

PITTYPAT AND TIPPYTOE

All day long they come and go—Pittypat and Tippytoe. Footprints up and down the hall. Playthings scattered on the floor. Fingermarks along the wall. Tell-tale streaks upon the door. By these presents you shall know Pittypat and Tippytoe.

A GIRL'S WAY.

WON'T! declared Matty Mills. "Martha, hush!" reproved Mrs. Mills, holding up a yellow forefinger of chiding. "Is that the way to speak to your mother?" Remember the fifth commandment, Martha!

for going to sleep at Aunt Betsy's, I simply won't!" When the moon rose, orange-gold and glittering through the branches of the butternut tree, Matty was still sitting there, her elbows resting on her knees, and two bright tears on her cheeks.

"Stop a minute," said he. "Why are you crying?" "I—I didn't want to cry!" said she, sobbing and defiant. "But you made me—you preached that sermon right at me!"

SUNDAY SCHOOL. LESSON FOR SUNDAY, APRIL 24. "The Lord is My Shepherd," Psalm xxiii, 1-6—Golden Text: Psalm xxiii, 1—Commentary.

KEYSTONE GULLINGS. HARRY BOHNE, an alleged horse thief, was arrested at Washington, and will be tried in Waynesburg.

THE LABOR WORLD. STEEL will soon be down to one cent a pound. IRON and steel makers are restricting production.