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NO 33.

The Supreme Hour.

There comes an hour when all life's joys and pains
To our raised vision seem
But as the flickering phantom that remains
Of some dead midnight dream!
There comes an hour when earth recedes so far,
Its wasted, wavering ray
Wanes to the ghostly pallor of a star
Merged in the milky-way.
Set on the sharp, sheer summit that divides
Immortal truth from mortal mists;
We hear the meaning of time's fabled tides
In measureless distance die!
Past passions—loves, ambitions and despairs,
Across the expiring swell
Send thro' void space, like waifs of Lethian
Airs,
Vague visions of farewell.
Ah, then! from life's long-haunted dream we part—
Roused as a child new-born,
We feel the pulses of the eternal heart
Thro' thro' the eternal morn.
—Paul H. Hayne, in *Youth's Companion*.

GREED OF GOLD.

"Is this you, Gipsy?"
The slight girl turned her rosy face,
With a glad, involuntary cry
"Yes, it is I, Gipsy." Did you think
it was a different one?
But the girl's tongue tripped, and the rosy
bloom rose up to the ripples of
brown hair which shaded Veta Rane's
pretty forehead.
Cesare D'Arcel saw and understood,
and drew the dripping girl under her
umbrella with the proud independence
of possession. The satisfied and happy
look was far more becoming to his
splendid beauty than the usual sneer
and frown his perfidious features wore.
Of Italian parentage, his American
birth had done little toward reconciling
him to poverty in this land of great
probabilities.
He was music-teacher in the little
town of Oakborough, and Veta Rane,
an orphan girl, had been his sweetheart
from a child. The most careless ob-
server could read, as he ran, that Cesare
D'Arcel, this young man of singular
beauty, luxuriant and wavy hair, the son
of the richest man in town, was all
the world to her.
"I thought I should get home before
the shower came," laughed Veta, hap-
py in her arm, under the sheltering um-
brella. "You see what a wretched
guesser I am!" the raindrops sparkling
on the long eyelashes.
But already the cloud of discontent
had grown of Cesare's dark eyes. Veta
clustered on, as in a moment that his
mind was far away from her. Her mo-
bile face became shadowed, her silvery
tongue stilled, as they walked rapidly
down the green country road in the peal-
ing summer rain.
"Has Doctor D'Arcel's funeral
yet taken place, Cesare?" she asked, at
length.
"Yes, and the will read."
"I am glad," she said, quickly.
"I am glad," she said, quickly.
He answered, with a short, unsmiling
laugh.
She murmured a word of sympathy.
"Oh, I am not in the least disappointed.
Gipsy. The money was never any love
lost between my stepfather and my-
self."
"And Doctor D'Arcel's great
wealth is left to—"
"His son Ignace, of course. Fortu-
nately for the ducks, as he won't, make
ducks and drakes of them, as I would."
"He is a very fine young man, isn't
he?" ventured Veta, timidly; but Ce-
sare did not hear.
"There was no question of the inher-
itance of the Roses, etc., depended on
Ignace marrying Miss Wayne within a
year; otherwise the property reverted
to me. But that is nothing. Of course,
Ignace will marry Miss Wayne."
Gipsy's brown eyes dilated, but her
tongue hesitated to express her sur-
prise.
"Do you know her?"
"Miss Wayne? Yes."
"She is a good girl, isn't she?"
"She is an angel, and very beau-
tiful."
The brown eyes, raised with an in-
stant's penetration, sought the ground
again.
Cesare was too cool and careless to be
in love with Miss Wayne himself,
whomsoever might be. That was not
what called up his bone of discontent.
But in the hillside farmhouse, whose
comfort and amenities pleased him, he
found a temporary home. The sweetest
and most innocent girl in the world
loved him—was his slave. The great
youth and tender beauty, the dependant
nature and exquisitely feminine
traits of Veta Rane suited him
perfectly. Unlike him, she was not
ambitious, had no quarrel with fate,
since she might love and be loved, and
something of her happy content banished
his unrest that evening.
"You are necessary to me, Gipsy," he
said, snatching her suddenly to his
bosom. "I am never so good or happy
as when with you."
And with a woman's devotion, she
responded, in her utter happiness:
"And I will never fall you, Cesare. I
never can be anything but what I am,
you know."
Yet at that moment the future seemed
not bright, but vaguely ominous, to
both.
Cesare D'Arcel walked back to town
by moonlight. Leaving behind him at
last the long road of glittering vines and
dripping tree-boughs, he reached the
large, silent house and suit of rooms he
called home.
It had been years since the Roses had
been his home. He had been part of the
unhappiness which his handsome Italian
mother had caused there.
She hated her husband's son, and, in
return, Doctor D'Arcel hated hers.
A prudent and just man, he held the
most decided disapproval of his step-
son's hauteur, extravagance and selfish-
ness, and gave him no part in his plans
for the future.
His own boy was gentle, frank, gen-
erous, with self-possessed, deferential
manners, which made him ever master
of the situation; and for years before
Theresa died he had determined that
Ignace only should inherit the Roses.
She died, but actually died in a
fit of passion. Long before that the
doctor had planned another mistress for
the Roses.
Mabyn Wayne was the daughter of

his stepfather, connected, but not related
to him by blood. From a gentle and
pretty child, she had developed into a
good and beautiful woman. For six
years she had been abroad. Ignace had
not seen her since her fourteenth year,
when she was a schoolgirl, but he had
remembered her at the least
reference to his father's well-known
plan—that, at a suitable age, he should
marry Mabyn.
Her family acknowledged him, in
every respect, a suitable match for her,
and from time to time there came from
Mabyn herself some pleasant word
or token for her old playfellow. So no one
wondered at Doctor D'Arcel's will.
And now Mabyn was coming home.
Called to New York in the selection of a
musical instrument for a pupil, Cesare
D'Arcel accidentally met her in the very
hour of her landing. Transfixed by her
beauty, which was a wonder, there
arose within him such passionate jeal-
ousy of Ignace D'Arcel that a sudden
madness took possession of him.
Why should another man have the
prize possession of the Roses and
Mabyn Wayne, and he nothing of this
world's success?
Not that he loved her. Love for him-
self only devoured him. But he im-
agined himself, satisfied and exultant,
the master of the Roses, with this peer-
less woman his wife, and was utterly
possessed by the thought.
Mabyn had not heard of Doctor
D'Arcel's death, and was greatly
shocked.
"It is very, very much, indeed," said
Mabyn. "And Ignace—I suppose he is
in great affliction."
A faint blush tinged her cheek.
"Doubtless," replied Cesare, affably.
Something in his manner arrested
Mabyn's attention. She was looking at
him, attentively, when he added:
"I should have thought Ignace would
have accompanied me to New York, and
made an early call upon you. I mean-
ed to have gone to Redwood, and
hunting. Probably you will see him as
soon as he returns from the expedition."
A burning blush, succeeded by a
snowy paleness, betrayed to him her
secret.
"She remembers—hopes to love him,"
he said, under his breath, and added:
"She is offended."
He had deceived her in speaking the
truth.
It was upon barely speaking terms
with Ignace. At the time he had men-
tioned going to New York Ignace had
not known that Mabyn's arrival in that
city was so near. He was going hunt-
ing out of courtesy to guests staying for
a few days at the Roses, not that he was
inclined to the sports, or especially
fond of it at any time. The inference
that he had preferred a gunning ex-
pedition to meeting Mabyn Wayne was
an insult, and one which he would
have resented with spirit if aware that
it had ever been drawn.
But the mischief was done. A cer-
tain subtle sweetness had gone out of
Cesare's manner. He spent long
weeks after week after week, and his
orphan girl, who had been his sweet-
heart from a child, was now his
stepdaughter. He was now the son
of the richest man in town, was all
the world to her.
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the shower came," laughed Veta, hap-
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the Roses.
Mabyn Wayne was the daughter of

dined that day at Colonel Wayne's.
Mrs. Wayne was ever fond of him.
"You will come to the Roses and
visit me, though my father, not there,"
he said to her, but his eyes wandering
to Mabyn's face.
"We will come, yes, and try to cheer
you up, poor boy!" said the elder lady
affectionately.
And the colonel chimed in:
"Yes, yes! whenever you please,
Ignace, set the time."
But Mabyn never raised her beautiful
eyes.
Yet he knew she would come. She
could not refuse without singularity;
and under that roof, of which she would
so fittingly be the mistress, would he
find hope and gain courage to ask her to
be his.
He went away with a grave face—re-
turned to Oakborough, leaving Cesare
D'Arcel again master of the field; yet
Ignace never dreamed of being jealous
of him. He knew Ignace Cesare from a
child; knew his selfishness, his untruth,
Mabyn was so pure, so soft and fair.
There seemed no possibility of any gen-
erality between the two. He merely won-
dered how the latter could afford to stay
so long in town; then, dismissed all
thought of him, and rattled down to the
Roses, with a heartache which made
him numb and dull to all the rest of the
world but beautiful Mabyn Wayne.

"Who told you that lie?" demanded
Cesare, sullenly.
"Veta Rane," replied Ignace, mecha-
nically.
For Mabyn had lifted her eyes to his
face with a faint, grateful smile, and he
knew nothing else for a moment but
the sweetness of that gaze.
"Take care of your father's affairs with
a muttered curse of bits of despair, and
then turned and was lost in the winter
gloom.
Night found him in the farmhouse
garden before Veta Rane. So you spied
upon me! Who gave you the right, I
would like to know!" he sneered,
brutally.
"I have not watched you, and it was
true," she murmured, her hand upon
her heart.
He was mad with excitement and his
own bitter thoughts—may, he had been
mad with an evil scheme for months;
now he was simply raging.
"Take care of your father's affairs with
D'Arcel! You reck not what those bit-
ter words are doing to that tender
girl who stands so helpless before you."
First she recoiled a little away from him.
All her thoughts were with his bitter
taunts and reproaches.
"Oh, man! she loved you, and your
lightest displeasure ever struck cold to
her heart!
"I was not suddenly, for she had sunk
down and lay still at his feet.
"Poor child! She never knew how his
yet madder cry of remorse rang on the
night air, when he turned your still face
to the moonlight, kissed your unbreath-
ing lips and found you dead of heart dis-
ease."
So he was not all bad? No! Fear ere.
He was only one of many who curse
their lives, and that of others, with
greed of gold.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Autumn and Winter Bonnets.

Opening-day at the fashionable mil-
linery houses shows the small bonnets,
and also many that are a trifle larger,
with the front raised slightly from the
crown, and the crown with a lining
of plush, which extends to the back of
the brim. Other bonnets go to the ex-
treme of size, and are genuine poke
shades; but these are commended by
several milliners only to very young
ladies, with a few small and round
faces. Elderly faces and those with
large features have their peculiarities
exaggerated by these large bonnets.
The medium-sized bonnets with hand-
made brims promise to be the
most popular. They are worn back on
the crown of the head, resting on the
low braids of the coilure, and they
show the smoothly parted front hair to
the advantage. All crown braids
with a few small and round faces, or
puffs are objectionable with these
bonnets, as they give too much height,
and also add to the breadth. Fat,
broad, or slightly rounded crowns are
on the more youthful-looking bonnets,
and smooth plush, or in shaded plush,
for older ladies; but the latter are made
shapely by the graceful trimmings of
plush that drape the space between brim
and crown, or else by soft bands of
feathers, or a certain band below the
crown may be trimmed with some flat
ornaments, or a row of large faceted
beads, but is most often left quite plain,
and all rests an open space between the
side trimmings that extend below and
fall on the coilure.
Combinations of materials are as un-
usual in bonnets as in dresses. Plush
is more used than any other fabric, but
even this favorite material will not
serve for the entire bonnet, and is lighted
up by the addition of some other ma-
terial, or is combined with beaver, or
perhaps with its kindred fabric, velvet, which
loses all resemblance to it when placed
beside it. There are also rough plushes
and smooth plushes that differ greatly
as to the fur fibers and the gloss of
smooth beavers. In combining ma-
terials the only rule is that one color
must be preserved, though various
shades of that color may be used; the
contrast in color and in the trimmings,
the novelty of the season is the
striped plush, which has the pile in-
dented to form ridges, and sometimes a
line of gilt is between each plush stripe;
this especially in white, white
and red plush. The striped plush
used for crowns when the brim is
smooth plush, or vice versa; it is also
very becoming for lining brims, and is
used for binding the edges of brims, and
also of strings of satin ribbons of these
last (blacksmiths) between 300 and 400.

There's a legend old of the midnight watch
That at sound of the midnight bell,
A voice rung out through the silent town
And the cry was "All is well!"
"All is well!"
Oh, friend, when thy midnight hour shall
come,
With the sound of the passing knell,
May a voice ring out to thy weary heart
And the cry be: "All is well!"
"All is well!"
—W. T. Peters, in *Scribner*.

A Wish.
Stirring times—Morning hours.
A high-toned affair—A life.
In the center of the earth—
The rag-sorter does a ripping busi-
ness.
Charity covers a multitude of sins in
China.—*New Orleans Picayune*.
The Elmira Advertiser says that poets
no longer die young. They live to grow
up with the country.
It was a young housekeeper who set
the cake she had baked for a party out
of doors one cold night to be frosted.
No matter what it is you have to do,
always take your time. Never look for
a medicine in a haste act.—*Satesman*.
A confined prisoner is apt to be an
incurable; and the more he is confined,
considering the many bars to his pleas-
ures.—*Marathon Independent*.
"Is your house a warm one, land-
lord?" asked a lady in search of a dwell-
ing. "It ought to be; the painter has
just given it two coats," was the reply.
A leading newspaper estimates that
each female hourly will lay 30,000 eggs
in a season, the *Church Union* thinks "it
a pity a fly couldn't be grafted on a hen."
Said Jones—"Smith won't have so
soft a thing as he has had." "I don't
know," replied Robinson, "he'll have a
soft thing so long as he don't lose his
head."
"Are we extravagant?" asks a Boston
paper. "If you pay five cents for a
cigar when you can buy one, you are,"
says the economist of the *Norristown
Herald*.
"Everything good in man leans upon
something higher." So does everything
bad in him; for that matter, as witness
his reliance on a lamp-post when his
legs prove faithless.—*Boston Courier*.
Jones is small; his wife is tall.
But both are full of grit.
Says he to his wife, "You're no man!"
Says she: "You dress too little!"
—*Philadelphia Item*.
It was a man of considerable means
who said, when thrown from his horse,
that although not in a very comfortable
position, yet he considered himself
pretty well off.
A young lady ate half a wedding cake,
and then tried to dream of her future
husband. Now she says she would
rather die than marry the man that she
saw in that dream.
Don't speak at once, girls. His
secret is his strength. (Herbert's) Bacon
Adolph Bernhard Franz Ferdinand
August Von Saynevittstein Holan-
stein is looking for a wife.
A German life insurance company,
called Der Lebensversicherungsgesell-
schaft, has been organized in New York.
The motto of the mails "You've never
got all of its letters."—*Andrew's Queen*.
Women have cheek enough to wear
men's hats on their heads, but there is
one thing they dare not do: Not one of
them dare remove her hat in public and
just off the bald spot.—*Detroit Free
Press*.
Cruelty to any living creature shows
a bad heart. The boy who delights in
tormenting a wasp with a pin will surely
come to some bad end if the wasp has
a fair show in its business movements.—
Picayune.
A young lady was speaking to a friend
who had called upon her regarding a
trait characteristic of her mother, who
always had a good word to say to every-
one: "Why, I said she," I believe if
Satan were under discussion, mother
would have good word to say for him."
The trait of the mother, indeed, and was
informed what the daughter's superior
witron upon she quietly said: "Well,
my dear, I think we might all imitate
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HUMOROUS.

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The Skin.

The skin is wonderful beyond concep-
tion in the multiplicity of its parts, and
in its diverse offices and relations. Mil-
lions of nerves connect it with the brain.
Thousands of arteries bring to it nour-
ishment, and almost as many veins bear
away the waste. Millions of ducts
empty out the perspiration upon it. In-
numerable glands anoint it with a lub-
ricating oil, and other little scales
constantly thrown from its surface.
So intimate and powerful is its con-
nection with the nervous centers, that
a kind of emotions instantly blanches
the face, or causes other facial expres-
sions, or burning blush, or even constricts
its vessels, the other dilating them.
The skin has its peculiar diseases, but
many of its ailments come from its readi-
ness to help other organs which are dis-
eased, and its tendency to catch all others
in this "vicarious" power.
The skin is double. The outer—epi-
dermis—protects the nerves and vessels
of the inner from rude contact with, and
from the absorption of poisonous or
harmful substances. The inner—dermis—
has to break through the epidermis.
So, too, when this is sound, it is safer to
handle morbid matter; but to do so with
the slightest scratch, or chafe, is some-
times to incur death in its most frightful
form.
Warmth applied to the surface dilates
the blood vessels of the skin, and cold
contracts them. Hence, a warm bath
soothes and refreshes, by drawing the
blood to the surface, and relieving the
pain by drawing away the blood. A
counter-irritant acts on essentially the
same principle.
Cold applied to the surface for a brief
time contracts the vessels, and causes
the blood back, which then returns with
accumulated force, producing a healthful
glow. If the vitality is low, this re-
action does not take place, and the cold
only lingers.
Generally only the purest soap (castile)
should be used in washing the hands, as
the alkali of most soaps tends to destroy
the epidermis.
No bathing of the whole body should
be longer than a few minutes, else
the good effect of it is lost, even if
no harm is done. Sea bathing is
additionally beneficial from the stimu-
lating effect of its salts.—*Youth's Compan-
ion*.

Keep Ahead.

One of the grand secrets of success in
life is to keep ahead in all ways possible.
If you once fall behind, it may be very
difficult to make up the headway which
is lost. One who begins with putting
aside some part of his earnings, how-
ever small, and keeps it up for a num-
ber of years, is likely to become rich be-
fore he dies. One who inherits prop-
erty, and goes on year by year spending
a little more than his income, will be-
come poor if he lives long enough.
Living beyond their means has brought
multitudes of persons to ruin in our
generation. It is the cause of nine-
tenths of all the defalcations which
have disgraced the age. Bankers and
business men in general do not often
help themselves to other people's money
until their own funds begin to fail off,
and their expenditures exceed their re-
ceipts. A man who is in debt walks in
the midst of perils. It cannot but im-
pair a man's self-respect to know that
he is living at the expense of others. It
is also very desirable that we should
keep somewhat ahead in our work.
This may not be possible in all cases;
as, for instance, when a man's work is
assigned to certain fixed hours, or that
he is living at the expense of others. But
there are certain classes of people who can
choose their time for the work which
they are called to do, and amongst them
there are some who invariably put off
the task assigned them as long as possi-
ble, and then come to its performance
buried, perplexed, anxious, and wearied
in such a state of mind as certainly un-
fits them for doing their best work.
Get ahead and keep ahead, and your
success is tolerably sure.

Various Ways of Cooking Rice.

Rice dishes of Italy. The rice dishes
of Italy are popular and delicious, so
unlike our own well-known ones that we
urge a trial of their excellence upon our
readers. Chief among them rank the
risotto of Milan, and the cream of rice
and chicken. The risotto is made by
parboiling well-washed rice in boiling
water for five minutes, draining and
drying it on a cloth, frying it light
brown with a little chopped onion, and
then adding the sauce. The risotto is
in enough highly-seasoned broth to
well cover it; it has to be watched
closely, and the saucepan shaken as the
rice absorbs the broth, so that it shall
not be too dry. The risotto is done in a
battered mold with shreds of cold
chicken, tongue or ham, well shaken
down, dusted with grated cheese and
browned in the oven. Slices of mush-
room or a little tomato sauce are used
as garnish. The cream of rice and
chicken. The risotto is made by boil-
ing the rice in water for five minutes
in chicken broth until soft enough to rub
through a fine sieve; the paste thus
obtained is mixed with a little milk,
seasoned with salt, pepper and nutmeg,
to the consistency of thick cream; it is
one of the most delicious and nutritive
of all soups. Risotto is prepared with
the addition of the most delicate ingredi-
ents of the north, such as mushrooms,
truffles, and other delicacies. It is
twisted without breaking the skin, in
pieces and fried brown; the rice is
washed, boiled for five minutes in boil-
ing water, drained and dried, and then
fried in butter with a chopped onion;
last of all these ingredients are
stewed in highly-seasoned broth
until the rice is tender and has absorbed
all the broth, enough being used to well
cover it. It is set to stew.
Spanish rice dishes. Rice dishes
of Spain are more highly flavored with
garlic than those of Italy, but the native
palette calls for abundance of this in-
gredient. The rice is washed, boiled
for five minutes in boiling water, and
then fried in butter with a chopped on-
ion; last of all these ingredients are
being substituted for the onion, then
two large, ripe tomatoes, a spoonful of
grated cheese, and plenty of Spanish
red pepper, or pimiento, is added, and
the mixture is simmered till tender in a
little broth, enough being used to well
cover it. It is set to stew.
A few words more of explanation, and
she was gone.
"Mr. D'Arcel, you will understand
me. You are very unhappy because
you love some one; and so am I."
Ignace started.
"Can I serve you?" he asked, at last.
"No; but perhaps I can serve you.
Cesare D'Arcel has been devoting him-
self all winter to Miss Wayne, and
that is the reason she has become estran-
ged from you. I know that, and I know
this; but I do know it. And they are
all at Hamilton now—at the Post House.
I wish you would go there at once, and
see if what I have told you is not true."
A few words more of explanation, and
she was gone.
"Mr. D'Arcel, you will understand
me. You are very unhappy because
you love some one; and so am I."
Ignace started.
"Can I serve you?" he asked, at last.
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all at Hamilton now—at the Post House.
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see if what I have told you is not true."
A few words more of explanation, and
she was gone.

News and Notes for Women.

Buttonhole bouquets support two
thousand girl sellers in the streets of
London.
Women physicians are to be admitted
as members of the Massachusetts medi-
cal society.
Miss Marian Wright, a young lady of
Boston, not yet quite twenty, had pic-
tures this year in the Paris salon.
A blind woman at Sioux City, Iowa,
sells a needle and thread between her
feet, and with a dexterous movement
of the tongue passes the thread through
the eye.
French ladies are now amusing them-
selves by shooting frogs with a steel
crossbow. A sliver cork fastened to
the arrow, and the creck of the bow
serves for the retainer.
Four young women have entered the
freshman class of Colby university, in
Maine—three in the regular course and
one in a special course. This makes the
total number of female students ten in
the regular course and two in special
courses.
The last English census shows that
nearly 37,000 women are employed in
England in the metal trade, ranging
all the way from pin, needle, watch,
jewel and gun makers to anchor makers
and blacksmiths. The number of these
last (blacksmiths) between 300 and 400.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Opening-day at the fashionable mil-
linery houses shows the small bonnets,
and also many that are a trifle larger,
with the front raised slightly from the
crown, and the crown with a lining
of plush, which extends to the back of
the brim. Other bonnets go to the ex-
treme of size, and are genuine poke
shades; but these are commended by
several milliners only to very young
ladies, with a few small and round
faces. Elderly faces and those with
large features have their peculiarities
exaggerated by these large bonnets.
The medium-sized bonnets with hand-
made brims promise to be the
most popular. They are worn back on
the crown of the head, resting on the
low braids of the coilure, and they
show the smoothly parted front hair to
the advantage. All crown braids
with a few small and round faces, or
puffs are objectionable with these
bonnets, as they give too much height,
and also add to the breadth. Fat,
broad, or slightly rounded crowns are
on the more youthful-looking bonnets,
and smooth plush, or in shaded plush,
for older ladies; but the latter are made
shapely by the graceful trimmings of
plush that drape the space between brim
and crown, or else by soft bands of
feathers, or a certain band below the
crown may be trimmed with some flat
ornaments, or a row of large faceted
beads, but is most often left quite plain,
and all rests an open space between the
side trimmings that extend below and
fall on the coilure.
Combinations of materials are as un-
usual in bonnets as in dresses. Plush
is more used than any other fabric, but
even this favorite material will not
serve for the entire bonnet, and is lighted
up by the addition of some other ma-
terial, or is combined with beaver, or
perhaps with its kindred fabric, velvet, which
loses all resemblance to it when placed
beside it. There are also rough plushes
and smooth plushes that differ greatly
as to the fur fibers and the gloss of
smooth beavers. In combining ma-
terials the only rule is that one color
must be preserved, though various
shades of that color may be used; the
contrast in color and in the trimmings,
the novelty of the season is the
striped plush, which has the pile in-
dented to form ridges, and sometimes a
line of gilt is between each plush stripe;
this especially in white, white
and red plush. The striped plush
used for crowns when the brim is
smooth plush, or vice versa; it is also
very becoming for lining brims, and is
used for binding the edges of brims, and
also of strings of satin ribbons of these
last (blacksmiths) between 300 and 400.

The Skin.

The skin is wonderful beyond concep-
tion in the multiplicity of its parts, and
in its diverse offices and relations. Mil-
lions of nerves connect it with the brain.
Thousands of arteries bring to it nour-
ishment, and almost as many veins bear
away the waste. Millions of ducts
empty out the perspiration upon it. In-
numerable glands anoint it with a lub-
ricating oil, and other little scales
constantly thrown from its surface.
So intimate and powerful is its con-
nection with the nervous centers, that
a kind of emotions instantly blanches
the face, or causes other facial expres-
sions, or burning blush, or even constricts
its vessels, the other dilating them.
The skin has its peculiar diseases, but
many of its ailments come from its readi-
ness to help other organs which are dis-
eased, and its tendency to catch all others
in this "vicarious" power.
The skin is double. The outer—epi-
dermis—protects the nerves and vessels
of the inner from rude contact with, and
from the absorption of poisonous or
harmful substances. The inner—dermis—
has to break through the epidermis.
So, too, when this is sound, it is safer to
handle morbid matter; but to do so with
the slightest scratch, or chafe, is some-
times to incur death in its most frightful
form.
Warmth applied to the surface dilates
the blood vessels of the skin, and cold
contracts them. Hence, a warm bath
soothes and refreshes, by drawing the
blood to the surface, and relieving the
pain by drawing away the blood. A
counter-irritant acts on essentially the
same principle.
Cold applied to the surface for a brief
time contracts the vessels, and causes
the blood back, which then returns with
accumulated force, producing a healthful
glow. If the vitality is low, this re-
action does not take place, and the cold
only lingers.
Generally only the purest soap (castile)
should be used in washing the hands, as
the alkali of most soaps tends to destroy
the epidermis.
No bathing of the whole body should
be longer than a few minutes, else
the good effect of it is lost, even if
no harm is done. Sea bathing is
additionally beneficial from