

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., August 15, 1890.

THE OLD TIN DINNER-HORN.

When the blossom's on the tater and the tassels on the corn,
An' the ripenin' tomatayesses a blashin' like the morn;
When the pole bean's young an' tender an' the ingen an' the beet,
An' the covumlet an' cabbage's 'bout big enough to eat;
When the yaller leg spring chicken, fried in butter 'to a turn,
An' corn pone's hot an' buttermilk's jest emptied from the churn,
Oh, it's then I love the music of the tootin' dinner-horn,
When the blossom's on the tater and the tassels on the corn.

When the scorchin' sun of summer pours down a father's back,
An' him workin' 'til he's a-pillin' up the stack,
With the dusty sweat-pourin' down his face into his eyes,
An' the thrasher keeps a-buzzin' like a pantry full of flies,
When he gets a sense o' goodness nothin' else can satisfy
Like the appetizin' music of the tootin' dinner-horn,
When the blossom's on the tater and the tassels on the corn.

Milk and honey, ham an' eggs and biscuits hot and light,
Buckwheat cakes an' tree mellasses a mighty luscious sight,
An' roast spar rib an' sweet pataters baked with sassidie meat,
But buttermilk and g'rding sass is mighty hard to beat;
An' when a feller's empty from his buzzum to his boots,
There's a sight of hallyooover in the satisfin' toots,
Of the wimmen folks a-blowin' on the old tin dinner-horn,
When the blossom's on the tater an' the tassels on the corn.

SALLIE PATTERSON.

A True Story of Actual Life.

BY A. L. KINKHEAD.

From a peak in the Alleghenies, one can see the town of Harburg, built upon a hill, and almost surrounded by a river that is famous in song. In the days when a canal connected these with a railroad which crossed the mountains, Harburg was a place of importance.

Of its gay society Sallie Donnelly was the belle. She was tall and slender. Her bright eyes, rich complexion, ready wit and graceful manners made her the most attractive young woman of the town. Her teeth were very white, and she, being a brunette, used them in smile and laugh with very startling effect.

One evening at a ball, John Patterson was introduced to her. He was a civil engineer, stationed at Harburg, and he was handsome, and his ability to master a difficult problem in mathematics was wonderful; but he could not have figured to a nicety on an estimate of a woman that he could have told what the moon's back is made of. Like all men of his kind, he fell in love without calculation. Sallie Donnelly simply bewitched him. He loved her with such devotion that his wooing was irresistible, and to the astonishment of the gossips of Harburg, it was soon announced that John and Sallie were engaged.

Gossips would not believe she would marry him. Sallie Donnelly had led society to regard her as a person without a heart, and no one thought her serious in engaging herself to John Patterson. However, they were soon married and moved into a brick house at the foot of Main street. From his porch John could see the packets come on the canal and the trains go out on the railroad. In his residence, called by the people of Harburg "the big brick," Sallie entertained lavishly. Her receptions were the grandest Harburg had seen, and she was courted by everybody. Her extravagance was freely commented upon, but her resources were supposed to be great, for John Patterson was believed to be rich.

Some happy years passed, and then came a cloud upon John Patterson's brow. His house was big, his wife beautiful, and he was seemingly successful in his business, but the voices that sounded in his dwelling were alien. He wished that children of his, born in his house, shouted on its halls, frolicked in its parlors and gladdened the feast in its dining room. It would have made him laugh to see a child of his break a piece of the china that all the housewives in Harburg coveted. But his wish was not gratified, and the cloud on his brow grew blacker.

And in the shadow on his brow came a wrinkle, but his wife heeded neither wrinkle nor cloud. She was engrossed with the preparations for a reception that was to be magnificent. At midnight she lay awake designing her toilet, which she meant should be a marvel. She asked her husband to draw a curve for the drapery of the skirt of her dress, and he obligingly made one of sharp declivity. She thanked him, but did not use it.

"It is too precipitous," she said.
"Perhaps not," he replied.

It was not, it considered a prophecy, for there is a swiftness in law process that is startling. Like the "presto" of a magician, it works its changes suddenly.

A week or more after her reception Mrs. Patterson was returning some calls. She learned that her reception had been a great success; it had taught Harburg society the value of flowers in house decoration. As for her toilet, it was pronounced a miracle. From listening to such flattery, Mrs. Patterson returned home with radiant face and sparkling eyes. She alighted from her carriage nimbly as a bird, and looking at the steps, ran up them like a young girl. When she grasped the door knob she noticed a handbill tacked on the panel. Angrily she tore it down, and without looking at it, crumpled it in her hand to throw it on the pavement. Then her sense of neatness prevailed upon her to take the sheet of paper into the house to throw

it in the waste basket. She paused a moment in the parlor. There, on the scene of her recent social success, she was softened. Her anger melted away, and curiosity led her to open the paper, probably the lampoon of some envious person who had boldly tackled her on her door. As she ran her eyes over the page the text began to grow confused, and she could scarcely read it. She was able, however, to learn from it that her household goods were for sale, having been seized by the sheriff.

"John!" she impulsively called, and then she remembered that he had gone over the mountains to survey a tract of land. She sank on the sofa and tried to think. Her lips were drawn and her teeth showed their tips as she recalled the shadow that had been on his brow growing blacker daily, and the paper in her hand made clear the cause of it. She lifted the legal notice and read it carefully. It bore every mark of genuineness, and advertised for sale all the personal property of John Patterson. To the bill was annexed a partial list of the articles seized. Dragging herself to the hall door she called a servant.

"Who put this paper on the door, Mar-aret?"
"The sheriff, ma'am; and he wouldn't mind me tellin' him no'to."
"That is all, Margaret."
The servant went back to the kitchen and Mrs. Patterson hastened to her room. Sitting down at her desk, she wrote a letter to John and enclosed the handbill. Two or three days before the time appointed for the sale she received a note from John, who promised to fix up everything when he came back. She showed the note to the sheriff and was surprised when he did not heed it.

A mob invaded her parlor, surged into her dining room and stormed through her bed chambers. All the while the auctioneer clamored, talking as if he had consulted a dictionary for adjectives with which to describe the articles under his hammer. The bidders were eager and prices ran high. Before her eyes her furniture was sold and taken away from Mrs. Patterson, whose only remark to each buyer was: "Be careful of that. Mr. Patterson will come back soon and fix everything; then I shall want that back."

No one laughed at her, but when the sale was over and all her household goods, save the necessary things exempt by law for the debtor, were carried off by the purchasers, she was no longer Mrs. Patterson to the residents of Harburg. They spoke of her as Sallie Donnelly, but neither enviously nor admiringly, as they had once done of Sallie Donnelly. She, ignorant of the loss of her position in society, wrote a full account of the sale to her husband. Among other things she said:

"I know just who bought everything, and I asked them not to injure anything, so we could have our furniture and china back when you returned and settled the debt."

In a few weeks, the sheriff came again, and sold the house in which she still lived. Then she was dispossessed and her scanty furniture set out on the street. She was an outcast. Her father and mother were dead, and she had no relatives to whom she could appeal for aid. Going to a hotel, she asked for shelter until Mr. Patterson came back, but it was refused her; and as for those who had once courted her, they made excuses:

"She is crazy. It would not be safe to house her."
When night fell, a man, who was reputed brutal and coarse, swore at the people of Harburg—cursed them for their inhumanity. Alone he went to the sidewalk where Sallie's furniture sat, and carried it on his shoulder to a little house on some lots of his.

"Stay here, Mrs. Patterson, till your husband comes back," he said, when he had put things to rights. She thanked him and took possession of the low, two-roomed house. Her landlord never called upon her for rent while the years passed, as she waited for John's return. The smoke from her fire curled up to the sky, and the soot seemed to settle on her face, for it grew darker until it was almost black. Her teeth shone more brightly than they did in the days of her social eminence and her eyes lost none of their brilliance.

A croak came in her back, yet her heart was not bowed down, for it was held up by hope. Her abiding faith in John's promise to fix everything when he got back, and her treasuring of the note, which was evidence of it, led people to say she was crazy. In no other way did she manifest symptoms of insanity. She was harmless and wandered about alone, chattering to herself. None, except, perhaps, now and then an impish child, annoyed her. The community pitied her and in an apologetic way provided for her; even allowed her to attend the church in which she once rented a pew.

Although living alone, she preserved the purity of her English. Her words were distinctly enunciated, but her voice gradually became hoarse. Her once shapely hands became crooked and soiled in gathering coal and wood. The coarse man who was her landlord was offered a fair price for all his lots one day, but he refused to sell the one on which Sallie's little house stood.

"Sallie believes I'll leave her here, till her husband turns up, and I don't mean to drive her out."
The would-be buyer said rather scornfully:

"I hope you're not looking for John Patterson to return?"
"I'm not, but his wife is, and she can wait for him right where she is."

After awhile McDonough sold the lots east of the one on which her house stood to the county authorities, who purchased them for the site of the new jail. He did not think it necessary to tell her of the sale, and the first knowledge she had of it was from the breaking of the ground for the foundations of the jail. She was frightened, and yet could not believe that Bill would

break his word to her.
"Never fear, Mrs. Patterson," he said, kindly, when she came to him for information. "I said you could stay in that house until John came back; by—you can!"

"O, Mr. McDonough!" she exclaimed. I tempted you to swear. It was wrong of me to come. I am so sorry." As she stood before him she was almost a caricature of a woman. Her dress was torn, her face was dirty, but her gentle rebuke went to his heart and made him very uneasy. Lifting a bony hand, upon which glistened her wedding ring, worn to a thin strip of gold, she pushed her disordered hair from her face, and looked in mute supplication to him not to repeat the profanity. For a moment his eyes rested upon her, saw the leaden face, noted the supplicating air, commented upon the figure that age had not robbed of grace, dwelt for a second on the torn dress, fantastic with its patches of various colors, and paused upon the feet, shod with shoes which a man had once worn and thrown into the street. Then he smiled.

"I am sorry I done it, Mrs. Patterson."
"I am glad you are, Mr. McDonough; and I hope you will not swear again."

"I won't, Mrs. Patterson."
Pleased with his promise, and believing he would keep it, as he had the other one he had made to her, she went back to her home to watch without fear the building of the jail.

One day, seized with an idea, he went to Sallie's house and knocked on the door. She invited him to come in, but he declined to enter.

"I only came to ask, if I send you some new clothes, you would wear them, Mrs. Patterson?"
"I would, Mr. McDonough, if you will allow John to pay for them when he comes back."

This was not the reply he had hoped for. It had dawned upon him that if he improved Sallie's surroundings she would become her own self again, and then he could ask her to marry him, without creating a sensation among the gossips of Harburg. At one time in his life he had not cared what was said of him, so long as he kept out of the clutches of the law; but now he desired to appear decorous, in an endeavor to link himself, with respectability by making Sallie his wife. She was gentle, kind and refined, despite the many years of her poverty, and with her as a companion in his old age might be full of happiness. The wish might be slow in forming in him. It was born of his loneliness and for a long time was not formulated in his mind, but suddenly it made itself clear and immediately he acted in a diplomatic manner to accomplish its fulfillment. He was not taken aback, however, by her wish to have the benefits he meant to confer upon her charged to John.

"How long been intendin' to tell you, Mrs. Patterson, that I owe John money, and as he doesn't come to settle, I'll spend it upon you."
"How long have you known that you owed my husband money?" Sallie asked rather sharply.

Bill began to feel uncomfortable over the lie he was telling, but he determined to maintain it.
"Ever since he went away, but there was no settlement, as I said, and I don't know how much it is."

"I suppose the rent I owe you has reduced it very much," Sallie said with dignity.
"Some, but there's enough owing' to him yet to make you comfortable—buy you new clothes and furniture. I'll fix up the house as I ought to do, bein' your landlord."

"What wike your conscience?" asked Sallie who was skeptical of his honesty.
"He was ready with an answer."

"You did by rebukin' me for swearin' that day. My conscience has been burnin' me ever since, and I have quit swearin'."

Sallie clasped her hands and exclaimed: "I am glad, so glad! John never swore!"

Bill delayed to learn what repairs the house needed, and then left, saying he would send the carpenters the next day.

Harburg was astonished when Sallie appeared on the street in a new dress of the latest cut. It was on a Sunday and she went to church, as usual, happily conscious that all eyes were fastened upon her when she passed through the crowd of loungers who were waiting outside for the ringing of the second bell.

In her repaired and furnished house she took great pleasure, and kept it in good order. Pride in personal appearance led her to stand many minutes before the mirror every day, looking for traces of her former beauty. Her hair was as black as ever, her eyes were still brilliant, but her lips would curl and expose her teeth. Only by effort could she make her lips meet—left to themselves they separated.

Society began to marvel and praise Bill for his humanity in rescuing the poor woman from insanity. He was modest, accepted the flattery with becoming humility, and waited for the time when he could tell her the wish of his heart. When that time came he tremblingly put on his best suit of clothes and called upon Mrs. Patterson. In a few words he asked her to marry him. She looked at him in pity.

"I could, Mr. McDonough, if I were not still young and looking for John to return. He has not been gone long, and will soon be back."

"Well I can wait," said Bill, and went away heavy hearted.

That day he journeyed westward. He soon got on the track of John Patterson, and traced him to the end. It was a sad story, ending with suicide, and when Bill stood on the grave of the man for whom a hopeful woman was waiting patiently, his eyes filled with tears and choked him. And he made a vow to care for her until she died, without speaking to her of John

or again asking her to be his wife. He died before she did, and made provision for her in his will, but her gratitude to him did not win her from the memory of John.

Stinging Letters to Quay and Delamater.
A Republican Offers to Pay Expenses if Quay Will Sue for Libel.

Mr. Rudolph Blankenburg, well known as a prominent Republican of Philadelphia, has sent the following letters to Quay and Delamater.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., August 5.—Hon. Matthew S. Quay—Dear Sir: The charges of embezzlement which State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, brought against you by the New York World, Evening Post, Nation, Puck and other papers of responsibility, have so far met neither reply or denial at your hands.

It is and has been very irritating to my earnest Republicans to have you ignore these grave accusations, made most pointed and emphatic in last week's Puck, which undoubtedly you have seen. You are there depicted in a felon's garb, plainly called a felon, holding the whip and compelling the respectable leaders of the "Grand Old Party" to march at the command of a felon overseer.

As you perhaps shun suit for libel against any or all of your accusers on account of the great expense therein involved, it has been suggested by some of those Republicans who are indirectly smarting under these accusations, to raise a fund of sufficient amount to institute and push suits for civil and criminal libel against your open accusers.

Please let me know if this plan of vindicating your honor as Chairman of the Republican National Committee and United States Senator meets with your approval, and oblige yours, respectively,
RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG.

A CHALLENGE TO VINDICATE HIS HONOR.

Senator Delamater called down the storm upon his own head by visiting Mr. Blankenburg at the latter's office to ask his support. The visit was made in the course of Senator Delamater's calls upon all the old members of the Committee of the One Hundred. It is said that in none of these calls has the Senator attempted to make answer to the charges, contenting himself with making a general denial of the whole story. The letter of Mr. Blankenburg is as follows:

PHILADELPHIA, August 5, 1890.—Hon. George W. Delamater—Dear Sir: Absence from my office when you called last week prevented my giving you personally the reasons why I cannot support and vote for you for Governor of Pennsylvania, and I now do so in writing.

You were openly and directly charged in April last by ex-Senator Emery, a reputable and responsible citizen with one of the gravest crimes against our free institutions—"purchasing your election and bribing citizens to vote for you," etc.—and you were challenged by Mr. Emery to bring an action at law against him so he could set his proof before the people on oath.

Had you been charged with embezzling money, robbing a widow or orphan, you would as an innocent man not have allowed one day to pass before bringing suit for civil and criminal libel against your accuser; yet here, charged with a crime much more serious and far-reaching in its consequences you have rested silent for months, whether because you have no defenses, or do not consider the charge of "bribing voters and purchasing your election" a serious one, I know not.

Crimes against individuals, such as larceny, embezzlement, forgery, are insignificant compared with crimes against the sacred rights of citizenship and the elective franchise, which is the bulwark and foundation of our liberties. Let every thoughtful man, partisan though he may be, pause, reflect, and take to heart the earnest call made upon you in April last by one of the leading Republican papers of the country, the Philadelphia Inquirer, to meet the charges against you fully and completely.

Had you the right appreciation of the gravity of the accusation against you you would not have let four months elapse without even as much as a murmur, and were you at this late date to bring an action against your accuser it would lack force and weight, as the law's eye could easily be invoked by your counsel to defer trial until after the election, and then, as is generally done in such cases, have the suit withdrawn.

The nomination of ex-Governor Robert E. Pattison fortunately makes it easy for Republicans who own themselves to exercise their better judgment by casting their ballots for him. His personal character is without blemish; his record whenever the rights of the people were jeopardized by arrogant and powerful corporations is enviable; his political career has won the admiration of even his political opponents, as expressed in the editorial remarks of the most partisan Republican papers when he relinquished the gubernatorial office four years ago.

I regret that I cannot support the nomination of the Republican Convention at Harrisburg, for reasons above stated, aside from the important one that the will and choice of the vast majority of the Republican party, who deprecate the nomination of the gallant soldier, General Hastings, were stifled through the org-man power and political machinations of Senator Matthew S. Quay.

Yours, respectfully,
RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG.

\$234,000 Spent in Three Years.

Boston, July 31.—Mrs. Kate H. Andrews, who has applied here for separate support from her husband, Charles Andrews, son of one of the proprietors of the Boston Herald, says that her husband was nineteen when they were married three years ago; that his father gave him a furnished house and \$200,000 in cash, and the money is all gone. She says her husband is jealous and gets drunk, and he replies that she also gets drunk and dirts, and that he spent the \$200,000 in "society and bad business ventures." Mrs. Andrews is a daughter of Medical Director Jackson, of the navy.

Fat Men and Intellect.

It is a Mistake to Think that Corpulency and Genius are Antagonistic.

To certain slender people the association of intellect with fat will be received with discredit, perhaps ridicule. They have visited the dime museums of the country and have seen the chesed ladies and the fat men there displaying their superabundant collection of adipose tissue, and have gone away with the idea that fat people, merely because they are fat, are more stupid and more deficient in intelligence than people of average avoirdupois. And they have extended their opinion on this subject formed in this way, outside of the dime museums and applied it to fat people generally.

Probably therefore, it will be surprising to those entertaining this idea to learn that some of the finest intellects the world has ever known have been encased in fleshy caskeys plump even to obesity. Napoleon, notwithstanding his active career, was decidedly plump. Dr. Johnson was stout even to flabbiness. So was his biographical shadow, Boswell. Balzac, the great French novelist, was so large that it was a pretty bit of exercise to walk around him. Rossini, the composer, was a regular jumbo, since for six years he never saw his knees. Jules Janin, the prince of critics, broke every sofa he ever sat upon; his cheeks and chin protruded beyond his beard and whiskers. Lablache, the Italian singer, was charged three fares when he traveled. Dumas pere was stout, and Saint Beuve was provided with the stomach of a Falstaff. Eugene Sue had such aversion to his growing corpulency that he drank vinegar to keep it down, and yet he wrote the "Wandering Jew."

With these illustrious examples before them the fat men of the land may reassure their minds and reply to the jibes of their friends who proceed contentedly to lay on successive layers of adipose.

But it is not necessary to look to history to furnish notable examples of illustrious fat men. Here in our own day are plenty occupying conspicuous positions and assisting in the formation of new laws. In the national congress of the United States there are some thirty or forty men whose combined weights would amount to four or five tons, or at an average of about 250 pounds per man. And they are all jolly and good natured, too, besides being all men of intellect, which could seldom be said of an equal gross weight of lean men. Truly, fat has its victories as well as lean.—Exchange.

The Texan Cow-Boy.

His Daily Routine, Bravery and Fondness for fine Boots.

Cow-boy life has in the last few years lost much of its roughness. The cattle herds have discharged most of the men who drank, and have frowned so persistently upon gambling that little of it is done. Cards and whiskey being put away, there is small temptation to disorderly conduct; so it is only when they reach some large city, and are not on duty, that they indulge in a genuine Texas cowboy life. On the ranches kept under fence they have little to do, when not on the drive or in branding-time, the cattle being all safely enclosed. But they must take their turns at line riding, which means a close inspection of the fences, and the repair of all breaks and damages. Where night overtakes them, there they sleep, staking their horses, and rolling themselves in their blankets. These rides of inspection take days to accomplish, for there are ranches in Texas which extend in a straight line over seventy-five miles. Those ranches which are not under fence necessitate more work. The boys must keep their cattle in sight, and while allowing them to graze in every direction, must see that none in the many thousands stray beyond the limits of their own particular pastures. They go then in parties, scattering over the territory, for they must cover hundreds of thousands of acres in a day.

It is not a life of hardship, and pays well enough. Everything is furnished to them from the very best, and they are paid besides thirty dollars per month. Each party stays out from two to three weeks at a time; but they take with them the finest of camp wagons, with beds and bedding, cooking utensils, the best of groceries of all kinds, and as excellent a cook as money can employ. The prairies are full of game, and their rifles are ever handy. The life is free, fascinating and peculiarly healthy.

These men are exceedingly chivalrous to all women; this seems to be a trait born in them, as much a part of their moral nature as it is of their physical. They have small feet, for it is seldom that a genuine Texas cowboy can be found who has not the distinguished mark of a handsome foot, and his boots are to him all that the sombrero is to a Mexican. He will deny himself many pleasures, he will go without a coat, and be seen in most dilapidated attire, but his boots must be of the best and most beautiful make that the country can afford; high of heel and curved of instep, a fine upper and thin sole, fitting like a glove, and showing the handsome foot to perfection.

Take the cow-boys as a class, they are bold, fearless, and generous, a warm-hearted and manly set, with nothing small, vicious, nor mean about them, and Texas need not be ashamed of the brave and skillful riders who traverse the length and breadth of her expansive prairies.—Harper's Magazine.

Fish of the Great Lakes.

What Our Inland Seas Yield and How They Yield It.

Buffalo Correspondence New York Sun.
This city is the most important lake fish distributing market on the entire chain of the great lakes, although a very small proportion of the fish that are daily sent from here to the Eastern cities are taken from waters contiguous to Buffalo. They are brought from Lakes Superior, Michigan, and Huron, and the near-by waters of Lake Erie and Ontario furnishing a comparatively small supply of fish for shipment. The

fish are transported in refrigerator cars, and the supply is so large that the present demand is not only fully supplied, but there is surplus enough to keep the winter demand for lake fish amply cared for. The trade in lake fish with sea-board markets has increased so of late that it would now be impossible to supply it during the winter season if winter fishing had to be depended on for the material. The surplus of the summer and fall catches is frozen and stored in refrigerators for the winter trade, so that a whitfish, lake trout, yellow pike or lake bass served on a New Yorker's table in midwinter may have been caught the previous July or August. Whether the flavor of the fish is frozen in the fish itself so that it will be the same as it is in the fish taken from the water is a question.

Lake Superior is considered the best of the lakes for fish. Its water is more like that of springs than the others. Whitefish and trout taken from Superior command better prices than similar fish taken from any of the other lakes. They like deep water, and are found at their best in water 200 feet deep. Yellow pike come chiefly from lakes Huron and Ontario. Lake Erie excels in blue pike and black bass. Immense numbers of whitefish and lake trout are taken from Lake Erie and Lake Michigan, but the best come from the colder, clearer waters of Superior. Gill nets are almost entirely in capturing lake fish for market, although tons of pike and bass are taken with hook and line. It is a singular fact that blue pike rarely, if ever, found in any of the lakes except Erie. The fishermen on these lakes follow a perilous calling, and many lose their lives in the violent storms that sweep over the lakes almost without warning.

It has long been noted as a curious fact that all the St. Lawrence river fishes are found in nearly all the great lakes with the exception of Lake Erie. This can be accounted for only by the theory that a subterranean river connects Lake Ontario with the upper lakes. The beds of Lakes Superior, Huron, Michigan and Ontario lies at about the same depth below the sea level—from 250 to 200 feet—the upper lakes' beds being the highest. The bed of Lake Erie is 350 feet above the sea level. The theory is that a river running beneath Lake Erie extends from Lake Superior to Lake Ontario and that the fish from the St. Lawrence and Ontario follow the course of that river and find the waters of the upper lakes.

Fingers and Forks.

Did you know that Queen Elizabeth ate with her fingers? You may have known that she loved show and style, that she was so fond of fine clothes that when she died she left three thousand dresses and any quantity of jewels; but did you imagine that such a great lady could be so elegant as to eat with her fingers? But she did, and so did Shakespeare, and Chaucer, and William the Conqueror, and King Alfred, and everybody else who lived before her time. These last were more excusable than she—they had no forks; but even she was not without excuse, for though she and several others had been given her as curiosities, which I suppose nobly expected her to use. There was one of crystal tined with gold, with two little rubies and two pendant pearls, and still other of coral.

Why didn't she use them? You ask. Well, because she had never seen or known anybody that used one, and they were something new; and besides, there was a prejudice against this invention just from Italy. But you must not think because there were no forks that the old-fashioned dinner made no pretensions to elegance or refinement.

The guests had knives and they had fingers, and with these two implements they managed nicely. From their old books of etiquette we learn how they did it. In the first place, the fingers must be publicly washed before beginning the meal; even if this had just been done privately, it must be repeated at the table, that no one might feel uneasy in eating after his neighbor's fingers had been in the dish. To aid further, the meat was prepared as far as possible before it was brought on the table. If in a stew, as was usually the case, it was cut by a carver, and passed in large plates with a knife.

As to the way of helping himself, each guest must choose and keep a particular part of the dish for his own. He must help himself daintily from this plate, using only three fingers; afterward, in carrying the food to the mouth which of course, was done with the hand, these same three fingers must be used, taking care, however, not to touch the nose with them, to do which was extremely inelegant, and showed a lack of good breeding.

Of course all this soiled the hands, and in refined households at various intervals bowls of perfumed water and different napkins were passed, and no one must refuse to wash. This old fashion of handing round a silver bowl or dish of rose-water is still sometimes seen in Europe.

After a while man found out that he needed forks, or, rather, woman did, for it was she who first used them. Great dames kept them in their rooms to eat comfits with and to toast bread; and, in course of time, they brought them to the table.

As I have said there was a prejudice against them; and the first few persons who were brave enough to use them were laughed at and called effeminate; a preacher even went as far as to say that for any one to refuse to touch his meat with his fingers was an insult to Providence.

Nevertheless they spread; in England slowly, even after Italy, the home of their birth, was full of them. Those who knew their value, however, found them so convenient that up to 150 years ago—since which it has been no longer necessary—gentlemen travelling from place to place, and knowing how poorly supplied were the inns, carried on with them in a case with a knife. Since that time the old two pronged fork, or fourchette (little pitchfork), as the French called it, and really they were only tiny pitchforks—has given way to the more convenient three and four pronged forks in use in our own homes.—Mary M. Winston in Harper's Young People.