

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., May 13, 1892.

AN EVERGREEN IN SPRING.

All through the long, damp night the sap flows into stem and plant and tree, To pour, at last, in Nature's lap Spring's harvest growth of greenery.

All through the cool, dark night the flowers Drink deep from earth the slow, sweet flow Whose freshness is the wind's and shower's Distilled in secret founts below.

Strange tide, whose currents stronger grow, But ever upward pulsing go, And swell with longings to be free:

Till at the full popular's crown, The locust's furthest, finest height, The green buds break the bark's soft brown, Or burst in blossom over night!

But the lone cedar, that all through The dark and cold was ever green, Mayhap may sigh for plumage new— Forgot amid spring's splendid scene.—J. P. B.

A HYPOCHONDRIAC'S TREATMENT.

"Hush, hush, Nellie!" said Mrs. Belton, holding up a warning finger as her daughter sprang up the steps with a gay laugh.

"Your father is suffering very much this afternoon, and is trying to sleep. He is in the sitting room on the lounge, where I made him go as it is much cooler there."

"What's the matter now?" said Nellie, with her pretty face curiously unchanged by the news of her father's indisposition.

"Oh, just one of his nervous spells! and I think he said he had a headache, too. I broiled him a bird, and he seemed to relish it, and drank some buttermilk of the mornings' churning."

"Well, then, if he can eat and enjoy buttermilk," remarked the girl, with a short laugh, "he is not so very bad off. Be honest, now, mother, do you believe much in father's ailments? No, no; don't you frown, but tell the truth! Aren't his appetite and looks too good for there to be much the matter with him? I declare I have caught Dr. Easter smiling broadly several times when he has been here to see father, and it was all he could do to keep from laughing in his face."

Mrs. Belton's kindly face wore a half-amused, half-frightened expression as she listened to her daughter, but she answered, demurely:

"How can you talk so, Nellie? Of course your father is ill, or why should he feign to be so?"

"He likes petting and coddling, just like a baby, and mother, I really believe you know it is mainly his imagination that is at work, but you have got in the habit of waiting on him and humoring his fancies until you do it as a matter of course. Now, own up, do you believe in his sickness to-day?"

The mother evaded the clear, truth-compelling eyes turned up to her own, but she laughed, and whispered back to her:

"Well he did eat about six biscuits with that bird, and drank three glasses of the buttermilk and disposed of nearly a third of a glass of my strawberry preserves."

Nellie caught her mother in her arms with a shout of delight. Bravo! bravo! You have owned it, and that is half the battle. Mother, I know in the bottom of your heart, kind and gentle as it is, you are tired of father's morbid fancies, and of ministering to his imaginary ailments. And it is time something was done to arouse him, or he will become a confirmed hypochondriac, for he is nearly that now. I believe I could break him."

"No, you couldn't, child. I used to try and get him to shake off his despondency, and not to think so much of his little aches and pains, but I was only called a feeling for my exertions."

"Well, I would approach him differently. Listen, mother, I have a plan."

And the two heads, one still brown and handsome, in spite of the fine lines of silver over the temples and the other a bright chestnut, drew close together, and in the golden sunshine of the beautiful September day a dark plot was formed, and when Rob Harper came strolling in with the most purposeless air that ever conceived a purpose, the same was imparted to him under seal of secrecy. And then, when Nellie chanced to walk as far as the turn of the road as Rob took his way home, the doctor, driving past, was halted, and made a partner likewise in the mysterious business.

The afternoon slipped away and the day had given place to the purple twilight when Hiram Belton awoke from his pleasant nap and stretched out his hand for the pitcher of ice water usually placed right by his side on such occasions by his devoted wife, but this time he felt in vain. He pressed his hand on his forehead and groaned twice, thrice, very heavily, but there was no one who came tip-toeing into the room to bend over him and beg to know what could be done. His groans grew louder and more alarming and still they produced no effect, so presently the invalid raised himself slowly, and advancing to the door, called faintly:

"Barbara!"

He returned to his couch at once, but no Barbara answered, but in a few minutes Nellie came nonchalantly singing into the room.

"That you, father?" she said, carelessly. Have you taken a lazy spell, too?"

A groan was the reply, which only brought forth, "Drink too much buttermilk, eh? I did myself, and I tell you it gave me a pain."

"Where's your mother?" put in the insulted invalid, glaring at his daughter.

"Gone to bed. She had a headache and I made her go, for there really was no reason for her keeping up if she felt indisposed."

"No reason!" snorted Mr. Belton. "And me as ill as I am! I wonder who she thinks is going to nurse me; but it is like a woman to give up to the slightest ache or pain, and just when they are needed the most."

"Oh, you will be all right in an hour or two! Father, if you don't mind I'll go to prayer-meeting with Rob Harper. By the way, mother said would you please get the churn ready for her, and here's the key to the dairy."

She was gone before her irate parent could frame the cutting speech he had in mind, in which he mingled a serpent tooth, an ungrateful child, his wife's unaccountable and preposterous failure to perform her wifely duties, and the heartless madness of expecting him to rise from a couch of pain and illness to set a churn. He lay and pondered the thing over. They were evidently growing incredulous on the subject of his ailments and needed a lesson, a severe one, to bring them back to their allegiance. In the meanwhile Nellie, leaning on her lover's arm, confided to him that "Father always fell ill so opportunely, and recovered with such surprising readiness when he found that illness was inconvenient. They both laughed, but a quick remorse smote the girl when on their return they saw lights glancing about the house, and heard a man-servant, on a horse, go tearing after the doctor, and Mrs. Belton met them with:

"Oh, Nellie, your father is dying, dying! It is a judgment on us for our wicked doubting of him this afternoon. Oh, I can never, never forgive myself!"

But when Nellie, followed by Rob, entered the darkened room where her father lay, the color came back to her cheeks and her eyes lost their look of horror, for with singular blundering Rob picked up the shaded lamp, and, turning the wick to its greatest height, let the bright stream of light fall right on the sufferer's face, so that his daughter saw that the dying man's countenance was still very healthily tinted.

"Oh, oh, oh!" groaned Mr. Belton. "Turn that lamp out! Is that you, Nellie, daughter? Well, kiss your father, and tell him good-bye. Oh; oh!"

"Here, you are going to faint, Miss Nellie. Go out in the fresh air at once," said Rob, and as the door closed on the girl, turned to Mr. Belton with, "Poor girl! And she to be married so soon to Joe Banner! Your death will put her wedding off, won't it?"

"What!" yelled Mr. Belton, forgetting to groan and sitting up in bed. "Joe Banner! Not if I have to kill him!"

The Banners and Beltons hated each other as only people in small places and over small matters have time to. "Has such a thing been going on behind my back? Fill—fill!"

"Oh, don't, dear!" interposed poor Mrs. Belton. You will injure yourself. Lie quiet till the doctor comes. I am sure Rob is mistaken about Joe Banner. Why, Nellie never speaks to him, and besides, she and Rob are—"

"Here's the doctor!" exclaimed Rob, rushing to open the door and cutting Mrs. Belton short in her explanation. Dr. Lester came in looking suspiciously grave, for there was a very inconspicuous twinkle in his eyes. He felt Mr. Belton's pulse and looked graver still, while the twinkle fairly set his eyes to dancing, and then with a certain reluctance in his voice, said:

"I must not conceal from you, my dear sir, that you are suffering from cerebro-spinal meningitis, combined with anemia of the medulloblasta. How is it you never consulted me about it before. Didn't you suspect it?"

"No-o," said the patient, looking scared and white, "Doctor—will it—will it—it be fatal?"

The doctor turned first and requested Mrs. Belton and Rob to leave the room, which they did, when he addressed himself to the sick man:

"I feel it my duty to tell you the truth. You haven't one hour to live!"

"Oh, oh, oh! Save me, doctor! I'll give you \$500 to do it—a thousand dollars—my whole place—anything—anything—only save me!"

"Can't do it," said the doctor, shaking his head. "Face it like a man, Belton. Don't trouble about your wife and family. Mary's married. Nelly could be to-morrow, and as for Mrs. Belton, Marks, the widower, said yesterday she was the handsomest woman still in the country, and that if she was only rid of you he'd ask her the day after the funeral."

"What!" shrieked the dying man, flinging himself out of bed, and dancing over the floor as if it was red hot. "To Jericho with my cerebro-spitting whatever you call it, and my oblong medal! Die! No! I'll not die, not for a hundred years! You make tracks, Dr. Lester, this minute! I'm tired of your bread pills. Yes, they were bread, and I knew it all along. The idea of a man's wife and daughter planning, aye building on his death, and proposing before the breath's out of his body to dance over his grave!"

Here Mr. Belton grew a little mixed in his language, but he knew what he meant and that was all that was necessary. It was hours before he could be got to quiet down, and days before he ceased to growl inarticulate and mysterious threats directed against no one could quite gather whom. But from that time on, Mr. Belton has never complained of an ache or pain, and fiercely disclaimed feeling even under the weather whenever informed that he looks so.

In almost every neighborhood throughout the west there is some one or more persons whose lives have been saved by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, or who have been cured of chronic diarrhoea by it. Such persons take especial pleasure in recommending the remedy to others. The praise that follows its introduction and use makes it very popular. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Frank P. Green.

The New York Associations of Working Girls' Clubs has 20 different societies with a membership of 2,500. Seven societies rent an entire house, 12 rent rooms and one owns its house.

About Silver Ore.

Not Pretty to Look at and Devoid of Any Glitter.

Silver, as is ordinarily found in nature is not pretty to look at nor has it any glitter, says Harper's Young People. The rich ore from the Big Bonanza is of a bluish-gray color and lusterless. There is plenty of glitter to be seen in the silver caverns, but it is the iron or copper pyrites mingled with the precious metal that shines with brilliant crystals.

The great silver deposits—those of them which are known—were all discovered by accident. Diego Hualca in the year 1545 found the wonderful mine of Potosi, in Peru, while climbing up the face of a steep mountain in pursuit of a wild goat. He took hold of a bush which was torn out by the roots, when lo! masses of metal were laid bare.

The celebrated Comstock lode, richest of all silver mines, was a chance find. In the summer of 1859 Peter O'Reilly and Pat McLaughlin were located at Gold Hill, Nev. They were working for gold and were in hard luck. Needing water for their rockers they dug a hole four feet deep and came upon an outcropping of the marvelous lode. It was a bed of black sulphide of silver. The men did not know what it was but tried it for gold. Silver has one use that is very little known. Nearly all good mirrors are backed with it and not with mercury, as it generally supposed. Before it is put on, the glass has to be cleaned with the utmost care. Everything depends on that, because if it is not perfectly clean the metal will flake off. Finally the glass is laid with its back down in a bath of nitrate of silver to which rochele salts are added, causing it to deposit a film of chemically pure metal all over the surface.

The Rivers of the Great American Desert.

The five rivers of the American desert are as strange and as treacherous as its winds. The Colorado is the only large stream of them all, and the only one which behaves like an ordinary river. It is always turbid—and gets its Spanish name, which means the "Red," from the color of its tide. The smaller streams are almost invariably clear in dry weather; but in a time of rain they become torrents not so much of sandy water as of liquid sand! I have seen them rolling down in freshets with waves four feet high which seemed simply sand in flow; and it is a fact that the bodies of those who are drowned at such times are almost never recovered. The strange river buries them forever in its own sands. All these rivers have heads; but hardly one of them has a mouth! They rise in the mountains on the edge of some happier land, flow away into the desert, making a green gladness where their waters touch, and finally are swallowed up forever by the thirsty sands. The Mojave, for instance, is a beautiful little stream, clear as crystal through the summer, only a foot or so in depth but some two hundred feet wide. It is fifty or sixty miles long, and its upper valley is a narrow paradise, green with tall grasses and noble cottonwoods that recall the stately elms of the Connecticut Valley. But presently the grass gives place to barren sand-banks, the harder trees, whose roots bore deep to drink small and struggling; and at last the river dies altogether upon the arid plain, and leaves beyond as bare a desert as that which borders its bright oasis-ribbons on both sides.—O. F. Luomis, in St. Nicholas.

Aunt Couldn't Guess.

Aunt—What became of the kitten you had when I was here before? Little Niece (in surprise)—Why, don't you know? "I haven't heard a word. Was she poisoned?"

"No'm."

"Drowned?"

"Oh, no."

"Stolen?"

"No, indeed."

"Hurt in any way?"

"No'm."

"Well, I can't guess. What became of her?"

"She growed into a cat."

IT SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSE.—J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St. Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe" when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Cookport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it, try it. Free trial bottles at Parish's Drug Store. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

A gentleman writes from Australia that there is a great chance for shorthand writers in that country. A while ago an examination was held in Melbourne for shorthand writers in the courts. Out of thirteen only six passed the test of 120 words a minute and fewer still the test of 150. Sir John Thurston who had tried to engage a stenographer for correspondence, offering \$1,000 a year and board, complained that most of the applicants were unable either to write rapidly or to read their notes afterward.

EXCURSION CLUB TO ATTEND THE WORLD'S FAIR.—If you have any desire to visit the World's Fair at Chicago bear in mind that the United World's Fair Excursion Co. is a sound organization, with ample capital to fulfill their promises. The company sells tickets on the installment plan. Apply to A. H. Roby Sect. 403 Exchange Building Boston.

The Washington Post says that an active effort is being made to complete the fund for the busts of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Miss Susan B. Anthony, in order that they may be ready for the World's Fair. The busts have been modeled in clay by Miss Johnson, of Washington, who has a studio in Rome.

Determination is an excellent characteristic, but remember that the bulldog is not a popular animal.

Women as Inventors.

Men all over this fair land who deery women give among their reasons for the same the chief argument that she is not of an inventive turn of mind. Now anyone who reads knows that women have invented some valuable things. Mrs. Nathaniel Green undoubtedly invented the cotton gin, although her fear of ridicule made her unwilling to take an interest in it. Mrs. Walton has made valuable achievements in noise-deadening and smoke burning.

One woman has invented a method of converting a barrel of oil into 10,000 cubic feet of gas; another has invented a sewing machine that needs no threading; others have invented the ruffling and quilting attachments to such machines, and arrangements for sewing duck and leather. One such attachment made a fortune for Miss Helen Blanchard, and a new baby carriage brought to its inventor, a woman, the sum of \$150,000.

The Chicago Journal in commenting upon the inventive genius of women names Mrs. Armstrong as the inventor of a machine for feeding cattle on trains; Miss Josephine Davis an arrangement of lamps and rubber cloth for hot vapor baths at home; Mrs. Beatty a machine for turning out complete barrels by the hundred; Anna Conolly a practical fire escape; Mrs. Bailey, an attachment to beds by means of which the patient can raise and lower himself.

Another woman has invented a superior street sweeper; another a spinning wheel carrying as many as forty threads; another a plan for heating cars; a chain elevator; another a screw crank for steamships; a horse shoe machine, a reaper and a mower and a danger signal. A woman who lived in our own county invented the window attachments of ropes and weights. Miss Knight invented a complicated machine for making the square-bottomed paper bag, and refused \$50,000 for the patent, and who also invented another machine that does the work of thirty pairs of hands in folding these bags.

It is not likely that any man who reads over a list of that length—and I could make it much longer—will afterwards assert that women have no inventive faculty.

Chase and Lost his Gown

From Harper's Young People.

Have you ever seen the Supreme Court of the United States during one of its sittings? Unlike judges in most lower courts, the Supreme Court justices wear black gowns that are much like the cassocks of church choristers. Arranged in these sombre black gowns, the justice, a row of seven or eight very large or very learned men, present an appearance of official dignity that is most striking.

The Supreme Court convenes at twelve o'clock. One day Chief Justice Chase was unable to find his robe. He searched every part of the robing-room, and even lighted a match to go deeper into his closet than usual in search of the missing gown, because the day was a dark and rainy one.

It wanted but a minute or two of twelve, when the Chief Justice almost beside himself with long searching, appealed to Ben Wade, the famous rough-and-ready Senator from Ohio, who chanced to enter the room, to help him find the lost gown.

Wade had just come in from out of doors, and so thrusting his umbrella under one of the settees to see if the missing garment was there, he fortunately fished it out. Holding it up at arms length on the end of his dripping umbrella, he shouted: "Here, Chase—here's your old shirt."

The learned Chief Justice reached his seat in the middle of the row just as the clock struck the last stroke of twelve. He wanted but a moment from the world never have guessed that the gown which clothed so much dignity had been, ten seconds before dangling at the end of a very wet umbrella.

He Was Too Funny.

And Learned That It Does Not Always Do to Avoid an Insult.

From the Detroit Tribune.

A tiger once invited a goat to dinner. The goat was tickled to death at the notice of a noble beast, and wore his spikes tailed coat and link sleeve buttons in token of his appreciation.

"Can I help you to some of this venison steak?" the tiger asked the goat very cordially.

The goat could not eat venison steak, but he dissembled cleverly and preserved a smiling exterior.

"I'm sorry," he protested, "positively forbid venison steak."

There was nothing else on the table, and the poor goat was obliged to sit idly by while the tiger devoured a hearty repast. But the goat was not disposed to deprive himself of the sweets of revenge. He accordingly pressed the tiger to dine with him the following evening.

The invitation was accepted with thanks, and promptly on time the tiger thrust his hind legs under the goats mahogany.

"Can I help you sweetly inquired the host, "to some of this fricasseed tomato cans with brown paper sauce?"

"No, thank you," rejoined the tiger, my doctor forbids."

"So sorry," murmured the goat in secret gloom, "I fear you will have only an unsatisfactory meal."

"Oh, I shall do very well," protested the tiger. Whereat he fell upon and devoured the goat himself.

"Alas!" exclaimed the latter, with his fading breath, "I was too funny."

This fable teaches us that it is perfectly proper to take an insult from some people without resenting it. It is all a matter of judgment.

Indirectly, Water Is Good.

"Watch is a good thing," remarked Col. J. B. Bludd, of Kentucky.

"Well, maybe so," replied conservative Major Bowie.

"It is truly sah," continued the Colonel. "Rain makes cahn, sah, cahn makes whisky."

The shepherd dog—called collie in Scotland, from the Gaelic colluan, or puppy—gains its title from the fact of its being used to watch sheep and protect them from marauders of every description.

The Two-thirds Rule.

New Hampshire originated the idea of National Conventions for nominating candidates for the Presidency. Gen. Jackson was elected President in 1828, and Mr. CALHOUN served with him as Vice-President. Differences between them led to a positive change in their personal and political relations, so that when Gen. Jackson became the accepted candidate for a second term, Mr. CALHOUN was dropped and the Vice-Presidency was left open for competing nominations.

The Legislature of New Hampshire issued a call for a Democratic National Convention to meet at Baltimore, May 21, 1832, the object being to nominate a candidate for Vice-President. The number of delegates, and the mode of choosing them, were referred to the different States.

A large attendance bore witness to the popularity of the experiment, as a decided improvement on the former caucus and other systems. At that time the electoral votes aggregated 288, of which 283 had representation, and Mr. VAN BUREN received 203 votes, which made him the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, and he was elected with Gen. JACKSON.

The most remarkable incident of that Convention was the adoption of the celebrated two-thirds rule, which has been continuously recognized as one of the pillars of the Democratic faith for sixty years. It was introduced by Mr. SAUNDERS of North Carolina in the following terms:

"Resolved, That each State be entitled, in the nomination of a candidate for the Vice Presidency, to a number of votes equal to the number that they will be entitled to in the Electoral College under the new appointment in voting for President and Vice-President, and that two-thirds of the whole number of the votes in the Convention shall be necessary to constitute a choice."

Democratic leaders in several States did not like the New Hampshire innovation, nor the SAUNDERS rule, which imposed a severe test on the ambition of aspirants for the Presidency. Gen. JACKSON wrote a letter in February, 1835, favoring a National Convention, and the friends of Mr. VAN BUREN were urged in their advocacy of the new expedient as being most representative of the popular sentiment. The Convention met at Baltimore May 20, 1835, and Mr. VAN BUREN was nominated for President without opposition. Four candidates, W. H. HARRISON, HUGH L. WHITE, DANIEL WEBSTER, and WILLIE P. MANGUM, contested the election, and they received 124 electoral votes against 170 for MARTIN VAN BUREN.

The next Democratic National Convention met at Baltimore May 5, 1840, and Mr. VAN BUREN's nomination for a second term was a foregone conclusion. His Administration had had to contend with the financial crash of 1837, which confronted him on entering the White House, and with embarrassments attending the Florida war with the Indians. These and other causes led to a political upheaval, and Gen. JACKSON was elected as President.

The fourth National Convention met at Baltimore, May 27, 1853. Mr. VAN BUREN entered it backed by a clear majority of the delegates. But he had committed himself in regard to the annexation of Texas, and had to carry the load of defeat by Gen. HARRISON. The wise and conservative leaders of the Democracy, with the best feeling toward Mr. VAN BUREN, though his nomination for a third time would imperil the success of the party, which was more important than any or all candidates.

Mr. SAUNDERS was there and renewed the two-thirds rule, which in fact became the test of the divided opinions of the Convention. It was reaffirmed by a vote of 148 to 118; and Mr. POLK, who had been Speaker of the House of Representatives, was nominated and elected over HENRY CLAY.

From that time forward until 1888, one term became the unwritten law of the Democratic party. POLK, PIERCE, and BUCHANAN never encouraged any departure from the restriction. They stood by it in good faith without a sign of selfish aspiration.—N. Y. Sun.

Some Women's Work.

A daughter-in-law of Brigham Young is working on a Gentle paper in Salt Lake City. Mrs. Ladenu is manager of the Poudre Valley herd of Holsteins in Colorado. Pauline Lucas is conducting an operative training school in Gmunden, Austria. Miss Margaret Kerr Johnston, M. D., has been appointed Assistant Examiner in Physics to the Royal University of Ireland. Mrs. Annie Smith, recently editor of the World's Fair, "Enterprise," is pressing her application for admission to the Virginia bar. Miss Elise St. Omer a member of the French Geographical Society, is going on a three year's journey among primitive tribes to investigate the lives of women and children.

Miss Alice E. Fletcher is to have charge of the Government Indian exhibit at the World's Fair. Miss Anna L. Williams is in circulation as Liberty on the new silver dollars. Miss Abrahams, Miss Collitt Miss Irwin and Miss Orme are appointed on the Royal Labor Commission with the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Mundell.

"I Am So Tired."

Is a common exclamation at this season. There is a certain bracing effect in cold air which is lost when the weather grows warmer; and when Nature is renewing her youth, her admirers feel dull, sluggish and tired. This condition is owing mainly to the impure condition of the blood, and its failure to supply healthy tissue to the various organs of the body. It is remarkable how susceptible the system is to help to be derived from a good medicine at this season. Possessing just those purifying building-up qualities which the body craves, Hood's Sarsaparilla soon overcomes that tired feeling, restores the appetite, purifies the blood, and in short imparts vigorous health. Its thousands of friends with one voice declare—"It Makes the Weak Strong."

Fannie Kemble is eighty-two. She cannot write a friendly hand guides the pen across the paper for her, and all spirit and vivacity for which the great actress was once famous have left her. Her reading is limited to the Bible and a few religious books.

The World of Women.

A short life is predicted for the gaudy hat streamers.

The piano lamp shade should be covered with lace.

Among the things "just from Paris" are lace shoulder caps.

Rosettes of narrow satin ribbon have tiny ends of a contrasting ribbon in the center.

Frogs and frog buttons are adapted from military uniforms and again put upon ladies' street gowns.

English tailors are using long waist coats, after the Georgian period, for ladies' checked tweed gowns.

The ladies will wear a crease down the skirt front much resembling that on the male escort's trousers.

A tan "box" or "whole-back" coat is trimmed with large pearl buttons, no matter what the color may be.

A good bonnet for general wear is of black deep-curved lace, with black moire ribbon and jet sigrettes. This will accord with almost any toilette.

Tan colored straw is combined with pale sea-green velvet and moire ribbon. To give a little color to such a hat, deep pink roses are added with the fashionable long stalks.

Black lace rosettes are secured in the center with high skewer pins of jet. Pale shaded moire ribbons, shot and plain, look well on black straw hats further trimmed with lace.

Miss Nancy Cornelius, who has just graduated from the Hartford Training School for Nurses, is said to be the first Indian who has fitted herself for such service by scientific training.

Violets are very simply arranged in little bunches that are tied by the stalks all around the crown of a hat, with the flowers resting low on the brim. A ribbon is then brought around the crown and finished in front with a large flat bow.

The salted peanut has become a part of the dinner menu. It can easily be prepared at home by simply shelling the nuts when they are put into boiling water to remove the skin. Then turn them into a hot buttered pan and keep them there just long enough to brown. Be careful that they do not burn. When nicely browned remove from the pan and sprinkle with salt.

It is comical to watch the timid approach of five white fingers towards the innocent-looking bit of lemon which floats in the translucent depths of the finger bowl. Remember, please, that it is there for use and not for looks. Pick it up not gingerly, but as if you were in rapport with the situation. Now rub it lightly over the rony tips of your well manicured hands. It is a little thing, is it not? but in performing this simple act you will show that you are, in your table manners, at least quite up to date.

The bow knots in silver and gold are, from their abundance, a little out of favor with the lovers of unique jewelry, so a new design has appeared. The little daintily shadied pansies, violets, edelweiss, orchids, forget-me-nots and daisies in jewelry that we admired so much last year can now be gotten bunched together in little bouquets that are tied with the gold and silver ribbons. The jewelry is just as sweet and pretty as it can be and it will probably have as great a run here as did the bow knots alone.

Point de Gene lace is in such remarkable use that it merits particular mention. On costumes of wool, silk or cotton, it appears in yokes, shoulder pieces, corselts, cuffs, falls about the neck, Zouave jackets, skirt panels, flouncings or bands, while handsome wools in piece, show it in the finish to applique work. In military, it is likewise prominent and some stylish hats are made entirely of it, notably an example having a medium width straight brim upon which two rows of narrow pink ribbon twisted are laid, with rosette to match on the low crown and white egrette.

It is curious that, while one section of womankind is running after everything made in the style of those dear prim maidens of sixty years ago, who would have regarded the athletic girl of to-day as quite beyond the pale, the other is growing daily more masculine. The loose backed coats are in many cases lengthened and fall nearly to the feet, like those which the lords of creation affected last year. Curiously enough, the woman who wears them feel it incumbent to adopt a most masculine stride, and the spectacle of these manly women stalking through the streets side by side with their effeminately clad sisters is quite amusing.

The cross-over capes are already becoming popular, and all sorts of quaint little old-fashioned shoulder capes are being designed to give a necessary touch of "outdoor" to our summer costumes. They are mostly composed of yokes of velvet, jet passementerie or brocade, with wide frills of lace falling over the shoulders. For ordinary wear they are chiefly made in black, but for smart occasions, guipure or other lace is used, with a yoke of pale brocade or silk. I have seen one which was quite beautiful, where the yoke was of pale gray satin, brocaded with white, and the deep frills were of old Venetian point lace; but of course this could only be worn with very full dress. Other capes have the lace so arranged as to suggest the shawls which in days gone by were worn just off the shoulders.

The smartest and most taking of her dresses is a new gown, made in navy blue serge or rough water-proof cheviot in mixed colors. The plain skirt has a leather binding and three narrow leather straps buckled around it, and the coat is bound with leather. The coat is lined with gay taffeta silk and opens over a "decollate waistcoat," cut like an evening waistcoat, of blue or white pique or blue wool vesting, powdered with white dots. The very mannish shirt may be of white or colored material, is closed with a single stud, and is like the linked cuffs, a noble example of the laundress' skill and art.

A conspicuous and amusing feature of the gown is a pocket cut in a curve in the skirt on either side, just as near the location of a man's trousers pocket as feminine dress will admit.