

# Democratic Watchman

Friday Morning, October 11, 1889.

## AS AUTUMN COMES.

With shy brown eyes she comes again,  
With hair a sunny, silken skein,  
As full of light as golden rod;  
Love in her voice, love in her nod,  
She trembles so softly no one knows  
The time she comes, the time she goes.

The grass is brown, the leaves begin  
Their gold and crimson dyes to win,  
Each cricket sings as loud as ten  
To drown the noisy locust when  
You come, O maid, to bid us cry  
To summer's sweet a long good-bye.

And when you go the leaves are gone;  
The aster's farewell scent is blown;  
Poor Cupid puts away his wings,  
And close to cozy corners cling;  
The ruddy winds whisper, with a shout,  
The winter is, the autumn out.

There's sadness in her shy brown eyes,  
Though gay her gown with tawny dyes;  
Love's in her voice—but telling most  
Of one who's loved, but loved and lost,  
She trembles so softly no one knows  
The time she comes, the time she goes.  
—Boston Journal.

## A COMMERCIAL VENTURE.

It was a sharp October evening, the street lamps were struggling faintly through a haze of yellow fog—the dead aillanthus blossoms rattled overhead as if the tree in front of Mrs. Medlaw's red brick house had blossomed full of little rattle boxes.

And Mrs. Medlaw had just sat down to her evening reflection of toast and tea when Polly, the little maid, whom she always wore green checked gingham and carpet slippers, came shuffling in.

"Please, ma'am, there's two young ladies down in the parlor as says you're their aunt."

"Oh, bother!" said Mrs. Medlaw in a sort of soliloquy, "it's Edna and Ella. I knew they'd come on me when their father died. As if I hadn't anything else to do but support a swarm of lazy relations. Why didn't you say I wasn't at home, Polly?"

"I would, ma'am, if I'd a-supposed there was any relations of yours, afore I'd let 'em in," said unconscious Polly.

"But they was dressed so nice and looked so chippier I thought, of course, they was real ladies!"

"And just as the tea was boiling, too," said Mrs. Medlaw. "Oh, dear me, what a world this is!"

Edna and Ella Carr were sitting, pale and black robed, in the mouldy smelling little parlor, when their aunt came in. They were pretty girls, with delicate, wax-white complexions, hair so dark that it gave the impression of being black, and great, blue-gray eyes.

"Well, girls," said Mrs. Medlaw rather ungraciously, "so you've come here?"

"We had nowhere else to go, aunt," said Edna, meekly.

"Humph!" grunted the old lady. "Take off your things. I suppose you calculate to stay all night? Well and what are you going to work at?"

"We don't know, aunt," said Ella, trying hard not to cry.

"Well, ain't it high time you had?" said Mrs. Medlaw. "Folks can't live on air. And two great, grown-up girls like you ought to be doing something to earn their salt. There's always plenty of work for willing hands. I've had to foreclose a mortgage on a little fancy store. I want to put some one in it to sell out the stock. I'll give you a fair commission on what you sell. Come, what do you say to that?"

"I am willing to try," said Ella.

"Heaven knows I am anxious enough to earn my own living."

"And I, too," said Edna. "We know nothing about a business."

"But you can learn, I suppose," said Aunt Medlaw.

"But we can learn," said Edna, hopefully.

In less than a week the little thread and needle store around the corner, which had presented a grim and shattered front for some days, was reopened, and two pretty girls dressed in black, were posted behind the counter.

Mrs. Mopson sent her two little boys to match a skein of green worsted, and inquire for new patterns of lady's frocks.

The widow Hope purchased a little hosiery and three cheap pocket handkerchiefs. A small girl came to ask the time of day, an old man bought a pair of suspenders, all within an hour—and Edna and Ella began to think they might, in time, develop into commercial characters of note.

To be sure business waxed rather dull toward the end of the day, but just at dusk a tall, nice looking young man came in to buy a card of pearl shirt buttons.

Ella took down a box, and they were quite a long time in selecting the prettiest pattern and the most appropriate.

"I forgot one thing," said the young man after he had contracted for an eighteen cent investment. "I must have them sewed on. Could you do it?"

"I'll try," said Ella, laughing, "if you'll bring the shirts around."

So the young man brought the shirts and sat down to wait. Ella's needle flew deftly in and out. He was in a hurry, he told her. He was foreman in the printing office of a great daily paper, and worked at night, when the rest of the world was asleep, like a bat or an owl.

gray eyes or prettier hair. "Shall we go back?"

"To-morrow is time enough," said Mrs. Martigny.

On the morrow she came back. "Didn't the ribbon suit?" asked Edna.

"Oh, yes, the ribbon was all right, but there's something else I want."

"What is that?" asked Edna innocently.

"A companion to read to me, take care of my canaries, and play drowsy old tunes on the piano when I feel sleepy. I give \$500 a year, Saturday afternoon and board. Will you come?"

Edna looked at her sister. Five hundred a year seemed a great sum for the girl who had never yet earned five for herself. "Yes, go, Edna," said Ella.

"I can manage the store by myself easily enough. And," in a whisper, "I've taken a contract to make a dozen new shirts for Mr. Lessner, he to find the material."

"Who is Mr. Lessner?"

"Oh, the printer. I can do it at odd minutes, when there is no one in the store."

At the end of the month Edna came to report to her sister.

"Well, Edna, how do you like it?" asked Ella.

"Oh, so much! Mrs. Martigny is queer, but she is kind. And—and—Mr. Oswald Grey, her nephew; is very polite."

"Is he?"

"Yes," said Edna, fingering at a box of hooks and eyes; "I like him ever so much, and he likes me. To tell the truth, Ella—"

"I see," said Ella, putting her arms around her sister; "the wants you to be his companion for life, eh, Edna?"

"How did you know?" faltered dimpled Edna.

"O, I'm not quite a fool," said Ella. "But now I've got something to tell you. I finished Mr. Lessner's shirts, and they fitted him perfectly. He says I'm the only woman he ever knew who fitted him with shirts on the first trial. He has saved up a little property, and he wants to invest it somewhere, and Aunt Medlaw wants to sell out this store. So he's going to buy it and I'm going to keep it on condition that I marry him."

"O, Ella!"

"Not such a very hard condition either," said Ella, "because he's very handsome, and very pleasant, and I like him very much; in fact, I believe I'm in love with him. There, now it's all out. And I do believe, Edna, we've the two happiest girls in the world, and all through Aunt Medlaw's thread and needle store."

"Well, well," grumbled Mrs. Medlaw, "so the girls are gone, and I'm all by myself again. It is rather lonesome. They were nice girls—but the young men found it out as well as me. Young men always do find such things out."

## The Case of the Farmer.

How the Tariff Takes Money Out of His Pocket.

At a recent meeting of the State Grange at Williams' Grove, Pa., Gerald C. Brown, a practical farmer, put the case of the farmer plainly and practically on the tariff in these words:

"I am convinced that on one subject there is much misrepresentation and much prevalent prejudice. We Pennsylvania farmers are resolute in refusing to other classes of citizens the right to compel us to pay their taxes under any pretext whatever. How can we acquiesce in the kindred proposition that we shall be forced to pay a bounty to other classes of citizens to enable them to reap an assured profit at our expense on their business?"

"The theory that the farmer is more than reimbursed for the extra cost of supplies by the home market created for him through its operation, is so completely rebutted by the facts that argument to its falsity is unnecessary. In spite of protection farm production has so immensely outgrown the home market that prices are lower than this generation has seen—on the whole, and foreign cost of production. From the foreign market, which invites us, and which would afford an immense relief, we are barred by a restrictive tariff which cripples commercial exchanges. The plea that the tariff also covers and protects the products of the farm is ridiculous and purposely misleading."

"The wool tariff may yield a profit to the herder of the far West on the government lands, but in the enhanced price of clothing alone it takes from the average sheep farmer of the East more than it returns to him."

At the end of the month Edna came to report to her sister.

"Well, Edna, how do you like it?" asked Ella.

"Oh, so much! Mrs. Martigny is queer, but she is kind. And—and—Mr. Oswald Grey, her nephew; is very polite."

"Is he?"

"Yes," said Edna, fingering at a box of hooks and eyes; "I like him ever so much, and he likes me. To tell the truth, Ella—"

"I see," said Ella, putting her arms around her sister; "the wants you to be his companion for life, eh, Edna?"

"How did you know?" faltered dimpled Edna.

"O, I'm not quite a fool," said Ella. "But now I've got something to tell you. I finished Mr. Lessner's shirts, and they fitted him perfectly. He says I'm the only woman he ever knew who fitted him with shirts on the first trial. He has saved up a little property, and he wants to invest it somewhere, and Aunt Medlaw wants to sell out this store. So he's going to buy it and I'm going to keep it on condition that I marry him."

"O, Ella!"

"Not such a very hard condition either," said Ella, "because he's very handsome, and very pleasant, and I like him very much; in fact, I believe I'm in love with him. There, now it's all out. And I do believe, Edna, we've the two happiest girls in the world, and all through Aunt Medlaw's thread and needle store."

"Well, well," grumbled Mrs. Medlaw, "so the girls are gone, and I'm all by myself again. It is rather lonesome. They were nice girls—but the young men found it out as well as me. Young men always do find such things out."

At the end of the month Edna came to report to her sister.

"Well, Edna, how do you like it?" asked Ella.

"Oh, so much! Mrs. Martigny is queer, but she is kind. And—and—Mr. Oswald Grey, her nephew; is very polite."

"Is he?"

"Yes," said Edna, fingering at a box of hooks and eyes; "I like him ever so much, and he likes me. To tell the truth, Ella—"

"I see," said Ella, putting her arms around her sister; "the wants you to be his companion for life, eh, Edna?"

"How did you know?" faltered dimpled Edna.

"O, I'm not quite a fool," said Ella. "But now I've got something to tell you. I finished Mr. Lessner's shirts, and they fitted him perfectly. He says I'm the only woman he ever knew who fitted him with shirts on the first trial. He has saved up a little property, and he wants to invest it somewhere, and Aunt Medlaw wants to sell out this store. So he's going to buy it and I'm going to keep it on condition that I marry him."

"O, Ella!"

"Not such a very hard condition either," said Ella, "because he's very handsome, and very pleasant, and I like him very much; in fact, I believe I'm in love with him. There, now it's all out. And I do believe, Edna, we've the two happiest girls in the world, and all through Aunt Medlaw's thread and needle store."

"Well, well," grumbled Mrs. Medlaw, "so the girls are gone, and I'm all by myself again. It is rather lonesome. They were nice girls—but the young men found it out as well as me. Young men always do find such things out."

At the end of the month Edna came to report to her sister.

"Well, Edna, how do you like it?" asked Ella.

"Oh, so much! Mrs. Martigny is queer, but she is kind. And—and—Mr. Oswald Grey, her nephew; is very polite."

"Is he?"

"Yes," said Edna, fingering at a box of hooks and eyes; "I like him ever so much, and he likes me. To tell the truth, Ella—"

## The Case of the Farmer.

How the Tariff Takes Money Out of His Pocket.

At a recent meeting of the State Grange at Williams' Grove, Pa., Gerald C. Brown, a practical farmer, put the case of the farmer plainly and practically on the tariff in these words:

"I am convinced that on one subject there is much misrepresentation and much prevalent prejudice. We Pennsylvania farmers are resolute in refusing to other classes of citizens the right to compel us to pay their taxes under any pretext whatever. How can we acquiesce in the kindred proposition that we shall be forced to pay a bounty to other classes of citizens to enable them to reap an assured profit at our expense on their business?"

"The theory that the farmer is more than reimbursed for the extra cost of supplies by the home market created for him through its operation, is so completely rebutted by the facts that argument to its falsity is unnecessary. In spite of protection farm production has so immensely outgrown the home market that prices are lower than this generation has seen—on the whole, and foreign cost of production. From the foreign market, which invites us, and which would afford an immense relief, we are barred by a restrictive tariff which cripples commercial exchanges. The plea that the tariff also covers and protects the products of the farm is ridiculous and purposely misleading."

"The wool tariff may yield a profit to the herder of the far West on the government lands, but in the enhanced price of clothing alone it takes from the average sheep farmer of the East more than it returns to him."

At the end of the month Edna came to report to her sister.

"Well, Edna, how do you like it?" asked Ella.

"Oh, so much! Mrs. Martigny is queer, but she is kind. And—and—Mr. Oswald Grey, her nephew; is very polite."

"Is he?"

"Yes," said Edna, fingering at a box of hooks and eyes; "I like him ever so much, and he likes me. To tell the truth, Ella—"

"I see," said Ella, putting her arms around her sister; "the wants you to be his companion for life, eh, Edna?"

"How did you know?" faltered dimpled Edna.

"O, I'm not quite a fool," said Ella. "But now I've got something to tell you. I finished Mr. Lessner's shirts, and they fitted him perfectly. He says I'm the only woman he ever knew who fitted him with shirts on the first trial. He has saved up a little property, and he wants to invest it somewhere, and Aunt Medlaw wants to sell out this store. So he's going to buy it and I'm going to keep it on condition that I marry him."

"O, Ella!"

"Not such a very hard condition either," said Ella, "because he's very handsome, and very pleasant, and I like him very much; in fact, I believe I'm in love with him. There, now it's all out. And I do believe, Edna, we've the two happiest girls in the world, and all through Aunt Medlaw's thread and needle store."

"Well, well," grumbled Mrs. Medlaw, "so the girls are gone, and I'm all by myself again. It is rather lonesome. They were nice girls—but the young men found it out as well as me. Young men always do find such things out."

At the end of the month Edna came to report to her sister.

"Well, Edna, how do you like it?" asked Ella.

"Oh, so much! Mrs. Martigny is queer, but she is kind. And—and—Mr. Oswald Grey, her nephew; is very polite."

"Is he?"

"Yes," said Edna, fingering at a box of hooks and eyes; "I like him ever so much, and he likes me. To tell the truth, Ella—"

"I see," said Ella, putting her arms around her sister; "the wants you to be his companion for life, eh, Edna?"

"How did you know?" faltered dimpled Edna.

"O, I'm not quite a fool," said Ella. "But now I've got something to tell you. I finished Mr. Lessner's shirts, and they fitted him perfectly. He says I'm the only woman he ever knew who fitted him with shirts on the first trial. He has saved up a little property, and he wants to invest it somewhere, and Aunt Medlaw wants to sell out this store. So he's going to buy it and I'm going to keep it on condition that I marry him."

"O, Ella!"

"Not such a very hard condition either," said Ella, "because he's very handsome, and very pleasant, and I like him very much; in fact, I believe I'm in love with him. There, now it's all out. And I do believe, Edna, we've the two happiest girls in the world, and all through Aunt Medlaw's thread and needle store."

"Well, well," grumbled Mrs. Medlaw, "so the girls are gone, and I'm all by myself again. It is rather lonesome. They were nice girls—but the young men found it out as well as me. Young men always do find such things out."

At the end of the month Edna came to report to her sister.

"Well, Edna, how do you like it?" asked Ella.

"Oh, so much! Mrs. Martigny is queer, but she is kind. And—and—Mr. Oswald Grey, her nephew; is very polite."

"Is he?"

"Yes," said Edna, fingering at a box of hooks and eyes; "I like him ever so much, and he likes me. To tell the truth, Ella—"

## Making Cider Vinegar.

Timely Suggestions Based On Experience and Observation.

Many of our large orchardists use the entire product of their orchards, that is not desirable as fruit, in making vinegar. The agricultural editor of the *New York World* tells how this is done. As soon as enough apples have fallen to furnish a supply, these are ground up in any kind of a cider mill and the juice may be pressed out at once and be left to ferment or sour, but it is better to keep the pomace in open vats or casks until it has thoroughly fermented, when the juice will be more easily and completely separated from the pomace than if pressed at the time of grinding. After the pressing is over the sour liquid is put into open casks to settle and is afterwards racked off into barrels not quite full, leaving the sediment in the bottom of the casks. To get the benefit of the warm fall weather these barrels should stand out at once and be covered with loose boards to protect the cooperage. On the advent of cold weather the barrels ought to be removed into the vinegar house, where there should be a stove or some good arrangement for warming the house that will keep up a mild and even temperature through the winter. Many who have no such convenience put the barrels into the cellars to prevent freezing and bring them up again in the spring; but when the liquid can be kept above ground and in a warm dry atmosphere the souring process goes on much better. Experience has shown that keeping the liquid in packages of barrel size will secure the desired acidity sooner and better than when stored in large tanks. Throughout the whole process, until the vinegar is made and no greater acidity is desired, the barrels should remain unbunged, with a small piece of netting over the bunghole to keep out insects. The barrels should be iron hooped and kept well painted.

Some dilution is often needed in the manufacture, as where there is an excess of saccharine matter in the juice, it will be too slow in turning to the acid condition without a proper addition of water. All the varieties of summer, fall and winter apples may be used together indiscriminately in making vinegar. During the process the chemical changes eliminate from the juice everything that would identify it as the product of any particular variety.

Making vinegar by the natural process will require at least one year, but will continue to grow stronger and better the longer it is kept. In the first stage of the making the acid in the juice is turned by fermentation into alcohol and carbonic acid. The acid, being a gas, bubbles to the surface and escapes, while the alcohol is retained. The richer the juice is in the sugar the more alcohol it will contain after fermentation. To make vinegar the alcohol is changed by oxidation into acetic acid, and when this is accomplished the vinegar is made. But when alcohol exists in liquids in large proportions it will hinder or entirely prevent its own change into acetic acid. Thus when a small amount of water is added to whisky it simply weakens the proof, while if the amount is large the whole will turn to vinegar.

So apple juice too rich in sugar may remain after fermentation in the condition of hard cider for years, unless it is diluted with water, for the reason that it contains too much alcohol for a speedy change. Making vinegar may be hastened by running it slowly in a small stream from one barrel to another a few feet apart, exposing it more fully in its divided form to the action of the atmosphere, or by trickling it down through beach chips or shavings or corn cobs saturated with old vinegar, or by the addition of a gallon or so of strong vinegar to each barrel of cider.

At the end of the month Edna came to report to her sister.

"Well, Edna, how do you like it?" asked Ella.

"Oh, so much! Mrs. Martigny is queer, but she is kind. And—and—Mr. Oswald Grey, her nephew; is very polite."

"Is he?"

"Yes," said Edna, fingering at a box of hooks and eyes; "I like him ever so much, and he likes me. To tell the truth, Ella—"

"I see," said Ella, putting her arms around her sister; "the wants you to be his companion for life, eh, Edna?"

"How did you know?" faltered dimpled Edna.

"O, I'm not quite a fool," said Ella. "But now I've got something to tell you. I finished Mr. Lessner's shirts, and they fitted him perfectly. He says I'm the only woman he ever knew who fitted him with shirts on the first trial. He has saved up a little property, and he wants to invest it somewhere, and Aunt Medlaw wants to sell out this store. So he's going to buy it and I'm going to keep it on condition that I marry him."

"O, Ella!"

"Not such a very hard condition either," said Ella, "because he's very handsome, and very pleasant, and I like him very much; in fact, I believe I'm in love with him. There, now it's all out. And I do believe, Edna, we've the two happiest girls in the world, and all through Aunt Medlaw's thread and needle store."

"Well, well," grumbled Mrs. Medlaw, "so the girls are gone, and I'm all by myself again. It is rather lonesome. They were nice girls—but the young men found it out as well as me. Young men always do find such things out."

At the end of the month Edna came to report to her sister.

"Well, Edna, how do you like it?" asked Ella.

"Oh, so much! Mrs. Martigny is queer, but she is kind. And—and—Mr. Oswald Grey, her nephew; is very polite."

"Is he?"

"Yes," said Edna, fingering at a box of hooks and eyes; "I like him ever so much, and he likes me. To tell the truth, Ella—"

"I see," said Ella, putting her arms around her sister; "the wants you to be his companion for life, eh, Edna?"

"How did you know?" faltered dimpled Edna.

"O, I'm not quite a fool," said Ella. "But now I've got something to tell you. I finished Mr. Lessner's shirts, and they fitted him perfectly. He says I'm the only woman he ever knew who fitted him with shirts on the first trial. He has saved up a little property, and he wants to invest it somewhere, and Aunt Medlaw wants to sell out this store. So he's going to buy it and I'm going to keep it on condition that I marry him."

"O, Ella!"

"Not such a very hard condition either," said Ella, "because he's very handsome, and very pleasant, and I like him very much; in fact, I believe I'm in love with him. There, now it's all out. And I do believe, Edna, we've the two happiest girls in the world, and all through Aunt Medlaw's thread and needle store."

"Well, well," grumbled Mrs. Medlaw, "so the girls are gone, and I'm all by myself again. It is rather lonesome. They were nice girls—but the young men found it out as well as me. Young men always do find such things out."

At the end of the month Edna came to report to her sister.

"Well, Edna, how do you like it?" asked Ella.

"Oh, so much! Mrs. Martigny is queer, but she is kind. And—and—Mr. Oswald Grey, her nephew; is very polite."

"Is he?"

"Yes," said Edna, fingering at a box of hooks and eyes; "I like him ever so much, and he likes me. To tell the truth, Ella—"

## Counting Gum Chewers on a Train.

She was dressed in one of the cool, simple but charming gowns which are the style. A mass of fluffy, sunny curls clustered about her forehead and neck, and the aristocratic looking Psyche knot into which was twisted a wealth of shining hair. A clear-eyed young fellow sat not far away and looked at her with evident admiration. Her complexion was perfect, her eyes large and expressive and of the rich purple of the amethyst. But there was some indefinable defect about her mouth. The lips were red and shaped like Cupid's bow. The flaw was not in them. Yet surely something was not satisfactory about the girl's appearance. It is—yes, it is evident admiration. Her complexion was perfect, her eyes large and expressive and of the rich purple of the amethyst. But there was some indefinable defect about her mouth. The lips were red and shaped like Cupid's bow. The flaw was not in them. Yet surely something was not satisfactory about the girl's appearance. It is—yes, it is evident admiration. Her complexion was perfect, her eyes large and expressive and of the rich purple of the amethyst. But there was some indefinable defect about her mouth. The lips were red and shaped like Cupid's bow. The flaw was not in them. Yet surely something was not satisfactory about the girl's appearance. It is—yes, it is evident admiration. Her complexion was perfect, her eyes large and expressive and of the rich purple of the amethyst. But there was some indefinable defect about her mouth. The lips were red and shaped like Cupid's bow. The flaw was not in them. Yet surely something was not satisfactory about the girl's appearance. It is—yes, it is evident admiration. Her complexion was perfect, her eyes large and expressive and of the rich purple of the amethyst. But there was some indefinable defect about her mouth. The lips were red and shaped like Cupid's bow. The flaw was not in them. Yet surely something was not satisfactory about the girl's appearance. It is—yes, it is evident admiration. Her complexion was perfect, her eyes large and expressive and of the rich purple of the amethyst. But there was some indefinable defect about her mouth. The lips were red and shaped like Cupid's bow. The flaw was not in them. Yet surely something was not satisfactory about the girl's appearance. It is—yes, it is evident admiration. Her complexion was perfect, her eyes large and expressive and of the rich purple of the amethyst. But there was some indefinable defect about her mouth. The lips were red and shaped like Cupid's bow. The flaw was not in them. Yet surely something was not satisfactory about the girl's appearance. It is—yes, it is evident admiration. Her complexion was perfect, her eyes large and expressive and of the rich purple of the amethyst. But there was some indefinable defect about her mouth. The lips were red and shaped like Cupid's bow. The flaw was not in them. Yet surely something was not satisfactory about the girl's appearance. It is—yes, it is evident admiration. Her complexion was perfect, her eyes large and expressive and of the rich purple of the amethyst. But there was some indefinable defect about her mouth. The lips were red and shaped like Cupid's bow. The flaw was not in them. Yet surely something was not satisfactory about the girl's appearance. It is—yes, it is evident admiration. Her complexion was perfect, her eyes large and expressive and of the rich purple of the amethyst. But there was some indefinable defect about her mouth. The lips were red and shaped like Cupid's bow. The flaw was not in them. Yet surely something was not satisfactory about the girl's appearance. It is—yes, it is evident admiration. Her complexion was perfect, her eyes large and expressive and of the rich purple of the amethyst. But there was some indefinable defect about her mouth. The lips were red and shaped like Cupid's bow. The flaw was not in them. Yet surely something was not satisfactory about the girl's appearance. It is—yes, it is evident admiration. Her complexion was perfect, her eyes large and expressive and of the rich purple of the amethyst. But there was some indefinable defect about her mouth. The lips were red and shaped like Cupid's bow. The flaw was not in them. Yet surely something was not satisfactory about the girl's appearance. It is—yes, it is evident admiration. Her complexion was perfect, her eyes large and expressive and of the rich purple of the amethyst. But there was some indefinable defect about her mouth. The lips were red and shaped like Cupid's bow. The flaw was not in them. Yet surely something was not satisfactory about the girl's appearance. It is—yes, it is evident admiration. Her complexion was perfect, her eyes large and expressive and of the rich purple of the amethyst. But there was some indefinable defect about her mouth. The lips were red and shaped like Cupid's bow. The flaw was not in them. Yet surely something was not satisfactory about the girl's appearance. It is—yes, it is evident admiration. Her complexion was perfect, her eyes large and expressive and of the rich purple of the amethyst. But there was some indefinable defect about her mouth. The lips were red and shaped like Cupid's bow. The flaw was not in them. Yet surely something was not satisfactory about the girl's appearance. It is—yes, it is evident admiration. Her complexion was perfect, her eyes large and expressive and of the rich purple of the amethyst. But there was some indefinable defect about her mouth. The lips were red and shaped like Cupid's bow. The flaw was not in them. Yet surely something was not satisfactory about the girl's appearance. It is—yes, it is evident admiration. Her complexion was perfect, her eyes large and expressive and of the rich purple of the amethyst. But there was some indefinable defect about her mouth. The lips were red and shaped like Cupid's bow. The flaw was not in them. Yet surely something was not satisfactory about the girl's appearance. It is—yes, it is evident admiration. Her complexion was perfect, her eyes large and expressive and of the rich purple of the amethyst. But there was some indefinable defect about her mouth. The lips were red and shaped like Cupid's bow. The flaw was not in them. Yet surely something was not satisfactory about the girl's appearance. It is—yes, it is evident admiration. Her complexion was perfect, her eyes large and expressive and of the rich purple of the amethyst. But there was some indefinable defect about her mouth. The lips were red and shaped like Cupid's bow. The flaw was not in them. Yet surely something was not satisfactory about the girl's appearance. It is—yes, it is evident admiration. Her complexion was perfect, her eyes large and expressive and of the rich purple of the amethyst. But there was some indefinable defect