

HIS DAUGHTER'S FIRST STORY.

The Old Colonel Was Positive It Would Win the Prize.

By DONALD ALLEN.
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The Bounder Magazine was offering a \$500 prize for the best love story, and when Colonel Sears, retired, happened to see the announcement at the village reading room he started right home to tell his daughter Phyllis. On the way he decided that her story should be a pathetic one. He so decided because he felt pathetic most of the time himself over being retired, over his half pay and over the fact that the army was going to the dogs without him.

Phyllis Sears was good looking, and she was smart. She had written and torn up two pieces of poetry, she had written and read numerous school compositions, and she had written one essay on the subject of intemperance. Miss Phyllis fully realized that she was literary, but she would not have pursued the line except for the enthusiasm and encouragement of her father. She continued to be good looking and smart and literary to please him. The mother doted on the girl, but stood neutral in details.

The story was begun next day, and as fast as a page was written it was submitted to the father. He weighed every sentence. Once the tears were started from the eyes of the reader he insisted that there should be no respite.

When the story had reached five pages the colonel wrote a letter to the



AS FAST AS A PAGE WAS WRITTEN IT WAS SUBMITTED TO THE FATHER.

editor of the Bounder. He gave his war record in full and stated that his only daughter was writing a story to be submitted in the contest. Thus far, his work for it, it had proved a tremendous literary effort, fully equal to Ouida's best, and he could guarantee that the last half would be greater yet. He had cried over it, and the editor, the editor's wife and the pressmen, compositors and all others connected with the office would doubtless do the same.

By and by two or three things began to dawn on Phyllis. She found it difficult to keep up the tears. The story had gone all right to a certain point and then stuck. She was puzzled as to the end of it. She began to doubt and distrust her talent and finally ventured to say so to her father.

"Not take the prize?" the colonel exclaimed. "Why, girl, what has come over you? First, you are the daughter of a colonel who served his country for thirty years; next, you are good looking and smart; thirdly, your story is the only one to touch the editor's heart. Evidently, it doesn't seem to me as though it should be given a prize in a contest."

"But if I should fall after all?" she asked.

"But you can't." "And yet I may. You see, you have told me everybody, and if I don't take the prize I shall feel terribly humiliated. I shall want to go away for a year."

"Look here, daughter," said the colonel after a moment's thought. "I'll make you a promise. If you don't take that prize I promise to find a husband for you within a year. What do you say to that? You are sure of the prize, however, and will have to live and die an old maid."

And that evening as the colonel smoked his cigar on the veranda with a friend he whispered in confidence:

"Not a word to a living soul—not a word! There'll be thousands of stories sent in, but Phyllis will take the cake. Bound to, sir—bound to. She's smart, and then she's the daughter of an old soldier. The first page made me hitch around on my chair, and the second brought tears to my eyes. It will be a story to set thousands weeping."

The story was finished at last, read and reread and then sent off. With it went another confidential letter from the colonel. He pointed out its many strong points to save the editor time, and he assured him that at least forty friends of his had pronounced it a gem and wanted ten copies of the issue in which it was printed. He also referred again to his war record.

There was a month of waiting. During this time the colonel never faltered. When Phyllis became despondent and discouraged he patted her on the head and replied:

"Why, the editor must have time to recover from his emotions after reading your story. Bound to win—bound to. Thirty years in the service of my

country, and this is the first story my daughter has written. It may not receive a \$500 check at any moment. If it had been a common story, something to laugh at, a balderdash love story, but it was pathetic, you see. Evidently, but think of your old father weeping over a story!"

"One day the pathetic manuscript was returned and enclosed with it was a notice that such and such a story had won the prize. The colonel came home with the letter in his hand.

"But I was afraid it might fail," said Phyllis as she took it and went away to weep over it and wonder what everybody would say.

The colonel stalked into the library and sat down and wrote the editor a letter and told him that he was a man without sentiment, a numskull, a border ruffian and many other things and wound up with a lament that the days of the duello had passed away. That relieved him somewhat.

Ten days had passed and the little family were sitting on the veranda one afternoon when a gentlemanly looking man of thirty descended from an auto and introduced himself. His card showed that he was the editor of the Bounder. Phyllis blushed, and her father rose to begin an oration. It was to be a scorching, but before he had got out a word the caller announced that he had come down to make an explanation. He was perfectly at ease, and his manner was frank.

In the first place, the pathetic story had exceeded the limit set by over a thousand words. The circular had specified American stories, and this was laid in London. Phyllis had to acknowledge that she had been careless and the colonel that he had not read the circular at all. Then the editor good naturedly pointed out the absence of any plot and other things open to criticism. When he had finished the colonel didn't know whether to ask him to take a glass of wine or to order him off the premises.

It was the daughter who settled that question, however. She frankly acknowledged her literary errors. After that there was a friendly talk on literary matters, and for an hour after the caller's departure the old warrior sat buried in a sort of reverie. When the daughter at last aroused him he said:

"Phyll, I made you a promise, you remember."

"Did you?" she innocently asked, though blushing at the same time.

"And I guess I've found him. Let me say that I'm not going to butt in and tangle things up any more. I'm not literary, and I'm going to drop pathos. I'm simply military, and I'm going to stick to that. Go ahead and paddle your own canoe after this."

And if the colonel had not been a wise father his son-in-law might not be sharing the house with him and his good wife today, and that son-in-law might not be the editor of the Bounder.

A Tame Wild Mouse.

I was waiting at the drumming log of the ruffed grouse for the bird to come and perform before me. My place of concealment was in the branches of a fallen dead spruce. I had not been waiting long before a white footed mouse appeared among the branches on the ground almost under me. It was interesting to see how freely he moved from place to place, appearing now here and now there, all the while traveling under the snow, which had many caverns formed in it by the sun, for it was early spring. Another mouse soon made his appearance, and I watched the two for some time as they searched for food. It was not long before one of the mice was nibbling at my shoe, but the slightest movement of my foot, which was resting on the trunk of the tree, sent him scurrying to the shelter of the branches below. By patient advances, however, I was able to touch the little fellow with the tips of my extended fingers, and five minutes later I was stroking his back as you might stroke a kitten.—St. Nicholas.

Helping Hubby Out.

"Your wife seems to be wonderfully interested in your business. Must be a source of great satisfaction to you." "Yes, indeed. Do you know I used to think she cared nothing about it." "Why the change?" "I don't know. That's the funny part of it. I can't imagine what has changed her. A few nights ago I went home, tired most to death, and during the evening I casually remarked: 'Tote, my business is getting most too much for me to handle. I am thinking of employing a nice, steady stenographer and typewriter. Don't you think it would be a good idea?' From that moment the good little woman has been extremely anxious to assist me and make my lot easier in every way. I suppose it's her natural sympathetic nature. It must be."—Boston Herald.

The Judge's Slip.

A judge once made the following charge to a jury: "You have heard the evidence. The indictment charges the prisoner with stealing a jackass. This offense seems to be becoming a common one, and the time has come when it must be stopped or none of us will be safe!"

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TOUR

ALL THE DELIGHTS OF TRAVE	Old Mexico, Mardi Gras and Grand Canyon FEBRUARY 3
	Mardi Gras New Orleans FEBRUARY 4
	Florida FEBRUARY 8, 22, MARCH 8
	Pinehurst FEBRUARY 11

FOR FULL INFORMATION AND RATES, ADDRESS

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager
GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia

PAINTED BY RAIN.

And Written on Her the Wind Veered and the Storm Came.

"Frances' posting, author of 'The British at Home,' has this curious tale of the domer of Rocamad, with its curious cup shaped impressions like the constellation Pleiades: An old woman, a bystander, was asked what the marks were for. 'Forks say,' said she, 'that they were made by the elbows and knees of St. Rock. He fell down on this stone when he landed from Ireland.' And then the old woman added: 'We use the holes now when we want the wind to change. We knock in them.' The story continues: 'Do ask her to knock!' I cried eagerly. There was a moment of hesitation on the part of the old woman, a half grin shown in a careless way, and 'What wind would madam like to have?' 'Southwest,' said I, looking at the cloudless sky.

"The old woman took up a flint and went slowly to the doimen. Without any pause for reflection she knocked three times in a particular depression, murmuring some words I should not have understood even had they been audible. 'Come,' observed my friend; 'we have yet time to see the rest of the peninsula.' "The old woman said something, at which M. le fouzie laughed. "She says that if we are going farther it will be best to be quick," said he. "Why?" "The rain you asked for will be here shortly." And in less than an hour it was raining."

Mother's Coronation Day.

That first Christmas was the mother's coronation day. Each recurring Christmas perpetuates the memory of her great glory. In public and in private celebrations of it hers should be the central figure. Solemn gladness akin to the Creator's satisfaction in his "very good" work should fill her soul.

In Mr. Harrison S. Morris' beautiful poem, "Incarnation," we read how a laborer, laden with "a tray of tools, a timbered frame," walked in the sunshine through a city street— "Nor knew that out of myriads one Beside him saw a shadow run That clasped the centuries in its shade."

But, like a loving spirit, there, In even footfall at his side, A shadow walked the pavement wide With bended head and humble pride And angled cross astant the air. It was as if the Gateless sun Forgot the year, the far shade, And, lo, upon the sordid road The cross worn Nazarene trode, Holding the journey never done. Every mother who holds her baby in her arms repeats, unconsciously or consciously, the story of the incarnation. The blended shadow "clasps the centuries," past, present and to come, and eternity itself "in its shade."—Marion Harland in Independent.

The Navy's Christmas.

Christmas in the regular navy is observed as one of the big holidays of the year. Starting off with a grand dinner in the middle of the day, discipline is then on relaxed, and the fun is fast and furious till sundown, and often the evening is enlivened by amateur theatricals. The vessel is gayly decorated with bunting, and at each mast-head and at the bow and stern green trees are lashed if procurable.

Made Certain of It.

A through train on the Rock Island stopped a few moments at the Englewood station one day. A passenger got off to walk around a little. As the train began to move again the passenger jumped aboard, but just then he discovered that he had but one overshoe. Thinking that he dropped the other somewhere on the platform and as the train was going too fast for him to jump off and recover it, he pulled off the remaining shoe and threw it on the platform, exclaiming, "There—that makes a good pair of overshoes for somebody." Entering the car, he proceeded to his seat. There, to his great astonishment, was his overshoe. A look of intense disgust came upon his face, but he did not hesitate. Quickly picking up the lone article, he hurried to the platform, threw the shoe as far as he could back toward the other one, and shouted, "By Jiminy, there is a pair of overshoes for somebody!"—Argosnet.

Quiser Friends.

On board the Union Castle R. M. S. Goth on a voyage from the Cape to Tenerife was a little monkey belonging to one of the stewards. It was very fond of sitting on the back of a tortoise, another ship's pet, while the latter crawled about the deck. Although rather ill tempered and snappish with people, the monkey was always friendly with the tortoise, which made no objection to being used as her steed.—Wide World Magazine.

The man who loves home best and loves it most unselfishly loves his country best.—J. G. Holland.

Better Than Ever.

Mary Backstrop—Did he tell you life with him would be one grand sweep song? Maude Sidestreet—No. He said it would be one grand, beveled, sweet toned, silver coated, indestructible photograph record.—Puck.

How to Make Chop Suey.

When his sister came home from cooking school and asked him if he had ever heard a recipe for chop suey he didn't like to admit there was anything on earth that he did not know. He was just-at that age. So he spared her for time by asking what she wanted it for. It seems that the cooking school teacher had given them the question to investigate for themselves. It was one for which there were many answers, but the girl who produced the best recipe was to receive a little prize of some sort. Her big brother must have found out how chop suey was made, she thought, during some of his trips to Chintown.

The brother then smiled a wicked smile and said he would write out the best and easiest recipe for chop suey in the world. Next morning he handed her an envelope containing the information. She did not open it until her name was called in the class. Then this is what she read aloud, to the amazement of all, herself included: "Recipe for Chop Suey.—Take a bowl of nice, clean suey and then chop it."—Chicago Tribune.

Impossible.

Dr. Chargin—Your friend needs rigorous treatment. I never saw a man in such a state of mental depression. Can't you convince him that the future holds some brightness for him? Sympathetic Friend—That is unfortunately impossible. He has drawn his salary for three weeks ahead and spent the money.—Exchange.

FIVE DIE IN EXPLOSION

READING, Pa., Dec. 29.

A boiler explosion that could be heard for squares occurred at 6:50 a. m. today, killing five men at the new plant of the Metropolitan Electric company in West Reading.

The dead are Elmer Dengler, Mount Penn, aged about twenty-one years, fireman.

James Cooney, fireman, residence unknown; aged about thirty-five years; had been employed about one month.

Clifford Martin, boss rigger, Morris River, N. J.; aged about thirty-two years; had been working at the plant six months.

Matthew Lynch, hoisting engineer, Phoenixville, Pa.; about forty years of age; employed about three months. Frank Cole, carpenter's helper, Reading, about twenty-five years of age.

TERRIBLY MUTILATED.

All were terribly mutilated with the exception of Lynch. Cooney's body was torn to pieces. Considerable trouble was experienced in collecting the missing parts, which were scattered far and wide.

Martin was mutilated about the head and chest. The men were thrown several hundred feet from the boiler house. Martin's body was blown over a high willow tree and was found lying along the Pennsylvania railroad bank a distance of about two hundred feet from the scene.

The men were employees of Sims & company, the contractors who are erecting the power house at this point. The victims had just reached the scene preparatory to beginning the day's work when one of the forty-horse power boilers used to generate steam for the concrete mixer exploded, dealing out death on all sides. The night watchman had left a few minutes before.

BOILER HOUSE A WRECK.

The boiler house was wrecked and the frame work scattered in all directions. The five men were in the little frame boiler house when the boiler exploded. Other employees had already left the building to begin their work.

Snow was falling at the time and as the men were stricken to the ground the flakes soon spread a thin white blanket over their remains.

In a few minutes news of the horror reached this city and physicians and ambulances were sent for. Coroner Strasser was notified and was soon on the scene.

Colors In Poetry.

As to color, Grant Allen maintained in an "Essay on the Color Sense" that only eight colors are recognized by the popular mind—black, white, red, blue, green, yellow, gray and brown. Educated people speak of scarlet, crimson, lilac and purple only under exceptional circumstances. In a prosaic hour Grant Allen went through "Poems and Ballads" on the quest for color and found that Swinburne used the word red 151 times, rosy and crimson once each and sanguine, ruddy and scarlet twice each. Gold is mentioned thirteen times. Blue reaches twenty-five. And the prosaic conclusion is "to adopt the statistical form, we might say, if we chose to reckon the unreckonable, that red is 500 per cent more poetical than blue."

Camel a Delicate Beast.

Contrary to the widespread but erroneous opinion, the camel is a very delicate animal. A camel that has worked fifteen days in succession needs a month's pasturage to recuperate. It is liable to a host of ailments and accidents. When a caravan crosses a sebkha, or dry salt lake, it is rare that some of the animals do not break a leg. If the fracture is in the upper part of the limb there is nothing for it but to slaughter the animal and retail its flesh as butcher's meat.

If the lower part of the limb has been injured the bone is set and held in position by means of splints made of palm branches, which are bound with small cords. If no complications ensue at the end of a month the fracture is reduced. When it is a case of simple dislocation the injured part is cauterized with a red-hot iron, then coated with clay and bandaged with a strip of cloth. Fifteen days afterward the animal is generally cured.—Vulgarisation Scientifique.

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PETER CAMETS HAS DISAPPEARED

Peter Camets, the genial little Greek, who has presided over the "Candy Kitchen" on Mill street for several years past, has been missing since Monday. His disappearance is a matter of much solicitude among a number of our merchants to whom he owed bills for goods.

No one seems to have taken note of Peter's departure until Tuesday morning, although it has been ascertained that he left South Danville on the 12:10 train Monday. It was hoped that he would return during Tuesday, but when yesterday dawned and it was found that he was still among the missing the case began to assume a serious aspect. The merchants and others who were particularly anxious to discover Peter's whereabouts began to condole with each other. It was discovered that the amount owed in Danville and vicinity foots up several hundred dollars. There seemed to be no remedy and the only thing that the creditors can do in the premises is to live in hope that the candy man will return.

SHERIFF STEPS IN.

The candy kitchen yesterday as the property of Peter Camets was closed by the sheriff. The party making the seizure is Lewis Nichols, whom Camets left in possession of the store, and who claims that an amount is due him for wages, &c.

The furniture, fixtures, &c., are the property of A. L. Becker & Co., and are exempt from seizure.

Wisdom In Fable.

Among the best things that have ever been written are the Aesop's fables, which date back to the sixth century B. C. They present human nature as it always has been, is and probably always will be. Take, for example, the story of "The Fox Without a Tail": "A fox was once caught in a trap by his tail and in order to get free was obliged to leave it behind. He knew that his fellows would make fun of his tailless condition, so he made up his mind to induce them all to part with their tails. At the next assemblage of foxes he made a speech on the uselessness of tails in general and the inconvenience of a fox's tail in particular, declaring that never in his whole life had he felt so comfortable as now in his tailless freedom. When he sat down a sly old fox rose and, waving his brush, said, with a sneer, that if he had lost his tail he would be convinced by the last speaker's arguments, but until such an accident occurred he fully intended to vote in favor of tails."

Peculiar Superstitions.

The people of Kulu are extremely superstitious and go in extensively for demonology. Many trees are held to be sacred and have tiny temples dedicated to them. The demons are popularly supposed to live at the tops of trees, and if a tree falls in such a way that it is possible to pass under it, as is often the case on the mountain sides, every man before going beneath the trunk will place on it a stick or stone to propitiate its guardian spirit. Certain streams are also sacred, and no one is allowed to wash dirty clothes in them. One year some strangers came into the valley and happened to pollute the water of a river in this manner. It chanced to be a year of extraordinary rainfall, and the people implicitly believe that the excessive rain was sent by the outraged "deota" of the stream as punishment.—Wide World Magazine.

Sleeping In Church.

"Charles" said one Mrs. Spreckles to her husband, "I'm so ashamed of the way you go to sleep in church Sunday after Sunday that I don't know what to do. I can't hardly hold my head up and look the people in the face after the services. You are such a devout man on week days that I don't see why you show so much disrespect for sacred things on the Sabbath."

"There's no disrespect intended," answered Mrs. Spreckles. "I am like the little boy next door. All week he looks forward eagerly to the Sunday auto ride his uncle gives him. It is the crowning event of the week to him. Yet he goes to sleep invariably before he has ridden a mile, and he doesn't wake up until it is all over. Because Willie goes to sleep is no sign that the ride is not doing him any good, is it?"—Newark News.

The Ubiquitous Purist.

Vicar—I'm sorry to hear you've been so poorly. You must pray for a good heart, Thomas. Thomas—Yes, sir, but it's my liver won't be wrong, ye know, sir.—London Telegraph.

Sky High.

Howell—Our servant kindled the fire with kerosene the other morning. Powell—Did you reprimand her? Howell—You bet she got a blowing up.—New York Press.

Charter Notice.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the governor of Pennsylvania, on the 7th day of January, 1910, by John A. Leinbach, Harry C. Wagner and William H. Splyer, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania entitled "An Act to Provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of Certain Corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation, to be called "The Turbot Telephone Company," the character and object of which is the construction, maintaining and leasing lines of telephone, for the private use of individuals, firms, corporations, municipal and otherwise, and for general business in the Counties of Northumberland and Montour, in the State of Pennsylvania, and for this purpose, to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

W. M. HACKENBERG, Solicitor.
December 11th, 1909.
D15, 20, 27, J3.

ENORMOUS PROFIT OF "MILK TRUST"

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.

The investigation into the so-called milk trust by Special Attorney General Coleman was given added impetus today by the startling disclosures made by Marvin Scudder, the accountant employed by the State to go over the books of the larger milk companies in the city.

Counsel for the Borden Condensed Milk company controlling twenty-eight per cent. of the fluid milk trade in this city, and the Sheffield Farmers-Slawson-Decker company, were engaged today preparing to meet the analysis of Mr. Scudder, who pled his findings before Referee Brown yesterday.

Mr. Scudder said the books showed a surplus of \$8,324,230 made in ten years, and Special Deputy Attorney General Coleman is preparing to ask the company that if such profits are possible with milk at 8 cents a quart what justification had the milk companies for saying that they are losing money at that price and had to raise the price to 9 cents a quart.

Enormous profits were shown to have been made by the Alexander Campbell Milk company at 8 cents a quart.

Longest English Lawsuit.

The longest lawsuit ever heard in England was that between the heir of Thomas Talbot, Viscount Lisie, and the heirs of Lord Berkeley respecting certain lands and possessions not far from Wootton-under-Edge, in the county of Gloucester. It commenced at the end of the reign of Edward IV, and was pending till the reign of James I, when a compromise took place after it had lasted about 120 years.—London Answers.

Unheeded Remonstrances.

"Was that you scolding a poor dog that was merely indulging his natural inclination to howl at the moon?" asked the kind hearted man.

"Yes," answered his neighbor.

"Don't you know you ought to be kind to dumb animals?" "That dog isn't dumb; he's only deaf."—Washington Star.

There Was.

The dish-reel hard entered the weary eyed editor's apartment.

"Is there an opening here for a poet?" he inquired.

"Yes, indeed," replied the editor, touching a button underneath his desk, and the next instant the poet disappeared through a trapdoor in the floor.—Exchange.

A Good Loser.

"John," she asked, "do you ever play poker for profit?" "No," he replied thoughtfully; "the game serves as my way of being charitable."—Philadelphia North American.

What He Got.

Bella—He fell in love with her photograph and asked for the original. Fred—What developed? Bella—She gave him a negative.

A King's Old Clothes.

The posthumous sale of the wardrobe of King George IV, of England realized \$75,000. Greville, who attended the sale, says that the king "hardly ever gave anything away except his linen, which was distributed every year. There are all the coats he has ever had for fifty years, 200 whips, canes without number, every sort of uniform, the costumes of all the orders in Europe, splendid furs, pelisses, hunting coats and breeches. His profusion in these articles was unbounded because he never paid for them, and his memory was so accurate that one of his pages told me he recollects every article of dress, no matter how old, and that they were always liable to be called on to produce some particular coat or other article of apparel of years gone by."

Tongue Caught Ermine.

"This stole is of tongue caught ermine, hence its high price," the salesman said.

"Tongue caught ermine, eh?" "Yes, ma'am. You see, the ermine's coat is extremely delicate. A trap tears it horribly. So the trapper catches it by the tongue.

TO WIN IN FOUR ROUNDS.

Jim Jeffries Dreamed Twice That He Had Knocked Out Jack Johnson.

Jim Jeffries, the pugilist who is matched to fight Jack Johnson for the heavyweight championship of the world, will knock out the negro pugilist in the fourth round of their mill if dreams are made of real stuff. Jeffries recently told his parents while visiting them at Springfield, Ill., that he dreamed twice of the coming mill and each dream found him winner by the knockout route in the fourth round.

Just after the articles were signed Jim dreamed he had won by a knockout in the fourth, he told Sam Berger his manager. In Akron soon afterward Jeffries again dreamed of the fight, with the same result. It is a long swing that is to put out Johnson, according to the dream stuff.

Our Largest Wooden Vessel.

The largest wooden vessel ever built in the United States and the largest sailing vessel of American registry will be launched from a Bath (Me.) shipyard on Dec. 14. This new leader of her class is the six masted schooner Wyoming, and her official measurements give her a gross tonnage of 2,730, thus placing her ahead of the schooner William L. Douglas, the present title holder, with a gross tonnage of 3,708. The Wyoming is 350 feet long over all, 329.5 feet keel and 30.4 feet deep.

Going Berrying.

The pleasure of huckleberrying is partly in the season—the late summer-time, from the middle of July to September. The poignant joys of early spring are passed and the exuberance of early summer, while the keen stimulus of fall has not yet come. Things are at a pause. The haying is over. The meadows, shorn of their rich grass, lie tawny green under the sky, and the world seems bigger than before. It is not a time for dreams nor a time for exploits. It is a time for—for—well, herrying!

But you must choose your days carefully, as you do your fishing and hunting days. The berries "bite best" with a brisk west wind, though a south one is not to be despised, and a north one, rare at this season, gives a pleasant suggestion of fall, while the sun has still all the fervor of summer. Choose a sky that has clouds in it, too, for you will feel their movement even when you do not look up. Then take your pall and set out. Do not be in a hurry and do not promise to be back at any definite time. And, finally, go either alone or with just the right companion. I do not know any circumstances wherein the choice of a companion needs more care than in herrying. It may make or mar the whole adventure.—Atlantic.

That's All He Forgot.

The cat containing the absent-minded man and his family drew up in front of the Broad street station. There emerged the absent-minded man, his wife, three children, a birdcage, a dog on a leash and innumerable bundles and parcels. The absent-minded man paid the driver, gathered up the bundles, dropped them and pressed his hand dramatically to his forehead. "There," he exclaimed, "I just knew I had forgotten something!" His wife carefully counted the three children, saw that the dog and the birdcage were intact and took an inventory of the bundles.

"We seem to be all here," she remarked. "I am sure we have everything." "What do you think it is you have forgotten?" "Why, bless my soul!" cried the absent-minded man. "Now that we are here I've forgotten where we intended going!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Reliable Remedy CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm
Is quickly absorbed. Gives relief at once. It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased