You're a preacher, ain't ye?' I asked.

"He looked at me kind o' queer. 'Why, mebbe I have preached some,' he said, cryin' about it.' mebbe I have preached some,' he said, Old Timothy wasn't really our uncle, an' added, 'Tain't anything to be 'sham-

"'No,' I said, still thinkin' 'bout some "Lord! ha'n't ye boys got y'r fill o' sto-ries yet? D'you 'spose I c'n think up a ain't nothin' to' be 'shamed of; but ef I ory for ye every day?"

was a minister, an' my country needed me t' fight for it, I b'lieve when the Pres'dent called for volunteers I sh'd A gleam shot into the gray eyes. Old 'nlist, 'stead o' stayin' back home an'

in' home. I won't stay here t' be shot. isters I've met was as brave as any men I've ever known. As a class I don't "He stayed, though-long's the rest of b'lieve they'd be any more 'fraid o' getd'you know, 'twould take considerable courage for a brave minister-I mean a Well, mebbe I c'n tell ye one. 'Tain't much of a story's I know of, an' 'tain't reely 'bout the war, nuther."

'Tain't bhysically brave one who wa'n't afraid o' bein' shot —to stay away from the war an' keep tellin' other men they oughter an' keep tellin' other men they oughter He was silent so long we began to go. Ministers ain't fools, an' they'd science told him t' stay. S'pose he was eager to go t' the front as any one, but duty held him back. S'pose he knew home, hungry, 'r cold, 'r mebbe sick, in I don't see 'em now, mebbe I never'll get to see 'em, for like's not the rebs 'll be you s'pose the ministers—brave, right-

here in a few days an' burn the hull minded ministers-know it? "'An,' my friend'-there was tears 'in "I'd been down to take a look at the the big man's eyes—'some who was wives blood-very much blood-will be shed

"'Don't you see, my friend,' he went ine do me, which ain't sayin' much.
"I didn't realize till I got up near what the Great Comforter 'll be needed back et three in his stockin's.
"I saw him lookin' at me, but he didn't leave an' go to the front? What 'u'd you

visitin' the capital—a minister, like's not, jedgin' by his clo'es an' his kind o' try well ef he induces men to 'nlist that sober, absorbed look. sober, absorbed look.

"Ye know, boys, when I left Old Middleton for the war I was pretty proud o' being a soldier. Some o' the fellers that hed al'ays acted 's ef they thought they was better'n the rest of us hadn't 'nlisted; they was better'n the rest of us hadn't 'nlisted; they was better'n the rest of us hadn't 'nlisted; they was better'n the rest of us hadn't 'nlisted; they was better'n the rest of us hadn't 'nlisted; they was better'n the rest of us hadn't 'nlisted; they was better'n the rest of us hadn't 'nlisted; they was better'n the rest of us hadn't 'nlist that otherwise wouldn't? S'pose he gets ten men to 'nlist that otherwise wouldn't? S'pose he gets ten men to 'nlist that otherwise wouldn't? S'pose he gets ten men to 'nlist that w'u'dn't hev 'nlisted unless he'd made 'em see 'twas their duty to. Hasn't he sent ten substitutes, as 'twere, an' ain't he fightin' with the strength of ten men?'

"I tell ye, boys, he put up a mighty pow'rful argument in defense that mornin' I wasn't feelin' quite so ters, au' I b'gan t' feel a good 'eal ashamproud, but when he spoke I cherked up an' answered kind o' lofty, 'Yes, I'm a hed t' kind o' face it out, not bein' one

t' back water in a hurry, so I said—an' "'On leave of absence?' he asked, his honest, boys, I felt 'shamed myself when voice sort o' quiet.

"'Well—temp'rary leave.' I said. Ef he was a minister, I didn't know's he one.' I've always had a sharp tongue, I was sayin' it-I said: 'Well, I don't had any right to know what kind o' boys, an' I've always hated myself when-leave I was on. boys, an' I've used it. But seem's though the leave I was on.

"'I reckon,' he said, with what 'u'd 'a' devil gets into me sometimes, an' I have been a little chuckle ef his eyes to say things that I know are downright hadn't heen so powerful solemn—I 'reck- mean an' contempt'ble. He didn't get hadn't been so powerful solemn—I 'reck- mean an' contempt'ble. He didn't get on you was in the battle yesterday, an' mad, but just answered 'ith a sort o'

'pearances.' "The way he said it made me see that "I c'u'd see from his look, even ef he somehow I'd jumped t' the wrong condidn't smile, 'xcept underneath, an' even clusion, though jest how I c'u'dn't make ef he was a minister, that he c'u'd take a out. Ef he wasn't a minister, tourin' joke, so I answered, 'Well, yes, the rebs round seein' the sights, what was he? 'Ye don't b'long to the army, do ye?' I asked.

"'Well,' he said, 'I can't say 's I do,' him-'I hope it's only temp'rary. You new'd occurred to him, an' 'ith a kind o' are goin' back to y'r company ain't you?' whimsical, shaddery smile he added:
"'You bet I am,' I said, 'soon's 'nough' 'Why, yes I do, too. I'd 'most forgotten of 'em gets together again t' call it a when I answered. Yes, I b'long t' the army-an' the navy, both.

"Well, boys, that stumped me! How queer smile, 'the sooner you an' some he c'u'd b'long t' the army an' navy both the others get back, the sooner there'll was more'n I c'u'd see. But after thinkin' be a company f'r you to get back to. I a minit, I concluded he might 'a' 'inlisted wouldn't loaf too long b'fore goin' back, as a minister, an' didn't know yet whether he'd be 'signed t' duty on the land 'r on

"'No,' he said, quiet as ever; 'when I "'I guess,' I said, 'you'd thought 'twas told you I'd preached some, I prob'bly pretty bad ef you'd been there. How'd gave you a wrong 'impression. I'm not you like t' stand up an' let a hundred 'r a minister. I'm a lawyer-or was till lately. A man don't have t' be a minister t' preach, you know. I reckon nothin.' His sayin' he wouldn't loaf too there's more preachin' done outside the

I hadn't seen many of 'em 'nlistin' them- of 'em. There's a long, hard war ahead as fast as any us-faster, 'ith those long We've got to fight hard, for there are men down there'-pointin' off 'cross the P'tomac-'who are goin' to fight hard to them as to us in the long run; an' some day they'll see it. They can't now; we answer d'rect. 'Stead I said, a leetle tes- thank us for preservin' it. For this government of the people by the people means as much to them as to us; an' ef "I wasn't laughin', he says, quiet an' it perish, their liberties perish as surely perfectly honest; I feel much more like as ours. An' so, my friend, go back to

an' shut it warm an' hard, an', boys, I tell ye, I never felt solemner, n'r more like wantin' to be good an' do what was right an' brave, than I did then, with those melancholy, kind eyes lookin' down into mine.

"I gulped, an' told him I was goin' back t' my company 's fast as ever I c'u'd, an' he smiled an' said, 'That's right!'
"Then off he walked, teeterin' a little. up towards the White House

"Who was the man, Uncle Timothy?" we asked. "Who was he?" The gray old eyes dreamed deeply. "I du

Raymond Perry, in Harper's Weekly. A Valentine Grab Bag.

A grab bag suitable for a valentine party, instead of being made in the usual pillow case style, should resemble a postman's bag, indeed, one may be borrowed for the occasion, from some country friend who is accustomed to send to the post office for his mail.

Instead of suspending this from the doorway and hitting at it blindfolded with a stick, have it carried by a boy, dressed in postman attire, or as Cupid. Let the guests form a big circle around the postman and turning first one way, then the other, stop at a signal from the postman. When the music stops the person who is directly opposite the point of Cupid's arrow, or the postman's stick, is handed a key and permitted to unlock

the bag and reach in for a prize. These may be all sorts of cheap trinkets, valentines, crackers to pull, joking verses and cheap jewelry.

When the drawing is finished and the packages opened the music starts again and the chain continues until the next

Oldest Valentine.

At no time since Charles, Duc d'Orleans, in 1415, wrote the earliest known poetic valentine (it is now in the British Museum) have valentines been so free from objectionable features as they are other show places. I said to myself, 'Ef wimmen folks need all the strength and today. The hideous so-called comics of some years since have been frowned out of existence; fortunately, humanity has cultivated a more subtle sense of humor. Even the erstwhile favored postcard has found a strong rival in the cards (some show four pages) with envelopes. Some of these new cards fold, too, and form an envelope without any addition. Many of these show additional attractions, such as wedding rings, cigars, spoons and other articles either directly connected with Cupid's little game or played upon in some more or less relative fashion. Now, as for greeting sent in an envelope, one finds it comic or sentimental, expressive of any degree of affection, though naturally on this day of days it is likely to breathe of really, truly love.

On Nov. 29, 1814, a newspaper for the first time was printed by steam. Although the application of steam power to printing machinery had been successfully experimented with some years previously, the hostility of the working printers rendered it unadvisable for the masters to introduce such a startling innovation into their printing houses. Toward the end of 1814, however, the growing circulation of the Times made a change of some kind necessary, and in the face of fierce opposition the second John Walter set up a steam printing press. So on the morning of Nov. 29 the leading article of the Times announced to its readers that they held in their hands that day a copy of the first newspaper to be printed by steam.-London Answers.

BULBS IN A BOWL.

An Easy Way to Cultivate Miniature

Floating Gardens. A novel way of growing bulbs, such as crocuses, has been tried with good success. After securing the bulbs the next thing is to get one or two rather large corks. Through these holes are bored and the bulbs fitted into the openings in such a way that the under side, from which the roots spring, is near the lower part of the cork.

Now obtain a large shallow bowl and fill this with pure water. Float the corks, with the bulbs in place, on the surface and set the whole thing aside in a rather shady position for two or three weeks. At the end of this time it will be noticed that the roots are growing down into the water; thenceforward a place in a sunny window should be selected.

The upper shoots of the bulbs will start to grow rapidly, and at this time it is a good plan to arrange a little moss to hide the upper surface of the corks, or, if preferred, however, grass or some other seed, such as cress, may be sown to provide a green covering. There is nothing to do but to keep the bowl well supplied with water and change this now and again. Finally the flowers emerge, and then the effect is extremely pretty. The bulbs may be planted in this way any time up to early January, though naturally the sooner they are started the earlier they will bloom.-S. Leonard Bastin in St. Nicholas.

VICTORIA'S LETTERS.

Royal Secrets That Are Stored Away

In Buckingham Palace. "We may wonder if the world will ever be allowed to see the private correspondence amassed by the late Queen Victoria," says a writer. It is stored away in a strong room built into the walls of Buckingham palace, and the queen shared her confidence with no

So long as she was physically able to do so she opened and closed the safe herself and arranged its contents. When she was too feeble to do this she employed an old and trusted secretary. but even he had to work under the royal eye. He was never allowed to keep the keys nor to read the letters

that he handled. Queen Victoria was always a voluminous letter writer, and she was in constant communication with most of the royalties in Europe. Every domestic secret and privacy of royalty during half a century is said to be represented by the contents of this wonderful safe. and it is easy to believe that the modern historian would find his hands full if he were permitted to browse among

these letters. But probably he will have to wait a few hundred years, and then his popular audience will be a languid one. It is one of the ironies of life that we can never have a thing when we want it .-Pittsburgh Press.

The "secretary bird" is one of the most precious birds in South Africa. It is royal game, and any person de stroying one is liable to a fine of £50. Majestic looking birds, they stand about three feet high and generally go in pairs. They are of drab color, with black, feathery legs, and are valued for their propensity for killing snakes. Where the secretary bird is seen there are sure to be many reptiles about. The bird beats down its adversary first with one wing and then with the other, at the same time trampling on it with its feet until the snake is sufficiently stunned to catch it by the head with its claws. Then the bird rises far up in the air and drops its victim to the ground to be killed. By this means thousands of venomous reptiles are de-

Silver Sword of Hawaii.

stroyed.-London Scraps.

One of the most curious plants in the world and one of the greatest interest to all botanists is the silver sword. This exceedingly rare plant, with its magnificent silver spines and nandsome crest, may still be found in profusion in the upper part of Kaupo gap, the southern outlet of the vast extinct crater of Haleakala, on the island of Maui. It flowers from July to October and occurs hardly anywhere else in the world. Even stranger is the variety known as the green sword, which occurs only in Haleakala crater and is unknown to exist elsewhere.-Honolulu Star Bulletin.

Prince Henry the Navigator.

The kingdom of Portugal counted in its royal house one of the men who hold first rank in scientific attainment and practical application. He was the son of John I. of Portugal and Queen Philippa, who was an English princess, He spent his life in sending out ships on voyages of discovery, and it was through this Prince Henry, called "the Navigator," that Columbus got his idea of seeking for a new land across the

Carrots.

Carrots were first introduced into England by Flemish gardeners in the time of Elizabeth, and in the reign of James I. they were still so uncommon that ladies were bunches of them on their hats and on their sleeves instead of feathers.

Much Entertained. Said Cholly-I have just been look-

law .-- Louisville Courier-Journal.

ing over a volume of revised statutes. Quoth Algy-Well? Cholly-I had no idea there were so many interesting ways of breaking the

The lessons of life are lost if they do not impress us with the necessity of making ample allowances for the immature conclusions of others.

THE WHIP IN RIFLE BARRELS CURIOUS ORIGIN OF A LAW.

It Is Caused by the Pressure of Mod ern High Power Powder.

The use of high power powder in rifles has given rise to a phenomenon which did not exist in black powder days. This is known as "whip" and is due to the pressure and vibration set up by the powder. It is constant with given loads and is always in the same

direction. Sights are aligned by the manufacturer to compensate for this whip in proportion to the powder charge used In firing auxiliary cartridges it will often be found that the rifle shoots off center. As a matter of fact the bullet from the auxiliary is traveling in a true line with the bore, and it is the sights that are wrong. The lighter charge of the auxiliary does not produce the usual whip, with the result that the line in prolongation of the bore of the rifle along which the bullet travels is not the line given by the

alignment of the sights. Two other rifle terms that must not be confused are upsettage and keyholing. Keyholing is the tendency of the bullet to turn over in flight, while up settage is the slight shortening of the major axis of the bullet due to the force of the charge. It was peculiar to black powder fired behind lead bullets and does not exist to any appreciable extent in metal jacketed bullets with smokeless powder. In the latter case the charge burns more slowly and the jacket stiffens the bullet against the sudden blow from behind.-Outing.

ORIGIN OF THE PERISCOPE

The Reflecting Spyglass Used at the Siege of Sebastopol.

Speaking of the origin of the periscope, the following extract from the writings of the well known inventor of "Pepper's Ghost" gives the credit to the clerical profession. Pepper wrote soon after the Crimean war:

"During the siege of Sebastopol numbers of our best artillerymen were continually picked off by the enemy's rifles as well as by cannon shot, and in order to put a stop to the foolhardiness and incautiousness of the men, a very ingenious contrivance was invented by the Rev. William Taylor, the coadjutor of Mr. Denison in constructing the first 'Big Ben' bell. It was called the reflecting spyglass, and by its simple construction rendered the exposure of the sailors and soldiers who would look over the parapet or other parts of the works to observe the effect of their shots perfectly unnecessary, while another form was constructed for the purpose of allowing the gunner to 'lay' or aim his gun in safety.

"The instruments were shown to Lord Panmure, who was so convinced of the importance of the invention that he immediately commissioned the Rev. William Taylor to have a number of these telescopes constructed, and if the valuable lives of the skilled artillerymen would have been effected."-London Express.

Gam's Dry Humor. When the gallant Welsh captain, David Gam, was sent forward by Henry V. to reconnoiter the French army be fore the battle of Agincourt he found that the enemy outnumbered the English by about five to one. His report to the king is historic:

enough to be taken prisoners and

enough to run away." This quaint forecast of the result of the battle at once spread through the camp, and doubtless every yeoman archer of the valiant company felt ar is moistened and whiting spread over inch taller. We know that it was all it. Then the workman, with a large most literally justified by the event Poor Gam's dry humor was equaled by his courage. He was killed while in the act of saving the life of his prince.-London Standard.

Distilled Water.

Distilled water after having been exposed to the air is one of the most salubrious of drinks. Its daily use in measured quantities is helpful in cases of dyspepsia and greatly assists the general functions of the body. Every large steamer carries a water distilling apparatus by which sea water is made fresh. In the days before steamers primitive distilling apparatus was used on warships and vessels carrying pas-

Well Fitted. "Yes, grandma; I am to be married next month."

"But, my dear," said grandma earnestly, "you are very young. Do you feel that you are fitted for married

"I am being fitted now, grandma," explained the prospective bride sweetly. "Seven gowns!"-Kansas City Jour-

More Than the Average.

Mrs. Wayup-How much sleep do ! need, doctor? Doctor-Well, the average person needs about seven hours Mrs. Wayup-Then I shall take about fourteen. I consider I am much above the average.-Judge.

A Plain Heroine. "This is refreshing. The author says

his heroine isn't beautiful." "It will be refreshing to see the pic tures of the heroine come up to the print."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

Many Sided Woman.

Man thinks he is going to solve the mystery known as woman after he is married. and then the plot thickens -Toledo Blade.

It is bad to work loiteringly; it is worse to loiter instead of beginning to work at all.

It Was Passed In England on Account of Peter Thellusson's Will,

The Thellusson law, once enacted by the British government, was a law to regulate the disposition of property by will and to prevent the excessive accumulation of estates. It had a curious crigin.

On the 27th of July, 1797, one Peter Thellusson, an English merchant of French birth, died in London, leaving a certain sum to his widow and children and the remainder of his property, then amounting to several hundred thousand dollars, to trustees to accumulate during the lives of his children. grandchildren and great-grandchildren living at the time of his death and the survivors of them. The accumulation would have been enormous.

The will was contested, but was held valid. In order, however, to prevent such a disposition of property in the future, parliament passed what was called the Thellusson act, or accumulations act, regulating and limiting bequests in such a way as to make great accumulations impossible.

When Peter Thellusson's last surviving grandson died, in 1856, a question arose as to whether the eldest male descendant or the male descendant of the eldest son should inherit the property, and this question was decided on appeal by the house of lords in June, 1859. The Thellusson will and the legislation growing out of it were a subject of much discussion by lawyers.-Pittsburgh Press.

EPIGRAMS BY PRESIDENTS.

Not Many Deathless Sentences Have

Been Handed Down to Us. How very few things which any of our presidents said can anybody recall

offhand! Washington's most frequently quoted phrase is, "In time of peace prepare for war.'

John Adams talked all day and wrote diaries all night, but perhaps "Independence forever"-his toast for the very Fourth of July on which he diedis more widely known than any other

one thought. "Few die and none resign," heads Jefferson's list of deathless sentences, although parts of the Declaration of Independence are known to millions.

The doctrine keeps Monroe's name forever to the front, but his state papers, speeches and letters, like those of Madison, John Quincy Adams, Mc-Kinley. Taft and many other men long and honorably in public life, are devoid of handles-nothing to take hold of.

Rutherford B. Haves gave us one very fine thought, "He serves his party best who serves the country best.' Jackson was forever saying "By the

eternal!" but what else? "With malice toward none" and "a the siege had not terminated just at government of the people," etc., are the time the invention was to have Lincoln's master strokes. However, his been used no doubt a great saving of letters and papers are full of unique thoughts and would afford a present day cartoonist enormous opportunities. -Philadelphia Ledger.

Preparation of Parchment.

Parchment is the skin of sheep or other animals prepared in sheets to render them fit for being written upon. The heavier parchment, used for drumheads, is made from the skins of asses. older calves, wolves and goats. All these are similarly prepared. The skin. "There are enough to be killed being freed from the hair, is placed in a lime pit to cleanse it from fat. The pelt is then stretched upon a frame. care being taken that the surface is free from wrinkles. The flesh is pared off with a circular knife, after which it pumice stone, rubs the skin. He next goes over it with an iron instrument and rubs it carefully with pumice stone without chalk. Finally the skin is gradually dried, tightening being occa-

> To Lengthen Life of Necktie. A good many people who are users of four-in-hand ties are more or less bothered by the tie's becoming useless after

sionally required.

it has been worn a few times. Take the wide end of the tie with seam up and lay it flat upon a table. Then thrust in the finger and seize the lining. Take the silk cover in the other hand and pull it over the lining, about half of its length. A hot iron is then run over the lining to straighten it out. -Popular Science Monthly.

Home Grown Oats Best.

The Maine agricultural experiment station has by its wide studies of inheritance in oats proved the idea current among farmers that foreign grown seed is better than home grown to have little basis. As the Journal of Heredity notes, a variety frequently behaves much better after it has been acclimatized for a year or two.

Steam Power.

The power of steam was known to the ancients, a mechanical contrivance in which it was used being noted by Hero of Alexandria about 130 B. C., but nothing came of it, and it was not till the seventeenth century that is power was again recognized.

A Dead One.

"He is a dead one" is not slang. It occurs in Longfellow's "Spanish Student." The clown Chispa says, "I have a father, too, but he is a dead one."

Much Harder. "There is nothing harder than getting out of a bad habit."

"Yes, there is-getting into a good one."-Boston Transcript.

Our duty is to be useful, not according to our desires, but according to our powers.-Amiel.