

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., May 8, 1891.

BEAVER LOVE.

It'd nothing but his violin,
I'd nothing but my song,
But we were wed when skies were blue
And summer days were long.
And when we rested by the hedge
The robin came and told
How they had dared to woo and win
When early spring was cold.
We sometimes supped on dewberries,
Or slept among the hay,
But of the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play.
The rare old times, the dear old times,
We could not starve for long,
While my man had his violin,
And I my sweet love song.

The world has age gone well with us,
Old man, since we were one,
Our homelike wandering down the lanes
It long ago was done.
But those who wait for gold or gear,
For houses and for kine,
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and
And love and beauty fine.
We never know the joy of hearts
That meet without a care,
When you had but your violin
And I a song, my dear.

—Frankie Blake.

NEVER FAILETH.

A young woman stood on the forward deck of a crowded ferry boat, as it forged its heavy way through the water, making swells which rocked the smaller boats near by and washed high up on the piles at the dock.

The young woman did not notice the shipping, the tall buildings, the noisy landing or the pushing crowd behind. She was thinking; and as the boat jarred against the buoys she said in a low tone to herself, "Love is the greatest thing in the world."

No one heard or heeded her but one pale-faced little woman in a black shawl, who stood crowded almost against her. She heard the words, and a look of wonder came into her hungry eyes. But the boat was dooked, and the crowd pushed them on, and each went her separate way.

The pale-faced little woman in the black shawl hurried from place to place but all the time she was turning over in her mind the words, "Love is the greatest thing in the world—in all the world."

Love of what—love from whom? It made no difference. Love was not for her. Youth was gone, hope was gone, there was nothing for her but work. Her husband lived to work, and desired that she should live to work; and love, she could not remember to have heard the word for years—no, nor thought it.

The little children she used to think some day might be hers had never come, and her husband said it was a good thing, for children took time and money, and she had waited and grieved and worked in silence, until now she never thought of it, except to think that it was better so.

Was love the greatest thing in the world? Then she must miss the greatest thing as she had missed all lesser things. But the hungry eyes looked out of a hungry heart, and the words said themselves over and over, not only that day, but through all the next weeks in a trip which she and her husband made to the West.

They had bought some land in Kansas, with a little one-roomed house on it, and there the work of living began again with tenfold wash. There was not a house in sight, and the sun seemed to rise so early and set so late—those long, long days, when she worked till the very grave would have seemed a pleasant place to rest in.

But all through that summer, as she looked back on it, she could see how the weight that bore her down grew lighter.

She seldom saw any one but her husband. They had no books, and these few words, "Love is the greatest thing in the world," began to fill for her the place of books and friends.

When the sunlight was bright, and there were fleecy little clouds in the blue sky, and the prairie was blazing with flowers, and the one cottonwood tree rustled its leaves in the light breeze, there came new meaning into those words.

Finally, though she could not have told when or how, she came to feel the love of God very close to her, and she knew that in some way God must mean that she should give out a little love to other things—love the cattle, and the horses, and the pigs, and the chickens; for she was a simple little woman. She loved them all; the work seemed easier and the living things thrive.

"She's got a wonderful knack," said her husband to a passing neighbor.

But as the capacity grew the hunger grew, and then one day there seemed to her to come a very gift from God.

A little sobbing boy came dragging up to the open door—a little boy with dark eyes, with brown hair just long enough to show a tendency to curl, with dirty hands and dirty face, and shoes out with stones. Such a little boy! About eight years old, she thought.

He cried and reached up his hands to her.

With a hasty look at the milk she was skimming to churn, she picked him up in her arms and held him close. She felt his hot little face against hers, felt the little arm around her neck, and the little heaving chest and beating heart against her own; she held him tight and loved him, and the tears came into her eyes.

But that could only last a minute; there was the milk. Then she gave him water with which to wash his hands and face outside the door, and after that she gave him a slice of bread and a tin cup of milk. He sat there as if he owned the house, his tears dried, and his quick eyes glanced around.

When his mouth was empty enough so that he could talk, he told his story.

"My name is Charlie," he said, "I was in the prairie schooner, and the woman and the man got very mad at me and put me off and shook the whip at me, and I ran across the prairie till

I saw this house, and now I'm going to stay here."

"Were the man and woman your father and mother?"

"Oh no; my mother is in a coffin in the ground. She caught a fever, and this man and woman brought me along. Oh, I'm glad they're gone; I'd rather stay with you."

She churned fast and thought faster. Her husband would not let him stay; he didn't like boys, and the boy would eat a half more. Then there were the clothes. No; he would have to go.

Her heart throbbled; had it ever throbbled like that before?

"I want to do that," said Charlie, eying the churn-dasher enviously.

A brave thought; perhaps he could work! She looked hastily down the hill. There was her husband's hat coming around the stack.

"Here, quick!" she said, and as the boy grasped the dasher, she took her sunbonnet and went out with the chicken-feed.

Her husband came up the slope. "Hello, there, Jayhawk," the boy called out, "look at me shove this shover!"

Charlie with his legs apart, his cheeks red, his eyes shining, drove the churn-handle furiously.

The pale face under the sunbonnet was so eager that the man coming up the slope would hardly have recognized it. He smiled in spite of himself at the little figure at the churn. When had his wife seen him smile before?

She came forward with the empty pan, the eagerness schooled out of face and voice. She told what she knew about the boy, and added, "Perhaps he can work."

A gleam came into her husband's eyes. He was beginning to feel his constant labor. His head had ached lately, and his back ached, and he felt stiff in the mornings.

He tried the muscle in the boy's proudly extended arm, and felt his legs. "We'll keep him," he said, briefly; "he can do a sight of chores."

That night, when that pale-faced little woman could hear the sound of the little fellow's breathing over there in his quilt in the corner, and could hear him turn in his sleep and mutter something now and then, her heart beat fast, and all the sounds of the night went to the music of "Love is the greatest thing in the world."

So the boy stayed, and for a time there was peace.

"You're looking so spry, Malviny," and put more lard into your housework. Kansas agrees with you better'n with me," said her husband, one day.

She did feel a difference. The times she could take to sew a button on Charlie's little ragged clothes, the moment when she could bind up one of the little dirty, stubby, cut fingers, the time she could spend knitting little stockings for cold weather, or making coarse little shirts, or cutting down Isaac's worn-out overalls, the times when she could steal out of bed in the dark night, and kneel down by his quilt, and kiss the soft little cheek, and pray with her whole soul that God would bless him and help her love him well, were a very elixir of life to her.

At first Charlie thought that chores some new sort of play, but that did not last long. By the time he was ten years old he was known by all the neighbors as that good-for-nothing boy of Holt's. He was a "bad boy."

"Charlie, have you fed the calves?"

"Yes," came very glibly. And at night, "Charlie, now feed the calves," with the same reply. But perhaps by the time the milking was done Charlie would say, "I ain't fed the calves to-day."

"You said you had!"

"I was thinking I had, but I hain't fed 'em nor watered 'em."

Then Isaac, with a kick at the boy, which was skillfully evaded, would tramp wearily out into the darkness to do the neglected work.

Charlie would take a horse at four o'clock in the afternoon to go for the cattle off on the prairie, and would drive the cows galloping home long after dark, with his horse foaming with long and heavy riding. He would disappear for a whole day, and when he came home, Isaac, worn out with rage, would try to whip him; but even if the boy were soundly thrashed, in some way he still seemed to have the best of it.

When Isaac would vow, as he often did, that Charlie should never stay under his roof another night, the boy would suddenly work so well, doing almost a man's work, that Isaac's wrath was sure to cool. For Charlie was really skillful with the cattle, and so strong that Isaac never could make up his mind to do without him.

There was one person, and only one who never said he was a bad boy. At night he had more than once waked up to catch a glimpse of a white face, quiet near him in the moonlight, and to feel hot tears drop on his face. Usually he turned over and tried to appear very sound asleep; once he choked, and put his arms around her neck, and gave her a great boyish hug and kiss that she never forgot.

But the next day he was worse than he had ever been before, and was whipped three times by Isaac.

Meantime Isaac was failing. "I'm breaking, Malviny," he said one afternoon, coming in earlier than usual. He sat by the table, his head in his arms, never heeding milking time, never looking up to growl at Charlie when he entered.

In the morning he started out to milk, but came back and sat again with his head in his arms; and then, not knowing what she could do so, but with a love and pity in her heart that must find expression, his wife coaxed him in timid words to go to bed; and when he was there, the womanly instinct came uppermost, and she tidied the room, and darkened it, and moved quietly and smoothed Isaac's forehead, though it almost frightened her to do it.

She tried to encourage him, and as she walked around she sang in a low

voice her only song, "Love is the greatest thing in the world."

He heard the words, and roused himself to listen.

"Come here, Malviny," he said. As she sat beside him he took her small, bony, twisted, hard-worked hand in his large one, and said brokenly:

"I'm sorry I ain't been lovin' to you, Malviny. No man ever had so good a wife as I've had."

There was a long pause, while the chickens could be heard scratching outside the door.

"We ain't made much of life," he went on. "This day, lying here, watching you and your quiet ways, and feeling your hand, is the sweetest day I ever had, Malviny."

He said no more. He held her hand and died at sunset.

The neighbors virtuously hoped that the Widow Holt was left alone, Charlie would do better, especially as he was getting so well-grown. He was sixteen now.

But he did not do better; he did worse. He stayed away whole days from the farm. The milking, and all the hard chores, fell upon one little sorrowing woman. She tried to have nice meals, but Charlie was seldom at home to eat them, and the things were put away unattended. Soon she knew if Charlie did not help.

Many rumors were afloat about Charlie. Some of the neighbors' boys were becoming reckless and unmanageable. It was all due to Charlie, the neighbors said, and there was talk of driving him out of the county.

One night Charlie came dashing up on his horse, pale and breathless, and there was a great wet from a whip-lash on his neck and cheek. He broke into the little room and said:

"I'm going. Barnes and Clack and I have met on foresback at the Corners, and Nat Hall's run away, and they say it's my fault. Barnes out with his whip, and they say they're coming up here by midnight, and if I'm not gone they'll horsewhip me out of the county!"

The boy's eyes were like sparks of fire, and his face was white with rage, but not so white as the little woman's who grasped the chair-back.

"I've loved you so—Charlie!" she said, in a voice like a cry.

The boy's throat worked; the color came into his face and left it; his hands clenched, and then, with a groan, he threw himself on the bed. His strong young shoulders shook, and he sobbed in a storm of tears.

She knelt down beside him. All she could say was, "Charlie—my little Charlie!" She did not know how to talk.

"I won't go," he said, after an hour. "I can't horsewhip all like that. I can't leave you. I'll be good; oh, I'm so bad—so bad! I—I—I put his head in her lap, and she smoothed it as she did his when she thought he was asleep. "I want—to take care of you—but I'm so bad!"

She sat there and soothed him until he fell asleep. She waited until twelve o'clock, but no one came.

Then she looked and looked on the face she loved so much—the square forehead, the tanned, fresh colored cheeks—on that dreadful wet, the firm chin, the mouth she thought so beautiful, the brown hair with the waves in it, the long lashes on the cheek. It was a reckless face, but it looked like such a good face to her, it always had looked good to her, no matter what he did!

His brows drew together, and he murmured in his sleep just as he did the first night he came. He was only a boy after all; he said he would be good!

"Is love the greatest thing in the world? Can my love for him, and his love for me, and God's love for both, make him a good boy? If it can, love is the greatest thing in the world."

In the morning, when he awoke, she was sitting beside him, half-afraid to have him waken; for he was a good boy when he was asleep.

He seemed dazed at first. Then he flushed, and looked square into her eyes said, with a new tone in his boyish voice, "You love me; don't you? Well, I'll show I love you, see!"

She did see. He was as good a worker as any man around, and he knew it. He began his farming on a small scale, so that he could do everything himself—so "she" could live "comfortable like."

The little woman could not understand the summer that followed. A different look came into her eyes, and Charlie said there was color in her cheeks. Perhaps it was true, for there was a wonderful thing to have a happy voice asking what she wanted, and telling her not to do this or that, but rest.

Charlie found time to do so many new things! They had a garden with lettuce and tomatoes and sweet peas—things they never had before.

He said that the one room with its shed kitchen was not fit for her to live in, and he worked early and late, and made trade with carpenters, until he added a kitchen and porch and two rooms for bedrooms.

Then came that wonderful day, that most frivolous day in all that little woman's life, when they took the horses and wagon and started before sunrise for Topeka, and came back by moonlight with a bed, a great rocking-chair, a looking-glass, a carpet, and some dishes.

At night, when everything was all done, and Charlie could hardly contain himself for pleasure, the little woman felt a tickling in her throat, and wondered if she was going to cry while she was trying eggs in the new frying pan. Such a night as that was, and such a supper—just they two; Charlie was happy, and looked lovingly at the little woman opposite him.

He was very solemn toward bedtime. He hung over her chair, and held her in his two big hands, and kissed her, and said:

"You think I love you now, don't you, mother? And we think what

you sing—don't we—that love is the greatest thing in the world?"—*Youth's Companion.*

Becher and Ingersoll.

Mr. Becher has gone to rest. The way was long for him and often very rough, but he trod his pathway with a buoyant step and far looking eyes. Great, natural, faulty, beloved, he has gone now; but his words remain. Perhaps Colonel Ingersoll and those who were with him will long remember the following selected incident:

Colonel Ingersoll was thrown one day into the society of Henry Ward Beecher. There were other gentlemen present, all of whom were prominent in the world of brains. A variety of topics were discussed with decided brilliancy, but no allusion was made to religion. The distinguished infidel was of course too polite to introduce the subject himself, but one of the party finally, desiring to see a little of Bob and Becher, made a playful remark about Ingersoll's idiosyncrasy, as he termed it. The Colonel at once defended his views in his usual apt rhetoric; in fact, he waxed eloquent. He was replied to by several gentlemen in very effective repartee.

Contrary to the expectations of all, Mr. Becher remained an abstract listener and said not a word. The gentleman who introduced the topic with the hope that Mr. Becher would answer Colonel Ingersoll, at last remarked: "Mr. Becher, have you nothing to say on this subject?"

The old man slowly lifted himself from his attitude and replied: "Nothing, in fact, if you will excuse me for changing the conversation, I will say that while you gentlemen were talking my mind was bent on a most deplorable spectacle which I witnessed to-day."

"Why," said Mr. Becher, "as I was walking down to market, I saw a poor blind man on crutches, slowly and carefully picking his way through a cess-pool of mud in the endeavor to cross the street. He had just reached the middle of the flth when a big, burly ruffian, himself all bespattered, rushed up to him, jerked the crutches from under the unfortunate man and left him sprawling and helpless in the pool of dirt which had almost engulfed him."

"What a brute!" said the Colonel.

"What a brute he was!" they all echoed.

"Yes," said the old man, rising from his chair and brushing back his long white hair, while his eyes glittered with his old-time fire, he bent them on Mr. Ingersoll—"Yes, Colonel Ingersoll, and you are the man. The human soul is lame, but Christianity gives its crutches to enable it to pass the highway of life. It is your teaching that knocks the crutches from under it and leaves it a helpless and rudderless wreck in the rough of life. If robbing the human soul of its only support, on this earth—religion—be your profession, why, ply it to your heart's content. It requires an architect to erect a building; an incendiary may reduce it to ashes."

The old man sat down and silence brooded over the scene. Colonel Ingersoll found he had a master in his own town, and he was silent.

The company took their hats and parted.

On Being a Girl.

So you wish you were a boy, do you, my dear? You realize that brain-power, always honored in man, is often despised in a woman; you are "conscious of forces within that the ordinary course of a woman's life will never call into play? My child, honestly and earnestly, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!

If you were a Chinese girl, doomed to be the slave of your husband's parents; if you were a Hindu maiden already married to a man whom you had never seen until your wedding day, there would be some reason in your sorrowful wail. But for you, with avenues of usefulness and honor opening before you on every side, to utter such a wail—yes, you certainly ought to be ashamed of yourself!

It is a glorious thing to be a girl, and to hold the hope of being a woman a little later on.

It is true, as the orators like to say, that "the age needs men." But the age also needs women. Don't be afraid that your talents must be wasted, merely because of your sex, or that you cannot do properly. There are scores of things just as good and useful that you can do if you will.

Don't be afraid to use and develop all the brain power that you possess. Strong-mindedness is not nearly so objectionable as weak-mindedness. To be sure, the world wants you to be manly; but weakness is no more essential to womanliness than coarseness is to manliness.

If those "forces within," of whose presence you are conscious, will not be called into play "in the ordinary course of a woman's life," why, then, you will have to make the course of your life extraordinarily good—extraordinarily true and hopeful. Brain power, in either sex, needs the accompaniment of heat power.

Thousands of Dollars for a Drink.

A resident of Beauharnois was on Tuesday morning called by telegram to St. Jerome, where a near relative was dangerously ill. He got as far as Montreal, but on coming out of the Bonaventure station he met a convivial acquaintance. The pair started to "liquor up" at a saloon hard by. They continued at it until it was too late for the man from Beauharnois to catch the 5 o'clock train from Dalhousie Square Station, and they decided to make a night of it. Yesterday the man from Beauharnois received another telegram stating that his relative had just died intestate, leaving about \$12,000 to be divided up among about fifty collateral relatives, the Beauharnois man taking his moiety among the rest, but that had he reached St. Jerome in time he would have been left the bulk of the property. His tears at that funeral are likely to be genuine.

The War Scare.

"Say, Chimmie," said Gusty as he lit a half smoked cigarette he had picked up, and leaned his elbows on that step of the city hall which happened to be above the one he was sitting on, "what's dis place, Italy, the papers says is goin' ter fight wid us?"

"Italy," replied Chimmie, who was better read than Gusty, "why dat's de place all de dagos comes from. If it wasn't for Italy we wouldn't have no bananas or peanuts or grind organs."

"Where is it? Is it furder away dan Coney Island?"

"Coney Island? Well, I guess yes. It's furder away dan Chicago—so fur away haf to go dere in a boat."

"Well, how's dey goin' to fight us den? If dey sen' any boats over here den big cannons down on Guvnor's Island would fill 'em full o' holes and sink 'em."

"Dat shows all you know about it. Dem cannons ain't to fire off. Dey're jus' for show. If dey fired 'em off dey'd bust. Besides, dem boats what dey fight wid is covered all over wid iron tigger dan me fist. Dem cannons couldn't do nothin' against 'em."

Gusty was getting interested. "What's to keep de dagos from comin' over here and doin' jus' what dey want to do den?" he asked.

"Nothin'," replied Chimmie, whose powers of explanation always increased with Gusty's interest. "Dey'd come over in dese boats an' fire a cannon at city hall an' kill Mayor Grant. Den dey'd kill all de coppers. Den de dagos generals would come on shore and hew demselves to whatever dey wanted. Dey'd go inter de candy stores and take all de candy dey wanted an' not pay fer it. Dey'd go to de teater and take de bes' seats, because dere wouldn't be no coppers to stop 'em. See? Dey'd be de bosses of New York, an' dey'd kill anybody dey wanted to except de dagos what sells bananas an' peanuts."

Gusty began to look disturbed. "Say, Chimmie," he said, "you know de lame dago wot I swiped a banana off of yesterday?"

"Yes," replied Chimmie.

"D'you suppose he'd fall de dago generals about dat?"

"I dunno," said Chimmie. "Mebbe he would."

"D'you suppose dey'd kill me?"

"I dunno. You're only a newswit, an' mebbe dey'd be so busy killin' coppers an' detectives dey wouldn't have time to kill you. But dere's de extry out—come on, Gusty," and the two boys raced off to The Sun office.—*Life.*

Utilizing the Old Umbrella.

A very pretty piece of ornamental gardening, not too difficult for beginners, can be done with an old umbrella or parasol and some plants of cypress vine, maurandia, sweet-pea, or anything that is not of too aspiring a nature. Such climbers as the morning-glory, canary-bird vine, and other twenty-footers, are better left for unsightly fences and buildings. Plants are better than seeds, because more certain, and they do not take so long to catch the knack of twining and spreading. Umbrella ribs are not decorative, and to see such an object standing there week after week, waiting for its clothes, does not give people a pleasant impression of a garden.

But first find your umbrella; and this may not be so easy, for "retired" umbrellas that are no longer fit for use are seldom seen. Some members of the family, however, may be able to produce one; and then it should be immediately stripped of the few letters left to it. The next step is to paint the frame and handle brown, and when quite dry, plant the end of the handle firmly in the ground, with the frame fully opened. If the handle is rather short, it will be an improvement to add a piece of wood to it.

It is now ready for the vines, which should have made some progress in growing; and when they once begin to do their best, the old umbrella frame makes such a lovely green bower studded with blossoms of red or purple or white—or all together if the vines are mixed—that every one exclaims over its beauty.

A parasol with the same treatment is equally pretty on a smaller scale, and it would be very ornamental in the center of a round bed edged with bright-colored phlox or candy-tuft. With a long-spouted watering-pot the vines could have a daily drenching in warm weather, when the sun is not shining on them, from their roots to their high green tips, and this would keep them fresh.

Learning to Walk.

People sometimes ask: At what age can we set a child in a chair; when put him on his legs; how old must he be before we teach him to walk? The answers are easy. He must not be made to sit till he has spontaneously sat up in his bed and has been able to hold his seat. This sometimes happens in the sixth or seventh month, sometimes later. The sitting position is not without danger, even when he takes to it himself; imposed prematurely upon him, it tries the back-bone and may interfere with the growth, so the child should never be taught to stand or to walk. This is his affair, not ours. Place him on a carpet in a healthy room or in the open air, and let him play in freedom—roll, try to go ahead by his hands and feet, or go backward, which he will do more successfully at first; it all gradually strengthens and hardens him. Some day he will manage to get upon his knees, another day to go forward upon them, and then to raise himself up against the chairs. He thus learns to do all he can as fast as he can, and no more.

But, they say, he will be longer in learning to walk if he is let go on his knees or his hands and feet indefinitely. What difference does it make if, exploring the world in this, he becomes acquainted with things, learns to estimate distances, strengthens his legs and back, prepares himself in short, to walk better when he gets to walking? The important thing is, not whether he walks now or then; but that he learn to guide himself, and to have confidence in himself. I hold, without exaggeration, that education of the character is going on at the same time with training in locomotion, and that the way one learns to walk is not without moral importance.

—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Florida's Labyrinthian Waterways.

"Where have you been?" said a guest at one of the hotels as a friend walked up the steps, well laden with souvenirs from South Florida.

"Oh!" was the reply. "I've been down to Charlotte Harbor and up that river to the unmentionable name."

"Caloosahatchee?"

"Yes, that's it. I spent six days trying to pronounce it and haven't succeeded yet. These Indian names are beautiful names, but they are decidedly hard to pronounce. By the way, where have you been?"

"Well, I went over to the Suwannee River, cut over the country, and shotigators on the Withlapochee, fished for bass in Tala Apopka, sailed on Thoutosassa, skipped over to Okanokkatchee, walked by the shores of the Wee-kyakpaka, plucked flowers by Hickpocchee's limpy water, visited the sugar fields on Topokpaliga, sailed on the tortuous Kissimme, was buffeted by the waves of Okeechobee, and have also captured tarpon on the Caloosahatchee. I expect to visit Istodpogayoxie, Lockapekpa, Haschenesha and Ecautockhaches before I leave the State."

"Gosh!" ejaculated his companion, as he stepped into the hotel.

We Eat Too Much.

Nearly everybody eats far more than is necessary, said a New York doctor. Among my patients those who eat the least get over their mollygandered quickest, while those who eat the heaviest are ill the oftenest. My experience shows that half the ailments of life are brought about by overeating or drinking. I myself take a light breakfast, perhaps eggs with toast, or fish with potatoes, or a bit of cold chicken, or something of the kind and a cup of coffee. At noon I take milk with a few crackers, or else some California fruits. At 6 I have a hearty, but not a heavy dinner, with soup, fish, meat, vegetables and bread. I do not eat over a pound and a half of solid food a day, though I am more robust than most men, and am never troubled with any of the hundred complaints that are the result of overeating. I advise you to eat lightly, be careful of what you eat, and take your time in eating. This looks like commonplace advice, but my fee for it, without any pills, is \$10.

Scarlet the Sacred Color.

In Italy, Turkey, Greece, Asia Minor, Egypt and many of the Oriental countries, the archaic images of the deities were painted red, and it has been said that the traditional practice was intended to please the "color sense," by which he meant that these images were regarded as pretty gew-gaws. This is not likely, and the true explanation is that the color of red was sacred. All primitive creeds can, with probability, be traced ultimately to two origins. They are, in different disguises, the worship of the sun and the worship of humanity. Red became, therefore, an exceptionally odious color when the ascetic temper gained possession of religion. The author of the Wisdom of Solomon betrays a profound antipathy to the color in the following: "Or make it like some wild beast, laying it over with vermilion, and with paint coloring it red, and covering every spot therein."

At THE MASQUERADE.—Miss Sharp—Ah, Mr. Dullard, you are looking the part of Black Prince to perfection.

Mr. Dullard.—Yes, but do you know, Miss Sharp, I feel like a perfect idiot.

Miss Sharp (earnestly).—Now, that will never do, Mr. Dullard. At a masquerade, as on the stage, one must forget his real character entirely.

A Pretty Piece of Ornamental Gardening.

A very pretty piece of ornamental gardening, not too difficult for beginners, can be done with an old umbrella or parasol and some plants of cypress vine, maurandia, sweet-pea, or anything that is not of too aspiring a nature. Such climbers as the morning-glory, canary-bird vine, and other twenty-footers, are better left for unsightly fences and buildings. Plants are better than seeds, because more certain, and they do not take so long to catch the knack of twining and spreading. Umbrella ribs are not decorative, and to see such an object standing there week after week, waiting for its clothes, does not give people a pleasant impression of a garden.

But first find your umbrella; and this may not be so easy, for "retired" umbrellas that are no longer fit for use are seldom seen. Some members of the family, however, may be able to produce one; and then it should be immediately stripped of the few letters left to it. The next step is to paint the frame and handle brown, and when quite dry, plant the end of the handle firmly in the ground, with the frame fully opened. If the handle is rather short, it will be an improvement to add a piece of wood to it.

It is now ready for the vines, which should have made some progress in growing; and when they once begin to do their best, the old umbrella frame makes such a lovely green bower studded with blossoms of red or purple or white—or all together if the vines are mixed—that every one exclaims over its beauty.

A parasol with the same treatment is equally pretty on a smaller scale, and it would be very ornamental in the center of a round bed edged with bright-colored phlox or candy-tuft. With a long-spouted watering-pot the vines could have a daily drenching in warm weather, when the sun is not shining on them, from their roots to their high green tips, and this would keep them fresh.

Learning to Walk.

People sometimes ask: At what age can we set a child in a chair; when put him on his legs; how old must he be before we teach him to walk? The answers are easy. He must not be made to sit till he has spontaneously sat up in his bed and has been able to hold his seat. This sometimes happens in the sixth or seventh month, sometimes later. The sitting position is not without danger, even when he takes to it himself; imposed prematurely upon him, it tries the back-bone and may interfere with the growth, so the child should never be taught to stand or to walk. This is his affair, not ours. Place him on a carpet in a healthy room or in the open air, and let him play in freedom—roll, try to go ahead by his hands and feet, or go backward, which he will do more successfully at first; it all gradually strengthens and hardens him. Some day he will manage to get upon his knees, another day to go forward upon them, and then to raise himself up against the chairs. He thus learns to do all he can as fast as he can, and no more.

But, they say, he will be longer in learning to walk if he is let go on his knees or his hands and feet indefinitely. What difference does it make if, exploring the world in this, he becomes acquainted with things, learns to estimate distances, strengthens his legs and back, prepares himself in short, to walk better when he gets to walking