Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

by MARY GRAHAM BONNER

WITTY WITCH'S PARTY

The trees around were all dressed in their best gowns which the dressmaker, Madame Fresh Snow, had just finished for them. She had sent these gowns by her messengers, the trusty Snowflakes.

"You know," said one of them, "we were a little bit insulted and hurt the other day because one of the fairies came up here to see one of us because she said there was an expression about 'being up a tree.'

"She had wanted to have a joke for the party and so she said she was up a tree and didn't know whether to go to the fancy dress party or not because she only had her regular dress on.

"We were quite insulted for a time as it seemed to us it was quite a dreadful way for folks to regard us, as though we were such uncertain, puzzling creatures. And as though we never had any minds of our own.

"But it has been explained to us since by the Fairy Princess Twilight-Bell and so now we understand that there is no insult in it to us and we're very thankful and feel quite all right.

"To show how happy we feel again we've got these new gowns from Madame Fresh Snow, aren't they lovely?"

"Lovely, lovely," said Witty Witch. "And now all my guests are coming to the party. Later on we're going to get inside my dear home but and I've built some snow castles about with snow roofs and we're going to look out of the windows made by the Icicle brothers at the late visitors.

"The windows are very thin and well made. They're not so thick we can't see out of them.

"And the late visitors are going to be Prince Sleet and some of that jolly old crowd.

"I expect to have my guests watch a most beautiful winter storm.

"Ah, here come my guests. Before they arrive at my door I want to tell you, Trees, that I'm giving an entertainment for them."

The guests all arrived and greeted Witty Witch with smiles and bows and cries of joy.

"We're going to have an entertainment at the party," said Witty Witch and all the guests clapped their hands with joy and cried out:

"Hurrah!"

They went into Witty Witch's hut and through a snow tunnel to the most enormous snow castle where chairs were arranged for all.

"You will see," said Witty Witch, "the entertainment which I have arranged for you. You will see some of the old sayings acted out."

A stage was before them and the curtain now was being raised. They saw many, many gnomes dressed as

"Lovely, Lovely," Said Witty Witch.

cooks with great white caps and great white aprons. They were stirring an enormous cauldron which had something very hot in it by the look of the smoke which came out. All the cooks were bumping into each other and each was trying to tell the other what to do. There was no order and there was nothing but confusion. And above was a large sign which read:

"Too many cooks spoil the broth!" And as the guests were clapping, all the cooks threw up into the air the spoons they had been stirring the broth with and cried:

"It is quite spoilt, there is no use in doing anything now."

Then they saw the curtain lowered and in another moment it was raised again and there were many children sitting in front of huge dishes of food. Their eyes were as enormous as could be and their mouths looked very small.

Over them a sign read, "Their eyes were bigger than their mouths." For they had thought they would be able to eat more than they found they could.

Again the curtain was lowered and again it was raised.

This time they saw a great many people smiling and laughing and in the distance, from where they had come, were many bridges.

"We didn't worry or cross our bridges until we came to them," they cried, "and so we didn't waste our time worrying but went ahead and when we came to them they weren't bad at all!"

And so the entertainment went on, winding up with a glorious winter storm which they all watched as they sat and ate a delicious supper which Witty Witch had prepared for them.

Mosquito Weep and Moth Ball.

Nite—Have you ever seen a mosquito weep?

Day—No, I've seen a moth ball.

GEM LONG PRIZED

Emerald Figures Largely in History and Legend.

Princess Mary's Love Stone Has Inspired Both Saints and Poets—Referred To in Scriptures.

Emeralds will be set in the most fashionable engagement rings of the future, for Princess Mary had an emerald engagement ring.

The emerald of average quality is much more valuable than the diamond of equal quality, observes the London Tit-Bits.

The finest emeralds are worth $2,500 a carat, while a good-sized gem might weigh anything from four to six carats; $350 to $400 a carat is a minimum price. The output of emeralds is very small.

The emerald is given a place of honor in history and literature. The beautiful gem was most praised among the ancients, not only for its beauty, but also on account of its rarity. It was a favorite stone with the Roman emperors and, later, with high dignitaries of the church. It is named twice in the book of Exodus as one of the 12 jewels in the high priest's breastplate of judgment, ranking in the second row with the sapphire and the diamond.

The best-known scriptural references are in Revelation, where the rainbow around the throne is compared in its vivid greenness to an emerald; while the same jewel forms one of the 12 foundations of the new Jerusalem.

George Eliot, in "Middlemarch," refers to the singular beauty of these passages. "It is strange," she says, "how deeply colors seem to penetrate one, like scent. I suppose that is the reason why gems are used as spiritual emblems in the Revelation of St. John. They look like fragments of heaven."

In Tennyson's poem, "Columbus," the discoverer used the passage in Revelation to describe the San Salvador as he first descried it.

In contrast we may mention the "emerald monocle" through which Nero, whom the latest commentators regard as the "Beast" of the Revelation, gazed at the agonies of his victims in the arena.

A more pleasant legend may be quoted from Montalembert, the famous French author. He describes how in the early ages of monasticism a certain monastery was transformed by its founder into a hospital for lepers and cripples. "Behold," said he, in showing the ladies of Alexandria the upper floor, which was reserved for women, "behold, my jacinths"; then, in conducting them to the floor below, where the men were placed, "See my emeralds."

The most celebrated medieval gem was the so-called "emerald" of Genoa, known as the Sacro Catino. It was presented early in the Twelfth century to the cathedral by the crusader Embriaco, having been brought by him from the siege of Caesarea.

The relic, a huge single stone, was said to be the dish from which our Lord ate the Last Supper. It was believed by some to have been given by Solomon to the queen of Sheba.

The Sacro Catino was removed to Paris during Napoleon's wars, and was discovered to be only an ancient piece of Venetian glass. It is still shown, much mended, in the cathedral of Genoa, to which place it was restored by the French.

In the Fifteenth and Sixteenth centuries the emerald is mentioned frequently among inventories of crown jewels. Mary Queen of Scots possessed at one time many specimens of this regal gem.

Causes Deep Depression in Plateau.

When the railway was opened from a point near Luxor, into the Libyan desert there was rendered easy the approach of the oasis of Khargeh, which is regarded as a typical example of these isolated centers of life. For some years a British scientist and explorer made a study of this oasis, observing the phenomena of springs, moving sands, wells, etc.

The Libyan oases are deep depressions in a lofty plateau which has a maximum elevation of nearly 2,000 feet, but the bottoms of the oases are only from 100 to 200 feet above sea level. They are underlain by beds of sandstone, which are the sources of the water supply. Artesian wells 400 feet deep form practically inexhaustible means of irrigation and such deep wells have been used from ancient times. The depressions were once the beds of lakes, and the water in the sandstone probably has its sources in the Abyssinian highlands.

Amusing the Natives.

The marine recruit had just arrived in Haiti and the sergeant was giving him some instruction in outpost duty. As they walked over a high ridge, there were two sharp reports of a rifle and little clouds of dust spurted up that, to the recruit seemed uncomfortably close.

"What's that, sergeant?" asked the newcomer.

"Oh, only a couple of those spicks trying to bump us off," returned the sergeant, as he trudged calmly ahead. "They take pot shots at me every time I pass this spot."

"It's a bit dangerous, isn't it, sergeant?"

"Well, it might be dangerous," explained the non-com, "if those birds could come within twenty feet or so of hittin' a guy. But as long as they're such rotten shots, I figure they might as well amuse themselves that way, as not. It helps to keep them out of mischief."

GREAT IS CUPID

Few Escape Shafts of Small God of Love.

Affection Has Been Well Described as a Specific Ailment; Also a Form of Madness.

"Love is like measles," said a well-known novelist, "for nearly every one must go through it."

She might with equal truth have added: "And like measles, it is a disease, with its marked and distinguished symptoms with varying periods of incubation and often with serious consequences."

However sentimentalists may scoff, love is beyond doubt a specific disease—"a fever, a ferment in the blood"—a fact which has been recognized by writers of all ages, from Terence, who wrote, "In love, in delirium," to Mrs. E. B. Browning, who said, "We catch love and fevers in the vulgar way."

Its attack is sometimes instantaneous, remarks a London Tit-Bit writer. A truant curl, a sudden glance from a pair of merry eyes, the pout of pretty lips, a dimple that comes and goes, the sudden music of a voice—and for many a man the deed is done.

John Leech succumbed hopelessly at the sight of a pretty face in a London street; a dainty figure seen through his telescope was Garibaldi's immediate undoing, a sudden shower and a shared umbrella cost Walter Scott his heart.

Over most men the disease creeps insidiously, marked by varying but recognizable symptoms—"a foolish sequence of disordered sentimentalities." They have fits of moodiness and abstraction and a "brooding, hangdog look."

They become unsociable and irritable—now almost hysterical in their hilarity, now plunged in an abyss of gloom. Their appetite fails; they lose flesh.

In proximity to the loved one they often act in a manner distressing to themselves and idiotic to others. At a word they will flame scarlet and utter incoherencies or imbecilities. They will sit on their hats or put the sugar tongs in the milk jug.

Then, when at last the tortures of incubation are over and the disease is in full swing, the whole world is metamorphosed for them.

This is the stage of delirium, in which they see glorious visions and move among phantoms. For them there is only one woman in all the world. She is a queen, a goddess. Her faults are virtues, her virtues divine.

Her voice, though it be raucous as that of raven, is sweetest music; her face, her form, are the crown of female perfection. If they may not live for her, all the boon they crave of the gods is to be allowed to die for her.

This period of ecstasy may be long or short. Happy the man who soon emerges from it into sanity, for the other way disaster and tragedy lie.

It was in this mood that Haziitt glorified the "kitchen slavey" into a divinity and worshipped prostrate at her shrine, and it was in this mood that hundreds of men have closed great careers in tragedy, from Marc Antony to Boulanger, who shot himself on his adored one's grave.

But whatever the symptoms, love is, beyond all question, a disease and full of perils to its victim. It blinds his eyes, paralyzes his judgment. It is like anger, a madness, though, unfortunately, not always brief.

No Wonder Folks Laughed.

The sun was hiding somewhere. Anyway, it was nowhere to be seen. Little drops of rain splashed on the window panes.

Taking an umbrella from the rack in the hall, Saxton Daggles made his way downtown to the office.

"Is it my imagination or are people really turning round to look at me?" he muttered, as he crossed over one street and walked down another.

The rain was coming down a little faster now. People scurried away, seeking shelter in neighboring doorways.

"Well, it isn't my imagination," Daggles ejaculated to himself. "And people are looking at me!"

"Darn it!" exclaimed Saxton Daggles crossly, for he was stocking maker by his profession. "I'll find out why they're all looking at me."

And he asked, a laughing letter carrier.

"Is there anything about me that would make people turn and stare?" he asked.

"Well, there's something above you that might," returned the letter carrier.

Looking up quickly, Saxton Daggles saw that he had been carrying a cane raised in the air instead of his umbrella, the whole time and in all the pouring rain.

Looking down again he found it was quite wet.—Detroit News.

Canada's Mineral Production.

The value of Canada's mineral production for 1921 is officially estimated at $169,352,000. This is a considerable reduction from that of 1920, when the figures were $227,859,000. While in certain departments there was a falling off in production, due partially to business depression, still there is reason for the statement that the lower figures are due largely to the marked reduction in the price of minerals. Toward the end of the year the demand became more active; prices manifested a tendency to rise, and with the gradual absorption of surplus stocks a general improvement in business was noted.

Child Dies of Sleeping Sickness

Mary Elizabeth, the nine months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brady J. Boozer, died at their home in Laurens Friday morning after nearly two weeks' illness of sleeping sickness.

The little body was brought through the country and laid to rest in Ebenezer cemetery Saturday morning at 11:30, funeral services by Rev. G. F. Clarkson, assisted by Rev. W. R. Anderson of Laurens. The deceased was a little granddaughter of Mrs. Mary E. Boozer of the Johnston academy section.

A bud the Gardener gave us,
A pure and lovely child;
He gave it to our keeping,
To cherish undefiled.
But just as it was opening
To the glory of the day,
Down came the Heavenly Gardener,
And took the child away.

The little crib is empty now,
The little clothes laid by,
A mother's hope, a father's joy,
In death's cold arms doth lie.
Go, little pilgrim, to thy home
On yonder blissful shore,
We miss thee here, but soon will come
Where thou hast gone before.