IF.

If all who hate would love us, And all our loves were true, The stars that swing above us Would brighten in the blue; If cruel words were kisses,

And every scowl a smile, A better world than this is Would hardly be worth while; If purses would untighten To meet a brother's need,

The load we bear would lighten

Above the grave of greed. If those who whine would whistle, And those who languish laugh, The rose would rout the thistle, The grain outrun the chaff;

If hearts were only jolly, If grieving were forgot, And tears and melancholy Were things that now are not-Then Love would yield to duty, And all the world would seem

A bridal bower of beauty, A dream within a dream If men would cease to worry, And women cease to sigh And all be glad to bury Whatever has to die-If neighbor spake to neighbor,

As love demands of all, The rust would eat the saber, The spear stay on the wall; Then every day would glisten, And every eye would shine, And God would pause to listen, And life would be divine.

THE KEY TO CHRISTMAS.

"The miserable traitor I am, Sister! Deserting you just before Christmas!" quavered Bess.

"Traitor? Nonsense. I shan't be lonesome. "Never!" I gulped. We stood close to the steamer rail, and clung tight to each other's cold, shaky hands. Bess was enchanting in her brand-new traveling array, but she was white to her sweet lips. As for me, I was putting up what Ned Truesdell would call a dreadnaught bluff. But my heart was breaking, inch by inch. John Carroll, my tall, brand-new brother-in-law, stood some yards away, gazing earnestly at a pile

"John is a dear, to let us have these minutes all to ourselves," choked

"John is a pirate," I choked back. "To come racing up from Buenos Aires, on nine days' notice, and marry you, and carry you back to South America the day he landed. Highway

"W-well, but I wanted him to." to her very bones, made haste to defend her man. "But for me to rush off and leave you, soul-alone! If only cousin Lucretia was in town! She'd "Indeed you did. I heard you—

away in the wilds of the Berkshires, managing Dr. Sayre's House of Peace for the Neurasthenic Rich. Don't fret, ster. I'll be all right

"Or—if Ned Truesdell was stationed ashore." Bess's voice was elaborately unconcerned. But her fingers

"Seems to me that he squanders a

shocking lot of his pay on postage. What does he find to write about, "Oh, shoes, and ships, and sealing-

wax. And target practice, and fleet maneuvers-Oh, Bess! Hark!" Up the deck echoing like the trump of doom, rang the relentless cry; "All

ashore! All ashore!" John shouldered up, his kind face full of abashed sympathy. Bess's dear eyes brimmed. A long minute,

she held me close. "Little Sister! Little Sister!" she whispered. "Margery, my own dear-est! Good-by! Love me always—"

One last passionate trembling clasp, and I stood alone on the dock, watching the great steamer back out into the gray, misty river. Another breath; it had melted into the dusk. And Bess, my beloved elder sister, the only one of my blood left to me, was gone. I don't know how I made my way through the cluttered warehouse to

so dazed, so overwhelmed. "If only Lucretia was in town!" I sobbed, stumbling on through the miry snow. For cousin Lucretia, sturdy, cheery, a tender nurse to ailing bodies, is a most wise counsellor to aching hearts. "Or—if just Ned Truesdell was stationed ashore!"

the street. I was so sick with pain,

I swept the tears from my eyes, and plodded on. Not even my keen-eyed sister could know what it would mean if Ned Truesdell was stationed ashore. One minute, I let myself look back to last summer, that windy, sunshiny va-cation that Bess and I had spent at the Cape, near Oldport. All that en-chanted month. Ned Truesdell's ship had lain at anchor in Oldport Harbor. Ned, as behooved the youngest ensign aboard the North Atlantic Fleet, had worked like a nailer, all season. He had led smoky gun-drills of mornings, and dusty land-drills of afternoons; he'd danced attendance on the Captain at review, and bent his stately red head over blue-prints in the chartroom o' nights. But, incidentally, he had made the best of his rare hours of shore leave! Deck dances, and cliff tramps, and jolly water picnics; moonlight strolls down the silent, silver beach—surely no penniless little schoolma'am ever knew so wonderful a summer. But nowadays—Ah, well! What concern has a penniless little schoolma'am with the concerns of an equally penniless young ensign, pray tell?—particularly when the young ensign was merely a gay comrade.

like malicious elfin bayonets. I stop- dle. "There'd be more spontaneity ped short, trembling. "I'm not going home to our empty flat! I shall catch the Limited, this minute, and go flat." straight up to cousin Lucretia. I cannot face Christmas alone. Although in, and saw Lucretia's tree, standing by the fireplace like a fairy seneschal, ashore * * *"

great fire-lit living-room, and clasped me in motherly arms. "Why, child, I've longed, all day, to rush down to New York and snatch you up and bring you home with me. Nothing but heaped-up calamity held me back." "Calamity?"

"Yes raging seas of it. Yesterday

"Yes, raging seas of it. Yesterday I stretched a point, and let two nurses go home for Christmas. Alack, this morning rose on three of the Faithful flattened out with tonsilitis. That leaves only four nurses on deck. We've had to serve meals in relays, all day. Imagine how our lordly inmates have growled at a dessert that dares be three minutes late!"

"Can't you wire a registry for extras?" "Two days before Christmas? To

come up to this wilderness?" a waning moon. Terrace on ivory terrace, the mighty hills rose against a starry sky.

"Quiet is our aim, child, in the House of Peace. (Though it's the Cave of Adullam I'd be calling it, Cave of Adullam I'd be calling it, more often!) Not another house for a mile, except the Berks County Or
"Well, I'd send them something, but only only of the control of phanage, that glint of light away on the farthest hill. And nobody there but a baker's dozen of babies, and a cook, and a matron. I'd planned to send those weans some Christmas doings, but with the House of Peace in the fine something, but afford to," declared the fluffy lady. "I've spent over four hundred dollars on gifts this year, paying up a lot of tiresome people. I can't buy them a pair of mittens. Not ings, but with the House of Peace in the fluffy lady. "I've spent over four hundred dollars on gifts this year, paying up a lot of tiresome people. I can't buy them a pair of mittens. Not honey! A wireless from your sistent of the fluffy lady. "I've spent over four hundred dollars on gifts this year, paying up a lot of tiresome people. I can't buy them a pair of mittens. Not honey! A wireless from your sistent of the fluffy lady. "I've spent over four hundred dollars on gifts this year, paying up a lot of tiresome people. I was an analysis and cardobard, and ribbons, and glue, they worked like slaves; but the happiest slaves that ever bent to their toil.

At four o'clock, Lucretia came in, waving an envelope. "Christmas gift, honey! A wireless from your sistent." ings, but with the House of Peace in one mitten, even."

slept 'round the clock."

"Need my help? Wh-why, I came came up to be helped out, myself!"

"Precisely!" Lucretia chuckled, and pinched my cheek. "Come along, honey-child, I'm going to tuck you in.

Tucked up tenderly, I slept around the clock, and then some. I woke to a world all sparklingly white and gold.

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Thorpe. I'll shook the View or to But—won't you drive to the orphanage with me, tomorrow, and—"No grieving." All rested and aglow, I raced down to and take your gifts to the babies, inthe big, bright sun-parlor. But, on the threshold, I stopped short. The Cave of Adullam, forsooth! All the lordly inmates were drifting about, waiting for their eleven o'clock eggs and cream. The gloom was thick enough to slice.

At the fireside sat a gaunt, pallid old gentleman, fumbling a heap of newspapers. Nearby, a fat, sulky lady in a lavish purple mandarin robe played solitaire. She slapped the cards down angrily. Her eyes bent glowering on the wispy little woman perched beside her, who was declaim-

ing in infuriated whimpers:
"And when I awoke at three this morning, positively famished, I had to ring twice—twice! before that heartless night nurse brought my bouillon. When she came at last, she had the impudence to say that another patient Bess, a bride of two hours, but a wife had detained her! By that time, I

"Indeed you did. I heard youtake care of you over Christmas, I through two closed doors. It wrecked first sound sleep in a month." The "Well, cousin Lucretia isn't. She's fat lady shot the words out like bul-way in the wilds of the Berkshires, lets. The wispy lady reddened, blaz-

"Of course, if my only ailment were when you consider my symptoms—"
She whimpered on. Nobody listen-"Well, Ned Truesdell is afar on the rolling deep. Trying out submarines, off Pensacola," said I, rather hurried-ly. ed to her. The sphinx-faced woman, pale-blue crepe mulled over a handful of Christmas cards, and presently flung the whole heap into the fire. But the beautiful, ashen woman who lay in a great sleepy-hollow, her watchful maid close by, never spoke nor stirred. Her great dark eyes stared, blank. Her hands lay lax on her knee.

"Good-morning, folks. A merry Day-Before-Christmas!" In swung Lucretia. She tripped about with her tray of egg-nogs, administering each with a gay, friendly word. Nobody noticed her. The gaunt old gentleman swallowed his tumblerful without looking. looking up. The beautiful, wan woman did not stir when the maid put the glass to her lips. Her face lay white as alabaster. Her lovely eyes stared always at the wall.

"How can you stand this, Lucretia?" I whispered, following her down the hall. "They're not real people. They're as listless as slaves."

"Slaves they are, Margery. Every one." Lucretia's merry eyes darkened. "Slaves to their tired bodies, to their griefs, their selfish whims. Sometimes I think I can't live in this house another hour. It nigh smothers me. The minute Doctor Sayer comes back from his Red Cross work, I shall run away, up the hill to the Orphanage, and spend a solid week, playing with those blessed babies, to chirk me up. But speaking of slaves, you're a slave for today, my child Another tidal wave has struck this House of Peace. The diet cook joined the tonsilitis squad this morning."

"The diet cook? Oh, let me take

her place. Please!" "Just what I hoped you'd say. But it will mean a busy day, Margery."

It did mean a busy day. Blessedly busy. Back in my mind, I knew that, with every minute, Bess was sailing farther out of my life. But even my heart's sorrow must stand aside while I broiled thick fillets of steak, and did stunts with toast, and jelly, and airy omelets. By the time I'd put eighteen dainty suppers on eighteen trays, I was tired to my bones, and I felt like Napoleon at Toulon. Lucretia, too, had spent an active day. Between putting down double silence mats in the sulky lady's corridor, hanging gray curtains for the wispy lady ("I can't stand this outrageous sunlight another moment!") decorating a charming Christmas tree, and calming

five teapot tempests per hour, twi-light found her a bit fagged. "I'd rather attempt a Christmas frolic in the Catacombs," she remark-A gust of sleet swept down on me, ed, as she lit the last sparkling canamong our guests. But here's hoping

> Alas! When the inmates dawdled they couldn't pay it the tribute of a

the city. A mere Christmas tree— waste no time on invalid fare. Inhow naive! The wan beauty never looked at it. She stared past, at the plum-pudding, boiling cranberry sauce

that the babies need practical presents, so I'm sending to town for a box of clothing. Do—do you folks care to send, too? For little boots, may-be? Or spug little and the babies need practical presents some boxes of merino stockings. Those darling ducks have only the coarsest ribbed cotton. It's a burning shame!" be? Or snug little sweaters, or mit-

"I suppose it does seem quiet." I glanced through the great east window. Up the black pine forest lifted county support its own orphans?"

sighed the velvet-robed sphinx. "I've husy. Lucretia's gifts were all very thought about it a lot. Their lives are well, but what is one gift to a child?

"Well, I'd send them something, but

thin hand caught at Lucretia's arm.

"Buy them something for me, please, a little dress, or a suit," she whispered. Lucretia's flushed face

stead of sending them? Could you do

"There, there! I won't say another word." Lucretia soothed her tenderly. Almost at once, she lay motionless,

room lay under hateful enchantment.

snow? Yonder—Oh, oh, look! It's the Orphanage, the Orphanage! And those babies-Oh, oh!"

I cannot tell what happened next. It was like a mad nightmare. Out of the house we poured, a shrieking crew. The sulky lady dashed ahead, her jet train whipping through the snow. The train whipping through the snow. The sphirt woman screened at her heels. sphinx-woman screamed at her heels.
The gouty man hobbled frantically down the steps, waving his crutch.

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The gouty man But past us, flying like the wind, sped a white, ghostly figure, a white face, terribly awakened—Mrs. Thorpe. On, "Say, by Jove, that was a grand terribly awakened—Mrs. Thorpe. On, on, light as a swallow, she sped, while spill. Either of you kids hurt?" Lucretia and I puffed and labored be-

and sparks blew in our faces. The ly tone beyond the farthest seas. whole west wall of the Orphanage was a sheet of flame. A hundred yards away, staring, dazed, stood the old matron. Around her huddled a flock of terrified children. Lucretia rushed to her.

"Are all the children out? Count they expected the county of the whole west wall of the Orphanage was

them quick!" she screamed. "Ten, twelve, sixteen- Yes, they

with the babies.' "But—listen! There are seventeen children in the Orphanage. There are only sixten here. Where-who-"It's the littlest Viera!" wailed a

scared small voice. "We forgotted her! She'd snuggled 'way under her blanket." Lucretia dashed across the yard Inside the door, we halted, strangling in clouds of smoke. "I can't see the stairs," sputtered

Lucretia. "But I'll crawl up, one step at a time. Margery, go back!" Something fled past us, swift as the wind. In the leaping blaze, I saw a misty white figure dart away up the stairs. Blundering, half-blinded, Lucretia and I plunged after. But as we reached the landing, the figure came flying down. She held a tiny bundle in her arms. Her hair was singed, her eyes bloodshot.

"I've got her! She isn't even scorched. Into the air. Quick!"

Half an hour later we plodded up the steps of the House of Peace, and into the living-room. Every one of us carried a shivering baby. We made that they had a bad fire. Maybe you for that glowing hearth like so many perishing Arctic voyagers. But I don't believe that one of us realized house." His arm shot out and drew how soaking wet we were, how chilled, how utterly tired. Down we plumped with our precious armfuls, and stripped the wet clothes off those halffrozen little bodies, and toasted them before the fire, and hugged them, and petted them, and crooned over them. The gaunt old gentleman, his weary eyes radiant, crouched on the hearth and rubbed two little cold feet with all his tremulous might. The gouty man sat hugging a wee boy fiercely. The sulky lady, her sodden train dragging in wet mermaid streaks, paced up and down, hushing a tiny, scared wean-ling on her jetty shoulder. But Mrs. Thorpe had sunk again into her deep chair. She did not speak. She never stirred. Her dark eyes were fixed no since the first minute—Margery! Tell onger on the blank wall, however. Insted, they bent, shining, on the lit-tlest Viera, curled sound asleep on her knee.

Then, after a long while, the House of Peace sank to quiet, and to sleep. and the rest of my words were lost And Christmas Day came striding against his kisses: "Oh, stay your of Peace sank to quiet, and to sleep.

"Keep you over Christmas? Blessed, homesick lamb!" Lucretia, roused by my late coming, led me into the great fire-lit living-room, and clasped smile. The gaunt old gentleman gaped, homesick lamb!" Lucretia, roused, silent. His eyes held only ghosts of piteous memories. The sulky lady wild, preposterous, glorious scramble! Slope on slope, the mighty hills rose great fire-lit living-room, and clasped silfed. The fluffy lady wondered australity fear that not one lordly indibly why the manager hadn't mate was served with his due and brought up some cabaret dancers from proper ration, for the diet cook could

blank wall.

"I thought that we'd share our tree this Christmas eve. Then send it to the Orphanage babies tomorrow."
Lucretia spoke briskly. Her cheeks were very pink. "I've bought some toys, too. She tumbled a bewitching menagerie of wooly dogs and gingmenagerie of wooly dogs and ging-costume for tonight. The old gentle-ham pussies on the floor. "But I find man says he'll play the part. And

Christmas dinner went off with glorious pomp. Christmas afternoon nap, else miss the Christmas tree. "I wonder whether the poor little But not one inmate dreamed of napcreatures ought to be supported," ping. No indeed. They were far too busy. Lucretia's gifts were all very

honey! A wireless from your sister, I'll wager!"

such a turmoil, I haven't a free minute. Scamper to bed now, Margie. I'll need your help, as soon as you've and started away. But as she passed, the wan silent woman stirred. One ever had a sister. Guiltily, I tore it

"Please don't grieve away your Christmas, darling, when I'm happy as a queen," the tender message ran. I crammed it into my pocket, and shook the Viera baby loose from the

"No, grieving doesn't come handy today," I remarked. But I kissed the baby and the envelope, too. "And I'd The woman flinched. Her great eyes widened with pain. "Oh, no! Oh, no!" be happy as a queen, my own self, if only—if only—" There was the one tiny prick; the one black drop in the cold any of the total or o gold cup of that day. Of course, I didn't expect Ned Truesdell to send me a Christmas gift. Penniless young ensigns have no business squandering their pay on roses or chocolates for "I wanted to rouse her, poor girl. I their pay on roses or chocolates for penniless young schoolmarms. Yet—dumped the menagerie on the hall taword of holiday wishes.

ble. "She lost her husband and her little child a year ago, and she has lain ever since, sunk in that dreadful stupor of grief."

At last, the great golden day sank to a golden twilight. Lucretia sent me outdoors with the six rambunctious orphans, with orders to let off Yes. Every soul in that great, bright steam by a half-hour's coasting. Sleds tious orphans, with orders to let off being unknown to the House of Peace, Even as I looked, the wispy lady I hunted out two battered tea-trays, sprang up and craned her head to-four planks, and a large dust-pan, ward the window. Then her voice rang out, a wild, scared cry.

"What is that red light on the lock! It's when I called a halt.

"Just one more!" they besought. "Just one more, then."

Away we sped down the long slope.

hind. And always her voice rang back to us, piercing cry on cry: "Hurry, hurry! The babies, the babies! Hurhurry! The babies, the babies! Hurwith a wild leap, it began to pound I sat up, breathless with laughter, ry, hurry, hurry!"

We breasted the last slope. Smoke like a runaway engine. That voice! I'd have known that deep, gay, friendlike a runaway engine. That voice! "Either of you kids hurt, I say?"

You can't be you.'

are all here," muttered the old woman, stupidly. "A lamp tipped over. It caught the curtains. The blaze went library to the curtains of the curtains of the curtains. The blaze went library to the curtains of the curtains o finitely more splendid to me than ever like a prairie fire. So we just ran in his brand new uniform. He held his red head with a royal air, but his dark face was flushed to the temples. A long minute we faced each other. And then I said (Oh, unmaidenly goose, to speak right out), "But you you didn't send me any Christmas

present!" Ned's black eyes flashed. His hard grip tightened on my fingers. And now he was more splendid than any young king.

"No. I didn't send you any present. Fact is, I—I had the brass to think that you'd be glad to see me on Day, instead. And-I \$1,000. Christmas wanted to see you—tremendously. So I got a week's leave, and beat it to New York. Got there this morning, and piked right up to your apartment. But no one answered my ring. At last, one of your neighbors happened down, and told me that your sister had married and sailed for South America, and that you had gone up to this Sanatorium, the-what d'you call it?"

"The House of Peace." "Yes, the 'House of Peace.'" He dded: "Saw in the morning paper me close. His deep voice husked. "I hot-footed it for the Grand Central, scared within an inch of my life. For if anything had happened to you-if

anything ever did happen—
"Well, I reached the Junction an hour ago. There they told me that it was the Orphanage, not the Sanatorium. For a minute, I felt mightily foolish. Thought I'd go back to town, and not break in on your holiday plans. But, somehow, I couldn't. I had to see you. And now that I am here, you—you won't order me away, Margery? You'll let me stay my leave out? Stay long enough to" his eager face bent closer still—"to tell you I love you, that I've loved you

me you'll let me stay!" "W-well-" I began, calmly enough; but then my face was hid on his dear, rough shoulder, and his arms were holding me close against the world,

only will!"

Slope on slope, the mighty hills rose against a starlit sky. Out on the dark portico we stood, the hushed winter night around us. And we talked and talked, pouring out all the things we'd been saving to tell each other, through the months that were past. Then, suddenly, it came to us that we could never tell it all. That would take a whole lifetime together. So, silently, hand in hand, we turned and stood looking into the great firelit living-

Close by the hearth, guarding its flame like a brave little seneschal, stood Lucretia's Christmas tree. Around it sat our household, quiet now, in happy weariness. Lucretia cuddled two sleepy kiddies. Nearby, the gouty man made shadow-pictures for a rapt, pop-eyed row. Across the hearth sat the sulky lady, her brocade lap overflowing with one drowsy three-year-old, two Teddy bears, a No-ah's ark, and a railroad train. The gaunt old gentleman rocked the middle-sized Viera, while Podgy perched squirrel-wise on his frail old shoulders

Only one figure sat apart from that quiet group. Throned in her sleepy-hollow, her face like a pale rose, her dark eyes soft with dreams, sat Mrs. Thorpe. The littlest Viera slept on her breast. And, on her face shone that undying radiance which illumines every mother-woman who holds to her heart a child, whether her own flesh

"Look at 'em!" said Ned, under his breath. "They're working like Turks to give those youngsters a good time, caring for them so tenderly! Yet you say they're all invalids. Cantankerous invalids, at that. Well, all I can say is, the're a highly unconvincing bunch!"

"They've been so busy, trying to give the children a happy time, that they've forgotten their own woes," I explained.

"Dare say that's the reason, all right. I reckon that's the one real key to Christmas, isn't it?" "The key to Christmas?"

"And the key to everything else worth having, maybe. To work your level best, earning happiness for other folks, and take the chance of earning your own happiness along with theirs." A bit shamefaced at his own eloquence, Ned turned and stared out across the black sea and the forest, the star-lit hills. "Listen, Margery. You can all but hear the watchman's call, in Noel, that old miracle-play, you know: 'Christmas night-and all's well!""

"Tiny Tim put it better, still," I whispered. And my own eyes turned from the silent hills, the watching stars, to the happy faces by the fire. "'Christmas night—God bless us, every one!""—By Katharine Holland Brown, in McCall's Magazine.

Real Estate Transfers.

Fannie G. Uzzle, Exr., to Oranzir Nastass, tract in Snow Shoe; \$350. Centre County Commissioners to H.

W. S. Williams, et ux, to Virgil dwelling, depending on the character

W. L. Spangler to Ernest W. De-Hass, tract in Liberty township; \$525. Shem Hackenberg, et ux, to Jacob Winkleblech, tract in Miles township;

John W. Neese, et ux, to Andrew G. Garver, tract in Spring township; \$2,500. David Houser to Mrs. Edith Cole-

man, tract in College township; \$2,-David Houser to Annie S. Kustenborder, tract in College township; \$5,-

Sarah E. Shivery, et al, to Ellsworth E. Ardery, tract in Bellefonte; Joseph C. McCloskey, et ux, to M. M. McCloskey, et al, tract in Snow

Shoe township; \$1. Bellefonte Trust Co., Exr., to John S. Spearly, et ux, tract in Spring township; \$300.

Edith F. Sunday, et bar, to A. L. Auman, tract in Spring township; \$1.800

Mary I. MacMillan, et bar, to Emi-y Stephens, tract in College township; \$300. J. Lynn Woomer, et ux, to Park R.

Homan, tract in State College, \$1,391. Clara Thomas, et al, to Lewis J. Casselberry, tract in Howard township; \$4,000. Nora M. Barr, et al, to Newton T.

Krebs, tract in Ferguson township; Frank M. Fisher, Exr., et al, to to be used again the next day may william R. Neese, tract in Gregg simply be wrapped in several thick-S. G. Rote, et al, to William H. Musser, tract in Haines township;

Marriage Licenses.

\$3.030.

William H. Shuey and Helen E. Gettig, Pleasant Gap. A. M. Zucker, Cannonsburg, and Leah N. Nieman, Millheim.

Peter Tirch, Osceola Mills, and Anna Gunta, Philipsburg. Otto C. Dietz and Lena M. Klinger, Benton.

Eldridge V. Burkholder and Anna E. Kelley, Avis. John Martin Howarth and Gertrude May Bryan, Sandy Ridge. George J. Ellenberger, State College, and Beatrice P. Waite, Port Ma-

Ward Moore, Sandy Ridge, and Phyllis Hardy, Philipsburg. James Williamson, South Philips-

Highway Binds Nations Together. A smooth, unbroken highway now

burg, and Arline Dixon, Clearfield.

tretches from Vancouver to Los Angeles, linking two nations and joining three States to Canada. The last of the cement completing the highway from Vancouver to the border town of Cloverdale, British Columbia, was poured in the presence of thousands of motorists who met there to attend the ceremony.

FARM NOTES.

-One ounce each of tincture of ginger and gentian at a dose in a pint of cold water twice each day for two or three weeks will start the thin animal to laying on flesh. The medi-cine can be mixed with a little soft

-Cut straw has been highly recommended in place of hay for horses, because it is cheaper, is less likely to cause colic, contains less foreign material than hay, and serves as an excellent medium for the distribution of

the grain. Feed and House Cows .- Not only are pastures short but the frosted grass contains little nourishment. Cows in milk should now be put on winter rations and kept housed on cold days. Milk pail results will show that it pays.

Watch Egg Production.—Birds that have been laying well under artificial lights will have a tendency to increase in production still more with the coming of spring. Over production will be distastrous to birds already producing well. Feed plenty of grain to keep the production down to normal.

Take Care of Eggs.-Now that cold weather is coming on, carefully col-lect the eggs and store them in a suitable place. Eggs should be held at a temperature of 50 to 60 degrees Fahrenheit. The storage house should be free from odors and not too dry. Make a practice of shipping your eggs regularly.

Some Garden Hints.-Before the ground freezes hard is time to clean out the hot bed pit, repair the framework if necessary, and cover with boards for the winter. Everything will then be ready to place the manure in the pit in March. Store the sash under cover during the winter. Also secure enough soil for the hot bed and place under protection so that it will be in good physical condition next spring.

With the Lilies.—Some of the Japanese lilies, such as Auratum, Speciosum, and Longiflorium often do not arrive until late in December. They can be planted in December if the ground has been mulched to keep out the frost, or if the frost crust is removed. Where it is not possible to plant them the bulbs should be carefully packed in sand and stored in a dry, cool cellar until spring.

-Quarantining does not mean simply putting an animal alone in a pen, even if that pen adjoins other pens. If a hog is purchased and quarantined he must be placed by himself at least 500 yards from the rest of the herd. To make the quarantine absolute, he should have a special attendant, who will never go even near the other herd. Every animal shipped to a farm should be treated for lice and skin disease and otherwise thoroughly disinfected. Unless the animal is kept in real quarantine for a month, the breeder is only endangering his herd.

-The successful storage of vegetables is not difficult; in fact, good storage facilities already exist in most Centre County Commissioners to H. homes, it being only necessary to Young, tract in Curtin township; make use of the cellar, the attic, a large closet or other parts of the

A cool, well-ventilated cellar offers a furnace frequently are too warm and dry for storing root crops, but it often is possible to partition off a space in one corner or at the end of the cellar as far from the heating plant as possible. Preferably there should be an outside window in this storage space, which can be used to let in cold air at night or at other times for the purpose of keeping down the temperature. Sound, dry apples, beets, carrots, onions, parsnips, potatoes, pumpkins, squash, sweet pota-toes and turnips may be kept in such a room in good condition for winter

-Brushes for applying stain, varnish, paint, and oil are manufactured in various sizes and qualities. In general, a wide brush of good quality will be found most convenient and economical, and if properly cared for can be used over and over again, it is pointed out in Farmers' Bulletin 1219, "Floors and Floor Coverings," recently issued by the United States Department of Agriculture.

A varnish brush may be kept in the varnish in which it is used, or, in case of shellac varnish, in alcohol; but brushes used in oil paint and oil stain, unless they are to be used again within a few days, should be thoroughly washed in turpentine or kerosene, rinsed in gasoline or benzine, washed again in warm soapsuds, thoroughly shaken, and hung up to dry with the bristles down. Paint-brushes that are nesses of paper, or they may be kept for several days with the bristles submerged in turpentine or kerosene. If kerosene is used, the brush must be shaken and rinsed in turpentine before it is put into paint again. Brushes used in water stain may be washed and rinsed in clear water.

-There are tricks in all trades but once in a while a motorist runs across a trick that is distinctly out of place, as witness to the following incident, described by a member:
Coming over the boulevard one

evening, a motorist had his machine

stop dead on him in the midst of the congestion surrounding the Metropolitan opera house. He and his friends got out and vainly looked for the trou-ble. The chauffeurs of the machines parked near by did the usual amount of joshing at his expense, but offered no help. Finally a young man from Chester, who was in the automobile business, happened along and offered his services. After looking over the engine, wiring, carburetor, vacuum system and gas line, he finally opened the gas tank which happened to have a good-sized aperture, which admitted his hand and part of his arm. As there were three and a half gallons in the tank the puzzle was all the great-

er. Upon reaching in the tank, how-ever, he found the suction gas line was turned up instead of down. It is supposed that this was done by a second-hand dealer so that he could repurchase the machine at a low price because it would not run.