

THE THINNING OF THE THATCH.

Oh, the autumn leaves are falling, and the days are closing in. And the breeze is growing chilly, and my hair is getting thin!

I was once a merry urchin—curly headed I was called. And I laughed at good old people when I saw them going bald!

I remember asking uncle—in my innocent surprise—How he liked his head made use of as a skating rink by flies!

When invited to a party I'm invariably late. For I waste the time in efforts to conceal my peeping eye!

I have tried a hair restorer, and I've rubbed my head with rum. But the thatch keeps getting thinner, and the new hair doesn't come!

People tell me that my spirits I must not allow to fall. And that coming generations won't have any hair at all!

With the pangs of watching day by day the thinning of your thatch.

TALL JANE.

"You don't mean that's Jane's skirt, Mrs. Ward?" "Yes, I do." "Why, it's larger than yours."

"I know it. She's taller than I be. She's grown all out of everything lately. I've let down tucks on a hems, a piece at the top, and now her pink gingham is most up to her knees."

"Stand up here 'side of me," ordered her mother. "I want Mrs. Mason to see how much taller you be."

"You can't get through the door if you don't stop pretty soon, Jane," laughed Mrs. Mason, who was visiting the Wards. "I never see such a sight."

"She ain't fifteen till next month," replied Mrs. Ward. "An if she don't git her growth till she's eighteen I don't know where she'll be."

"Yes'm," said Jane. She kept her face turned away from her mother so her tear stained eyes should not be noticed.

"You shall have your new dress to wear to-morrow," said her mother as she finally started with her school books under her arm and the dinner pail swinging.

"What's the matter?" asked Mary Etta, finally. "Nothin's the matter." "Yes there is too. You've been cryin'."

"Why, Robert Carnes! I ain't." "Yes, you are." "Oh, Robbie—maybe I shall be taller than I am now."

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moment for her. The committee came to visit the school, and a strange gentleman and his wife came with them.

Jane distinctly saw this strange lady turn her white plumed head toward her, then whisper to her husband. Then she saw him look at her and ask one of the committeemen who that tall girl was.

Jane thought she was laughing at her. She did not dream that the lady had noticed her because her face was so pretty, and not because she was so tall.

The geography class came and the visitor were still there. Jane filed out with the rest. She thought she had her lesson perfectly, but she missed in bounding Uruguay, and had to go down.

Her cheeks burned hotter and hotter. Maria Starr, who was three desks off in the same row, leaned forward until she saw her and tittered.

Jane saw the committee and the strange lady and gentleman go out, while the teacher stood courtesying at the door, and all through a nerving cloud of tears.

"Are you sick?" asked the teacher, bending low over her. "No, ma'am," sobbed Jane. She would not say another word, and the teacher went back to her desk and called a class.

"You may go out and get a pail of water," said the teacher, and it was considered quite a privilege to get a pail of water, and then pass it around in a tin dipper.

Jane went out with the water pail, but instead of filling it from the pump near the school house she sat it down near the platform and fled desperately down the road to a little bridge over a brook.

"Hullo!" called a hesitating voice. "Hullo!" called a hesitating voice. "Hullo!" called a hesitating voice.

"I don't care, you're the prettiest girl in school anyhow," said Robert in a shamefaced way. "Why, Robert Carnes! I ain't."

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apples to put in your desk." Jane said nothing. Robert whistled again.

Jane waited a minute. "Well, I'll come," said she. "You go ahead and get the water."

There was a leap of bare feet over the bridge, and Jane came out from the swarm of flower butterflies, with undefined conviction that brought comfort in her childish heart, that however tall she grew, although she might outgrow all her dresses, she would never outgrow love.

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the big rivers whence the supply of water is taken, and the canal carried across broad streams on aqueducts.

The Ganges Canal, for instance, crosses the Solani River on an immense aqueduct three miles long.

On a portion of the same system an immense aqueduct has just been completed across the Kali Naddi River.

The foundations consist of 268 circular brick cylinders or wells, as they are always called in India, all sunk fifty-five feet below the river bed.

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Scrod is young codfish and is very delicate and appetizing.

Escalloped Chicken.—Free the chicken from the skin, bones and fat and chop it rather coarse.

Potato Balls.—With a vegetable scoop out a quart of balls from raw potatoes and put into cold water.

Baked Onions.—Take four good-sized onions, wash clean, but do not remove the skins; boil three-quarters of an hour in boiling salt water.

Egg and Lettuce Salad.—Boil hard eight or ten eggs; chop and wash some fresh, young leaves of lettuce and mix with the eggs.

Cheese Straws.—Take well-beaten biscuit dough, roll it out as thin as possible and sprinkle it out as thin as possible.

Salted Peanuts.—Shell and put into boiling water to remove the skin; turn them into a hot buttered frying-pan and keep there long enough to brown.

A Judge Giving Testimony. An Important Case Summoned Up As Follows. Chronic Catarrh—Twenty Years—Settled on Langue—Could Get No Relief—Permanent Cure at Last.

NEW VIENNA, CLINTON CO., O. Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co.—Gents: I take pleasure in testifying to your medicines.

The children's health must not be neglected. Cold in the head causes catarrh. Ely's Cream Balm cures at once.

Menu for a Tempting Dinner. Recipes for the Soup, Fish, Meat, Salad and Dessert.

Bisque of Beef Soup.—Use a pound of beef (have the butcher cut it in small pieces), a quart and a half of cold water, a pint of milk, a quarter of a cupful of rice.

Colds, winter coughs, bronchitis, sore throat and pleurisy are all catarrhal affections, and consequently are quickly curable by Pe-ru-na.

The Nicaraguan Government is making the most liberal offers to intending coffee growers. It gives to a married man 240 acres and to a single man 120 acres of good coffee ground.

The World of Women.

Fewer seaskins more cloth jackets. Mahogany is the right thing for furniture again. Carriage blankets for babies of white Bedford cord.

The beau-catcher, a stream of ribbons down the back has again revived. Flecked gray wooled gowns, with mannish skirts and cravats, suggestive of summer days at the shore.

Elizabeth Strong, the young American artist whose pictures were hung in a prominent place in the last Paris Salon, is a girl from California who has made her own way in the art world.

New York has a woman embalmer of the dead. She is one of four in the United States and of six in the world. Her name is Miss Heaton Dart and she makes about \$5 on each body she embalms.

The late Anna Sharp, of Lancaster, bequeathed her entire estate of \$5,000 to the First Methodist Church. Naomi Frances Resh, who died last week, left \$1,000 to a Mennonite Church at Lancaster. Her estate is valued at \$20,000.

Miss Laura Clay, daughter of Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky is a close and diligent student of politics and is sufficient-ly well posted to run a party engineer convention. Few men have as clear and comprehensive a grasp of national questions as she has.

A long cloak of soft dark brown cloth was buttoned on each hip with four great rough pearl squares. A short cape, which came only to the waist, had no trimming save a very full vest of an exquisite quality of brown faille.

Another pretty costume which was particularly appropriate for receptions and afternoon concerts was of bright dark blue satin mervetilleux, with fine wavy red lines an inch apart all over it and tiny green spots between these glowing bars.

A handsome spring jacket is made of cheviot of blue-gray color. The long basques are slashed at the seams and trimmed with a blue-gray braid.

The thing that particularly impressed the writer was the great prevalence of green, Chateaux green particularly, which is used on almost every hat, whether it crops out in the faintly-tinged spikes of flowers, the brim or in tuft of ribbon nestled under the brim.

Crowns are new and striking; the Oxford, which is the typical motor board, vies with the stove-pipe for popular favor. Both are pretty, and it is hard to choose when a deft arrangement of lace and feathers, ribbon and jet would render even a coal scuttle charming.

Perhaps you will think this was a mourning hat; the writer did until she was informed that black crepe is to be used quite extensively on colored bonnets and gowns this season.

In direct contrast to the foregoing is just the most delightful little traveling hat you ever saw—one of those fancy braids in a mixture of ecru, brown and turquoise. It has the Oxford crown in dark blue and the trimmings are blue corn flowers, brownish yellow marigolds and loops of dark blue moire ribbon and streamers of the same.