THE LITTLE PRINCESS MARY. She came when we were fast askeep.

Our mother's lade daughter:
They left her here for us to keep,
The angel band was known the.
The stars were should be it easy
When contempt enter the proof
Of brown to
Who bore Of

She bus the

Her little tions orom wise.

Form day the re- - out hards will hold the same of a state of within them; the property of the mark and gold dear

Beyond our ben, but need by her,
A perture of our lingers,
And breath of roses and of myrrh
He watth from a still fugers;
From out the chairing cherubim,
Her guardlan angel bending
Sings soft and sweet her cradle-hymn,
Our haby's rest attending.

Sweet is our home as days go by, Though storms without may gather;
No clouds obscure our happy sky.
We praise the great All-Father,
Who sent us here so rich a price,

This bonry little daughter,
Who on earth's pathway oped her eyes,
The night the angels brought her.
--Margaret E. Sangater, in Woman's Home

Told in Secret Session

Pachelor Girle' Confession Club fuscusses Francis. The same of the same of the same of

Till Undeler tirls Confession I Club were holding an important meeting behind closed doors. The subjeet or the evening's discussion had been announced by mail to each member. It was "Frauds That I Have Perprinted."

Marr seeing that all windows and there were carefully closed the Chinese joes sale is were lighted and the president called the meeting to order.

of the secret session," the same for us to dis-aware that camy orbes arise in every life when it is necessary to resort to deceptioner hand—unconsciously per-

and the mascious," said the Pastage religious, looking at some pictures she had just done, labeled, The There is Though Opera Cloaks. "There is a lines when we deliberately plan and counte successful frauds. Ye delilerately determine to deceive-" A low turmur of indignation swept

the meeting like an electric vibration. "I see that you all look indignant," bake event on "be with a least a network," for you know in your hearts that not one of us is entirely truthful."

"Will the member please speak for

"That had men' went on the Pashion | read of Shelley's. History - The many of your have "I told him that I couldn't recall the never many have bowder." All who never pean last I had heard it read in my

There was a fleel allence. Not a hand was rained. The president care an apportunity for a sensation. "How many of you." the said, sternly and tensely, deepening her voice to an impressive whisper, "have not at this moment powder puffs concealed in your pockethooks and elsewhere?"

There was another silence, so thick that you could almost see it, until the Typewriter Girl relieved the situation.

"Then there are pin curls and puffs and switches," she said, "and padded rowns. We are all more or less guilty of some form of fraud or deception. We are worse than men, for all our frauds are small ones. There never was a really great woman eriminal!" She said this almost with regret, as

though it were something that would have added distinction to the sex. "How about Lucretia Borgia and

Catherine of Russia and-and-" began the Girl Librarian. "Simple forms of hysteria," said the

Schoolteacher; "their crimes were all inspired by men and perhaps aided and abetted by them. They were the result of love, jealousy or pique, but you cannot find in the pages of history one genuinely magnificent woman crim-

The girls looked rather relieved at this and the Newspaper Girl arose. "We can never learn to lie as well as men do," she said, regretfully; "I know I've tried hard to become as proficient as lots of men I know, but I can't get the style and grace that they put into

a lie." "I distinctly recollect telling one about my age," said the Typewriter Girl. The members greaned in unison, and some one brought out a box of chocolate peppermints and passed it

"We were averaging up the age of the graduating class," went on the Typewriter Girl, "and of course each girl took off at least four years."

"I can recollect that," said the Fluffy Girl, who had been in the same class. "I was always dreadfully bad at figures; couldn't add two and two without a pad and a pencil. The professor knew this and he changed his question when he came to me and threw out all my calculations. He asked all the other girls: "How old are you?"

"And we all lied promptly and easlly," said the Typewriter Girl, "and he knew it, but it was good for the col-

lege to have such a young class." "But when he came to me," said the Fluffy Girl, "he said: 'And now, Miss Penelope, what year were you born in?" I had the answer all ready for: 'How old are you?' but this new way of putting the question called for heaty good as the chef at the Uplate club mental arithmetic."

"Yes, that was funny," said the Typewriter Girl. "Your face was a study! Then you got red and began to count with your fingers and we all knew the struggle that you were having trying to subtract dates. Finally-

"I blurted out a date that took me just four years back in the past instead of forward in the future, and it went down on the books in that way, said the Fluffy Girl, sharply.

A ripple of amusement stirred the meeting. Each girl understood how funny this was when it happened to some one besides herself.

"But," said the Fluffy Girl, address ing the president, "I was unaware that the rules of the club called for confessions from second persons-er-" "Parties of the second part?" said the president. "You are correct. 1

tain your objection." "I may not be so clever at rapid calulations and large subtractions as some of my classmates," here she sooked scathingly at the Typewriter Girl, "but I never wrote quotations my-self and palmed then, of as being from

Shakespeare and other poets." The Fiuffy Girl sat down sustained by a thrill of horror that evinced itself in a distinct rustle of skirts.

The Typewriter Glrl blushed and fingered her lorgnette chain nervously. "I suppose," she began, smiling as though at a childish folly!

"Suppose you tell us about that," suggested the president. "It sounds is though it might be in line with the ubject of our discussion this even-

The Typewriter Girl coughed slightly and said:

"It was like this. We were supposed to get up in the class every Friday afternoon and give a quotation from memory. Each girl had to have one and every Friday we used to get nothing but 'Life is real, life is earnest,' and 'The quality of mercy' speech and Break, Break, Break, and all those standbys. Finally the professor barred a lot of these and said we'd have to get something newer.

"Well, one Fulday came along and I didn't have anything ready but 'To e or not to be, which had been excluded. So when my turn came I got up boldly and sald with great expres-

And Pate-the Immutable, Bakes empty shells along the shores of

-Robert Browning. "I could see that the girls all thought this was fine and the professor said that here was a thought. He said we must study it over and get at its true meaning and he had the girls copy it down and he told us that this was the interesting feature of Browning's poems that they were not mere jin-

gles-they were profound thoughts. "The next week I felt more confident and I gave them this:

In life'd An glon of years we gather agreetest bloom. The heart's respective toos transment up with tears!

"The professor asked me what poem hersell?" a resided the girl who this was from He said that for beauty taught Sanday school, somewhat of thought and imagery of expresthis was from. He said that for beauty sion it surpassed anything he had ever

their right hands." teenty dab rulse childhend and the lines had rung in my memory over since. By this time I was getting famous for finding rere and occutiful quotations, but one of the ricis got on and passed me a slip of paper one day during recitation. She I had written on it: 'Please push along one of those good things. I have nothing to-day but 'Under a spreading chestnut wee.' So I dashed off this in a hurry;

Love and Youth and Hope
Are stars that shine the brightest in the
sky of years!

-Thomas Moore. "The professor said he remembered

the lines distinctly, but he thought she was mistaken; that they were from Walter Scott. She stammered so over it that I think he began to suspect, for after that we had to mention the poem and the verse and he kept a record in a book."

"Suppose we talk of some graver erimes," said the Newspaper Girl. "Even now we are fraudulently glossing over our real deceits and relating to trivial incidents. Let us tell of some of the really mean things we've done."

The Proofreader Girl arose with a look of determination. She was putting on gayer half-mourning every meeting and was beginning to take notice, the president said.

"During the first year of my wedden life," she said, "I used to deceive my husband frightfully."

"Were you found out?" asked the Medical Student, who was engaged and looking for points.

"Yes," she said; "but he was so generous about it!" She raised a violet-bordered handkerchief part way to her eyes and then took it down. "It

was about cooking," she said. "Tom had the funniest way of inviting friends home to dinner and telegraphing me at the last moment when there was no time to cook anything. It used to drive me wild!

"One day one of those messages came and the maid suggested sending to the Uplate club for some things. She said she used to live with a lady who always did this when she had company, so I sent her up and get an elaborate menu and an exquisite dessert.

"Then I put the candles on the table so they couldn't see very well and I dressed in a hurry and when they came in I said they must put up with what ! had prepared and I joked about being a cooking school scholar and all that. You should have heard them raving over the dishes. Tom said bachelor life was all right, but there was nothing like having your own home and being able to invite your friends to take pot luck. Then his friend would say if they knew any girl that could cook like that he would go right out and propose to her. The saltd dressing was just as

"Dut I had to confess finally one night when I had a delicious Bavarian ream for dessert, served in frilled paper cases. As usual my cooking was being extolled when Tom passed me one of the cases upside down on a

"They really are much better than those they have at the club," he said.
"The last I had there were a little theesy. These I see are quite fresh."

"Then I saw on the reverse of the case the club monogram and the date. It was an awful moment!"

"It is always awful to be found out," said the Newspape Girl. "I recollect once planning a deliberate deception and carrying it through almost with entire success. It was his fault that we were ever found out."

The silence grew intense. No matter how desperate an experience the other girls might relate the Newspaper Girl was good for a worse one.

"It was when I was war correspond ent in Cuba," she began-"Oh, how exciting!" said the Fluffy

Girl. "Did you penetrate to the interi-or of the island?" "As far as a restaurant on the Gulf road that runs out of Havana. It was

a perilous undertaking." "Were you attacked?" asked the Typewriter Girl.

"No; we were followed, but we threw them off the scent or we thought we did. You see there were seven American correspondents and I was the only girl and we were all great chums, you see, and dined together each evening and talked over the day's news.

"One day Tommy Van Scoop called in and told me about this wonderful restaurant on the Gulf road, where you got chile con carne and filijoles and tomales and all those Spanish things.

"I suggested that we all make up a party for that evening and drive out for dinner. But he said the dinner was never so good when there was a crowd, but if I would like to go he said he would take me out there. I thought it would seem rather mean to leave out the others, but he said we'd get back just as they were finishing dinner and say we'd been off investigating a ru-

"Well, about five o'clock we started in a volante. It was a beautiful afternoon and the Gulf road stretched uni before us in long unbroken miles shaded with those great palms, the gorgeous waters of the gulf coming up-

"Spare us the scenery," said the president; "keep to crimes."

"We had driven for nearly an hour and Tommy was still enthusiastic about the restaurant and how you had dinner on a balcony with roses growing over it when suddenly we heard the rumbling of wheels behind us and looking back saw four voluntes coming along slowly after us as though it were a funeral. Who do you think it was?"

"Spanish-poles," said the Typewriter Girl and the Medical Student at once.

"No-the other five correspondents. and I said they must have come as a joke, and we'd simply have to invite them to go along. But he said he'd be blessed if he'd ask them to come; that they had no right to follow us in that way. He said to leave it to him, that

"Their curriage stopped when curs memory ever since. By this time I was did, and we turned around and when we reached them they begun to talk about the beautiful attermon it was for a drive, but Tommy said:

"Now, look here, boys-you may think this is a joke, but Miss Spacerate has a tip from the palace and if you come along it will spoil everything. It wasn't safe for her to come alone, so I volunteered. I shouldn't wonder it you'd given the whole thing away now. Go back quietly, and we'll bring you the story in time for the cable."

"They never said a word. Tommy was a beautiful liar-a perfect genius -and he let his voice break as he called after them to please notify the papers if we were arrested or killed or anything. Then we went on and had the dinner and drove back to the hotel at 7:30. They were all solemnly finishing dinner, and of course we had to act as though we had had none. I said I wasn't hungry; but they made Tommy take soup three times. Then he said: "'There was nothing in that story, after all. We waited an hour. Any-

thing new here?" "They helped him, to more soup.

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Then some one said: "riow was the omelet to-night? They usually make them very good over there?' Then I broke down and confessed, but not until he began to laugh over his fourth plate. If he had only kept on looking serious and enting soup I could have stood it. But he weakened first,"

The Newspaper Girl sat down amid a decided hush and the usual vote was taken. The president rose and said, solcianly:

"We all unanimously agree that this is the meanest kind of a fraud that was ever attempted, and the supper of lob ster newburg will be cooked and served by the Newspaper Girl,"-N. Y. Sun.

A Club of Redheads.

Philadelphia has an auburn-haired euclire club. Only those whose tresses resemble the golden rays of the setting sun are eligible for membership. The first meeting of the club was held last week. Sixteen charter members were enrolled and every shade of hair was represented from fiery red to the most subdued Titian coloring. All passed a rigid examination as to their kirsute credentials. The membership of the club will be limited to 30 and all the young people in the neighborhood with hair of the requisite shade are eager to

Those Loving Girls. Hattle-Jack told me last night that

he was madly in love with me, Ella-Poor fellow! I'm so sorry.

"Why, what do you mean?" "What you have just told me proves the truth of the rumor that insanity runs in his family."-Chicago Evening

WOMANLY BEAUTY !

The well known writer, Evelyn Hunt in her book entitled "Womanly Beauty" says: "It is my contention that every woman not only may but should possess a charming personality of face, figure and manner. To attain and preserve beauty is the proper study of womankind. A meare figure may be developed; harsh, uneven features may be softened, refined and rendered harmonious, a sallow or muddy complexion may be freshened, brightened and made clear, dull eyes without expression, may glisten and harmonious, a sallow or mundy complexion may be freshened, brightened and made clear, duil eyes without expression, may glisten and spirkie and unsightly blemishes of every kind may be ren oven. Facial defects and shrunken, impoverished, undeveloped figures may be persententently remedied and womanly beauty asspired and retained. It is every woman's duty to accomplish these results." The Martila Campany, 1s Fulton Street. New York, offers to send a copy of Evilyn Hunt's book free, with a small size box of "Lassandra" terms and a free raike of the sender skin expression five two-sends skin expression beauty who sends five two-sends skin expression beauty in a sender five two-sends skin expression first strength price of the boars is fivenished it contains valuable interesting information and is full of good advice for ladies who desire to acquire paint retain for theses of face and form. Assurding trains, and makes the skin soft, fresh and white to year, and impartitive and discontinuous disconti

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