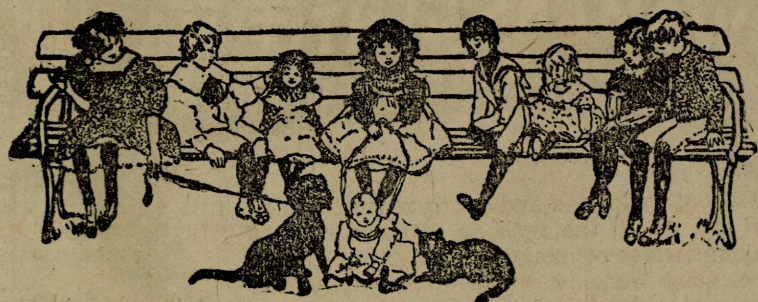


CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



WIZARD FROST.

Wondrous things have come to pass
On my square of window-glass.
Looking in it I have seen
Grass no longer painted green,
Trees whose branches never stir,
Skies without a cloud to blur,
Birds below them sailing high,
Church spires pointing to the sky,
And a funny little town
Where the people, up and down
Streets of silver, to me seem
Like the people in a dream.
Dressed in finest kinds of lace;
'Tis a picture, on a space
Scarcely larger than the hand,
Of a tiny Switzerland,
Which the wizard Frost has drawn
Twixt the nightfall and the dawn.
Quick! and see what he has done
Ere 'tis stolen by the sun.
—Little-Folk Lyrics.

CONUNDRUMS.

"What is that which always goes
with its head downward? Ans.—A
nail in your shoe.

What is that which Adam never
possessed, yet left two to each of his
children? Ans.—Parents.—Philadel-
phia Record.

PIGEONS WIN GREAT BATTLE.

Long ago there was a great battle
between Doge Dandolo of Venice and
the people of the Island of Crete. The
Venetians won the battle because the
doge learned a great deal about the
enemy's plans, and this is how he did
it: Carrier pigeons were sent to him
with the information written on tiny
scrolls and tied to their feet. When
the victory was won other birds were
sent back to Venice with the glad
news. From that time on the Vene-
tians have cared for all the pigeons
within their city. Until sixty years
ago the birds were fed at the public
expense. To-day it is a great sight
to see thousands of pigeons fly down
to be fed in the great square in front
of St. Mark's Church. There are so
many birds to be fed that they darken
the air as they fly in clouds in front
of the church. Because every one is
so kind to these birds they have
grown so tame that they will alight
on the people's shoulders or hop into
their hands to feed upon the beans
and peas which are given to them.
Many people who visit Venice have
their pictures taken feeding these
pigeons in St. Mark's Square.—Wash-
ington Star.

A TRUE STORY OF A HORSE.

I want to tell you about a lovely
gray and white horse named Babe
we once had. Every morning, when
my father went to the barn to harness
him, he would just go as far as the
watering trough, which was outside
of our kitchen door, and then refuse
to move until we gave him some lump
sugar.

I will tell you about an accident
which happened one dark night. It
was about 7 o'clock and mother was
wondering what kept father, when
all of a sudden we heard some one
kick on the door. We did not bother
at first because we thought it was
father, but as the noise kept on
mother went out to see what the
trouble was. Just as she got outside
of the door something smooth
brushed against her neck. Turning
she saw it was Babe, who had brushed
his nose against her neck. He looked
as if something was wrong. Mother
said, "Where is your master?" The
horse hung his head, so we knew
something was wrong. After taking
the horse into the barn we went down
the road to see if anything had hap-
pened to father. We had not gone
far when a wagon came in sight.
Father was in it and called to us.
We got in and he told us all about a
smash-up he had down the road. The
next morning we all went to see the
wreck, which was in front of a little
cottage. Our wagon was in pieces
and a wheel of another wagon was
there. The two wagons had run into
each other. Father did not get hurt,
but it was a dreadful risk. Our horse
had come straight home to tell us.—
Helen Stapleton, in the New York
Tribune.

GRASSHOPPER VANE.

Perched on the cupola of Faneuil
Hall is a grasshopper weathervane,
which is not only one of the oldest
vanes in the country, but is famous
as the product of one of America's
earliest wood carvers and artisans,
Shem Drowne, of Boston. Drowne's
shop was on Ann street, in the North
End.

Of the many vanes he made only
three are not known to be in exist-
ence—the one on the Shepherd Mem-
orial Church in Cambridge, which
formerly was on the steeple of the
New Brick Church on Hanover street
in this city, and known as the "Re-
venge vane;" the one in the collec-
tion of the Massachusetts Historical
Society, a relic of the old Boston

Province House; and the one on
Faneuil Hall.

This grasshopper of copper, ham-
mered out by hand, has large glassy
eyes, which in the sunlight shine like
fire. It was made in 1742 at the or-
der of Peter Faneuil, when the hall,
his gift to the town, was nearing
completion, and for the past 167 years
it has been a landmark.

It has not, however, lived a life
of unbroken peace, for several times
it had been near destruction. In
1755 when Boston was shaken by an
earthquake, the vane fell to the
ground, but, after being supplied with
a new leg by the son of the man who
made it, was replaced.

Five years later, Faneuil Hall was
seriously damaged by fire, but the
vane remained intact, and when the
hall was rebuilt the grasshopper was
once more given the place of honor.

Another disaster befell it when, in
1898, a flag was being raised to cele-
brate the anniversary of the evacua-
tion of the city by the British, the
hopper hopped to the street below.
But in a few days he hopped right
back again, and there it has remained
ever since with the exception of an
occasional removal for repairs.—Bos-
ton Herald.

BIRD THAT WAS FORGOTTEN.

He was Mary Elizabeth's little bird,
and it was Mary Elizabeth who said
to him over and over, "Sing a happy
song, little bird."

In summer, while the cage hung
on the porch out doors, many a man
and woman smiled when they heard
the happy song of that little bird. In
winter sad looking friends who came
to call sometimes forgot the troubles
that made them sad when they heard
the wee pet's bubbling song. It did
seem as if that particular bird would
never be forgotten.

There came a time, however, when
Mary Elizabeth went to Europe with
her father and mother. She couldn't
take the bird. A neighbor who had
no cats offered to keep him until Mary
Elizabeth's return. Before the child
sailed she gave her pet a bit of ad-
vice:

"Always sing a happy song, little
bird."

At first it was easy for the little bird
to sing a happy song, but one day his
kind friend was obliged to leave town
for a week, and he was left with
strangers who promised to take good
care of him.

"Always sing a happy song, little
bird," were the last words the neigh-
bor said at parting.

Soon after there was a children's
entertainment in the church to which
birds were invited. Mary Elizabeth's
pet was taken in his cage, and of all
the glad songs that day his was the
sweetest. He enjoyed the entertain-
ment thoroughly, and, when night
came, he tucked his head under his
wing and went to sleep without fear.
He didn't know, poor little fellow,
that the child who brought him lent
him to her dearest friend to take
home and keep for five days; neither
did he know that one by one the
birds were taken from the church,
and he was forgotten.

Next morning the little bird awoke,
sang a happy song, ate his breakfast
and sang a happy song. His cage was
in a pew where a little girl had left
him. The bird couldn't see the sun-
shine streaming through stained glass
windows, but, while waiting for his
bath he sang a happy song. No one
came to give the little bird his bath,
so he sang another happy song.

This is the part of the story Mary
Elizabeth never liked to think of for
a minute; how the little bird sang un-
til his seed was gone and the water in
his cup; how two days passed, and the
little fellow tucked his head under
his wing and knew that he was for-
gotten.

The third day the organist came to
practice on the pipe organ. The lit-
tle bird lifted his head when music
pealed through the church. He had
never heard anything like it—so
sweet, so solemn. When it was over
the weak little bird must have re-
membered Mary Elizabeth's advice:

"Sing a happy song, little bird."

As the organist was passing to the
outer door she heard a happy song.
And Mary Elizabeth's pet was found
before it was too late. The organist
had known Mary Elizabeth since she
was a baby, so of course she recog-
nized the brave little bird, who was
never again forgotten.

Mary Elizabeth is a big girl in high
school now, but when she is discour-
aged and everything seems to go
wrong, she remembers the advice she
used to give a wee canary.—Frances
Margaret Fox, in Sunday-School
Times.

Farm Topics

A HINT TO TOBACCO GROWERS.

The Department of Agriculture has
issued a warning against the opening
up of new territory for the cultiva-
tion of tobacco. The department pro-
ceeds at length to forecast a gloomy
future for the tobacco growers.

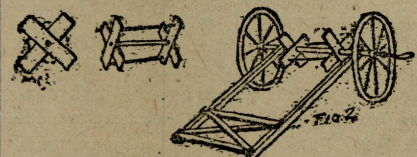
It points out that foreign countries
are more active than ever in pro-
moting the home production of to-
bacco, which is ruinous to the export
trade. The department predicts that
in the future the demands for export
will be confined more and more to
the relatively high grades.

PLOWS THE SOIL WELL.

A firm in Ohio has invented a new
kind of plow that will stir the soil to
a depth of twelve or sixteen inches
without using any more power than
is required to run an ordinary six-
teen-inch plow six or seven inches
deep. This firm claims that it has a
principle involved in the construction
of its "tilling" machine which makes
it possible to absolutely guarantee
that this can be done. If such is the
case there ought to be a broad outlet
for this implement, because farmers
generally are coming to believe that
it pays to stir the land to a good
depth, especially in the fall.—Farm-
ers' Guide.

REEF FOR FENCE WIRE.

To construct a handy reel for fence
wire, procure a hard wood stick five
feet long and about three inches
thick. Make a spool in the centre
of it from two crosses with holes
bored in them as seen in Fig. 1. In-
sert them on the stick, nail firmly
and brace with four sticks crosswise.
Take off the cultivator wheels and



fit them on the ends of the stick, leav-
ing one end protrude through the
hub about six inches, which is for the
crank. Then affix a five-foot pole on
each side of the spool by means of a
hoop iron band to the main stick.
Make a groove for each band to pre-
vent it slipping sideways, and place
them far enough from the spool to
permit it to turn freely. Brace the
poles in the manner shown in Fig. 2.
To operate this, one man steers it
along the wire while another turns
the crank.—Frank Lacina, Canby,
Minn.

DETERIORATION IN WHEATS.

The investigations of the causes of
the deterioration of wheat, conducted
by the Bureau of Plant Industry at
the Department of Agriculture, in co-
operation with the Bureau of Chemis-
try, have developed the cause as be-
ing too wet conditions and therefore
one which can be in some degree
remedied by farmers. It was pre-
viously suspected that the softening
of the grain and the over-production
of starch, producing white spots and
"yellow berry," were due generally
to unusually wet weather or in irri-
gated districts were caused by the ap-
plication of too much water. In a
number of instances two samples of
the same variety of wheat have been
received by the Department, the one
showing very soft or light-colored
grains and the other the usual flinty
grain, the only difference in condi-
tions being that the former had been
affected by a much greater amount of
water than the latter. Numerous ex-
periments have been conducted in
which different amounts of water were
applied at different intervals, the
results confirming these observa-
tions.

BROOD MARES AND ALFALFA.

Joseph E. Wing, in reply to an in-
quiry about feeding brood mares alf-
alfa hay says in the Breeders' Ga-
zette that there is no danger. Here
is the inquiry and answer:

"Is there any danger of brood
mares losing their colts by feeding
alfalfa hay with corn alone for the
grain ration? I am told by a neigh-
bor of mine that there is danger."

Thousands of brood mares have for
their almost sole ration alfalfa hay.
Alfalfa hay and corn form nearly a
balance ration in themselves. Do
not overdo the matter, but feed alf-
alfa in limited supply. If the mares are
given daily no more than one pound
of alfalfa hay for each 100 pounds of
their own weight the hay will do
them no harm but only good. If they
require a little more roughness than
that, make it up by feeding bright
corn fodder or prairie hay. Do not
overfeed with corn either; a moder-
ate corn ration inclining to smallness
will give best results.

Pregnant mares ought to have am-
ple chance for exercise and should
come to foaling time well nourished,
strong and not too fat. Then they
will have safe delivery and suckle
their colts well. No pregnant female
should have mouldy hay or grain.

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