

ONE CAUSE FOR THANKSGIVING

Although our sky looks dull and gray as we approach Thanksgiving day, we all may see one golden ray...

JULIA—HER THANKSGIVING.

"Yes, Annie, I know I have always promised to tell you about Julia Benham's Thanksgiving, and I will tell you now. It can do no harm, for she has been dead and gone these ten years, and Elsie and White, too. Elsie only lived six months after Julia died. I suppose you would rather I said 'passed away,' but I always did think it was putting on airs. I was brought up to say people died when they died, and as for 'passing away,' I'd like to know how sure we are that they passed? I do hope that Julia Benham has passed far enough not to hear me tell her story, for she was an awful high-spirited woman, and she wouldn't like it."

"Elsie told me about it. She was the only one who ever did any telling. Julia never told a thing in her life except to Elsie, and that was just like telling it to herself. Julia and Elsie were a queer pair. You see they went to school together, and Julia always headed the procession, and Elsie always tagged after, never once losing sight of Julia. I don't believe Elsie White ever set her feet outside Julia Benham's cracks in her life. When Elsie's folks died she was about twenty-four; she went to live with Julia and her folks, and when Julia's folks died, they kept on living together. Julia always moved first, and Elsie after her; Julia always spoke first, and Elsie after her. It used to seem to me as if Elsie was nothing more than Julia's echo with a body as well as a voice. They looked alike too, only Julia was more so in everything. She was bigger and taller, and her hair was darker, and her eyes were sharper. They dressed alike in one way too. Julia wore clothes that were real bright colored, and Elsie wore things that were faint colored. Julia would never give up wearing real bright things even after she was an old woman. She would wear deep pink roses in her bonnet, and Elsie would wear pale pink ones. She would wear bright purple dresses, and Elsie would wear lavender."

"Well, after Julia's folks died it turned out that she didn't have any property except the house she lived in and just enough money in the bank to pay the taxes. Julia's father had always been a spender. It was Elsie who had the money. She had quite a little property, and she had it well invested, and it paid her a good interest, and she paid board to Julia, and they got along real well until they were both old women—considerably over seventy. Then Julia took it into her head that Elsie's property wasn't paying enough interest and she could do better with it. So she up and put it into a railroad stock that paid an awful lot a year. It paid the first year, and Elsie had a new coat, and she paid a little more for her board, and Julia had a new coat too, only longer, but the next year that railroad stock passed dividends. The first of October the check from that railroad company didn't come, and then there was a trouble. Elsie came over and told me, and cried like a baby. 'Julia and I haven't got one cent to live on except the interest of five thousand dollars I've got in the savings bank,' said she. 'Julia she wanted to put that into the stock; she said four per cent. wasn't enough. Then she thought maybe she'd better not, because we couldn't get hold of ready money for the doctor and funeral expenses in case we got sick and died. And now we've only got two hundred dollars a year to live on, and I don't see how we are going to manage. Things are so dear. We have got four hens and a rooster, and the eggs don't amount to much and we don't need any new clothes, but it's got to be a real hard scratch.'"

"After that stock passed dividends, Julia she was so rebellious that she wouldn't go to meeting, and of course Elsie didn't, either. The minister went and prayed with them, but it didn't make any difference. Elsie would have gone to meeting, but she didn't dream of such a thing as going without Julia. Well, Thanksgiving came, and it was a week afterward, just a week, when Elsie came over, and she was all smiling and happy, and she told me the story of how they had spent the day. 'You know,' said she, 'that poor Julia has been feeling dreadfully because my railroad stock didn't pay anything the first of October, and she blamed herself, and she said to me right after it happened, 'Elsie,' says she, 'let's forget Thanksgiving.' I was so surprised I didn't say anything; I just stared at her. 'I mean it,' says she; 'let's forget Thanksgiving.' 'How?' says I. 'We must begin now,' says she. 'We must lose track of the days of the week.' So we did, and that was easy enough for me, anyway. I never knew what day it was. You see, we washed any day it happened to strike us, and we swept any day, and we baked any day. I was forgetting real nice; and we didn't go to meeting and didn't hear the Proclamation, and I know I wouldn't have suspected it was Thanksgiving Day, but Julia she did. I do believe Julia never lost track of one day of the week. Thanksgiving morning she says to me, 'It's no use, Elsie, we've got to keep Thanksgiving.' 'Is it Thanksgiving?' says I. 'Yes,' says she, 'I wouldn't have remembered, I dare say, but all of a sudden I thought of something left to be thankful for, if that railroad has cheated us.' 'What?' says I. 'That I've got enough spirit left

to be mad," says she. "We'll keep it, Elsie. I realize that I might have been just ground down by such work, but I am running, if the railroad ain't."

"How shall we keep it?" says I. "We'll kill one of the hens," says she.

"Then there won't be any more eggs," says I.

"I don't care," says she. "We'll have one of those hens for dinner, and I'll make a pudding. We've got some raisins left over. They are awful dry, but I'll soak 'em."

"But when we went down stairs, and Julia opened the back door, there was a big basket, and we just stood and stared at it. I had never heard of anything except a baby being left in a basket at a door.

"Oh, Julia," says I, "do you suppose it's a baby?"

"Don't be silly," says she, and she lifted the basket and brought it in. There wasn't any sound coming from it, so I knew it wasn't a baby. Well, she opened it, and there was a splendid turkey all stuffed and dressed, and all the fixings, and plum pudding, and a pound-cake, and a mince pie, and an apple pie.

"Well, I never saw Julia so mad. It was awful. 'So it has come to this!' says she. 'We are objects of charity!' She just crammed the things back into the basket, but I had seen a card sticking out, and I took it without her noticing, and 'From a friend' was written on it, and I knew the writing."

"When Elsie White told me that she blushed as pink as a girl, I knew well enough who sent it, by the way she acted. Everybody round here knew that Henry Atherton wanted to marry her when she was a girl, and never got married because she wouldn't have him. I knew that she knew his handwriting as soon as she saw it, and was sure that he sent the basket. Julia broke off the match."

"Well," Elsie went on to say, "Julia she declared that we wouldn't touch that nice dinner; but she didn't go out to kill the hen. After a while she says to me, 'I suppose it would be a pity to kill the hen, we have so few eggs now,' and I said I thought it would be."

"Well," says Julia, "we'll have picked-up codfish for dinner." And she got out the codfish and began picking it up. I didn't say anything, but it did seem to me that it was a pity not to have that nice dinner that was sent us, and my mouth was just watering for turkey. So I tell you I was glad when Julia she just took her hand away from the codfish and stood up and went to the basket.

"Well," says Julia, "we may as well cook this turkey and things, and have the dinner, for I have thought of something to be thankful about taking charity."

"What?" says I.

"I am thankful for the humbleness of spirit that makes me able to take it," says Julia.

"So," says Elsie, "we had that dinner, and it was nice. I never tasted a better turkey; and that isn't all."

"What more?" says I.

"Elsie took a cutting from a newspaper out of her pocket, and I put on my glasses, and read that it was probable that her railroad would pay dividends the first of January, and make up for the ones they had skipped. 'If we hadn't eaten that dinner,' we should have been awful wicked," says Elsie; "and that isn't all."

"What else?" says I.

"Henry Atherton and I are going to be married New Year's Day," says Elsie. "I know it's very late in life, but Julia she feels as if she hadn't done just right by keeping us asunder, and she says she thinks the time has come when we two women ought to have a man around the house in case we were taken sick and died, and she says she's quite willing if Henry will promise never to come in the front door without wiping his feet. She says he can promise me whatever he wants to, she wants him to promise her that." Then Elsie she broke down and cried, she was so happy. "Oh," says she, "I know you think I am an old fool; but only think, I can clean the spots off his coats, and sit at the same table Thanksgiving with him all the rest of my life!"

"How many Thanksgivings did they have?" inquired the woman to whom the story had been told.

The other woman reflected and counted on her fingers. "Let me see. They had the Thanksgiving the year I had my martin tippet, that's one; then the one I had my bonnet with the pansies on it, that's two; then the one when my son Frank got married, that's three; then the one year I had a new set of china, that's four. They had four Thanksgiving dinners together. Then Julia died, when she was eighty-two; and six months after Elsie; and Henry only lived a year after that; and I suppose now they are playing their Thanksgiving harps and singing Thanksgiving songs in heaven instead of eating turkey on earth, if we believe what we should."

By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, in Harper's Bazar.

PEPTO-MANGAN KEEPS BLOOD PURE.

Growing Children Need Plenty of Red Cells in Blood.

When the young body is growing, children frequently experience weakness. Girls and boys sometimes play too hard and over-tax their systems. They become pale, weak, and sickly. They lose their appetites, become languid, and are not able to make progress in school work. "Growing too fast" is often true. It is most important to keep the blood of growing girls and boys in a healthy state.

Pepto-Mangan keeps the blood pure. The red cells in the blood are increased. They carry life-giving oxygen to all parts of the body, and wholesome youthfulness blooms again in clear complexion, bright eyes and buoyant spirits. Sold both in liquid and tablet form by druggists everywhere. The name "Gude's Pepto-Mangan" is on the package.—Adv. 66-45

The "Watchman" gives all the news while it is news.

A MERITED TESTIMONIAL.

Dr. Thomas Orbison, who recently returned from the Near East where for two years he was engaged in relief work, principally at Latvia, Russia, arrived in Bellefonte last week and was kept busy several days shaking hands with his boyhood friends. The doctor brought with him many mementoes of his two years' stay in that war-stricken country, but of all of them the one he prizes most is a beautiful testimonial of appreciation given him by the Russian prime minister at Latvia in recognition of his services there. The text of the testimonial in full is as follows:

To Captain Dr. Thos. J. Orbison, Chief of Latvian Section of the American Relief Administration European Children's Fund.

Dear Captain Orbison: More than a year ago, you came to Latvia and started here your program of children's relief. Our country being entirely exhausted by long years of war, it would have been impossible to assist the suffering children, unless the generous and mighty Democracy of the United States had lent Latvia its helping hand through the European Children's Relief Fund that had taken charge of the great work in Europe. This was a task full of high, unselfish, far-sighted idealism: to help the suffering children, the innocent victims of a cruel war, whose pale faces had lost their cheerful childlike smiles,—to help this growing generation whose health and well-being the future of Europe depended on.

The accomplishment of this high mission in Latvia was confided to you, dear Captain. Already since the very early beginning of your activities in our country as Chief of the Latvian Section of the European Children's Fund, you took the warmest interest in the general welfare of its suffering people. With a staff of able assistants you started your work most energetically. You established in the cities of Livonia and Courland a widespread net of feeding-points for poor children where they gratuitously received food every day—a present by America to the children of Latvia. This generous American assistance was heartily appreciated by the children of our country and their mothers. Owing to your prominent talent of organization you had in September, 1919 already managed to establish public kitchens for nearly 60,000 children. You desired to help wheresoever assistance was needed, and your generous friendly heart won for you, the "American Uncle" as you were called by all these little ones under your care, the deepest love of the people of Latvia.

During the days of October 1919, when Riga was violently bombarded by hostile German bands, you, instead of repairing to a safe place, steadfastly remained in the city. You wanted to be together with the children under your care even in danger. So it happened that a German grenade burst in your room and injured you. Fortunately, you soon recovered. You continued your activities and it occurred for the second time that a shell exploded near you, from you in the street and caused you heavy suffering by poisonous gases. You will remember the unanimous joy of the people, when they heard that you were recovering, the many expressions of sympathy, the manifestations of children and the hearty words addressed to you, and I am sure the words you said in reply to the children about the love of one's native country and about the friendship between the American and Latvian Nations fell on a good ground in their young souls.

As soon as Latgale had been liberated by the Latvian army, you immediately extended the activities of your organization also to this country having horribly suffered from famine and disease during the recent Bolshevik rule, and by your help you conquered here likewise the hearts of the population of America. At this time the number of children being fed by your relief organization in all parts of Latvia had reached the imposing figure of 86,000.

If this work of assistance initiated by the generous American people and conducted on a prominent scale by the Central Headquarters in Europe has had so great results in Latvia, it was owing to the excellent direction by you of this work here which was well organized in the very details. It was further owing to your untiring activities. You never rested, you visited the cities where you had established places of distribution of food and clothing to see how your work was going on and if it were not possible to introduce improvements; and wheresoever you arrived, you were cheered by the children of the city. During your activities in Latvia, you have distributed enormous quantities of food, clothes and shoes to the needy children. You took particular care of the sick and infirm ones—dental, eye and skin clinics were established. Careful weighing of thousands of children showed the considerable increase of their physical energy. The death-rate and mortality of the children were strongly reduced. Irrespectively of the children's relief, I desire also to mention your successful efforts to help the prisoners and to improve their morale. Simultaneously with the physical development of the children you gave your full attention to their mental life. You arranged selected shows for them, infusing their childish souls in the best way. Your success in this domain was evident: Mental health of the children, their progress in the school work and the increase of their joy of life.

All this you reached, dear Captain, during your more than one year's activities in Latvia by applying your rich experience and devoting all your energy to your task. You loved your work and put your whole heart into it; and by your integrity and vision, your readiness to help wheresoever possible, your warm kindness towards everybody approaching you and your bright enthusiasm for every high, ideal motion—you have won the entire confidence, respect and whole-

hearted love of the inhabitants of Latvia.

Now that your relief organization is going to cease its work, I have the honor, dear Captain Orbison, to express to you in the name of the people of Latvia and on behalf of the Latvian Government the deepest and most sincere gratitude for your beneficent, untiring, unselfish activities in our country.

We deeply appreciate the very kind help given by the acting Members of the European Children's Fund, and I desire to extend our most cordial thanks to the generous donor and initiator of the great work of relief—the People of the United States. The assistance lent to Latvia will never be forgotten by the population. The bonds of hearty friendship between the American and Latvian Nations are and will always be unseverable.

Dear Captain Orbison, you have lived in Latvia and with the people of Latvia during a historical period in the life of our young State. You have seen the struggle for freedom of the Latvian Nation and its victories similar to the glorious fights of the American Nation for its independence in 1776. It is the inflexible will of the people of Latvia to remain independent and to contribute their share to the progress of the world; and Latvia will always keep in mind those Nations and Men who have helped her in the hardest times of her existence. The Man who left California to go far overseas and who came to Latvia in order to relieve sufferings with a heart full of glowing idealism will be brightly remembered by the people of Latvia for ever!

Riga, July 23rd, 1920. Very cordially yours, ULMANIS, Prime Minister of Latvia.

BIRTHS.

Justice—On September 10, to Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Justice, of Spring township, a daughter, Jean Isabel.

Hoover—On September 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hoover, of Spring township, a daughter, Grace.

Klinger—On October 28, to Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Klinger, of Bellefonte, a daughter.

Miller—On October 28, to Mr. and Mrs. D. Elsworth Miller, of Spring township, a daughter.

Waite—On October 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lonebarger Waite, of Pleasant Gap, a son, Donald Samuel.

Zimmerman—On October 10, to Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Zimmerman, of Spring township, a daughter, Alta Arleen.

Hosterman—On October 11, to Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Hosterman, of Woodward, a daughter, Josephine Theresa.

Garrett—On October 15, to Mr. and Mrs. Aden Garrett, of Nittany, a daughter, Mabel G.

Cole—On October 2, to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cole, of Bellefonte, a son, John Augustus.

Shay—On October 6, to Mr. and Mrs. Mac Shay, of Bellefonte, a daughter, Anna Bell.

Corl—On October 19, to Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Corl, of Bellefonte, a son.

Kanarr—On October 22, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kanarr, of Bellefonte, a son.

Vonada—On October 25, to Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Vonada, of Bellefonte, a daughter.

Edminson—On October 25, to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Edminson, of Bellefonte, a son, William Joseph.

Eckenroth—On October 31, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eckenroth, of Bellefonte, a daughter.

Schaeffer—On October 28, to Mr. and Mrs. Roland B. Schaeffer, of Bellefonte, a son, Robert.

Dawson—On October 15, to Mr. and Mrs. Victor P. Dawson, of Bellefonte, a son, Dale Edmund.

Zerby—On September 12, to Mr. and Mrs. Orin Zerby, of Aaronsburg, a daughter, Mary Elizabeth.

Kellerman—On October 12, to Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Kellerman, of Bellefonte, a son, Guy Harrison.

Tate—On October 25, to Mr. and Mrs. B. Foster Tate, of Bellefonte, a son, Clarence Edward.

Rainer—On October 24, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rainer, of Bellefonte, a daughter, Annie.

Hanluby—On October 30, to Mr. and Mrs. John Hanluby, of Bellefonte, a daughter, Louise.

Kelley—On November 6, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Kelley, of Spring township, a son, Richard W.

REARED A BABY FOX.

One of the real curiosities which sometimes comes to West Chester is the pet fox belonging to Mrs. Irene McMullen, of Kennett township, Chester county. This beautiful creature was captured last March by Mr. McMullen and a friend who were hunting with their dogs and trailed a fox to its hole. In digging after it they discovered a mother fox with six young. She was placed in another hole with her family, barring one, which Mr. McMullen took home to his wife.

The little creature was only one day old and lay in the palm of Mrs. McMullen's hand. All the hunting fraternity scouted the idea of a possibility of its being raised. They said it never had been done and couldn't be, but the lady persevered, arising twice every night for weeks and feeding it with a bottle.

From a tiny creature with a head like a bulldog and soft, downy fur it has grown into a beautiful animal and is as tame and affectionate as a dog. His name is "Tip," because of the white mark on the end of the brush. He gets a bath every week, is fed plentifully on bread and milk, with an occasional lamb chop for luxury.

He capers all over the house in a perfect abandon of frolic, goes autoing in a rapture, and if the car stops too long sets up a vigorous growling. He is amiable, and as yet his mistress has discovered no tendency to craftiness or other fox characteristics. He does not offer to harm the chickens, and plays by the hour with the cats.

DATES FROM 1865.

National Thanksgiving Day is Comparatively New in Country's History.

It is just 51 years since the last Thursday in November was adopted by the President of the United States as the day set apart from all others of the year to be observed by the people of the nation as Thanksgiving day. It was the first Thanksgiving celebrated after the close of the Civil war, and the proclamation by President Johnson a few weeks prior, appointing such a date, was issued because it was a generally understood fact that Lincoln had planned, during the dark days at the end of the struggle, to have some one day in November reserved yearly by all States in the Union.

Throughout the war the celebration had occurred only here and there in scattered communities. And always before, in the various States which did celebrate the day, it was purely a sectional affair, for which the Governor issued a proclamation upon his own initiative. November, 1865, witnessed the beginning of the holiday as a national institution. Since that date the Governors of all States and territories upon receiving the President's proclamation, publish their own, naming the day in formal fashion. It is an American festival day, unique in more than one respect, but most perhaps because it is the only religious festival celebrated in this country upon the recommendation of the government.

It had a tangled beginning. A score of origins are claimed. And one is rather at sea in selecting his particular belief. In the Congressional library it was a happy chance which discovered these various sources and their grave and gay histories outlined in a chain of sketches.

In the middle States the day is observed more as a religious matter than as a holiday, but in New England it is a festival, a domestic feast day and the chief of all holidays. Americans like to believe that Thanksgiving day is purely and simply American, and it is, but as instituted in New England the idea was borrowed from the Dutch, among whom the Pilgrims had dwelt for ten years after leaving British soil and before emigrating to America. The Hollanders had been accustomed to celebrating October 3 both religiously and socially, in honor of their deliverance from the Spaniards, and when the first harvest of the new home of the English emigrants had yielded well it seemed the natural thing to rejoice in a period of public thanksgiving.

Some deserted Indian huts stored with corn had furnished the nucleus of that harvest, and an Indian chief who had once been in England and consequently trusted Englishmen gave the Pilgrims instruction as to the planting of the grain and the procuring of game as well. Upon this first harvest rested the well being of the little colony, so many of whose members had perished in that first fierce winter which followed the landing of the Mayflower in December, 1620. The hardest, who survived, were humbly grateful for the rich harvest in October, which followed the neighborly native's suggestions and Governor Bradford ordered a three-day feast and celebration as recognition of such plenty. The Indians who had first extended the hand of welcome to the pale faces there were invited to attend and bring their friends.

Forest Fire Observers Now on Duty.

Forest fire observers employed by the Pennsylvania Department of Forestry are now on duty, day and night, in small glass-enclosed cabins on the sixty-eight steel towers that have been erected on mountain tops in various parts of the State. They are guarding the State's timberlands, both privately owned and State controlled, from destruction by fire.

The observers have been equipped with the most approved appliances and instruments for the location of fires. Maps have been prepared showing all the mountain peaks, streams, valleys, ravines, towns and other features that lie within the range of the watchmen's vision. In some cases, all the territory within twenty miles of the tower is shown on the map, and it is under the constant observation of the forest guardians.

The maps are mounted on revolving tables in the cabins, and in the center of the map is an alidade, an instrument set on a pivot so that it may be swung in any direction and sighted on a fire. This instrument shows the exact location of the fire, with reference to topographic features on the map. Arrows indicate the direction and distance to principal cities in the east.

Towers, as far as practicable, have been placed so that they cover virtually all the forested area within a given region. Sometimes the outlying territories visible from nearby towers overlap, thereby providing increased protection against fires.

Pennsylvania's system of forest protection is the most modern method that has yet been devised in this or any other country.

THE GOBBLER'S NIGHTMARE.

The gobbler sat down upon a limb and gobbled (soon they'd gobble him) about this evanescent life and all its struggle, all its strife. "Bird that is born of egg," said he, "is full of trouble as can be. When from the egg is first doth hatch, forthwith he needs must to the scratch and scratch with both his baby feet all day to find enough to eat. Of course his mother scratches some to fill his hungry little tum, but when the family is many she often can't provide him any. And when he grows a bigger bird he's singled out from midst the herd, provided he bids fair to be a whooper gobbler, same as me. From that time on he gets his chuck too long sets up a vigorous growling. He is amiable, and as yet his mistress has discovered no tendency to craftiness or other fox characteristics. He does not offer to harm the chickens, and plays by the hour with the cats.

ing makes me dream of things more awful than they seem. In nightmare dreams I see the ax and hear its sharp and shuddery whacks. Oh, such is my distressful dread I sometimes think I'll lose my head!" And thus the gobbler gobbled on till came the chill November dawn, and Farmer Jones he also came with purpose, which we needn't name. "By jinks," quoth he, "I seem to me this gobbler's most unusual tale! He doesn't try to get away, though this is sure Thanksgiving Day." He reached to grab the gobbler's leg and found it lifeless as a peg. "Alas, the gobbler in the night had died and frozen there with fright."

THE HEROINE OF GETTYSBURG.

For two days a girl of twenty carried water to fill the canteens of wounded and dying soldiers on the field of Gettysburg. The third day while baking biscuit for the famished soldiers, she was killed by a Minnie ball, and buried with the dough still on her hands.

The little brick house where the Wade family lived was directly in the path of the battle, but the inhabitants could not move to a safer place, for in it lay a young mother and a day-old babe. For three long days it was under fire. When they took off the old roof and replaced it with a new one a few years ago, they took from it two quarts of bullets. While these bullets were crashing through the roof, Georgia Wade McClellan lay with her new born babe by her side; her mother took care of her and Jennie, her sister, carried water and filled the canteens of the soldiers on the fighting line.

"Georgia," said the mother, "I wish you would let me turn you round in the bed with your head away from the window."

"Do you think it would be safer?" asked Georgia.

"Yes," said her mother, and she turned her so that her head rested against the foot of the bed. At that moment a ball came crashing through the window and buried itself in the pillow where Georgia's head had lain only an instant before.

At the end of the first day fifteen soldiers lay dead in the little front yard. All through those dreadful days the famished boys in blue came knocking at the door and asking for bread, until the bread was all gone. At nightfall of the second day Jennie Wade mixed up the great pan of sponge and set it to rise. Then she went out, protected from chance shots only by the darkness, and brought in armful after armful of wood, which she laid all ready to light a fire in order to bake the bread in the great brick oven.

She rose at dawn. As she was lighting her fire, a knock came at her door, and a hungry soldier boy asked for bread.

"Mother," said Jennie, "if you will light a fire in the cook stove, I will mix up some biscuit, and we will give them until the bread is baked." With her sleeves rolled up and her hands in the dough, she stood, a very womanly angel of mercy, when a Minnie ball crashed through the door, and she fell dead without a word.

At night the soldiers brought a rough box that had been hastily put together for a dead officer. In that the body of Jennie Wade was buried. Gettysburg is full of monuments to brave men; there is one erected through the efforts of the women of Iowa to the only woman who was killed on that battle field—the girl martyr, Jennie Wade. It is of Italian marble, so blue white that it almost seems to be transparent. The statue of the girl stands as she might have appeared on the day of battle; her right hand bears a pitcher, and over her left arm are two army canteens hung by their straps.—Ex.

INTERESTING FACTS.

Diamonds have increased 160 per cent. in value and emeralds 300 per cent. during the last few years.

Experienced shepherds declare that sheep turn their heads to the wind when the day is going to be fine; if they graze with their tails to windward it is a sure sign of rain.

Blue diamonds have been found in India and red-tinted ones in Africa.

As many as twelve foreign languages are taught in the schools of Tokio.

In preparing kid for gloves one London firm uses several thousand eggs a week.

"Hamlet" is the longest of Shakespeare's plays with 3,900 lines, and the "Comedy of Errors," the shortest, with 1,777 lines.

The wealth of the Dominion of Canada is now estimated at \$18,000,000,000, which, considering the sparse population, makes the Canadians one of the richest peoples in the world.

For the low class of seed pearls there is a constant demand among oriental physicians and apothecaries, who grind them into powder and administer it to parties as a cure for many ills.

The Americans of the southernmost province of Chili use a crab shell as a barometer. In dry, fair weather it is white, but when rain is approaching red spots appear on it.

It is computed that the earth's atmosphere contains at least 4,000,000,000,000 tons of nitrogen directly accessible.

The oldest manlit fire in the world is the sacred fire that has been burning for more than 500 years in the Buddhist temple near Bakyoh, Siam.

450,000 Pennsylvania Hunters this Season, is Estimate.

Seth E. Gordon, Secretary of the State Game Commission, estimates the hunters' licenses issued this year will reach 450,000. Last year approximately 432,000 were issued.

Reports reaching the game commission indicate game is unusually plentiful. An unusually large number of hunting accidents are being reported.

Appreciation of the good qualities of one's neighbors is a gift one should strive to cultivate as occasion offers.