# Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 30, 1891.

PERSONAL.

The violet loves a sunny bank, The cowslip loves the lea, The scarlet creeper loves the elm, But I love—thee.

The sunshine kisses mount and vale, The stars they kiss the sea, The west winds kiss the clover bloom, But I kiss—thee.

The oriole weds his motiled have The lily's bride o' the bee, Heaven's marriage ring is round the earth-Shall I wed thee, -Byard Taylor.

#### INDIAN SUMMER.

Fair Summer-Sying from chill Autumn's breath-Turned and looked back with longing restful

gaze, And saw the frest spirits, in their work of

And saw the rest spints, in their work of death, Despoil the fraits of her golden days. But bilthe October's pencil moved among The leaves and branches labyrinthic maze, And touched the sumac with a crimson flame, And swept the mountains with a purple haze, Pleasant, in truth, it looked—and Summer smiled And swept the mountains with a purple have Pleasant, in truth, it looked—and Summe smiled And blews kiss toward her one time home-

Then, laughing as a happy child, She called her birds around her and was gone. --Maud Barton, in *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

DORA.

1. Duncan Holmes (soliloquizing in Ten minutes ago I was on the way down town with the fixed intention of going in that direction and no other. yet here I am riding up town, with not the vaguest idea of stopping anywhere. What induced me to change my mind so suddenly? I have never done such an erratic thing before. What lovely eyes she has !

Conductor-Change cars for Thirtyfourth street ferry.

Duncan-Shall I change cars ? Perhaps I'd better.

A voice outside-Bananas ! Ten for a quarter ! Put 'em up in a bag for ver?

Duncan-No, I'll stay where I am. It is true, I saw Sissy Tomkyns in this car as it passed me, but I would never run three blocks for the pleasure of talking to him. Much more likely to run the other way. He is an unmiti- am going to Europe. And, James gated ninny-every one knows that. I was immensely relieved when he got off the car.

Woice at the window-Ten for a quarter!

Duncan-And then I got this seat directly opposite her. How fortunate. Was there ever such a face? And such beautiful hair! The old lady must be her grandmother-no. I don't want bananas. We were so near her when we were hanging on that strap together that she heard every word we said. I could see that plainly. That's Tomkyn's one virtue, he gives a person such opportunities for being brilliant.

(Car goes on.) Voice in distance-Ten-quarterbag for ver-

Duncan-It's fate, that's clear. It

be no harm in such a theft as that. Dora-No, thank you ; we can hear Some day, when we are both old, I shall hunt her up again and give it ery well here. Are you fond of music Duncan-Yes; very. That fellow back to her, and we shall laugh to lays well, too.

gether over the mad-dog episode. Dora-I am so glad you thought There is melancholy satisfaction in the dear grandma had a sweet face. It prospect. It is a pretty little trifle, daintly embroidered in blue, with her suited her exactly. I nearly died when I lost her, and now I am quite alone. Duncan-Is she dead? I am shock name in one corner-Theodora; a sweet, stately, name just suited to her. ed to hear it. I had no idea you were in mouring for her. (Aside.) Where This shall never leave me until I give it into her own hands. When that on earth is Botan, then?

time comes my hands will be wrinkled Dora--Your face shows you ar and shaky and my hair white, her grieved. Thank you, I remember blue eyes will be dim with years and that you were very kind that day. her voice cracked-bah! what is the ( nging begins.) That is a fine voice, but I'm very tired of the song. Are not use of thinking of it? I don't believe in fate, but I believe in love at first vou ? sight. Ah, me! James is staying a

Duncan-I do not know it. long time. I told him to ride both Dora--Not know "Marguerite ?"

Duncan---Yes, yes; of course! Parways. What a mercy it was that I did not carry out my first plan of apdon me, I was thinking of something plying for information at the house else. I am glad we are not the have in Fifth avenue to which they were another verse. It is time I restored going. I should have looked a prethe rest of your propety to you. This cious idiot. I had made up my mind handkerchief has been all over Europe to relate the car incident in an off with me.

Dora-Did I drop it in the car? hand way and to describe the two ladies particularly the old one, her short, white But no ; you have made a mistake. It hair and gray eyes, and all that, but is not mine.

Duncan-Not yours? I found it in any one, at least any woman, would have seen that I was in love and would the pocket of your fur cape, and it has your name. Look, Theodora? have taken infinite pleasure in enlightening me. I thank my lucky stars Dora Indeed you mistake. My

that I did not go there, but received name is Dorothea. Duncan I do not understand. another inspiration when within five vards of the house. I took one more Did not my servant go to your house in look at the cape and was satisfied Seventieth street?

Dora No; he could not have done that it was quite new and had the maker's name inside the collar. so, for I have always lived in Madison dashed over to the elevated, caught avenue.

the next train, rode down town, and reached the fur-Duncan But he saw your-your-Mr. Botan. Dora Who can you mean? I have

rier's shop just as it was closing up. The proprietor was very obliging, call-ed up his men, had the matter looked no brother, and my father has been dead for ten years.

into, and informed me that a cape sim-Duncan But but do you mean to ilar to the one I showed him had been say you did not lose your fur cape that made a week ago for a Mrs. Charles dav?

Botan- Married, married-Theodora Dora Mr. Holmes, I assure you I He gave me her address. I shall never had one. I begin to understand leave on Saturday and join mother and now. The lady who sat next me in the car had one on her lap.

Duncan I see, I see; I was on a James-It's all right sir. The lady wildgoose chase. But tell me, what is described the cape exactly, so I gave it your name? Margie called you Dora

to her, She was very much obliged to Botan. Dora Here is my visiting card in her card-basket look ! you, and the gentleman gave me five

Duncan Miss Dorothea Boughton Miss Dorthea Boughton ! Miss ! Well, well, what an absurd mistake I made! Was there ever such a stupid ? Sissy Mr. Botan ? Did he seem to be a fee-Tomkyns himself could not have done worse. Let me explain from the beginning.

Dora Hark ! A duett, (Tenor sings.)

'For one brief space we met, looked on thee and loved, and loved thee Duncan That is just my case. Dora It is not polite to talk during the singing.

Duncan For two years I have loved you hopelessly, Dora Dora Dorothea. What say yot ?

Dora Hush sh! Listen!

(Soprano sings.) "Look, look in my eyes

And ask, and ask no more !" -Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

w a Coat of Tar Feel

## A Street Car Romance.

How the Loss of a Purse Led a Young

Man to Matrimony. "Tickets !" shouted the smart young wait a minute." conductor, as he elbowed his way through the passengers standing in a car which was being drawn swiftly up California street. It was but half past five o'clock on a Thursday alternoon that I found myself inside a car filled with men returning from business, scattered among whom was a sprinkling of members of the fairer sex, who, encumbered with their innumerable purchases and wrapped up in cloaks, allowed only the tips of their noses to appear over their long

boas of fur or featuers. It was one of those cold, fogg evenings that make pedestrians hurry along

at top speed, while the policeman at the corners of the streets tramp up and down to keep themselve warm. The ladies seemed to have great difficulty in bringing their purses out of their small muffs or from their deep pockets, and a continuous string of apologies were offered for involuntary el-

bowings, caused by endeavors of their benumbed hands to obtain hold of the nickels for their fares. "Why, where is my purse? You

haven't got it, have you, Ethel ?" exclaimed a sweet voiced lady of middleage, after a hasty search in her muff and a hasty exploration of the myste-rious depths of the handsome gown she

wore. "No, mamma." "Then some one must have stolen it, or, perhaps, I have left it in some of the shops-down at the White House, it is very probable. All eyes were turned in the direction

of the speaker, and the conductor began to look very knowing. "Haven't you got any money?" he asked in a gruff voice.

"No; I have lost my purse, which contained all the money I had about me. But my husband will pay for us in the morning, or I will send the money at once on returning home."

"Can't do it, ma'am," replied the conductor; "you've got to pay now or get out and walk."

"Here, conductor," I said, tendering him a dime; and then turning to the elder lady, I added; "It is the rule of the company, Madam. The conductor cannot give credit to passengers. I hope you will permit me to spare you the annovance of having to get out at this hour."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," replied the lady, "and I accept your kind offer willingly. Will you be good enough to give me your address, that I may discharge without delay this small debt ?"

"Oh, it is a mere nothing, madam," I replied. "I shall be very well satisfied if you will give the sum to the first poor person you meet."

"Oh, no, not at all, sir," said the lady; "I must insist-" Under such pressure I could hardly refuse, and as the car was now approach-

ing Hyde street, where I transferred to the cross-town line, I took the three transfers the conductor gave me, and, confused by the deep interest of the other passengers, now all eyes and ears, I hastily drew out a card, and, raising

But she had looked over my should- and a candelabrum, giving a faint light er, and a small hand soon covered my eyes, while an arm slipped round my neck and her soft lips pressed mine. "Oh, you Laughty boy! But just

She disappeared laughing, and came back quickly with a small blue sachet, from out of which she drew two pink street car transfers.

"You see I've kept them safely-you did not think I had thrown them away, dear? The first Tuesday I cried all night. If you had not come the second-

Ethel ? "Shall I tell you ?"

"Yes." "You won't be cross ? Well, I would

have sent you one of them by post." "How jolly! And Mrs. Carmendid she know-"

"No, no, no. She was ever so surprised when you called. It was I who, before closing the envelope, secretly wrote at the foot of the card '*Tuesdays*.' Are you sorry ?!

(And then there is the sound of kissing.)

# Northerners Down South.

There is a large crowd of Northern people constantly in attendance at the Southern Inter-State Exposition in the city of Raleigh, N. C, and they are well paid for the expense of a trip. Lt is, as we have heretofore said, really more interesting for the Northerners than a trip to the Chicago Exposition. Hundreds of people are flocking to the Exposition to see what the negro has to show for his quarter of a century of freedom. Right well have the color ed improved in their Southern homes. and it ought to be gratifying to all who desire to see the Union perpetuated to know that the white people and colored people are living together in peace, and working shoulder to shoulder for the development of the Southern section of the Union, For what is to the advantage of one section is to the advantage of the whole. We of this part of the Union fought to keep the Southern part from leaving the Union, and we succeeded. The negroes were freed, and it is gratifying to all to know that our work was not in vain; but there is a great improvement over the old South; that in every nook and corner of that favored land peace and prosperity are on the increase. And one great pleasure to us is the fact that the Southern people are really in earnest in inviting us to visit them and to join with them in utilizing the great wealth they have in the millions of acres of virgin lands that have never been cultivated, but only await the hand of man to make then produce the most abundant crops. It s the greatest mistake to suppose the South a great level flat country covered with pines and scrub oaks. There are mountains in North Carolina higher than the White mountains of New Hampshire. Northerners who visit the Exposition are very much surprised at what the South has inside her borders.

was placed in each corner. Behind two white screens a pail, a wash basin, a censor, a tray and a short sword lay hidden. According to prevailing rules, the persons present stepped into the semi-dark room and took their places.

Then the duties of the three assistants of the prisoner began. The first brought him the sword on a short legged table, the hilt being wrapped in paper. The prisoner receives the weapon with reverence, lifting it with both hands to his forehead to express his esteem. Then he laid it back on the ta-"Well, what would you have done, ble and bowed to all present. Helet thel?" belt, and stuffed them firmly under his kness to prevent him from falling backward, which is looked on as a disgrace. Then, while with a firm hand he seized the sword, and with a quick movement cut up his stomach, the second assistant, who stood on his left side, with one fierce blow severed the head from the trunk. After rendering his friend this terrible service he retired behind the screens, drew some white paper from his The third belt and wiped the weapon assistant then grasped head by the luft of hair and presented it to the principal government witness to show that justice had been fully satisfied. This was followed by deep silence. All present retired quietly. On the floor lay the body of the nobleman. Four servants appeared and carried away the body and cleaned the room.

The memory of the nobleman re-mained unstained. He had remained loval to his rank in death.

NOT FOR THE SHOGUN.

In 1869 a private secretary to the privy council proposed the abolition of the hara-kiri. Two-thirds of the deputies were against the proposition, and in the speeches held on that occasion they praised the institution as indispensable to preserve the honor of the aristocracy, and as a spur to morality and religion. The man who advanced the proposition was, as was expected, murdered not long afterward.

Of course all Japanese do not share the opinion of those deputies. In the last change of gover ment when the shogun, completely defeated, had no other alternative than to flee to Yeddo one of his councilors advised him to have recourse to the hara-kiri as the last means of saving his honor and that of his family. The shogun ridiculed the advice and left the room in a rage. The faithful councilor retired to another part of the palace and disemboweled himself in proof of his earnestness. The shogun is still living and enjoys a fat income.

So much about the essential characteristics of the hara-kiri. The changes which this old national custom has undergone cause the particulars concerning it to be somewhat contradictory. By the introduction of a new code of laws, the hara-kiri has been abolished and only noblemen who still believe in the traditional code of honor of their ancestors, may select it as a mode of death. -C Sadakichi Hartmann in New York Sun.

### Snap Shots for Women.

Short jackets are set aside as quite out of date

is a little dark in the tunnel, so now I nor-such a lovely-smile. And what a soft, sweet voice she has! I would listen to it all day. The old lady seems to be a sensible sort of party. Why does she not drop her fan or her handkerchief, or do something to give me a change of making myself useful?

Conductor-New Haven depot!

Duncan-Nearly every one is getting off the car. A little trip in the country would be agreeable, perhaps. No, I'll stay in town and go up the avenue. What is the old lady saving to her now? Something about the streets.

Old Lady-We must not go too far up, Dora. You will have to ask the conductor. (Looks round anxiously.) Ducnan (raising his hat)-Can I be of any service, madam?

Old Lady-Thank you. I want to know where number-Fifth avenue is. Buncan-I am not quite sure, but I she has kept her word. will ask the driver. (Goes out on front

platform,) Small Boy in the street-Look out

for the dog!! (Car stops and frightened cur runs

in.) Small Boy (gleefully)-There he

goes! Mad dog, mad dog!

(Lady passengers scream and rush out the other door.)

Dora-Don't be frightened, grandma. Wait for me or you will fall,

grandma ! Conductor-Well, I never seed such

a stampede. Passenger (to Duncan)-The young lady dropped her cape. There she

goes : you can catch her. Duncan (taking it and rushing out)

-Fate is with me!

11.

Duncan Holmes (smoking in his room)-What a race I've had all the afternoon with that fur cape ! I dis-tinctly saw her and the old lady getting into a cab, and I ran blocks and blocks to catch them. There was such a crowd in the avenue that I could hardly keep the cab in sight-I knew it by the blue curtain at the back. At last it stopped; I came up breathlees making my best bow; the door opened street car, and we reached the tunnel I and two gentlemen got out. There heard a familiar voice which give me a were two cabs with blue curtains, and thrill of delight. The words it said followed the wrong one. What a were unpoetic and commonplace: dilemma I was in. I was determined "Bananas! ten for a quarter. Put'em the cape appeared in the paper, for I seemed to see you sitting opposite me, would not selish going to her as if to claim "twenty dollars reward." I She asked me where No.—Fith avenue turned the cape inside out in hopes of the little pocket was a slip of paper vanished from my sight. What is the with three memoranda written in a matter? There are tears in your delicate, running hand : "Notepaper, eyes. milliner, Charley's slippers." How I Do envied Charley, whoever he might be. was only a few weeks before my great, Her brother, I thought, and she was going to order his slippers—a good, kind sister. There was nothing else in the pocket except the handkerchief. I have kept it as a souvenir. There can the other room?

attending an after home, and while noon tea, here at Margaret's, saw sitcan look at her without knowing it. I ting in a corner, dressed in black, have never seen such a pretty profile Theodora. I went to my sister and whispered, Who is she?" "She?" returned Margie, "in black? Oh, that is Dora Botan. Poor dear! she has only just left off her erape. You must meet her; she is charming." In another minute we were standing before her.

the girls in Switzerland.

dollars, sir.

than yourself, sir.

against me!

all?

Here is James. Well?

Duncan-Yes; very well. Now

about what age is-er-the gentleman,

ble, delicate-looking sort of man at

James-No. sir. I took him to be

Duncan-Yes. Now go. Fate is

111.

Duncan Hoimes (in his married

ister's drawing-room to years later)-

It was certainly a strange coincidence,

to say the least. Soon after reaching

Geneva I saw in a New York paper the death "suddenly," of Charles Bo-

tan, at the address to which I had sent

the fur cape. Two weeks ago I came

about thirty-six or seven-a little older

want you to pack my small trunk.

Margie said, hurriedly : 'Dora, this is my brother, Duncan Holmes You have heard me speak of him," and then flew off to greet a new-comer. Ah, what a delightful half-hour I passed talking to her, listening, to her voice. and looking into her eyes ! She is not much changed, though sadder than she was, and I fancied once that she had a

dim recollection of me, but that is hardly possible. She did not speak of the fur cape incident nor of her husband. I have met her twice in the street since then, and last Sunday I went into church with her. She promised me

she would be here this evening, and (His sister shows Dora in.)

Dora-I am early, I see. Good ev-

ening, Mr. Holmes; are we the first arrivals? Duncan-No : there are several persons in the next room, but it is very

comfortable here. Dora-I have not been anywhere for so long that I feel quite strange.

Duncan-Yet, a musicale is not a formidable affair. Have this armchair, and I will take this one. Now,

I want to tell you a secret. Dora-A secret, Mr. Holmes?

Duncan-Yes: and to restore to you a piece of property of yours which aceidentally came into my possession two years ago, and which I have feloniousretained and concealed until now. Oh, you need not think this a joke, it is solemn truth. Have you forgot-

ten? Dora-Have I forgotten what? Duncan-That we met two years ago, you and I. There is recollection written in your eyes, but you do not quite place me.

Dora-I thought I had seen you before and heard you talk. Only yesterday I was thinking-

Duncan-Of me? Thank you. Now listen. I came uptown to-day in a

to find her before an advertisement for up in a bag for yer?" In an instant I

was. Do you remember now? A finding some clew to the owner, and in hunted dog ran through the car you

Dora-Yes; I recollect it all. It

People who read of tarring and feath. ering by White Caps and others known that the punishment is a very unpleasant one, but few imagine how terribly painful and dangerous it is. In Wy oming I once saw a man who had been mark. tarred and feathered, and, although he fully deserved it I could not help pitying him. Hardened tar is very hard to remove from the skin, and when feathers are added it forms a kind of cement that sticks closer than a brother. As soon as the tar sets, the victim's suffering begins. It contracts as it cools, and everyone of the little veins on the body is pulled, causing the most days No. -, Pine street." exquisite agony. The perspiration is entirely stopped, and unless the tar is removed death is certain to ensue. But the removal is no easy task, and requires several days. The tar cannot be softened by the application of heat, and must be pealed off bit by bit, sweet oil being used to make the process less painful. The irritation to the skin is very great, as the hairs caunor be disengaged, but must be pulled out or cut off. No man can be cleaned of tar in in a single day, as the pain of the operation will be too excruciating for endurance, and until this is done he has

to suffer from a pain like that of 10,000 pin picks. Numbers of men have died under the tortue and none who have gone through it regard tarring and feathering as anything but a most fearful infliction ..... St. Louis Globe Democrat.

#### The Siamese Twins.

Eng and Chang, the twins, were born n Siam in 1811, and came to the United States in 1829, after which they were on exhibition many years here and in Europe. They settled near Mount Airy. N. C., in 1854, where they died in 1874. Chang died unexpectedly while the twins were in bed and had been dead several hours before Eng awoke. The latter received a nervous shock at the sight of his dead brother which terminated fatally in about an hour. The twins were connected in the epigastric regions by a band about six or seven inches long and about two and a half in diameter. They were physiologically distinct persons, having different forms, strength and dispositions. Each was married and had several children. none of whom exhibited any malformation.

DRY Goods .- An old lady from way. back regions came to the city to do some "trading." As she looked around the elegant store with vague wonder a dandy floorwalker approached her.

"What can I do for you to-day, madam ?" "I want to go to the place where you

sell dry goods.' "It is right here, madam. What kind of dry goods do you want?"

## "Dried apples, mister."

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

my hat, extended it, with two transfers. to the lady: But it was the young girl

who, blushing deeply, took them. The following day I had almost forgotten the incident, when among my letters I found one--in an unknown handwriting-bearing the city post-

I opened it and saw, attached to the top of the visiting card enclosed, five two-cent postage stamps. On the card was printed :

MR. AND MRS. JOHN G. CARMEN. While underneath was written: "Mr. and Mrs. Carmen present their compliments and thanks to Mr. Paul Barnard for his kindness and courtesy. Tues-

I put the card aside on my desk, under a vase of violets, and it was not till one morning, nearly a week later, that I came across it again.

Now, every day you meet people in the street cars whom you look at for an instant with more or less attention; but in my case I had scarcely had a glimpse of the mother or the daughter, and had not the least idea if they were pretty or otherwise. From their accent and they be to me?"

Nevertheless, I did feel interest, so why should I attempt to deny it ? Their address had been given me, and also their day at home. The address was printed, but "the day" was written in a moderr, angular English hand. Not so the lines of thanks; the handwriting there was the delicate, precise kind that young misses were taught thirty years ago. The mother had certainly written them.

But who had written "the day ?" I became curious. How could 1 find out? Yes, there was a way But to call on people with whom I had only exchanged a few words—almost on the street, and who in a week might have forgotten both my name and my face, was rather a delicate matter.

Then I should have to undergo the torture of feeling myself an intruder, as the servant would announce me in the reception room where, perhaps, half-adozen ladies, unknown to me, would look me over from head to foot as 1 advanced, as if to ask :

"Who is this person, and where does he come from ?'

When I thought it well over, however, I reflected that there had been occasion to talk of me, and, at the name of Paul Barnard, Mrs. Carmen would know very well who I was.

At all events, I determined to renew the acquaintance, and so the following Tuesday found me at the door of No.--

Pine street. I must confess I did feel rather uneasy when my inquiry "Mrs. Carmen?" brought the answer: "Yes, sir; shall I take your coat, sir ?" and I was presently ushered into a handsomely furnished room, where I proceeded to pull myself together while awaiting Mrs. Carmen.

Since then some months have passed. "Paul, what are you writing ? "A little story. darling."

"Let me see. "No, no-not yet."

marks upon the horns of a cow indicate her age, but few know exactly how to count them. At two years old a wrinkle may be found forming at the base of the horn, and as the horn grows during the following year, this wrinkle becomes easily seen. Its full development marks three years' growth At five years a second is fully developed, and after that one appears every year, until at the age of eleven or twelve the wrinkles are smaller and closer and less conspicuous and some of the earlier ones will have been worn entirely away. Then it is time to kill the cow, for she has outlived her usefulness as a producer.

Telling a Cow's Age.

Almost all farmers know that the

The Code of Hara-Kiri.

A Way of Satisfying Honor Among Japanese Nobility.

It is generally understood that harakiri, or hara-wo-kiri is the solemn practice of suicide among the Japanese noblemen -- a practice most deeply rooted in their ideas of honor and faithfulness. The hara-kiri was first practiced on manner, however, there could be no the battlefield. If the defeated did not doubt they were of the upper world- wish to fall alive into the hands of the but, after all, of what interest, could enemy they thrust their swords into their mouths or their breasts or cut their own throats. Later the hara-kiri became an institution of honor. Whoever knew his cause to be lost either executed himself with his sword or allowed his companions to do it for him. It often happened that when a feudal lord had performed his self execution his vassals followed his example to show their loyalty beyond the grave,

HIS MEMORY UNSTAINED.

My mother, who was a Japanese of rank, often related to me a case of harakiri which took place not so many years ago in her own family. The nobleman. occupying a government office, had killed his bitterest enemy and was sen-tenced to the hara-kiri. If he had not belonged to the caste of warriors they would either have beheaded him or sen tenced him to be nailed to the cross. which would have brought dishonor on his family, besides resulting in pecuniary disadvantages. The hara-kiri, however, attached no dishonor to him or his memory. The condemned man was committed to the surveillance of a nobleman in whose mansion the solemn selfexecution was to take place, Day and hour were appointed, and the witnesses elected by the government arrived. The condemned man had begged three of his friends to render him the last service and they consented.

Subordinates called on the prisoner to tell of the arrival of the witnesses. They brought him robes of hemp on a tray. He donned them quickly and now dignified by the name of "Turkish hurried to the reception room of the pal- stitch." ace, where the sentence of death was through the mats. It was already dark sound nice?

Trailing street dresses are being very generally pulled up.

Cure a stiff neck with a plaster of mustard or warm molasses.

Cure a tickling in the throat with a pinch of dry pulverized borax, placed on the tongue and slowly dissolved.

The busy women will find it economical to use, instead of a dress braid, a binding of corduroy or velveteen.

A tablespoorful of ox-gall to a gallon of water will set the colors of almost any goods soaked in it before washing.

A new shade, called Thermidor --- a marigold yellow-is very fashionable in millinery and satin dress pattern.

To remove coffee stains, put thick glycerine on the wrong side of the article. and wash out in lukewarm water. Sift a tablespoonful of pulverized su-

gar over the top of two crust pies, baking, and see how delicious it makes them. A little sugar added to beets, corn, squash, peas, etc., during or after cooking will improve them. particularly if

poor. When meat is broiling it will cook more quickly if a irying pan is turned over it. Frying may be hastened in the same way.

Sashes are made of India silk and surah, fringed out at the bottom, and tied up high under the arms with large bows in back.

The woman who can succeed in making her face perspire freely every day, will in a very few months have a clearbright, fine complexion.

A new and delicious dainty is prepared by taking the stone either from dates or prunes and substituting a bit of the kernel of an English walnut.

In making custard, pumpkin or lemon pies, it is better to partly bake the crust before adding the mixture. so that it may not be absorbed by the paste.

Sou is the name of one of the new colors in Paris, a brownish copper, just the color of a well-used bronzed coin. It is handsome in velvet, and effective in fine wool materials.

These jottings are from the Home Queen. Yellow stains, left by sewing machine oil on white, may be removed by rubbing the spot with a cloth wet with ammonia before washing with soap.

Another kind of embroidery that is by courtesy called "Oriental" is done on soft, faded-colored sateens with the exquisitely colored Moravian cottons. Red and blue are used on a dark dull-red ground with good effect. The stitch most commonly used in this work is the

herring-bone stitch of our grandmothers

A friend of Laurel's in the States is to read to him. The prisoner listened to be married immediately. One of her it without moving a feature. Then he trousseau gowns is a dream to judge retired once more to his chamber to from the description. It is in soft change his dress for the last time. At-tired in white robes, he was led by a silver and pale pur, le pansies, and worn solen.n procession to the room where with a pansy velvet Swiss belt and brethe self-execution was to take place. A telles. The groups of pansies on the large cotton cloth was spread on the dress consist of a silver one and a purple mats, Over this a scarlet quilt was laid overlapping each other slightly, with to prevent the blood from oozing the foliage in gray-green. Does it not