

A BOOK.

He ate and drank the precious words,
His spirit grew robust;
He knew no more that he was poor,
Nor that his frame was dust.
He danced along the dingy days,
And this hequest of wings
Was but a book. What liberty
A loosened spirit brings!
—Emily Dickinson.

THE MINISTER'S SURPRISE

"Don't you notice anything new, Eleanor?" asked Mrs. Amelia Bates, pausing in her preparations for church, and watching her niece narrowly.

"Why no, I don't know that I do, except the things you showed me when I first came," replied the young lady, as she quickly ran her eye over the familiar furniture of the room.

"Oh, it isn't anything in the house," said Aunt Amelia, "or on the place, either," she added, following her niece's glance out of the window and toward the barn, where Uncle Andrew was engaged in "harnessing up."

"I was in hopes you would notice it the first thing," she went on, in a tone of disappointment. "I've kept it for a kind of surprise. Of course you are used to them in the city, and not having been here lately over Sunday, I suppose you've forgotten about our old one. Still I should have thought—"

"Come, aunt," interrupted Eleanor, with a laugh, "hadn't you better tell me what you are talking about?"

"Well, I will if you will give me a chance," replied Mrs. Bates. "To begin at the beginning, it so happened that I was spending the afternoon with Mrs. Tyler, the minister's wife, when he came home with that letter from Mr. Perkins. Mr. Perkins? Why, he is the New York gentleman that was boarding at Pike's last summer. Well, in the letter he said that he should not be able to come to Greenhill again for some time, if ever, but he ventured to show his appreciation of Mr. Tyler by a little enclosure. 'This is a personal gift,' he went on to say, 'and I want you to use it in the way that will give you the most satisfaction.' The little enclosure that he spoke of turned out to be a check for three hundred dollars.

"The minister took it as quiet as if three-hundred-dollar checks were every-day affairs, but Mrs. Tyler she bubbled right over. 'That money is going into the travel fund,' says she. Then she explained that they have been putting by little extra change that came in—wedding fees and the like—hoping that some day Mr. Tyler could go abroad. It almost seemed as if she wanted to begin to pack his valise right off.

"But the minister calmed her down. He said he should have to think of it a little. 'In the meantime, Sister Bates,' says he, 'perhaps we will say nothing about it outside.' 'Well, I can keep a secret as well as the next one, but I guess Mrs. Tyler must have dropped a word to somebody that isn't so close-mouthed as I am, for somehow a story did get around that the minister had had a windfall, and was going abroad. But I heard nothing definite until last Thanksgiving day. I was hurrying my work that morning, and was just thinking it was about time for me to change my gown for church, when all at once—now, Eleanor, do you mean to say that you haven't noticed anything yet? Don't look, but listen!"

"Why, aunt," cried the niece, in sudden recognition of a fact that had been vaguely present in her consciousness, "it's the church-bell! It sounds different."

"I guess it does," said Mrs. Bates, complacently; and she stood listening in rapt attention. "I guess it does," she repeated, "and it didn't take me so long to sense it that Thanksgiving morning. I didn't know just how to account for it, but the minute I heard it I connected it in my mind with that three-hundred-dollar check. You see, Mr. Tyler never could get reconciled to our old bell. He said that the ringing of the church bell of a Sunday ought to be the sweetest of music in the people's ears—an invitation and a song of praise. And he allowed that our bell didn't sound like either. I doubt if it would have pleased him even when it was new, and it was cracked long before he came here.

"Well, there was about the biggest congregation that morning that I ever saw on a Thanksgiving day, and of course everybody was wondering. Just before the sermon Mr. Tyler said, in his quiet way, that the generosity of a friend—Mr. Perkins, of New York—had enabled him to provide a surprise for his people, in the shape of the sweet-toned bell that had summoned them to the Thanksgiving service. It seemed that Mr. Tyler had bought the bell, and had arranged for a couple of men to drive over with it from Cushoe the night before and hang it unbeknownst to anybody except John Miles, the sexton. There is considerable of the boy to our minister, you see, and he's quite a hand to plan surprises.

"Of course the people generally were pleased, and if it hadn't been in church I guess there would have been some applause. As it was, Andrew was twisting and hitching about all through the sermon, and as soon

as it was over he hopped up and moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Perkins for his generous and timely gift. When that was done he looked as satisfied as if he had given the bell himself.

"But when we had started for home, and he began to talk about our having one more thing to be thankful for on that Thanksgiving day, I just freed my mind.

"'Thing to be thankful for! You'd better say a thing to be ashamed of!' I said. 'The money that bought the bell was a present to the minister and not to the parish, and it ought to have gone into his travel fund.' I said. 'And if you men that hold the purse-strings had done as you ought about that bell there wouldn't have been any need for him to make such a sacrifice. And now that he has made it, if you had the least sense of the fitness of things,' I said, 'you'd find some other way of showing your appreciation than by passing a vote of thanks to the man that didn't give the bell,' I said.

"Well, at that Andrew never opened his head. But I knew well enough that he was thinking. The next day he harnessed up, and drove off without mentioning where he was going; but I heard from him all over town, taking the men one side, and confabbing with them. And in the course of the next fortnight several of the sisters told me they suspected the men were hatching up something that we women weren't to know anything about.

"Very well," I said. "If the men of this parish, for once in their lives, can do something worth while without our help, let 'em do it and welcome."

"But if the men could keep from telling, they couldn't keep us from guessing, and I presume to say that nobody was much surprised at the next social circle when Andrew asked the minister to step forward, and then started in on a presentation speech.

"He talked well, Andrew did. They say that 'praise to the face is open disgrace,' but I guess that doesn't apply when you are talking to your minister, and say only what's true.

"After a spell Andrew branched off on to the advantages of foreign travel, and at that I pricked up my ears. Up to that minute I had rather calculated that the men had bought Mr. Tyler a gold watch, same as the people down at the Hollow did for their minister. But now I whispered to Abby Ellen Caswell, 'Do you suppose they have been and raised money to send Mr. Tyler abroad?'

"No," says she, 'I don't suppose anything of the kind!' And no wonder, for just then Andrew had picked up a good-sized parcel that had been hidden under the table, and was making the awkward piece of work that he always does undoing the wrappings.

"So," Andrew says, winding up his speech, 'we trust that you will be pleased to accept at our hands this handsomely illustrated book of travels; and as in the future you turn its pages, we hope that you will be pleasantly reminded of your local parishioners of the Greenhill Society, and of the affection and esteem with which they regard you.'

"Abby Ellen looked at me out of the corner of her eye as the minister took the book. 'Seems to me that's quite a come-down from foreign travel,' says she. 'Not having any husband of her own to feel responsible for, of course she was quite free to make remarks.'

"As for me, I said nothing, though I felt as if somebody had thrown a wet blanket over me.

"But the minister was as smiling as could be, and he made a beautiful speech, though Abby Ellen kind of snickered when he said he should prize the gift not so much for its intrinsic value as for the spirit that prompted it.

"After he had finished speaking, he left the book on the table and went to mingling with the people as usual. But Abel Hayes spoke up, and says he, 'Brother Bates, in his remarks, said something about Elder Tyler's feelings in the future when he should turn the leaves of that book. I think that some of us would like to see him turn the leaves a little now.'

"The minister flushed a little at that, perhaps taking a hint that he hadn't shown enough interest in his present; but he stepped up to the table and opened the book, and began telling us what the first chapter was about. Then all of a sudden a queer look came over his face, and he was holding up a twenty-dollar bill that he had found at the end of the chapter.

"Keep on turning, elder!" says Abel. "The book is handsomely illustrated, just as Brother Bates said."

"And if you will believe me there was a twenty-dollar bill at the end of every chapter. There were twenty-four chapters in all, and besides one bill was tucked into the index. When the minister had taken them all out he tried to make another speech, but it was no use this time, though he had been glib enough before. All he could say was, 'Again I thank you, friends!'

"Well, Andrew is ready to come into the house at last, and here I've been standing before the glass and doing nothing but talk for the last ten minutes. Yes, the minister is going abroad next fall, and I hope that the way will be provided for Mrs. Tyler to go, too.

"We must make haste now. The second bell will be ringing soon. Yes, it is a sweet-toned bell, as you say, and we all take lots of comfort from it."—Youth's Companion.

Household Matters.

Pigeon Pie.

Clean and wipe four pigeons. Split and put in a saucepan with enough good broth to nearly cover. Simmer slowly until tender. Take out and remove some of the larger bones. Cut the hearts and livers into bits. Have ready four hard-boiled eggs, sliced. Butter a deep pudding dish and fill with layers of the pigeon, eggs and minced heart and liver. Season with salt and pepper, make a gravy with a teaspoonful each of butter and flour and a cupful and a half of broth. Season with salt and pepper and pour one-half into the dish. Cover with a layer of paste, making an incision in the middle of the crust, and ornamenting the edge with braids, leaves or rolls of crust. Bake for one hour in a moderately hot oven. When nearly done brush over the top of the pie with the yolk of an egg, beaten with a little milk. Serve hot with the rest of the gravy.

Gumbo.

Cut in small diced pieces a boned raw half fowl, quarter of a pound of raw veal, two medium-sized white onions, one seedless green pepper and two branches well cleaned crisp celery. Place these in a saucepan with one tablespoonful of butter and gently brown for ten minutes, being careful to stir with a wooden spoon once in a while. Moistened with three quarts of hot water, add the other half of the fowl, season with one and a half teaspoonfuls of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper. Cover pan and allow to simmer for forty-five minutes. Then add two crushed peeled tomatoes and twelve trimmed fresh okras cut in quarter-inch pieces. Open and thoroughly drain on a sieve a third of a pint of corn and add to the soup at least a teaspoonful of freshly chopped parsley. Mix and allow to boil for forty minutes longer. Remove fowl and keep for further use. Skim fat from soup and serve hot.

To Clean Fur.

Strip the article to be cleaned of its stuffing and binding and lay as neatly as possible in a flat position. Brush it well. Next warm some new bran in a pan, and stir it actively so as to prevent it from burning. When the bran has been well warmed, rub it thoroughly into the fur with the hand. Repeat this two or three times. Shake the fur now and give it another sharp brushing until it is quite free from dust. Furs are usually much improved by stretching, which may be managed as follows: To a pint of soft water, add three ounces of salt; dissolve. With this solution sponge the inside of the skin, taking care not to wet the fur, until it becomes thoroughly saturated; then lay it carefully on a board, with the fur side downwards, in its natural position; stretch it as much as it will bear and to the required shape, then fasten with small tacks. The drying may be accelerated by placing the skin a little distance from the fire or stove.



Tomato Sauce for Spaghetti.—Boil and strain one can tomatoes. Chop one small onion fine and brown in pan with two slices of fat salt pork, or two tablespoonfuls olive oil or butter. Five minutes before the browning is accomplished throw in a handful of dried mushrooms that have been scalded, strained and chopped. These add greatly to the flavor. Add to the tomatoes four whole cloves, a lump of sugar, salt and paprika or cayenne to flavor, mix together, strain, then thicken lightly with browned flour and cook two minutes. Pour over the spaghetti and add grated Parmesan cheese.

Meat Pie With Potato Crust.—Take six boiled potatoes, three-quarters of a pound of cold meat, three ounces of butter, one egg, one teaspoonful of meat essence, pepper and salt to taste. Mash the potatoes, add salt, butter and the beaten yolk of the egg; beat all together lightly with a wooden spoon. Cut the meat into thin slices, trim off fat, season with pepper and salt. Spread layer of mashed potatoes on a pie dish, lay in slices of meat, pour over meat essence, add the rest of the potatoes, smooth over with a knife, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Serve hot.

Halibut With Tomato Sauce.—Make a sauce with two cups of stewed tomatoes, one cup of water, two bruised whole cloves and two slices of onion cooked together for half an hour. Melt one-quarter cup of butter, rub in one rounding tablespoonful of flour, and then pour on the hot tomato. Cook ten minutes and strain. Scrape the black skin from a steak of halibut weighing three or four pounds. Dust with salt and pepper; put in a baking dish not much larger than the fish. Pour or half of the sauce and bake three-quarters of an hour. Add the remainder of the sauce at intervals while baking. Baste several times.

The potato crop of the United Kingdom is worth annually over \$1,000,000,000

FINANCE AND TRADE REVIEW

DUN'S WEEKLY SUMMARY

Lower Temperature Has Good Effect on Retail Trading for Seasonal Goods.

R. G. Dun & Company's "Weekly Review of Trade" says:

Lower temperature and snow at many points stimulated retail demand for seasonable merchandise, but retarded movement. Distribution of heavy weight clothing, footwear and other winter goods was very large during the past week, reducing stocks that it was feared would be carried over on account of the mild season.

Wholesale and jobbing trade in dry goods for spring delivery was also liberal, many cities reporting this forward business in excess of all previous records. Much damage has been done by floods, destroying property and restricting business, but these drawbacks had only local significance and did not prevent a substantial net gain for the week in all commercial channels.

Leading manufacturing industries report a steady volume of new business, assuring full operation of plants far into the future, and maintaining high prices for all raw materials.

A gratifying steadiness is noted in the iron and steel industry, mills receiving a volume of new business that readily sustains prices.

Strength is readily maintained in primary markets for cotton goods by a vigorous demand and a scarcity of supplies for immediate delivery, while in several lines there have been further advances in prices.

Attendance of shoe jobbers in the Boston market has decreased and in another week the balance will probably conclude purchases. Supplementary spring business has continued heavy, assuring all prominent New England manufacturers of several months, full operation of machinery. There is no effort to force concessions in prices, owing to the recent advance of a full cent in sole leather.

Cereal prices advanced, especially wheat, the rise starting in a better speculative demand and finding support in some adverse reports regarding foreign crop conditions. Movement to primary markets was restricted by severe weather.

MARKETS.

PITTSBURG.

Wheat—No. 2 red.....	73	75
Rye—No. 2.....	72	71
Corn—No. 2 yellow.....	51	50
No. 2 yellow, shelled.....	47	46
Mixed ear.....	46	47
Oats—No. 2 white.....	38	39
No. 3 white.....	37	38
Flour—Winter patent.....	95	4 03
Fancy straight winers.....	4 09	4 15
Hay—No. 1 Timothy.....	23 50	23 50
Clowee No. 1.....	18 00	18 25
Feed—No. 1 white mid. ton.....	22 50	23 00
Brown middlings.....	20 00	21 00
Brass, bulk.....	21 50	22 50
Straw—Wheat.....	10 50	11 00
Oat.....	10 10	11 00

Dairy Products.

Butter—Elgin creamery.....	31	32
Ohio creamery.....	29	27
Fancy country roll.....	38	39
Cheese—Ohio, new.....	14	14
New York, new.....	14	15

Poultry, Etc.

Hens—per lb.....	12	13
Chickens—dressed.....	15	17
Eggs—Pa. and Ohio, fresh.....	22	21

Fruits and Vegetables.

Potatoes—Fancy white per bu.....	50	53
Cabbage—per ton.....	15 00	16 30
Onions—per barrel.....	1 50	2 25

BALTIMORE.

Flour—Winter Patent.....	3 75	3 83
Wheat—No. 2 red.....	74	74
Urn—Mixed.....	46	46
Eggs.....	28	28
Butter—Ohio creamery.....	23	26

PHILADELPHIA.

Flour—Winter Patent.....	3 70	3 75
Wheat—No. 2 red.....	73	74
Corn—No. 2 mixed.....	47	48
Urn—Mixed.....	41	42
Butter—Creamery.....	22	22
Eggs—Pennsylvania firsts.....	30	27

NEW YORK.

Flour—Patent.....	3 60	3 70
Wheat—No. 2 red.....	79	80
Corn—No. 2.....	49	51
Oats—No. 2 white.....	33	32
Butter—Creamery.....	23	24
Eggs—State and Pennsylvania.....	25	25

LIVE STOCK.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg.		
Cattle.		
Extra, 1,250 to 1,500 lbs.....	5 85	6 10
Prime, 1,250 to 1,500 lbs.....	5 00	5 30
Good, 1,250 to 1,500 lbs.....	4 25	5 20
Fair, 1,000 to 1,250 lbs.....	4 50	5 20
Common, 750 to 950 lbs.....	3 00	3 30
Oxen.....	2 75	4 00
Bulls.....	2 50	4 15
Cows.....	1 50	3 75
Butter, 700 to 1,000 lbs.....	6 80	6 90
Fresh Cows and Springers.....	35 00	30 00
Hogs.		
Prime heavy.....	6 90	
Prime medium weight.....	7 00	
Best heavy Yorkers.....	7 00	
Good light Yorkers.....	7 00	
Pigs.....	5 00	5 20
Roughs.....	5 40	5 90
Stags.....	4 00	4 75
Sheep.		
Prime wethers.....	5 60	5 75
Good mixed.....	5 25	5 50
Fair mixed ewes and wethers.....	4 50	5 10
Culls and common.....	2 00	3 00
Lambs.....	5 00	7 50
Calves.		
Veal calves.....	6 00	9 50
Heavy and thin calves.....	3 00	5 00

It is not uncommon nowadays to lengthen Great Lake vessels. In doing so they are cut in two, pulled apart, and the new part built in the middle.

According to the Concord Patriot the cure for profanity—reformers and educators please make a note—is merely wit enough to handle your words so that swearing will seem like baby talk in comparison.

At St. Osyth, Essex, England, an ejection order has been granted against a tenant who, it was stated, had paid no rent in forty years.

And to think we even lent Japan money to pay for war ships and guns! exclaims the Baltimore Sun.



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College Days Cigar, 6 for 25c

This cigar is perfectly made, full size, and has a mild, smooth, mellow, domestic blend which most smokers find very enjoyable.

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STOKE & FEICHT DRUG CO.
MAIN STREET.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Marconi has been converted to Spiritualism.

Rudyard Kipling's uncle, the Rev. F. W. Macdonald, is making a first appearance as a writer.

King Leopold of Belgium is a prominent shareholder in some of the largest hotels in Europe.

William J. Bryan has eighty-six engagements to lecture the coming summer at \$500 a lecture.

False reports that J. P. Morgan was seriously ill revealed the fact that he has practically retired from business.

It is said in London that Lord Curzon might have been the head of the British Legation in Washington had he so willed.

Secretary Taft is not a rich man, and he tries hard to live on his \$8000 a year. His smallest annual bill thus far is said to have been \$15,000.

Senor Enrique Creel, the newly appointed Mexican Ambassador to Washington, is a multi-millionaire, the son of a Kentucky father and a Mexican mother.

President Roosevelt has been notified that France has conferred the Legion of Honor decoration upon Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia University.

It is said that there is only one member of the present Cabinet who easily lives within his salary—Secretary James Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture.

The German Ambassador at Washington, Baron Speck von Sternberg, has had his salary increased \$1000 a year on account of the increased cost of living in the United States.

Alabama's new Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, B. B. Comer and H. B. Gray, are Birmingham neighbors. They live on the same street and within a few doors of each other. They are also close friends in politics.

It is a healthy sign that American women who find their noble husbands impossible are throwing away the coronets with the husbands, remarks the New York Sun.

HABITAT.

"Papa, what place do the most expensive furs come from?"
"Wall Street, my boy."—Life.

FEMININE NEWS NOTES.

Children are tired of the Teddy bear, it is announced.

French telephone girls must no longer say "Hello." They must say "J'accoute."

Country halls are the solace of English society now when London is so phenomenally quiet.

The National Synod of Norway has recently voted by a large majority to give women equal rights with men in the government of the church.

Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, who has spent the holiday season in New York, has returned to Paris, where she has made her home for the past year.

When Lady Clanerty died, on the last day of 1906, the world at large had to be reminded that she was the former Belle Bliton, concert hall singer with a history.

Mrs. Mabel Judson Cox, former wife of Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr., was married to Congressman Francis Burton Harrison in All Souls' Church, Portland Place, London.

The beggars who plague Mrs. Russell Sage will be discouraged when they find that she regards herself as a trustee who has responsibilities to the trust as well as to the indigent.

Maria Corelli has turned to writing hymns. One entitled "Eventide" has just been published in the Sunday-School Hymnary. Miss Corelli was a poet before she became a novelist.

Mrs. Reginald De Koven, who has gone from the national capital with her talented husband to reside in New York, possesses one of the finest collections of unique jewelry in this country.

A correspondent of the London Mail says that women always rode astride till Queen Elizabeth, in order to show a magnificent dress upon a certain state occasion, rode sideways and so set the fashion.

SO CONVENIENT.

Agent—This is the automobile you want. You never have to crawl under it to fix it.

Sparker—You don't?
Agent—No. If the slightest thing goes wrong with the mechanism, it instantly turns bottom-side up.—Puck.

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