Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., April 8, 1892.

1

WHEN?

We'll read that book, we'll sing that song. But when? 'Oh, when the days are long; When thoughts are free and voices clear; Some happy time within the year. The days troop by with noiseless tread, The song unsung, the book unread.

day.

to be well hidden.

tion of "nerve."

We'll see that friend, and make him feel We lay our flowers upon his bier.

And still we walk the desert sands, And still with triffes fill our hands, While ever just beyound our reach, A fairer purpose shows to each, The deeds we have not done, but willed. Remain to haunt us—unfulfilled. Boston Journal

FOR YELLOW GOLD.

When the stage "went light," they ran out the small buckboard; but when there were more than four passengers, the big mud wagon was "put on." This was a buckboard day, for there was not a single passenger. What was more to the point, as the Gold Butte Mining Company regarded it, was that under the driver's seat was a here, where the high, scraggly rocks, box with ten thousand in the newest the patches of sage-brush. It would of new tens and twenties in it.

The driver had looked very blue when he drove his four mustangs from had reached the top of a long downthe postoffice, when he took on a very grade. Zach put on the brake-handle. flat leather bag, which spoke loudly of the incapacity or disinclination of the cold water he reached down for the Thimble Spring people for letter writ. box. But wait a bit. He took off his ing-over to the railroad station, where big sombrero and hung it on a projecthe was to take on the box. Things ing rock. Then flashing out his sixwere going all wrong at home. That was why his brown face looked so haggard; that was why he held so loosely the "lines"; that was why he chewed so hard on the bit of "plug" in his mouth.

"Such hard scratchin' I never seed afore," was what he had said as he had listlessly thrown the mail-bag into the wagon; can't git no decent job now-a days. Nothin' ter be had by prospectin'-tried thet time an' ag'in ; ef I git anything, it peters out inside of a week. I might make a strike over ter Sand Gulch dut it's a durned long way off, an' me'n Sue an' the kids hez moved so often 'at we can't raise nothin' ter move on now. Wby in Sam Hill did Sue hew ter git that rheumatiz jes' now, when we's so hard up, an afore she weaned the baby? It's ashame. Why can't Bill git somethin' ter do ?-great, big, lunk-headed cuss. Ef I hed a brother, poorer'n a cow, d'ye think I'd go an' live on him, an' live on him, till thar warn't nothin, ter eat in the house? Sho, Zach Springer, you'er a blamed fool. Bill about tohain't done that. He ain't ter blame fer gittin' his leg broke that time. Bill's all right, but he's onlucky. Bin tryin' fur a month to git a job an' can't git in nowhere. He's willin ter work; their stuff into the bank at Frisco, ar-stock riz! It's way up ter a hundred he'd stand crotch-deep in the creek, all ter it's minted? What do they want an' fifty. Whoop-ee! Haw-haw!" day long, washin, out tailen's, ef he on it up thar?" could make his salt at it. Tried it fer Well, afte: all, that was their busi-

that in the day time and take it any stranger," the driver coolly made remark. "Stick up my hands? In Course where, for the whole country would be I will, ef you insist upon it; But I tell out looking for the man who had it. yer these 'ere mustangs is mighty skit-Maybe a month; that would be better. It would all blow over by that time. Let's see; would it? Ten thousand was tish, an' it's on ther down-grade. So ver needn't shoot ef they start up, fer it'll be yer own fault. I s'pose yer ar ter this 'ere box. Throw it out? It's a good deal. Those stage-stoppers were always striking the box on the wrong It's too blamed heavy fer that. Ye'll hev ter give us a lift." They never got so much as that at one haul. In two months, thenperhaps two months; but it would have The man with the gun had said noth-

ing; but the subtleties of the holding-And the thought stuck to him, de up process were not so gine but that spite all attempts to keep it off, though Zach understood every wave of the by the time he had driven the musstranger's hand and every shrug of his tangs into Red Canon, his indignation shoulders, when the waves and shrugs meant anything. Zach had been held up before. He of the calico mask did at having been suspected by the company had died down. The box at his feet had taken on a new meaning for not step forward at once. In this sughim. It meant smart gowns for the gestion that he should assist in taking wife; it meant a good schooling for off the box he seemed to suspect some the children. Those five little ones had had a hard "rustle" of it to get trick. But one of Zach's hands was held aloft and the other, with the four what few scraps of learning they had reins in it, was on the level of his thus far managed to clutch; and, as shoulder. The man edged up to the for cluthes, they were dressed like ju- buckbeard, exchanged the weapon buckboard, exchanged the weapon which he presented at Zach's head for venile scarecrows. Yes all the hard scratching would be over it he dared a six-shot revolver. to do what many another hard-pushed

"Thanks, stranger," said Zach, with forced merriment. "I never like to though play is the first poetry of life. man had done. Resolving the whole have one o' them air long things p'inted at me. They sthoot too durn straight. Children;" though only children--or matter down to a plain, clear-cut proposition, it was, after all, simply a ques-Now, here ye are Here was the place to do it. Right

With his foot he shoved the box along till it was near the edge of the wagon.

"Thar it is, help yerself; but ye'll find it a blame heavy load ter pack, ef be as well concealed as though buried in six feet of earth. The buckboard yer goin' far-over forty pound. The robber's fingers grasped the box

As if about to take a plunge into icenervously. "A green un at the biz," thought

Zach: "mebbe thar'll be an openin here vit."

The robber pulled and hauled at the shooter, he sent a bullet through the box, but it would not budge, for it was brim of the hat, which he then replaccaught on a nail in the bottom of the ed on his head. Though it had been wagon. In his feverish anxiety to secure the gold, he lowered the revolver developement of children. Primers are a little and grasped the box with both put into little hands, that ought to hot enough when he started out from Thimble Spring, there seemed to be a chill in the air just now. Would they hands. Swiftly Zach's right hand fell believe the story that he would have to his hip and out he whipped his concoct, even though he showed them bright-barreled pistol.

the hole in the hat-brim? What would "Got the dead drop, stranger! It's no go?" he shouted. "Put that weapon down, you fool!"-for the man was raising his pistol. "You won't?" Then take that."

brush clustered thickest, and made a A flash, a report, and back fell the mental throw or two in a tentative way, robber without a moan. His fingers clawed the dust for a moment, as if he were grasping for a hold on life. But lump of sugar, the tea, the spice, the Then he laid two nervous hands on the box. He gave a little tug. Lord, how heavy it was! Could it be tossed the hold was not to be had, and he gave it up, and lay there quietly in the dust. over there, after all? It might have to The driver shoved his pistol into its be carried. He litted it upon the seat. holster, and wiped the sweat from his brow. It had been a close shave for What was the sense in putting on such the box and a closer shave for him. a direction as that? It was the only

"Takes a purty keen un to git erway way it could go. The only way. And with ol' Zach, arter all," he chuckled, that way was now closed, for he was springing lightly from the buckboard, while a broad smile lit up his brown face. "This 'ere means a big raise from Zach Springer. Kain't they trust Old Zach ?" he burst out hoarsely. "Yes, ther stage; comp'ny an'a hundreder two from the Gold | Butte folks. I guess but why don't they do as any other dethey'll think the ol' man's about right cent minin' comp'ny does-turn their arter this. Hooray for hooray! my He stooped down over the dead man

and lifted the bit of cloth from his face. "Almighty God! It's Bill I''--San

Parentage in Education.

ples of social and domestic equivocation.

never-ending questions of a curious child? Is she making bread? What

a story she may tell of the wheat-fields

and the mill ! A pinch of salt may make a fairy tale of mines and miners.

The log of wood, the bit of coal, the

bunch of raisins-what wondrous things

can be told of them! What does a child want with a book until these

the store-windows and the men building

houses and the wonders of the sea coast?

Truly, the mother is the only primer

the child needs until it is at least seven

years old ; and yet how often its ques-

tions are met with an injuction "not to

bother" or a command to "go to

And

household sales are exhausted?

ances.

nurse.

world.

The Responsibility of Dealing With an Unfold- In the Name and by the Authority of the Com-ing Mind

Proclamation.

The lawyer and the surgeon must stu-The beneficent effects consequent updy their profession; the merchant must know the laws of commerce; the meon a due observance of "Arbor Day have been witnessed with interest and chanic must learn his trade ; it is only pleasure by the citizens of Pennsyl-vania. The planting and culture of parents who accept duties that they are quite ignorant of, and who give life ere they have comprehended the laws trees and flowers cannot be too highly and colleges include in their "course" too early impressed upon the youthful mind. Considered from a sanitary, in-ers and mothers? And yet the world, of view, it should be commended, nor its great importance at its present stage of progress, ought every citizen who has an abiding interest in the future welfare of the Comnot to leave its children to chance-to ignorant mother and careless nurses and monwealth. all the unconsidered cruelties born of Now, therefore, I, Robert E. Pattison,

ignorance and want of thought. Governor of the said Common wealth in There is something so pitiful in seeaccordance with custom, which has reing a young, thoughtless mother with an unfolding soul and body to deal ceived the official sanction of our General Assembly, whereby the Governor with. What no knowledge is sufficient is requested to appoint annually a day to be designated as Arbor Day in Pennfor, her inexperience accepts with a confident presumption. Is it any wonder that without consideration the natural sylvania, and to recommend by procla mation to the people, on the days naemotions of children are checked, and med, the planting of trees and shrubbery their sense of right wounded? in the public school grounds and along the public highways throught the State, They do hereby designate and proclaim Thursday, the 14th day of April, A. D., 1892, and Friday, the 6th day of May, A. D. 1892, to be observed as Arbor very good men and women—are fit to A. D. 1892, to be ob play with children. They are bidden to Days in Pennsylvania.

do things with either threats or bribes. The selection of either of the above They are told medicine is not bitter. designated days is left to the descretion when it is bitter; or that something will not hurt, when it does hurt. Paof the people in the various sections of the Common wealth, each locality ob-serving that day which is deemed to be rents insist on their children's truthfulness, and yet set them constant exammost favorable on account of climatic conditions.

They are reproved for crying under pain, or for being angry under a sense of injustice, when every day they see I call upon the people to lay aside for a season the habitual activities of the day, and devote sufficient time thereof their parents give place to unreasonable to plant a forest, fruit or ornamental anger or impatience with trifling annoytree along the public highways and streams, in private and public parks, Intellectually the ignorance of paabout the school house, in gardens and on the farms, thus promoting the pleas-ure, profit and prosperity of the people rents is frequently as fatal to the proper of the State, providing protection against floods and storms, securing health and comfort, increasing that know only the hoop or the skipping rope; for no child wants books until it has exhausted the wonders of the house, which is beautiful and pleasing to the the streets and the woods. What can a eye, comforting to physical life and eleprimer teach a child in comparison with vating to the mind and heart. a mother who answers patiently the

"Gifts that grow are best, Hands that bless are blest, Plant ;—Life does the rest; Heaven and earth helps him who plants And its work its own reward shall be."

Given under my hand and the SEAL] Great Seal of the State this twenty-sixth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninetytwo, and of the Commonwealth the one hundred and sixteenth.

ROBT, E. PATTISON, WM.F. HARRITY, Governor. Secretary of the Commonwealth.

A Syrian Wedding

The First That Has Been Witnessed in America

And yet children are the hope of the A Syrian wedding, the first of the They come to us bearing gifts kind ever witnessed in this country, was for posterity. Is it possible, then, for fathers and mothers to be too sensible of celebrated at St. Louis on a recent afternoon, in accordance with the usuages the gravity and the importance of their that prevail in Syria. In America would be called a reception, but it difthat it was strictly for Syrians. The line. It has a black velvet collar, and groom was Kalel Wasoff and the bride two bands of black velvet extend from ried by a Catholic priest at St. Mary's church, the couple, in company with

The World of Women

Black kid gloves with a wide stitching of "Knickerbocker yellow," are something new.

The Queen of Greece is the best Royal needlewoman in Europe she cuts out. and makes most of her own underclothing.

Mrs. Croly, (Jennie June,) the editress. of the Homemaker magazine, is a slen-der, well-formed woman, with pink. cheeks and snow-white hair.

The style of dressing the hair is changing rapidly, and it will not be long before the most of it will be drawn back from the forehead and turned up over a small cushion, with a few fine little tendrills curling down over the face, mostly on the temples, and drawn up from the nape of the neck.

----Some of the new corselets grow longer on the hips and are sloped away in deep points, which gives a slender ap-pearance to the figure ; in others hip pieces are added and are laid in one box plait with side plaits on each side ; and others still are cut squarely just below the bust and are buttoned across the waist.

Small boys are still wearing the velvet jackets, white sailor collars and finely tucked shirts. For a driving suit, dark brown short trouers are worn, with a box coat of tan-faced cloth. The coat will be stitched with brown, four rows of the stitching forming the cuff. Big pearl buttons are used and there is a deep turn-over collar. Leggings of tan leather are a necessity.

The favorites seems to be the tan cloth jackets, tailor made, overlapped seams, immense pearl buttons and linings of either shot or brocaded silks. Some very swell girls were trying the mannish sack coats with the plain-full backs and they looked very stylish over the trail-ing skirts and topped off by a little gem in spring millinery. After all it is the wearer makes the coat.

In cloaks and wraps the three-quarter length reign supreme. Wraps are braided embroidered, covered with jet, adorned with lace and ribbon, in fact, made as beautiful as anyone could desire The assortment is unlimited and you can pick and choose from the natty tailor made broadcloth jackets with overlapped seams to the dressy carriage mantles that are too elaborate for everyday use.

She is a hard worker, from pleasure and not necessity, as she has a snug fortune laid away from past efforts. She is a great admirer of the histronic art and her only craze is the theatre going. She attends many of the first night performances. Her daughter, Vida, is a clever member of one of Frohman's successful stock companies, and although lack-ing her mother's talent for the profession. which she has adopted.

Another pretty gown is of gray cloth a small design in black scatter-ed through it. The skirt is plain with a deep turned back hem. A rather novel touch is given by two slashes in the front a little below the waist, which are finit ished off by rows of stitching. The waist fits smoothly over the shoulder fered from the ordinary receptions in and bust, but is gathered at the waist

And then the box was taken on, and the express agent had something to say. That 'something' was not to harder than ever on the bit of plug, and sawed the hard mouths of the mustangs by an unnecessary yanking of run to Gold Butte. Why had he needed a lecture from a hireling of the exsmooth jawed agent have looked at him with such dark suspicion?

preached to every time I go out now with full box. The stoop should red, desk- settin' hounds! I'd like ter see one o' 'em handlin' the ribbons when an eye as big as a bar.l-head.. Can't ladies! Thar ain't a man among 'em .!"

Zach Springer's indignation was now in more complete possession of him than had been his feeling of blueness a little earlier. What he had delivered hind the rocks there under the sage himself of just now was not what he brush-as safe as ifwould have said had he voiced his true "Git up, thar, ye! Git, Buckskin! sentiments with reference to the ex- Git, old Gabe! Ye lazy crittere. him before in what he called a "leftnone in which the upheaval was so planted firmly on the box. great as that of the present. Had that been the reason the stage company had cut down his pay to "sixty" a month? The chances were that it was ; it was too blamed mean for a lot of swine, like these people, to he thought, to come it so high-handedly over a poor man who only wanted his own. And wouldn't it serve them just right if-

The white dust of the desert rolled up from the mustang's boofs in little puffs and sprays of it, powder fine, tollowed the turn of the wheels half way up, there to be caught by the breeze and drifted behind in a long cloud that followed the buckboard like a haunting spirit. Sometimes, as the light breeze shifted, it came back upon the down. buckboard and its driver like heavy thoughts on the conscience of a guilty shootin !" man.

It would serve them just right! Besides that, only think-ten thousand ! What would the people down in Mexico or Gutemala, where he would fly know or care if somebody up in far-off buckboard and gone back and got it would have to be a dark night wouldn't | Winchester. it? You couldn't go and get a box like 'I reckon you've got the drop on me, gist.

six weeks, an' didn't git enough ter buy ness. But he couldn't be trusted. a pair of gum boots. Whoa, Buck- What would Bill say? Bill was an skin! He'djam right inter the station honest man. He would blush with platform ef yer didn't saw his teeth shame every time his brother's name

was mentioned after that-for, of course he would know. Sue would never suspect. Any kind of a story would bamboozle her. Bill was smart. He Zach Springer's liking. He chewed could put two and two together as any man in the country. And yet Bill himself was a little reckless sometimes. He had been acting very queer of late, the reins. It was a positive relief to and had been over to Johnson's a good be able at last to whack his lash down deal drinking and playing cards with upon the sides of the nervous brutes the boys. That would not do. Bill and turn then loose for the forty-mile must be looked after. He was only a young fellow-a mere boy, even if he had been trying to raise a mustache press company, and why should that lately. Yes. Bill was a good deal younger than he. Why, he remembered well the day he was born, when

he care whether they did or not? They

already suspected him. If he had the

name, he might as well have the game.

He looked at a spot where the sage-

"Via Thimble Spring Stage Line."

"God, kain't they trust you-you.

in order to "get the distance."

"They think 'cos I got stood up they took him in to show him his new down ter Black Rocks las' time I had baby brother. He used to carry Bill a big load o' gold that I need to be all around, and he was the first one to stand him on his legs and try to make him walk. He remembered how it used to burt his own head when Bill got a knock by falling out of his high thar's a Winchester lookin' at 'em with chair. Bill was just as much to him now as ever, and those knocks which tell me they wouldn't give in! The and the weaknesses of his nature were sweet-scented, calf-skin boated young giving him now hurt him just as badly -worse, perhaps, than they did Brother Bill.

What would Bill say?

He laid his hands upon the box again. It would be safe enough be-

press agent's lecture. In between the G'lang!", And down came the long lash words ran the thought that "they" had on the dust-covered backs of the mussuspected him of having a hand in the tangs, and off down the long grade Black Rocks robbery. It had come to they ran, making the dust fly in the canon as it never flew before. For handed" way, and he had had other Zach had grasped the reins in a grip of outbursts of righteous indignation, but Iron, and both his big cowhide boots

"This 'ere is what I call goin' helly ty split !" he said, ten minutes later, as they were still flying down the grade. "But I lost some time with a blamed-fool notion that orter a ben licked for ever thinkin' on a minit. Wol. the mustangs got a good rest. Makin' up fer it now, though. They'll soon be in a lather. I'll git the half-way house in a quarter of an hour, and

then I'll take a good horn. I feel kinder nervous yit. That 'ere box is a durned heavy load on a man's mind. time trying to dance to that piper. s'pose the sup'rintendent up to Gold Butte is worryin' about it, too. Never mind, ol' teller, you'll see that stuff stowed away in yer safe afore sun-

"What's this? A hold up sure as

Out from behind a tall rock a man, with a piece of dark calico over his face and a very large Winchester in hand, had suddenly sprung, and the muzzle of the rifle looked right into Zach's big, round eyes. The brake Nevada had dumped a box off his scraped the wheels and made the sparks, fly. The mustangs came to a sudden after a few days--maybe a week? It stand. There was no getting by that

Francisco Arganaut.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES :- The appropriations made by different States and Territories for their special exhibites now aggregate \$3.180,000 ; those of foreign countries, as far as reported, more than \$4,500,000.—It is proposed to run from New York to Chicago, at the time of the dedication of the exposition buildings, ten special trains, ten minutes apart, with elaborate decoration and music with each. Plans are also in preparation for imposing ceremonies in New York, including a street pageant, precede and follow this triumphal procession. More than 7600 carloads of building material have been received at the Exposition grounds.—The shoe and leather industry will erect a separate building for its exhibit, at a cost of \$100,000. A \$100,000 music hall, 160x260 feet, is to be built.—A con-tract has been made for 5000 to 6000 electric arc lamps. About 100,000 incandescent electric lights will also be used.

What a pity it is his face is all pimples

He'd be very fine looking if 'twasn't for that,' Said pretty Miss Vero, with a smile at the dimples Reflected from under the nobby spring hat— As she looked at herself in the glass softly sighting.

sighing, That she had for the young man a tender re-

gard, There wasn't the least need of dying— for every one knew 1t. "His beauty is marred by the frightful red blotches all desk. "I think —." over his face. I wonder if he couldn't A heavy fall in the adjoining room take something to cleanse his blood and drive them away ?"

He heard what she said about looks. It hurt his feelings, but he couldn't deny she told the truth. He remembered a friend whose face used to be as bad as his. It had become smooth and clear. He went to him and asked how the change had been brought about. "Sim-ply by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medipiy by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medi-cal Discovery," was the reply. "Take that, and I'll warrant you to get rid of your pimples." He did so His face became healthy and clear, And next week he'll be married to pretty Miss Vere.

____ Miss Ann Piper, of Glynn coun-ty, Ga., is in the female hermit business She lives like "Jack all Alones" and has only spoken to three persons during the past sixteen years. Nor has she ever seen a train, though the railroad passes within a couple of miles of her home. Young men don't waste their

LA GRIPPE SUCCESSFULLY TREATED. -"I have just recovered from a second attack of the grip this year," says Mr. Jas. O. Jones, publisher of the *Leader*, Mexia, Texas. "In the latter case I used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and I think with considerable success, only being in bed a little over two days against ten days for the first attack. The second attack I am satisfied would have been equally as bad as the first but for the use of this remedy, as I had to go to bed in about six hours after being struck' with it, while in the first case I was able to attend to business about two days before getting 'down.'" 50 cent bottles for sale by F. P. Green, Drug-

The Conversation that Floored the Brilliant Art Critic.

"Landscape in Sepia."

stewardship for the future?

A great deal has been said and written about the woes which the compositor inflicts upon his helpless victims, and, speaking, I know that they are many varied; but yet "the gifted author" has occasionally to put up with a great deal of annoyance from higher powers than the poor "comp." as the the fol-lowing experience of an intimate friend of mine will prove.

He was the art critic, and he had just sent out an unusually brilliant account of a recent exhibition of paintings to the desk editor, who, not having made much of a study of art, was naturally unfamiliar with the language of the studio, but was preparing to wrestle with his difficult task. He was new at the work, and it was this enigmatical sentence : "A Landscape in Sepia." "Landscape in Sepia !" shouted the

scribe, addressing the sporting editor, who was busily engaged in describing a spirited set-to between two favorite light weights. "Where the deuce is Sepia ?"

"Don't know," answered the sporting editor, thoughtfully. "Never heard of the place. Sepia can't be in the United States, I must have heard of it, surely. It must be in Syria somewhere '

"I don't blieve the place exists at all," snapped the puzzled genius of the

broke off the conversation here, and a hurried investigation revealed the art critic in strong convulsions on the floor. He had heard the entire conversation, and was conveyed to his lodging place in an ambulance.

the winter, the system becomes to a certain extent clogged with waste, and the blood loaded with impurities, owing to lack of exercise, close confinement in poorly ventilated shops and homes, and

other causes. This is the cause of the dull, sluggish, tired feeling so general at this season and which must be overcome, or the health may be entirely broken down. Hood's Sarsaparilla has attained the greatest popularity all over the country as the favorite Spring Medicine. It expels the accumulation of impurities through the bowels, kidneys, liver, lungs and skin. gives to the blood the purity and quality necessary to good health and overcomes that tired

-The edition of Walt Whitman's Selected Poems," chosen and edited by Arthur Stedman, was in the binder's hands at the time of his death. The poet was occupied shortly before that event in giving his last wishes and final approval with respect to it.

feeling.

-Look out for counterfeits! See that you get the genuine Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup ! Do not let the dealer sell you some "just as good," but insist upon getting the genuine with the Bull's Head trade-mark on the wrapper.

about seventy-five of their countrymen, men and women, proceeded to celebrate the event. There were beer, wine and eatables in abundance. A part of the programme was the spraying of perfume from a cologne bottle over the crowd, every newcomer getting a supply of the odors in the face. The ladies present of whom there was quite a number, indulged in a doleful chant in the Syrian language, which lasted a couple of hours It was explained to a reporter as being a method of congratulating the bride in

her new state. The reception lasted short e until late in the afternoon. Many of front. the participants who came from a Syrian able to speak the English language. All present seemed to enjoy themselves.

-Mrs. Bramwell Booth wears a big scoop hat, parts her hair in the middle. draws it down back of her ears in the most unbecoming manner, covers her eyes with a pair of very large goggles with heavy rims and then sallies forth to do her work as a star salvationist. She is very successful, and those who hear ner talk say that in spite of her apparent efforts to disguise her good looks, she is pretty for all that and wins souls by her looks as well as by her words.

STRENGTH AND HEATH .--- If you are not feeling strong and healthy, try El-ectric Bitters. If "La Grippe" has left you weak and weary, use Electric Biter, Stomach and Kidneys, gently aiding those organs to perform their functions. If yon are afflicted with sick Headache, you will find speedy and permanet relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need, Large bottles only 50c at Parrish's Drug Store.

-Judge Tuley has given a big lift to the promoters of the will of John Crear, who bequeathed \$4.300,000 for a bublic library in Chicago and for sun-dry charitable institutions of that city. But his sustaining the will does not end the fight to upset it. Eight anxious and disappointed cousins will now try to persuade the Supreme Court that their rights are superior to the testator's wishes or the library needs.

INACURATE JOURNALISM. - "You can't believe everything the news papers say," said Mrs. Wayback on her return

from a visit to the city. "How is that ?" asked a neighbor. "I'll tell you. I read in a society paper in the morning that everybody was out of town, and I was nearly jammed to death in the crowd in a bargain store the same day."-New York Press.

-I was a sufferer from catarrh for fifteen years, with distressing pain over my eyes. I used Ely's Cream Balm with gratifying results. Am apparently cured.-Z. C. Warren, Rutland, Vt.

was Adlaid Miken. After being mar- the shoulders to a point at the waist. The sleeve are full puffs.

Quaintness is the prevailing fashion, for children's gowns. The more they imitate their great-grandmother the more truly fashionable they are. The 'Granny Frock'' is in the height of favor. The simple little dress is of pale apple green pongee silk, made all in one with a deep ruffle across the bottom. A tiny ruffle in the neck takes the place of a collar. The sleeves are full with a high puff, which is edged with a ruffle. A soft silk sash of the palest of pink is tied so that it gives the waist a very short effect. The long ends hangd own in

The waists of girls' frocks are of nat-Colony in the neighborhood were un- ural length and round, or with a slight point in front, and are buttoned or hookin the back. High waists are mostly made with a yoke or to represent a guimpe, hence low waits to wear with. real guimpes are in greater favor than ever. The material is put on full overa fitted lining, giving the effect of a seamless waist, and showing only underarm seams. Very full trimmings are then added as revers that widen in deep epaulets, gathered on the tops of the leeves, or a bertha frill around the shoulders below a poke or on a low round waist, or else a tull gathered bib of lace hanging from a high collar band.

One of the most remarkable women in New York to-day is Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, who has a studio on Twentieth street. She is vice president of the New York Water Color Club, ters. This remedy acts directly on Liv- and has contributed the finest water color sketches to the different domestic and foreign exhibitions, of any woman in the world.

She made her name under Camerano, the eminent Italian painter, when in Europe some years ago. Mrs. Nicholls is picturesque looking and has a striking personality. She has sleepy, dreamy abstract, brown eyes and drooping chin; her voice is low, intense and langorous. She is a wonderfully magnetic woman and takes great delight in stealing sketchers of the passengers in the elevated and horse cars, as they journey to and fro from all parts of the city.

A spring gown, to call forth the most enthusiastic of superlatives from the woman who delights in pretty gowns and superlatives, is a creation of pale chocolate-colored crepon and olive-green velvet. There is a sham underskirt of velvet, over which the crepon is laid in folds from the waist. On the left side the cloth is cut off quite short and shows the velvet. Three rows of embroidery in olive green and gold trim the overskirt. The bodice is an elaborate affair. The lining is tight fitting. A deep round yoke of the velvet is laid over it. To this the crepon is gathered with a little tulness. A deep band of embroid-ery outlines the yoke and passes over the shoulders. A deep corselette of velvet finishing the bodice. It is so wide that the crepon looks merely like a puff between it and the yoke. Full sleeves of crepon are gathered into a deep vel-

vet cuff on the back of which is a band

of embroidery.