

A YOUTHFUL MARTYR.

I.
For fibbing, many a lad, no doubt,
Has felt the sting of hickory sprout.
Eliphalet Pease, a pleasant youth,
Was birched because he told the truth.

II.
One day, from school Eliphalet came,
And sought his mother, comely dame.
"Oh, Mother, have you heard the news?
As I was passing Parson True's,

III.
"Down a ladder, from the top,
Full twenty feet, without a stop,
Head over heels, did Parson go,
And landed on the rocks below."

IV.
"Alack a day!" the good housewife cried,
And swiftly to her gossips hied.
And soon throughout the village, all
Had heard the tale of Parson's fall.

V.
Men dropped their fishing nets and creels;
The women left their spinning-wheels;
The broth was burned within the pot,
By wives and maids alike forgot.

VI.
The rumor grew, as swift it spread,
And declared the Parson dead.
And many fainted from the shock;
For he was loved by all his flock.

VII.
But see! amidst the tumult, where
A form appears, erect and spare.
The Parson's self, benignant, calm,
And humming soft, a favorite psalm!

VIII.
Before the wondering crowd, he halts,
And soon declares the rumor false.
Backward, the story, then they trace,
Severe and frowning, every face;

IX.
Until, with unexpected ease,
'Tis brought home to Eliphalet Pease.
"I did but tell the truth," quoth he,
"The parson was up in a tree.

X.
"And down the ladder, round by round,
He came until he reached the ground.
Head over heels, he came; 'tis true;
Pray, tell me, how else would he do?"

XI.
Silence ensued that might be felt;
And then the crowd began to melt.
To melt away, with sheepish grin,
Which didn't save Eliphalet's skin.

For this is when that luckless youth
Was birched because he told the truth.
—Pauline Frances Camp, in St. Nicholas

THE MIDNIGHT SONG.

By ALVA MARIE PATERSON.

The March moon, shining resplendent,
Revealed the somewhat abject
figure of a man strolling lazily along
the country road. His black derby
hat and the unmistakable modish cut
of his tweed suit told that he was not
a resident of Marshville—only a visitor,
or wanderer perhaps. His slow
gait and general attitude expressed
gloom and his lonely sojourn at the
late hour of twelve suggested mystery
or uneasiness of mind.

Suddenly he stood erect, listening.
He raised his head; as he did so, his
hat fell off, and the light of the moon
shone full upon a very characteristic
countenance that, despite its lofty
brow and unusual intelligence, betrayed
a life of heavy dissipation. At
the present time, every feature expressed
intense emotion; the high,
pale forehead was knitted together in
deep lines of pain; the dark eyes be-
took a cavernous expression and the
sensitive nostrils were dilated. His
thin, colorless lips were partly opened
as if about to utter a word.

"Ah!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "It
is the blind singer of whom the vil-
lage folk talk in whispers! What a
wonderful voice! And why is the
singing at this unearthly hour?"

As he spoke a tremulous melody
floated to him on the breezes. It was
like the tinkling of silver bells on the
water in moonlight, so musical and
low, and yet it stabbed the heart of
the listener with its unconscious ap-
peal for sympathy. The stranger
clenched his hands; the voice grew
louder and sweeter and more appeal-
ing. "Good God!" he muttered, gaz-
ing about him with agonized looks.
"Shall I forever hear it?" And then
he ran—ran in search of the voice.
In five minutes he was facing the
singer. She stood on the opposite
bank of little Lake Myriad, a tall,
stately woman, robed in white gar-
ments, loose and flowing, and her
feet were unshod. She held her head
lifted toward the sky; the skin of
arm, face and bosom was like daz-
zling ivory, so pure and faultless, and
a veritable halo of tresses, golden-
hued, enshrined her beautiful face.
The eyes were unspeakably lovely—
blue, like the bluest heavens of a per-
fect summer day! Yet they did not
move, only stared fixedly into space.
To the bewildered beholder she
seemed an Aphrodite come to earth.
Still her song soared on and on,
reaching a climax of heavenly sweet-
ness, which slowly lost itself in the
softest cadence of a most entrancing
lullaby.

Then there was a splash, followed
by another, and the strange wanderer
was swimming to the rescue of the
singer.

The only competent doctor the
town boasted attended the singer and
the wanderer through long months of
illness, and from the sick man's mut-
terings the doctor gathered a story.

One glorious June morning when
little Lake Myriad was sparkling in
the sunlight, Dr. Morse took his two
patients to a spacious grape-arbor
overlooking the lake. He seated him-
self quietly and held the woman's
hand in his, speaking solemnly.

"Madeline, my dear, some years
ago—you were the handsomest lass
for miles 'round—you married rich
Major Hepworth. A son was born to
you. Before he was two years old
that son was stolen. You searched
for five years, but no trace of him
could be found. At the end of that
time your husband died; then you—
went mad. Yes, do not shudder, for
your recent illness has banished that
fearful malady forever. But even in
your madness you cherished the hope
that you would some day find your
boy. That hope has kept you alive
and young, even in your demented
state, these long years. Not a hair
wrinkle spoiled your lovely face, and
you retained your wonderful voice,
but you became blind. Blindness was
hereditary in your family, but your
mental distress brought it on prema-
turely and I fear you will never re-
gain your sight. Several times you
have slipped out in your night robes
and been found singing by the lake
at midnight. One night, not long
ago, you went—"

"Yes! yes! I know! I stood by the
lake and I felt that he was near me—
yet I could not see—I could not see.
I sprang forward to reach for him and
I fell into the lake. Yes, doctor, I
remember, and do you know, I
seemed to feel his arms around me—
only he had grown a man!"

"Mother!" The stranger's voice
was an uttered prayer.

"Speak! Speak! Do I hear my
son?"

"Yes, mother, for you are my
mother—listen! Ever since I was a
little child, your face has been
stamped on my memory; always I
hear the lullaby you sang on the night
you nearly drowned. You must have
crooned it to me when I was a mere
babe! I spoke of these child-like
fancies, as I thought they were, to
my guardian, but he laughed them
away, telling me they were only
whims. Several years ago he died,
having confessed to me that he was
not my father as he had made me be-
lieve, but that Major Hepworth was
my father, and that he—my guar-
dian—had kidnaped me because he
was jealous of my father's promotion
in the army. He could not tell me if
you were living or dead. I forgave
him because he had been good to me,
but a great gloom fell upon me,
clouding my young manhood, for,
strangely enough, I feared that you
were mad. That thought has driven
me to the extremes of terror and dis-
sipation till now, at the age of twen-
ty-five, I am an old man, and worn.
But Providence has been merciful at
last and brought me to where you
are!"

A long silence followed. The
mother lifted her face to her son's;
the last hour had seemed to age it,
for the weight of years, held in check
by an unconscious being who was un-
knowingly nestling a cherished hope
in a forlorn breast, had begun to as-
sert itself and leave its imprint on
her features in the moment of realiza-
tion.—Boston Post.

IS DEEP BREATH- ING BENEFICIAL?

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in *Outing*,
questions it. He says on this point:
"Another fad of physical culture
which, though beneficial in modera-
tion, falls far short of the claims
made for it, is deep breathing. Air
is, of course, the breath of life, and
as this breath of life is 'eaten' with
the chest, the larger and more su-
perbly expanded chest you have, the
more life you get; so runs our popu-
lar logic. Moreover, it can be dem-
onstrated easily that when you have
been cramped up over desk or book
for hours, it is an inspiring and ex-
hilarating thing to stand erect, throw
back your shoulders, and draw three
or four big, deep breaths. Ergo; if
a little of this pouter pigeon perfor-
mance is good, more of it must be bet-
ter."

Traces Origin of Aztecs.

According to W. D. Westervelt, of
Honolulu, an admitted authority on
Polynesian archaeology, the civiliza-
tion of the Toltecs and Aztecs of
Mexico is not directly connected with
that of ancient Egypt, but had its ori-
gin with the Polynesians of the Pa-
cific. He is of the opinion that the
effort to establish connection between
ancient Mexico and old Egypt is an
error, and cannot but lead to confu-
sion.

Mr. Westervelt visited and care-
fully examined many of the Aztec ruins
in the vicinity of the City of Mexico,
and is convinced that what he saw is
the work of people who had been under
the influence of Polynesian civiliza-
tion.—Washington Herald.

WHEN A MAN MARRIES IN CHINA.

Advantages of the John Alden
Method Are Surprisingly Em-
phasized by Chinese Suitors.

Dr. Isaac T. Headland, a resident
of Peking for many years, where he
enjoyed the friendship of the late
Dowager Empress, throws a new light
on the new women of China, in the
Travel Magazine. Taking up the re-
lations between the sexes and espe-
cially the Chinese method of getting a
wife, the writer repeats a conversa-
tion with a young Chinaman who had
recently become engaged to a Chinese
maiden with whom he had never spoken.

"We students have a very great ad-
vantage over the old Chinese method
of finding a wife and getting en-
gaged," said my Celestial friend.

"What do you mean?" I inquired.
"Well, you see, by the old Chinese
method a man can never see his wife
until she is brought to his home, un-
less he can bribe the middle-man to
allow him to stand on the street cor-
ner and see her pass by in a cart."

"And what advantage do you
have?"
"We see the girls in church," he
answered. "They also can see us. We
have sisters in the girls' schools; they
have brothers in the college, and
when we go home during vacation we
can learn all about each other."

"This is an advantage."

"In my judgment," he continued,
"we have a better method than even
you foreigners have."

"How is that?"
"Well, you see," he continued, "af-
ter we have selected the lady we
want, we can have a middle-man go
and ask her for us, while you have to
go and ask the lady yourself."

"But," I objected, "we can get so
much better acquainted by our
method."
"Yes, that's true," he admitted,
"but doesn't it make you awfully an-
gry if you ask a girl to marry you
and she refuses?"

It was necessary to admit that
there were advantages in the middle-
man method which had never oc-
curred to me, and while I was not
ready to acknowledge that his new-
found method was better than mine,
I could still see that the force which
brought it about was bringing woman
out of her seclusion and placing her
on a level with her brother and her
future husband.

WISE WORDS.

What else can joy be but diffusing
joy?—Byron.

No one really fails who does his
best.—Sir John Lubbock.

Doubtful hills do plague us worst.
—Seneca.

For a little mind courteth notoriety
to illustrate its puny self.—Tupper.

Riches and care are as inseparable
as sun and shadow.—Woman's Life.

To act with common sense, accord-
ing to the moment, is the best wisdom
I know.—Horace Walpole.

We can finish nothing in this life;
but we may make a beginning, and
bequeath a noble example.—Smiles.

He needs no other rosary whose
thread of life is strung with thoughts
and deeds of love.—Persian Proverb.

Books give to all who faithfully
use them the spiritual presence of the
best and greatest of our race.—Chan-
ning.

Let a man overcome anger by love;
let him overcome evil by good, the
greedy by liberality, the liar by truth.
—Buddha.

One of the most unreasonable traits
of a woman is the way she can think
it isn't her fault when her husband
cuts himself shaving.—New York
Press.

In all the superior people I have
met I notice directness—truth spoken
more truly, as if everything of ob-
struction, of malformation, had been
trained away.—Emerson.

The moving finger writes, and hav-
ing writ,

Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
Can lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wipe out a word
of it.

—Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam."

Fatal Theatrical Fires.

The following are among the most
notable theatrical fires in the United
States: Richmond Theatre, Rich-
mond, Va., December 26, 1811, num-
ber of lives lost, seventy; Conway's
Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., December
5, 1876, 295; Central Theatre, Phila-
delphia, Pa., April 28, 1892, six; Iro-
quois Theatre, Chicago, Ill., Decem-
ber 30, 1903, 575; Front Street
Theatre, Baltimore, Md., December
8, 1895, twenty-three; Rhoades Opera
House, Boyertown, Pa., January 13,
1908, 170.—New York American.

Wanted Particulars.

Sunday School Teacher—"And
you know, children, Elijah was taken
away in a chariot."

Tommie—"What horsepower,
teacher?"—Yonkers Statesman.

House Cleaning and Fur- nishing Time Is Here.

Now is when the house-wife will go
all over the house, and dust the accu-
mulations of the winter's coal burning.
She will find that so many articles
need replacing with new ones. We
wish to let all know that we have just
what will be needed for the purpose.
To enumerate a few articles only: Cur-
tain Rods, Curtain Fixtures, Picture
Wire, Moulding Hooks, Clothes Bas-
kets, Chair Seats, Hat and Coat Racks,
Salt Boxes, China, Crockery, Glassware,
Toilet Sets, Etc. The most important
of all is, we have all these goods at the
right price. We mark the price all in
plain figures and have but one price to
all customers. We find that it makes
us too much trouble and very unsatis-
factory to the public, to work price
with the percentage off plan.

See Our Illustrated Bulletin For Bargains.

COME AND SEE

J. T. LUCAS
MOSHANNON, PA.

The Money Craze

By Winifred Black



MAN pretended to be crazy the other day out in Missouri,
and they sent him to the insane asylum.

When he arrived there one of the doctors recognized him
as the man who had pretended to be crazy once before so
as to be locked up in an asylum in Illinois. The man con-
fessed.

"No," he said, "I am not crazy, but board is so high now
I thought this was a good way of getting a good living
cheap."

Not crazy! Why, he was crazier than any poor maniac in any asylum in
the world.

Crazy about money—for it seems he had money. So crazy that he
would rather live in the horrors of an insane asylum than spend his money
for a quiet life somewhere else. He isn't the only person that's crazy about
money.

I know a woman who will go without food so long that she gets a ter-
rible headache—just to save money.

She has money. Not plenty of it, but enough to buy food and shelter
and clothes for three women, let alone one. But she feels poorer than any
beggar in the streets, so her money doesn't do her a particle of good.

"Money," cried a man I know the other day. "I never was so poor in my
life as I have been since I've had a thousand dollars in the bank. I have to
calculate and add and subtract every time I want to buy a friend a bunch of
violets. I can't ask a woman out to dinner without getting off in a corner
somewhere and counting up to see if I have money enough to pay the bills and
have some left for my weekly deposit.

"I wish somebody would come and borrow the measly thousand and get
rid of it for me, and then I could spend my money as it comes in and feel
rich again."

I was out with a rich woman the other day and it began to rain. And I
called a taxi to get home. The rich woman was so busy scheming how to get
out of paying her share of the taxi bill that she couldn't speak a word all the
way home.

And now every time she sees me she feels mean. And she looks it. I
wonder if it's worth while to care so much about money as all that.

Crazy! Why, half the people in the world are crazy about money. But
nobody locks them up in the asylums.—Chicago Examiner.

Where To Live In The Country.

By E. P. Powell.

IN locating your country place, get as nearly as possible the full
relation of your land to the rest of the land about. Sit there
until you can feel with Nature, catch her idea and the sentiment
of your homestead. Be sure it is part of a poem. It might
be well to wait a few days and take another survey, and then
a third with your wife and children.

As soon as you have begun to grade and level down, you
are liable to throw your property out of relationship to its surroundings.
I can show you a hillside, where the first homesteader, instead of leveling
his house to the land, leveled the land to his house; this made no end of
work for himself, for the showers came guttering down and filling up his
hollows; and then every man who followed him in building did the same
things, digging flat places into the hillside, until the whole hill was sliced
and carved out of comeliness. It was a small attempt to make a side hill
look like a plain, and such efforts will always fail.

After you have made a thorough study of what you have purchased,
you are ready to plot it on paper. I advise you to do this work yourself. A
landscape gardener is likely to express an ambition and set you to working
that out. He will almost surely undertake too much. After you have
completed your work, you might allow him to look it over and make sug-
gestions, but the real plotting should be between you and Nature. I am
talking to those who are going into the country with capital enough to
command a small homestead and work out their own ideas.