Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 16, 1891.

THE FOUR QUILTS. SPRING.

I spread my quilt of the white star daisies, And every one the pattern praises: They look to Heaven with their golden eyes These stars of the earth to the stars of the spine. skies;

My quilt of daisies.

I tint my quilt with the buttercup's gold, How much sunshine the wee things hold! They upward smile to their father, the sun, Who gazes at them till the day is gone. And their cups close.

SUMMER.

been pre-empted.

temperance speech. He said :

I trim my quilt with the roses sweet, And teach their green leaves in the corners to meet; In the centre are hollyhock, peonies red; And a myriad hnes bedeck the spread; I hold all colors.

Red centre? Ah, no! The centres shall be Of lilles white in their royalty— A quilt whose beauty all eyes shall win; Such as kings left to their next of kin Shall be my bequest.

AUTUMN.

I plan my quilt of ripened leaves; Of the walnut's gold, where the maple waves its crimson points 'gainst the bright blue sky, While the oak tree's fruit in the corners lie. The graceful acorn.

The centre shall be of golden grain Begilt with sunbeams one very plain, With a gentian frame of the deepest blue; And alderberries shall blush there too From green leaves peeping.

WINTER.

My quilt shall be of the spotless snow Of tracery quaint, when wild winds blow; Bedecked with jewels of rainbow hue, Where the sunbeams gather their faces to view.

I make their mirror.

My quiit is better than all the rest, For it covers up the deserted nest — All the little flowers beneath it creeping Shall nestle down, to wake from sleeping With spring birds singing. —Lydia L. A. Very in the Boston Transcript.

THE ANGEL OF SHILOH.

"You found the tavern full?"

The speaker was a handsome, intelligent looking gentleman of perhaps forty-evidently a citizen of the village and resident of the handsome but unpretentious dwelling house in front of the room." which he was standing.

"Yes," I replied; "I was too late by half an hour, so the landlord informed me.'

"You shall be welcome here if you will accept of modest quarters and plain fare.'

The tone of voice, no less than the words uttered, assured me that the offer of hospitality was sincere, and with a grateful heart and a simple expression of thanks I passed through the gate and clasped the extended hand of the man who, although I had never known of his existence till that minute, and who I had every reason to suppose a foe to the cause I represented, a rebel to the government whose uniform I wore, yet in whom I recognized

a friend and brother. ou are very kind," I said : "more the mud and waded through swollen scene changed. I wandered over the streams from early morn, having surfields of carnage. The dead were thick rendered my horse to a sick soldier of about me.

A groan reached my ear, and I bent the brigade to which I was attached, and was, therefore, worn and weary my steps in the direction whence the andalmost ill. Immediately after the sound came. A soldier in a lieuten order had been passed along the line to ant's gray uniform lay upon the ground with his head resting upon the lap of a woman. I said, "If I can be of any halt and to pitch tents for the night, a large number of the officers galloped on to the village and sought shelter beservice, please command." A pair of neath the roof of the hotel it containedblue eyes were lifted toward my face, It had been my purpose to get a hot and a voice, sad but musical said :

supper and dry bed also, but my pro-"Oh, I am so glad it is you ! you are fessional duties detained me for some a surgeon as well as a friend, and my time, and when I reached the door of brother is dangerously wounded." the inn I was informed that not only Those eyes, that voice; could I be all the beds, but every square foot of mistaken? No, it was Lillian, and the parlor and sitting room floor had the wounded young officer her brother.

What joy, what happiness to be able to It was while wending my way back serve, aye, perhaps save the life of her to camp that I had the rare good forbrother-the son of my friend.

tune, or fate, to attract the attention of A rap on my chamber door dispelled the vision, and the pleasant greeting Dr. Jewell. My boots were covered with mud, my clothes dripping with of Dr. Jewell restored me to my nor-water, and I felt as if chilled to the mal state. But my dream remained marrow of my bones and the center of as a vivid memory of a startling reality. my heart. It took but a brief time to I could not believe but that it was warm me, however, for the elements of presentiment, and although I kept it warmth were abundant. At his relocked in my heart as a sad, though quest I followed the doctor into his cherished secret, I resolved to ask Lilchamber and donned a suit of his lian for a picture of her brother which clothes, while he sent my own by a she had shown me the evening before. colored boy to the kitchen to be dried. So just as I was on the point of leaving Returning to the parlor, I observed a I said:

large bowl of steaming punch, flanked by goblets, upon a table which had "Miss Lillian, I wish you would give me a photograph of your brother. It is possible I may meet him, and if I been drawn up near the fire and by which an easy chair had been placed. should it would prove my passport to friendship." "I will," she replied, "for you may The family arose as the doctor and I

advanced, and the old gentleman delivered a very brief but very eloquent be of service to him, and I know you would do him a kindness if you could.

"You northerners have peculiar no-"Most gladly would I, both for his tions about the use of liquor, at least own sake and as a reward in part for some of you have. I have been told the great kindness I have experienced that in some places it is an insult to a at the hands of his family."

guest to offer him a glass of hot punch. The young lieutenant's handsome face bore a striking resemblance to We southerners think differently. With us it is an act of hospitality to that of his sister, and for that I prized invite our friends, and even strangers, it and cherished it. I wore it constantto join us in a social glass. I do not ly in an inner pocket of my vest.

know what your views are, but believ. The stirring scenes intervening diming that punch is a good medicine for a med somewhat the memories of my man who has been drenched by a cold vision as time passed, but could not raid, I ordered some prepared, and blot it from my mind.

hope you will join us in a glass before The battle of Shiloh had been fought, supper. But if you have any conand during the whole of it my mind cientious scruples we shall respect reverted to the dream. It seemed but them and at once send the bowl from a repetition of a tragedy of which I had witnessed the rehearsal. Impelled by some strange impulse I could sponded. "It is the abuse and not the not resist, I wandered out upon the battlefield at midnight. Every spot proper use of stimulants that forms the basis of my temperance creed, and seemed familiar. The dead faces were there are times when brandy is a blessthose I had seen in my dreams. A ing, and this is one of the times. I groan, aye, the same groan that I had heard on that ever memorable night of At the close of my speech the old January, 1862.

gentleman gave place to his wife, who I hurried to the side of the poor feladvanced and filled the goblets to the low from whose agnoized lips it came. brim, while Lillian banded them He was prone upon the cold earth, with his head resting upon his left arm, while with right hand he was around. When each of the men had been supplied with full and foaming beakers and the ladies with smaller striving to check the flow of blood glasses only part full, the father said to the son, "Give us a toast. Walter from a gunshot wound in his left breast. A glance told me I had found the

son of my friend-the brother of Lillian. Fortunately I had with me the "May the acquaintance begun to- means of stopping the flow of blood; night ripen into a friendship before also a canteen of water and a flask of also a canteen of water and a flask of brandy. No word was spoken until I right to give the little irresponsible be had done all that could be done at once, when with a faint voice and difficult articulation he said :

was captured by a rebel girl, and at her being so easily converted from her 'secesh" sentiments to unwavering

loyalty to the Union - True Flag. **Ill-Mannered** Children

A Mother's Views on the Proper Wold.

ing of Character.

It would be a blessing, indeed, it many a mother could see her children' behavior through her neighbor's eyes It would no doubt remove the scales of maternal blindness and result in good to her offspring. There is no more disagreeable object in life (unless it is an ill behaved man or woman, and such conduct in mature years is generally the result of early training) than a thoroughly ill-mannered child. How often we s on the street, at entertainments, while both visiting and receiving visitors, children who by their obtrusive way and constant talk render everyone about them uncomfortable. That home discipline has in a measure degenerated in the last score of years no one can doubt. The quiet, respectful child is almost a thing of the past. I do not mean that children are to be restricted from ever making noise. I like the hilarious racket attending childish sport when it is made in proper season. But that sea-son is certainly not when the mother is entertaining company or when a child is a guest in another's home.

It seems strange that any mother who realizes her responsibility as a mother does not reason to herself in this wise relative to her child's character . "When my child was born it knew absolutely nothing. It had no realization of morals or manners. Only as it is taught the difference, bad ways and good ways, pleasant ways and disagreeable ways are alike to it. Consequently it rests upon me as its mother, its most constant companion, the one most deeply interested in its welfare, to be earnest and vigilant in teaching it such ways only as will produce pleasant and desirable traits of character."

I once visited at the home of a lady who was a most intelligent, cultured person. Among her several children was a five-year-old boy whom I think I shall never forget. There was scarcely an instant's cessation during the day from his noise and chatter. As for his actions, they were simply indescribable. As for his At one time he climbed on the piano and thumped the keys with his shoes. The following is a sample of his mother's attempt at conversation with her visitor "I'm reading a book called Dream Life, and it is so beautiful. (Tommie, do let Mabel alone.) The language throughout the book is smoothe and poetic. (Tommie, come out of that cabinet) You have read the book, you say ? Well, isn't it charming ? (Tommie, stop drumming on that piano.)

Is it not deplorable that any mother will give her ignorant, dependent little one such wretched training? Does such a mother never look into the future and see what will be the result of such discipline in early life ? Does she not see trouble ahead for herselt? Does she take pleasure in thinking that she is raising sons and daughters whose manners will be repulsive in good society? Viewing

Fate of a Samoan Hero.

Coroner Walley and his partner, Mr. Rollins, sposses at their place of business a decidedly novel, weird and ghastly advertisement. In the corner of their back room stands an ordinary pine box, such a one as is used to place around caskets in the grave. It stands upon one end, and hinges are at the sides. A lid is opened and a startling sight is revealed.

Standing erect, with hands folded in front and dressed in no raiment except a similar garment to the one used by the Yuma Indians (when they use one) stands the dead body of a Samoan tat. gooed warrior, who was known during life as Letungaifo, and who died of consumption at St. Luke's hospital. The body says the Denver Republican, was taken to Coroner Walley's on the day of death, and he had it embalmed. The eves are open and the black hair and slight mustache bristle out with peculiar fierceness. From the waist to the knees it has been tattooed with blue ink, so as to resemble a pair of knee pants, it being one of the peculiar customs of the country from whence he came to so decorate the body of every male as soon as he arrives at man's estate.

From the peculiar history of this lonely Pacific islander, who, it seems, risked his life and assisted in saving the lives of many United States man-of-wars men during the the terrible cyclone that swept over the island in March, 1889, it would seem that the government alone owed a debt of gratitude to him to atleast put him in a proper resting place. Letungailo was one of the five Samoans brought to this country by R. A. Cunningham, August 19th, 1889, and was to have exhibited with them in this city but owing to his health he was sent to the hospital, and a few weeks after the departure of his countrymen he died. In obtaining these five Samoans Mr Cunningham had great difficulty, Mataafa Malietoe, the king of the islands, will not allow any of his subjects to leave, claiming it contrary to their law and custom.

In the terrible cyclone in March, 1889 when the American men of war Trenton and Vandalia were wrecked in the Tutuila, the natives rescued the sailors | by making a human line out to reach them, thus enabling them to get to the shore. On this occasion Letungaifo particularly distinguished himself for feats of bravery in saving the lives of several of the crew.

It was after this Cunningham attempted to get the men away. They sailed from the island of Upolu in an open boat, intending to intercept the Oceanic, steamer from Sidney to 'Frisco, but a terrible storm arose, and after being nearly capsized and suffering all manner of hardships they were compelled to put back in the harbor of Pago. Pago

This was on Saturday, and the next day being Sunduay all were released to attend church, as the authorities did not think anything would sail on that day Cunningham, however, learned the United States ship Alameda was shortly to sail with the sailors who were wrecked during the hurricane, and hastily getting the men together, who were anxlous, to come on board, they were se creted and thus escaped to America, being the first of their race to leave their native country.

Snap Shots for Women.

Luxurious petticoats are on the inrease

Salt in the water when boiling potatoes improves them.

Russia leather portfolios and writing desks are covered with rich designs in perforated silver.

New photograph frames are of white andressed leather with ornamental borders of cut stone.

If the hands are rubbed on a stick of celery after peeling onions the smell will be entirely removed.

A bundle of folded newspapers inclosed in a wrapper proves to be one of the latest match safes

The King of Hearts in all his panoply makes the enameled cover to a silver box for holding cards.

Really elegant women no longer wear pointed shoes, and even the square-toed slipper has appeared.

Place a few nails or old steel pens in the writing ink, and then pens in daily use will not corrode.

If troubled with headache, try thesimultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the head.

To remove rust from knives cover the blades with sweet oil for a day or twoand then rub with a lump of lime.

Yellow spots on the linen or cotton produced by the iron may be removed by setting them in the boiling sun.

Salad forks and spoons have enameled handles made to represent folded leaves of lettuce. The coloring is very good. The lighting of a room is very important. The light should always come from the side ; the central chandelier is bad

Individualistic walking sticks, as well as custom-made neckwear, are among the latest penchants of the advanced swell.

A charming garniture is the lace collarette, pointed at the back and reaching down at the front to the quilling of the skirt.

Making a skirt is a fine art nowadays, and one which is understood by only the harbor of Pago-Pago, in the island of merest fraction of the great number of dressmakers.

To remove berry stains from paper, books, etc., hold a lighted brimstone match close to them and the fumes remove the stains.

Use no soap in washing jelly bags; wash in water hot as the hands can bear; rinse in boiling water, and wring as dry as possible.

The fishwife costume is once more in vogue for misses and girls, and it will be a favored style for boating, yachting and other outing wear.

In washing blinds and dark paint always add several teaspoonfuls of ammonia to the water and when dry rub the paint with kerosene oil.

Old carpets may be made into rugs by unraveling them and weaving the rav-elings on frames which come for the purpose, or knitting them.

When hot grease is spilled on the floor, pour cold water on it immediately, to prevent it from striking into the ds; then scrape it up. Gold beads are very fashionable for young girls. One of the latest varieties has what the wearer calls an irritated skin breaking out in spots of enamel. If you wish to cool the air of a sick room and fear draughts from an open door or window, bring in a dish of and the rapid evaporation cools the air. A curved bar formed of small silver ostrich tips is the pin for one of the new chatelaines. The feather makes the ornamentation for the different pendants. Sometimes a spider's bite may be both unpleasant and serious. An antidote found efficacious is bruised plantain leaves spread with cream and often renewed.

kind than you know, for I am not only weary, but ill, or I should not have sought lodgings indoors while my comrades were exposed to the privations of camp life.'

"I'm glad of the opportunity to offer hospitality to a professional brother," he responded, "for I know from your letter on your hatband that you are a surgeon, and I am a physician. This would have been sufficient to have prompted me to invite you in, but something else, a sudden but unexplainable impulse, which I could not resist, impelled me to do it."

By this time I had been led into the ed and glowed upon the hearth, a sideboard stood to the left and a bucorner a clock of "ye olden time," and known by the title of wall sweeper, childhood. counted off the seconds with steady precision and sounded the knell of dying hours in a solemn monotone. Easy chairs stood back against the farther them into a large, old fashioned room, wall like sentries on an inner picket line, while others were crowded about ing room. It was a most cheerful and the cheerful fire; and these, as we entered, were occupied by persons whose in the center of the uncarpeted floor faces I could have never forgotten, had presented a neat, inviting appearance I seen them but a moment and which are now photographed upon my heart tions for some days, and who had eatforever and aye. There were three en nothing for twelve hours. Ham persons in the group-a venerable old and eggs and delicious corn cakes, done gentleman, a white haired, matronly to a turn, with sweet country butter and kindly faced old lady, and a gold and coffee with real cream constituted en hair, blue eyed young lady-father, the bill of fare. It was ample and I mother and daughter of my friendly did full justice to it. host. Dr. Jewell.

There is something in a name, else the richest and rarest gem in the group had the beautiful name of Lilian.

all this happened.

My name is Alden, a lineal descendant I am from John and Prisailla Aldless have read in poetry, if not in prose My ancestors had gone west almost a descendants of the Mayflower party woof of my visions. who still cling to the crags of Plymouth Rock, had been lost in the broad and tered a dozen words during the evening, fertile valleys of the Ohio, or they had but she had a most eloquent auditor. wandered off and found a flower be. She had sat almost directly opposite spangled grave on the boundless prai- me, and my eyes rested upon her face ries of Illinois. At any rate they as I addressed other members of the found no place in my heart.

The time of which I write was Jantucky. Grant's army was making a Fort Donelson.

nich all sectional and political prejudices shall dissolve and disappear, and may that friendship live and flourish in the hearts of all present when this cruel war shall exist only as a sad and sorrowful reminiscence."

"I have no such scruples," I re-

shall join you most heartily."

-one suited to the occasion.'

The doctor complied by saying :

"I most heartily indorse the sentiment you have so beautifully espressed," I responded, "and beg leave to quote from a Northland poet in reply : May the song birds of peace soon revisit our glades, And our children clasp hands where their fathers crossed blades.

A reverent and fervent "Amen" burst from the lips of the old gentle-

man as he touched my glass with his and raised it to his lips; tears rolled family room. A beechwood fire blaz- down the turrowed features of his good wife, and tears stood in the blue eves bright carpet with warm colors covered of the beautiful Lillian, and the long the floor, an old fashioned mahogany silken lashes that curvained those heavenly orbs drooped and quivered like reau of the same rich wood faced it on the dew laden willow fringe that hides the other side of the room, and in one from sight the crystal waters of a spring in the valley of Eden-the Eden of my

Supper being announced at this moment, the old folks led the way, and the doctor, taking my arm, followed which served as doth kitchen and dinhomelike place ; the table which stood to a soldier who had been on short ra-The evening hours flew rapidly past

on downy wings of friendly converse, bow should these people be so appro-priately named? I wondered and pon-ed the hour of 11, when the thought ed the hour of 11, when the thoughtdered the more when I learned that ful mother mildly suggested that the major was doubtless tired and would like to retire. I disclaimed any thought

I beg the reader's pardon, I have of weariness, and, indeed, I uttered but not told him or her, as the case may the simple truth in saying that I had be, who I am, or when, how or where not been so entirely refreshed for weeks.

is in good fellowship to restore the granted. wasted energies of the body as well as en, whose romantic history you doubt | spirit. So we sat another brief, delicious hour, and then the goodnights were said, and I retired to sleep and century ago, hence those provincial dream. The blue eyed Lillian formed prejudices, so characteristic of those the web and horrible battle scenes the showered upon mg humble self.

The beautiful girl had scarcely utgroup, and they did not fail at any time to meet a sympathetic response uary, 1862. Place, southwestern Ken- from her heaven tinted orbs; nor was

there the least embarrassment in this, grand reconnaissance in force, with a for her countenance bore such a perfect view to feeling the strength of the expression of innocent interest as to reenemy before making an attack upon veal a spirit at once modest and pure as an angel.

A cold, pittless rain had pelted us all day, and was still pouring down upon soldiers and officers alike. When the village of B. came in view, at 4 o'clock arms, the scream of shell and the (meaning you dear reader) will

"You have saved my life and I thank vou. "You owe me no thanks, lieutenant.

I should be an ingrate did I not serve to the utmost of my ability the son of my friend, Dr. Jewell, the brother of his precious daughter Lillian."

"If this is a dream? How? Where did you know my father and sister?" "Be calm, my dear friend: I will gladly tell you all, but not now. Enough that I have found you, and

serve you." In my arms I bore the wounded officer to my tent, and visilantly did I watch by his side until morning came. He had lost much blood, and the wound was painful, but not especially dangerous, hence he recovered rapidly and within a month he was well again. In the meantime I had told the story of my impromptu visit to his old Kentucky home and the generous hospitality I had met with there. I showed him the photo of himself given me by his sister, and the marvelous dream, which had prompted me to ask for the picture, was rehearsed.

"Doctor," he said as I closed my story. "I don't think I am superstitious, but I believe your dream was a presentiment given you by my angel mother. It was she and not my sister you saw holding my head in her lap. Lillian is marvelous like her mother, and could readily have been mistaken for her."

"At least in a dream," I added pleasantly.

"Yes, or by moonlight in waking But please don't try to break hours. my faith in the reality of that vision of yours. It has come true almost to the last particular."

"It has," I replied, "and I believe in its reality as firmly as you can." I told the story to General Mand it softened his heart so greatly that when I asked permission to take It is passing strange what power there | my friend to his home it was readily

> The reader may be safely left to picture to himself the joyful meeting of the long absent son with his loving grand-parents, father and sister, and expressions of gratitude and friendship

My leave of absence was for thirty days. I spent a fortnight of it with my Kentucky friends, and when I departed I carried with me two miniature portraits. One of them had golden hair and eyes of heaven's own blue. and lips that rivaled the ripening pome granate, and cheeks like the sunny side of a luscious peach. Nor was this all I had to gladden my batchelor heart. The original of the picture had said that "when this cruel war should be over I might come again, and then she would gladly go with me to my northern home as my wife.

laugh in the afternoon, I had trudged through shrieks and groans of dying men. The at me for being so silly as to tell how I bodily strength.

ing whom she has brought into the world such a start in life? Is it not a sacred, binding duty upon her to teach

her child good morals, good manners, and every other attribute conducive to the making of a good, pleasant character ?- Nellie Burns, in American Agriculturist.

Man's Inhumanity.

How the Big Fish Gobble Up the Little Ones.

"Live and let live" is a rule not often followed. Grab, Chokeman & Co. have a large store. They sell more goods than any in town. They brag over their income and the size of the glass in their show-window. They have enough clerks on tight salaries to man a small navy. Mr. Needham, an honest man. with a small capital, opens a store in the same business. One morning Mr. Grab says to his partner, Mr. Chokeman: "Do you know a young chap has opened a store down on the other end of this block in the same business ?" "Has, eh ? We will settle him very speedily." Forth with it is understood that if at the small store a thing is sold at fifty cents, at the larger stores you can get it for thirty-five. That is less than cost, but Grab & Choke man are an old house and can stand it and Needham can not. Small store's stock of goods is getting low, and no money to replenish. Small store's rent is due, and nothing with which to pay it. One day the small store is crowded with customers, but they have come to the sheriff's sale. The big fish have swallowed the little one. Grab & Chokeman roll on the floor of the countingroom in excess of merriment. Needham goes home to cry his eyes out. Big store had but and end to small store. Plenty of room for both, but the former wanted

The Maternal Instinct and Dogs.

all the sea to itself .- Talmage, in N. Y

Observer.

Dog worship is, as has been said, a fashion. It is, for the most part, an imitation, a pretense, in the beginning at least, though it may become, often does become, sincere, serious to a degree, injurious after a long indulgence. Unnatural attachments, affections misdirected are likely to bring their own re venges. They stray so far from fitness that they cannot return to the normal when they would, whatever the effort made. That dog worship is a fashion is shown by the fashionable women who regularly appear in the parks and pub-

lic drives with tiny dogs on their laps or nestling against their bosoms. Often these women are unmarried. They give to dogs the care, the tenderness, the devotion they would give to babies had they borne them. It is plain y the derangement and frustration of the maternal instinct, as is proved when they become mothers. The en they usual ly discard their four-footed pets immediately and forget all about them. -Junius Henri Browne in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

-That tired feeling now so often heard of, is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives mental and

Real Kindness.

A blind and crippled old man sat at the edge of the icy stone pavement grinding out his few tunes on a wheezy hand organ, and holding in one hand a tin cup for pennies. The cold wind blew through his rags, and he was in-deed a pitiful object. Yet few of the passers by seemed to pity him. They were all in a hurry, and it was too cold to stop and hunt for pennies in pockets

and purses. A sudden gust of wind blew the old man's cap off. It fell by the side of that pavement, a few feet distant. He felt around for it with his bare, red hands, and then with bis cane, but he could not find it, and finally began playing bareheaded, with his scanty gray locks tossed about in the wind.

People came and went, happy, well dressed men and women in silks and and velvets and sealskins, in warm overcoats and gloves and mufflers. But none of them paid any attention to the old man.

By and by a woman came out of an alley, an old woman in rags and tatters, with a great bundle of boards and sticks on her bent back, Some of the boards were so long that they dragged on the ground behind her, and it had evidently taken her a long time to tie all the boards and bits of lumber together and get them on her back.

She came along, bending low under her burden, until she was within a few feet of the old organ grinder. She saw his cap lying by the pavement. She saw him sitting there bareheaded. She stopped and untied the rope that bound the bundle to her back, and in a moment the boards were lying on the ground. Then she picked up the cap, put it on the old man's head and tied it down with a ragged string of a handkerchief taken from her own neck.

"Cold, hain't it ?" she said. He nodded.

"Ain't gittin much today ?" He shook his head again.

She fumbled in her ragged skirts for a noment and finally brought forth a copper. She dropped it into his little cup, hoisted the great bundle on her back and went on her way.

A Peaceful Section.

Traveler-"This is a famous section or feuds, I understand ?' Native-"No more peaceful parts any-

where than right here. No feuds here. Everything's as pleasant as pie. "How about the Billington-Welling-

ton feud ?" "Over long ago. I'm Billington." "Indeed ! I haven't met any of the

Wellingtons.

"No, nor you won't. The feud is over."

catarrh during the past twelve years, I tried Ely's Cream Balm with complete success. It is over one year since I throat that stopped using it and have had no return ther head. of catarrh. I recommend it to all my friends .-- Milton T. Palm, Reading, Pa.

Raisin Cake : One and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of milk, one-half cup of butter, one cup of raisins, two and half cups of flour, one egg, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Radiating scroll forms set with pearls are seen in one of the newest brooches, and between each scroll is a small sapphire set so lightly that it almost appears to be without support.

Round boxes in silver gilt with enameled miniatures, imitating famous and fashionable old snuff-boxes, are intended for toilet tables, and serve as a receptacle for rings and small pieces of jewelrv.

Creamy white wool veiling or cashmere is one of the happiest combinations with the creamy silk sash for young girls, finished at the neck and waist with narrow ruffle of silk ribbon to match the sash.

One of the newest ideas in New York s to hire pictures for an entertainment. True, it is not given out that the paintings are let out for one evening only, but it is done, is popular, and is very sensible

It is the fad now to pass a large bowl of rose-water round the dinner table as soon as the real business of dinner is over. Into this the quests dip their fingers, and thus one finger-bowl does the work of many,

In view of the serious disappointment to guest at the dinner tables of total abstinence people on finding that there is no wine, a total abstinence hostess in London now writes her invitations with "no wine" at the bottom.

A gargle of vinegar will dissolve small bones quickly. When a large bone happens to lie across the windpipe or throat a dexterous use of the finger will dislodge it when other means are lacking, provided both the operator and patient keep calm.

A pretty woman must first of all have clearly cut, regular features.

She must have full, clear eyes. She must have a skin that is above reproach, untouched by rouge or powder. She must have glossy hair that has

never known the touch of bleach or dye. She must have a good figure, plump enough, yet slender enough, though never suggestive of an angle.

She must have a white, expressive -After trying many remedies for hand, preferably a small one, but not of necessity, if it is well kept and white. She must have small ears and a throat that is like a marble column for

> She must know how to put on her elothes or she losses all her beauty.