

Bellefonte, Pa., Dec. 4, 1891.

PHILOPENA.

Phyllis, maid of gay demeanor, Fair, with fascination fraught, Basked in a philopena.

THE PERSVASIVE TOOTHPICK.

The tablecloth fresh and neat, The china bright, the viands sweet, And slim and straight beside the seat,

Stood stiffly, as toothpick ought, Which once was shunned but now is sought, For time has turned and forward brought

The dinner done they passed it round, And none said "Nay" and no one frowned, But all, with dignity profound,

Oh, other things of meager sphere, Comb! Tweezers! brush! The time draws near, Perchance when each shall be the peer

TWO THANKSGIVINGS.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

Form Harper's Bazar.

The congregation of St. Luke's Church was on its way to the post-office. There was no delivery at Inwood and the post-office on Sundays and holidays was open only from twelve to one, consequently a united postal pilgrimage always took place after church

which had come to be recognized as a regular appendix to the service.

This Thanksgiving morning, however, one of the pilgrims, after going a few blocks, broke from the ranks and turned down a side street.

She was a tall girl, with a slender figure and a bright attractive face. She carried a large basket, and before she had gone far she was joined, or rather overtaken, by a young man of twenty-five or six.

"Why, Jack," she exclaimed, when she saw him, "when did you come home?"

"Last night," he answered, taking her basket from her. "Are you carrying a Thanksgiving dinner to somebody?"

"No; this is just some of the fruit from the church—grapes and apples and things. I'm taking them to that ridiculous Hodge family. There are nine children, and they're always doing something dreadful. Last summer the youngest one partook freely of fly poison, and now one of the older boys has monkeyed with a buzz-saw till he's only got half his natural number of fingers.

"I presume a few of them are down with a contagious disease; they generally are. Do you care to go any farther?"

"Yes," he said, laughing; "you can't frighten me off like that. Any place that's safe enough for you will do for me. Did you trim the church this year?"

"I'm responsible for that pyramid of pumpkins in the corner, and that lambrequin of white grapes across the front of the pulpit. I am not guilty of the wheat stack nor that symphony in beets. Do you know," she added, "I think these Thanksgiving decorations are being carried a little too far. I expect to meet a roast pig and some applesauce in the chance yet."

"Yes," he answered; "they don't seem to know where to draw the line."

"It's a good deal of a farce, the whole thing," she went on. "I looked round the church this morning, and I wondered who was really thankful. There was old Mrs. Robinson, poorer than Job's turkey pike, and with a drunken husband besides. There was Mrs. Andrews, with no husband at all—she ran away from her sixteen years ago. Then those forlorn Roger girls—one of them takes in sewing, and the other is a type-writer. You know they hadn't a penny when their father died. I don't know whether there is more trouble here in Inwood, or whether it's because it's a little place and we know people so well, but I think there are more pitiful stories, more broken lives, here than I ever heard of. Thanksgiving indeed! I wonder we don't have a four o'clock tea, and all take strychnine together!"

She spoke half-laughingly, and yet with an undertone of bitterness. Jack Littlefield looked at her earnestly.

"I don't believe they feel it as keenly as you think they do," he said. "I think happiness is pretty evenly divided after all."

"It isn't," she answered, quickly—"it isn't at all. Now, Jack, you know me. You've lived next door ever since I can remember, and I suppose I'm an average happy girl; and I tell you I get so tired of the whole thing sometimes, I wish I were dead." Her voice trembled slightly.

"What makes it so hard, Edith?" he asked, slowly.

"Oh, everything!" she answered, recklessly. "I hate this place. I think it's narrowing and demoralizing to live in so little a town. It stifles you. There aren't two people in Inwood with an idea in their heads. Mother and father are dear, of course, and Aunt Nan is just as sweet as she can be, but I'm tired of the same old things day after day. It isn't life here it's just stagnation. I want to go somewhere where I can breathe. And then, Jack, I just hate to be poor. This miserable kind of poverty, where you're forever saving ten cents and pinching in little things—darning your curtains and turning your carpets and dyeing your dresses—scrimping along, and keeping up appearances. Seems to me real genuine want in a garret would be easier. That would be a downright blow; this is a series of little exasperating nips. Oh, I know I am ungrateful and rebellious and all that, but I would like to live my own life in my own way once!"

There was a moment's silence between them; then she said hastily: "Here we are at the Hodges.' Give me the basket, and I'll run it with it. You wait outside."

Jack Littlefield put his hands in his pockets, and whistled softly to himself while he waited. He had known Edith Armstrong for a great many years. They grew up together side by side. He loved her very dearly—how dearly he hardly himself knew, for there had been little time for introspection in his young, busy life. Left fatherless in his boyhood, with his mother and a younger brother partially dependent, he had early put his shoulder to the wheel to help the family coach along. He was doing well, and had a good position in a neighboring city from whence he came home for occasional holidays.

It had always seemed to him that Edith formed part of his home life, he knew her so well and liked her so very much. Vaguely, in the dim future, he had thought that they would marry. It seemed such a natural thing, more like a development than an event. But it had been far in the future, for the care of his mother still rested upon him, and he was but beginning to win his place in the world. It seemed further than ever this Thanksgiving morning, after he had listened to Edith's despairing talk.

When she came out of the house with her empty basket they walked along in silence. They were both thinking of her last words. "Did it ever occur to you, Edith," he said, finally, "that you might marry?"

"Yes," she answered, frankly; "but who is there in Inwood?"

"You're not complimentary," he said. "Ain't I here?"

"Yes, you are," she answered, "and you're the greatest comfort I've got. But we're too good friends to spoil it with any sentiment. I want you to marry a rich girl in the city, and she might have a rich brother that you could send over to me. Wouldn't it be fun?"

"You had come to the bridge across a little river or creek. They stopped together, and looked over the railing into the water below. It was frozen a little by the edges of the banks, but flowing turbidly along in the middle.

"You wouldn't marry a poor man, would you?" Jack, gazing steadily at the water.

"No," she answered, looking fixedly at it in her turn. "I really couldn't, Jack. If I'd never been poor, I might; but I know the ghastliness of it too well."

"Not even if you loved him?"

"I shouldn't love him; I wouldn't."

It seemed very lonely without her when he went home. And then her letters began to come. They were jolly letters, full of sparkle and fun, and reflecting in every line the gay society life into which she had plunged.

Jack Littlefield watched for them anxiously, and read them eagerly; yet in spite of all their brightness, he had, after reading each one, a strange feeling of depression. It was the "left out" feeling, though he did not recognize it.

Finally near the end of her visit, a letter came that seemed to take the heart right out of him. He felt as weak as if he had had the fever, after reading it. In it she told him, very sweetly and prettily, of her engagement to Alice Redfern's brother.

"No one knows it yet dear Jack," she wrote; "not even his family, for, of course, he must see father and mother first. He is coming on as soon as I get home, and then it will be settled. I have not written to them about it yet for he wanted to tell them himself, but I could not keep it so long from you. I doubt if it is an engagement yet—I have no ring—but it will be as soon as I come home. I hope you will like him. Somehow the thought of leaving home makes Inwood and everybody in it seem dearer than they ever did before; even those Hodges seem embracing, when I think I may go away and never see them again."

It was not a satisfactory letter, and while Jack Littlefield was puzzling over it, trying to find out if the fault lay in the letter itself or the miserable feeling it had given him, he was startled by a telegram from his mother.

"Can you go to Chicago with Mrs. Armstrong?" it said Edith has been hurt."

Edith burst, and her letter still in his hand, as fresh and full of life as if it were her voice just speaking to him! It seemed impossible. He hastened home, and went at once to Chicago with Mrs. Armstrong.

She told him the little she knew about the accident. It seemed that the last evening before Edith was to leave for home there had been a toboggan party. One of the toboggans became disabled, and stuck at the foot of the runway. Before they could get it away, another one was upon it. There was a crash, a fearful shock, and when Edith was picked up they thought at first she was dead. She was living still but insensible.

They found the Redfern family very sympathetic and sorrowful, and yet Jack Littlefield hated them all. It seemed to him as if they had stolen his darling just to kill her. He was unreasonable and blind. He could see only one thing—that they would go on in their light, gay, dancing way, while Edith lay maimed and crippled for life. He was particularly furious with young Mr. Redfern, who was anxious and so solicitous enough to satisfy most people, but it seemed to Jack as if the least he could do now was to shoot himself in despair over what had happened.

"He acts," muttered Jack, "as if one of his houses had burnt down or as if he had lost a diamond. It's something outside of him that doesn't touch him at all. I don't believe he's got a single feeling in his stylish old heart."

The first words that Edith said were: "Take me home," and as soon as it could be done, they brought her back to Inwood. There she got better, but it soon became apparent that she would never walk again. The old doctor, who had known her from her childhood, still had hope.

"The spine is very delicate and peculiar," he said; "no one has a right to be positive in a case like this."

But to Edith there was no hope, and her soul was black with despair. "Why don't you kill me?" she cried to the doctor one day. "I don't want to live. I want to die. Why don't you let me die?"

"Edith, he said, gravely, taking her hand "my poor child; life and death are not in my hands. We can only wait and see what nature will do."

She sobbed passionately. "Oh, it is too cruel!" she cried. "Too cruel! To think one cannot even die!"

He waited a minute, and then said slowly, "I have seen a great deal of suffering in the world, Edith, a great deal of suffering in the world, Edith, a great deal of trouble and sorrow, and I have never seen but one cure for it."

"What is that?" she asked through her sobs.

"Work—for others if possible, if not, for one's self. It is the only cure for despair that I have ever seen."

She stopped amazed. "You say that to me—to me who am helpless as a baby! You are cruel too!"

"No, Edith," he answered, compassionately; "I want to help you. Work isn't necessarily digging or breaking stones. There is finer work than that in the world—work that I think, after a little you can do. Just now—"

"Well," she asked, impatiently, "just now what can I do?"

"Oh," she said, with a shudder, "I hate it! I would rather suffer martyrdom, and die, and have it over, I hate to be patient, and it doesn't make it any easier, either."

"No, I presume not for you; but I wasn't thinking of you alone, Edith. This trouble comes upon your whole family. It is a burden upon them all, and yet you can make it so light that they will hardly feel it at all."

"How?" she asked, sceptically.

"They can take of you, and do everything for your body; but it is when this rebellious despair fills your mind that they sit down subdued and helpless before it. They take their cue from you. I know of no anguished keener than that a mother suffers for her child. You can lighten this, Edith, so that your poor mother will be almost glad again."

The girl lay there silent. "Is this my work?" she said in a low voice. "Is this what I can do now?"

"Yes," he answered, gently; "this is your work."

She was alone for a long time after the doctor left. Then her mother came softly in. She went up to Edith, sud-

denly, "I've been thinking of so many things. I shall be your stay-at-home daughter always now, and there are such lots of things we must plan to do together. I'm going to sit up before long, the doctor says, and my head and my hands will be in good working order. Why, mother, the more I think of it, the more it seems as if legs were mere ornamental appendages anyway."

She spoke in her old bright way, and yet the tears began to gather and chase each other down her mother's face.

"Don't!" cried Edith; oh, mother, don't and she put her arms around her mother's neck and drew her face down to hers. She kissed her and held her there a moment, heart to heart. There were tears on both faces when they parted, and yet mother and daughter were happier than they had been in many a day.

Mr. Redfern came on twice to see Edith. She was too ill the first time to talk to him at all, but she was much better during his second visit, and able to sit up in the invalids chair which had been bought for her.

She told him then that of course she considered their engagement ended. He was very courteous and gentlemanly, and assured her that she was as dear to him as ever, and that he would always have most tender memories of her—but he accepted her decision, and his own freedom.

He sent me a great bunch of La France roses, Jack the next day, said Edith, telling Jack Littlefield all about it. I should have liked them better if they hadn't all seemed to be nodding their heads at me, and saying; 'Thank you! Thank you!'

Oh, Edith!

She laughed a little. Well, they did, she asserted. Jack, it was rather funny, after all. I felt a little like the girl asked out to tea. I wouldn't have accepted on any account, but I did want to be urged a little more. And he was evidently afraid that if he urged too much, I might change my mind and accept. It makes you feel queer, Jack, to know you've been loved for the sake of your spine alone. Of course I know spine are necessary, but now that mine's gone, there seems to be a good deal left of me. Im as much Edith Armstrong as ever.

Of course you are, said Jack, vehemently; only your a thousand times dearer. Why, Edith that brute never loved you! If he had—

Don't call him a brute, Jack; it isn't complimentary to me.

I don't believe you ever loved him, he said under his breath.

I don't believe I ever did either, she said softly.

Then they both laughed.

This is dreadful, Jack, she said; it makes me feel so guilty and traitorish. Besides, there's a little sour-grape appearance to it that isn't pretty. I want to tell you about mother. She was sublime. She told him she might have given me to him once, but now I was but my own mother. Just think of that—too precious! Not too helpless or too crippled, but something so very valuable that he couldn't possibly have me at any price.

(Continued next week.)

What is Your Son to Be.

A Field Offered by the Growing Electric Business.

Two men were sitting face to face between the car tracks on Park row the other day. It seemed to be a dangerous position, for they could not follow their work and at the same time keep their eyes on the rattling teams on either hand. They had to keep their elbows in, too, or the cars would bump them. They were seated at a manhole, testing cables of wire which were in the subway beneath. Each had the end of a cable in hand and a portable galvanometer—a square box about the size of a cigar box—in front of him.

But a few years ago the man engaged in connecting wires in this way touched the tip of each wire in turn to the tip of his tongue. If there was a current running through the wire he felt a little pricking and a sour taste. He did this the whole day through, and was none the worse for receiving so many slight electric shocks and tasting so much copper.

It was a very primitive test, but a very good one, and old wire testers still use it when in a hurry. But soon a galvanometer was made, which not only finds the current but gives some idea of its strength. The rapid way in which invention has been piled upon invention in the electrical world is marvelous, and it seems surprising that a sufficient number of workmen of sufficient intelligence should be found in a hurry to practically put these inventions into use.

A question upon this very point was put to a well known electrician who happened to saunter by the two men at work.

BAD WORK.

"It is only surprising in a measure," he said. "As a matter of fact, the business has grown much faster than the intelligence necessary to handle it, and many accidents are due to that fact. The electric light people at first had to rely very largely on the workmen engaged by the telegraph companies, and both had to draft in a large number of new men and train them to the work. Any man with a little knowledge of mechanics and the handling of tools soon makes a good lineman. There is no great skill required, except in care that the wire does not become abraded in handling, while the good wages paid for the work—seventy-five dollars a month—are a great inducement. But the business has undoubtedly suffered in its rapid progress for the want of skilled men, and the market is by no means over stocked yet. Only the other day one of the New York companies had to send to the New England Cable company to borrow men to make joints in city lines.

"Some of the underground work, too, has been badly done, but much of this has been quite as much due to keen competition and the proverbial economy of the unscientific stockholders. When it comes to buying wire, costing from \$1.40 to \$1,500 a mile, the stockholder has a lot to say about it, and cheap wire is too often a result. One of the electric light companies runs an alternating current, and it now begins to find, all over the country, that its wires are already becoming faulty. They cannot stand the strain.

CHANCE FOR YOUNG MEN.

"One of the things absorbing the attention of electric men to-day is to find an insulator which will stand heavy alternating currents. So the trouble has been as much a matter of cheap material as unskilled labor."

"Have the workmen a union yet?"

"No, not yet. There is an association called the Society of Electrical Engineers."

"And where do the engineers and executive men come from?"

"A good many of the heads of the departments had their training at various schools of technology, such as the Stevens Institute, Cornell University, the Massachusetts School of Technology. Indeed, nearly all the universities have classes in electricity now, and they supply a good deal of the talent for the business. These young fellows from the schools of technology have started in the blacksmith shop and worked right up, and the only thing about electrical matters they have no knowledge of is the business end of it. They easily find positions at from \$60 to \$100 a month at the start, and they get more according to the ability they display."

"It is a great business for a man to get into, whether he is well educated or not. There is such an enormous field for the application of electric power outside of the electric light. See how fast the electric streetcar has grown throughout the country! Then there are the other almost innumerable applications of the force which will soon be in demand. No, sir, the skilled workman who goes into the electric business, of whatever grade he may be, need feel no fears of his labor market being overcrowded."—New York Advertiser.

If the W. C. T. U. Had Its Way.

Miss Frances E. Willard in her annual address to the W. C. T. U., at Boston, said that God had helped them to build better for they knew. If these women had their way, and they intended to have it, the taint of alcohol and nicotine would not be on any lip or in any atmosphere on this globe; no gambler could with impunity pursue his vile vocation; and the ban of shame that are the zero mark of degradation would be crushed out of existence before sundown, and the industrial status of woman would be so independent that these recruiting officers of perdition would seek in vain for victims; the saloon keeper would become "in every State and nation—as, thank God, he is already in so many—an outcast, an Ishmael, a social pariah on the face of the earth."

The party that unmistakably declares for the prohibition of strong drink in the political platform of 1892 was the only one that could hope for the good will, good word and prayers of the W. C. T. U.

"A God-send is Ely's Cream Balm. I had catarrh for three years. Two or three times a week my nose would bleed. I thought the sores would never heal. Your Balm has cured me."—Mrs. M. A. Jackson, Portsmouth, N. H.

Why Lang Writes So Much.

There is nothing literary people to the effect that Andrew Lang is publishing too much. His work commands large pay and he does an enormous amount of it. But he is practically compelled to publish, for in the position he holds among men of letters in England his expenses are enormous. He is a great lion socially, and a large income is required to entertain as he is expected to entertain. For the same reason Mr. Gladstone has recourse to his pen. For every article he writes Gladstone receives \$1,000. His receipts from his literary ventures enable him to gratify certain tastes which otherwise could not be indulged. He is comparatively a poor man.—Edward C. Pigmore in Chicago News.

Col. J. Henry Sellman, Collector of Internal Revenue, Baltimore, Md., believes in it for rheumatism. He writes I have tried Salvation Oil, and believe it to be a good remedy for rheumatism.

The World of Women.

Citron pink is a popular shade for stately gowns.

Stock ties are still a part of the stiff linen collar.

Square corners are the distinguishing feature of the Henri II collar.

Double frills of ribbon in belero fashion trim many of the prettiest waists.

Bertha ruffles are pinked, scalloped or underlaid with ribbons of contrasting color.

Nearly all the new cloths are soft and shaggy, and show to the best advantage with velvet.

Bisque blue bengaline and crepon in a tone known as English rose form a delightful combine.

A combination purse and card case in lizard skin can be found to match your costume of gray, tan, green and brown.

Very fascinating in finish are the military overcoats, with their light hued linings of satin. These are decorated upon the outside with lapsels of feathers or fur and a high standing collar.

As Mrs. Postney Bigelow is a leading society lady of New York and the owner of a cool million of dollars it makes it difficult to understand why she should have versed into literature and become a book mark.

No matter what the material or color of your house gown, you can, if you wish, add an oddity in the form of a pair of white sleeves. These may be cut from any soft white fabric which your fancy may select.

A charming centre piece for the dining room is a chandelier of silver, with a dome surrounded by clusters of candle-burners set in rose colored candle dishes. An important addition is the banquet lamp shadowed by an exquisite little skirt of silk.

Ultra fashionable women select for top garments the roughest of Irish frozes. The monk hood as an accompaniment is losing in popularity for the reason that, unless the figure is extremely straight and very slender, a round shouldered effect is produced.

The young woman who wishes to make beautiful the dressing case of the young man upon whom she has set her affections no longer makes it glorious with silver brushes, but instead decorates it with those of ebony, upon which his cipher or monogram is wrought out in silver.

Small women from six to twelve are furnished with gowns in which the yoke waist is a feature. English smoking still continues to give relief to plain material. Sleeves for tiny maids are cut very full, but for girls of larger growth the style of the figure should regulate this part of the dress.

One of the oddest and most attractive promenade gowns is made of a black and cream Pekin stripe, the black being a hairy, fluffy line on the cream foundation. This is made up simply over an underskirt of green velvet in a rich mossy color which appears between deep slashes on either side of the skirt.

Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown of Orange, president of the Federation of Women's clubs is a daughter of Prof. Ralph Emerson, for many years connected with the Andover Theological seminary. She is a handsome woman of fine physique, and an accomplished linguist, speaking half a dozen languages fluently.

A soft lined lamp shade is made of four small palm leaf fans. Out of off the handles and tie them together in shape slightly overlapping each other with narrow satin ribbon or gold tinsel cord. Hang a few bangles or small shells on the lower edges. Gilding in very small quantity looks pretty, but soon becomes tarnished.

The very smart young woman given to letter writing uses dark green paper, upon which gold sealing wax holds the envelope together. Johnstone-Bennett uses the faintest shade of mauve satin paper and has the wax, which is firmly and evenly placed, of exactly the same color. By using this Jane is ahead of all the others in having the latest Parisian fancy.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is devoted to the memory of her son, Lionel, who was the original of Little Lord Fauntleroy. She has founded an asylum for new-borns in Drury Lane, London, and called it "Lionel's Home." She is working on a small scale now, but she intends to devote a considerable portion of her income to build up this monument to her son.

A reference to the feminine students at Sage College, Cornell University, is made in the report of President Adams, who says: "A vast majority of the of the young women are not only earnestly devoted to the working out of great and noble purposes, but are also disposed on every occasion to exert their influence in behalf of a cultivated and refined social life."

A handsome chevrot costume has a skirt arranged in mounting to the belt so that, without draping or lifting, it hangs from the right side at a distance of ten inches from the bottom of the foundation skirt, disclosing a plain underskirt of dark moss green velvet. This chevrot is an exquisitely fine heathen mixture, and the coat has a back with long tabs, the front being a vest of chevrot incased in a low cut pointed bodice of green velvet.

A small, close-fitting bonnet, modeled after the shape worn by the Princess of Wales, is of green velvet and has about it a soft twist of peach colored chiffon, while at the side, quite near the front, is a cluster of tiny, bronze peacock feathers, brightened with green spangles. For driving green velvet ribbon strings could be worn, while for a reception full soft loops of the peach chiffon may be draped about the throat.

A pretty young woman never looked prettier than when wearing one of the rakish three-cornered hats that are known as George the Third shape. Each corner holds a cunning rosette or bow of ribbon. Then, too, the Mother Goose crowns, which early in the season were declared to be too trying even for youth and beauty, are appearing in becoming fashion upon the heads of half the fashionable girls in the country. Even to the demoielle whose face is not her fortune they are most kind, so that ugly lasses as well as their pretty sisters will wear them sure and certain.