

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., June 16, 1893

ROCK OF AGES.

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughless the maiden sang,
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sings the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves down,
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
Let me hide myself in thee."
"Let me hide myself in thee,"
Fell her soul's need to hide—
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside;
All the world unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care;
Dreaming not that they might be
On some other lips a prayer—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
Let me hide myself in thee."
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully,
Every word her heart did know;
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
Let me hide myself in thee."
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trusting and yet tearfully,
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim.
"Let me hide myself in thee,"
Trembling through the voice, and low,
Rose the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow;
Sung as only they can sing
Who life's thorny path have passed;
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
Let me hide myself in thee."
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
Sung above a coffin-lid;
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid
Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul,
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Clad thy slightest, sunken eyes,
Cleaved beneath the soft, gray hair,
Could the mute and suffused lips
Move again in pleasing prayer,
Still, aye still, the words would be—
"Let me hide myself in thee."

PURRING WHEN YOU'RE PLEASED.

By Mrs. Alfred Gatty.

They had been licked over hundreds of times by the same mother, had been brought up on the same food, lived in the same house, learned the same lessons, heard the same advice, and yet how different they were! Never were there two kittens more thoroughly unlike than those two! The one, with an open, loving heart, which never could contain itself in its joys, but purred it out at once to all the world; the other, who scarcely ever purred at all, and that never above its breath, let him be as happy or as fond as he would.

It was partly his mother's fault, perhaps, for she always set her children the example of reserve, rarely purring herself, and then only in a low tone. But, poor thing, there were excuses to be made for her; she had had so many troubles. Cats generally have. Their kittens are taken away from them so often, and they get so hissed about the house when people are busy, and the children pull them about so heedlessly and make the dogs run after them—which is so irritating—that really the wonder is they ever purr at all!

Nevertheless, not feeling inclined to purr much herself was no good reason for her thinking it silly or wrong in other people to purr when they were pleased; but she did, and she and her purring daughter were always having small tiffs on the subject.

Every morning for instance, when the nice curly-headed little boy brought the kittens a saucer of milk from his breakfast, there was sure to be a disturbance over the purring question; for, even before the saucer had reached the floor, Miss Pussy was sure to be there, tail and head erect and eager, singing her loudest and best, her whole throat vibrating visibly; while Master Pussy, on the contrary, took his food, but said very little about it, or if he ever attempted to express his natural delight, did it in so low a tone that nobody could hear without putting their ears close down to him to listen.

Now this was what the mother cat called keeping up one's dignity and self-respect, so it can easily be imagined how angry she used to get with the other kitten. "You wretched little creature!" she would say to poor Miss Pussy, who, even after the meal was over, would lie purring with pleasure in front of the fire; "what in the world are you making that noise and fuss about? Why are you always to be letting yourself down by thanking people for what they do for you, as if you did not deserve it, and had not a right to expect it? Isn't it quite right of them to feed you and keep you warm? What a shame it would be if they left you without food or fire! I am ashamed to see you making yourself so cheap, by showing gratitude for every trifle. For goodness' sake have a little proper pride, and leave off such fawning ways! Look at your brother and see how differently he behaves!—takes everything as a matter of course, and has the sense to keep his feelings to himself; and people are sure to respect him all the more. It keeps up one's friends' interest when they are not too sure that one is pleased. But you, with your everlasting acknowledgments, will be seen through, and despised very soon. Have a little more esteem for your own character! What is to become of self respect if people are everlastingly to purr when they are pleased?"

Miss Pussy had not the least notion what would become of it in such a case, but she supposed something dreadful; so she felt quite horrified at herself for having done anything to bring such a misfortune about, and made a thousand resolutions to keep up her dignity, save self respect from the terrible unknown fate in store, and purr no more.

But it was all in vain. As soon as ever anything happened to make her feel happy and comfortable, throbbing the little throat, as naturally as flowers come out in spring, and there

she was in a fresh scrape again! And the temptations were endless. The little boy's cousin, pale and quiet and silent as she was, would often take Miss Pussy on her knee, and nurse her for half an hour at a time, stroking her so gently and kindly—how could any one help purring.

Or the boy would tie a string, with a cork at the end of it, to the drawer-handle of a table, so that the kittens could paw it, and pat it, and spring at it, as they pleased—how was it possible not to give vent to one's delight in the intervals of such a game, when the thing was swinging from side to side before their very eyes, inviting the next bound?

And when there was nothing else to be pleased about, there were always their own trails to run after, and the fun was surely irresistible, and well deserved a song.

Yet the brother very seldom committed himself in that way—that was the great puzzle, and Miss Pussy grew more and more perplexed as time went on. Nay, once, when they were alone together, and her spirits had quite got the better of her judgment, she boldly asked him, in as many words, "Why do you not purr when you are pleased?" as if it was quite the natural and proper thing to do. Whereat he seemed quite taken by surprise but answered at last: "It's so weak minded, mother says; I should be terribly ashamed. Besides," added he, after a short pause, "to tell you the truth—but don't say anything about it—when I begin, there's something that chokes a little in my throat. Mind you don't tell—it would let me down so in mother's eyes. She likes us to keep up our dignity, you know."

Had Mother Pussy overheard these words, she might have been a little startled by such a result of her teaching; but, as it was, she remained in happy ignorance that her son was influenced by anything but her advice. . . . Yet, strange to say, she had that choking in the throat sometimes herself!

But, at last, a change came into their lives. One day their friend, the curly-headed boy, came bounding into the kitchen where Mother Pussy and her kittens were asleep, in raptures of delight, followed by the pale, quiet, silent cousin, as quiet and silent as ever. The boy rushed to the kittens at once, took up both together in his hands, laid one over the other for fun, and then said to the girl, "Cousin, now they're going to give us the kittens for our very own, just tell me which you like best, really? I'm so afraid you won't choose for yourself when they ask you, and then if I have to choose instead, I shan't know which you would rather have! And I want you to have the one you like most—so do tell me beforehand!"

"Oh, I like them both!" answered the girl, in the same unmoved, indifferent tone in which she generally spoke.

"So do I," replied her cousin; "but I know what I like best for all that; and so must you, only you won't say. I wonder whether you like to have the kittens at all?" added he, looking at the pale child a little doubtfully; then whispering, as he put them both to her face to be kissed, "Cousin, dear, I wish I could see you when you were pleased by your face! See! give a smile when the one you like best goes by. Do—won't you—this once—just for once?"

It was in vain! He passed the kittens before her in succession, that she might see the markings of their fur, but still she only said she liked both, and of course, was glad to have a kitten, and so on; till at last, he was disheartened, and asked no more.

It is a great distress to some people when their friends will not purr when they are pleased; and as the children went back together to the drawing-room, the little boy was the sadder of the two, though he could not have explained why.

And then, just what he expected happened—the choice between the two kittens was offered first to the girl; but, instead of accepting it as a favor, and saying "Thank you" for it, and being pleased, as she ought to have been, she would say nothing but that she liked both, and it could not matter which she had; nay, to look at her as she spoke, nobody would have thought she cared for having either at all!

How was it that she did not observe how sorrowfully her aunt was gazing at her as she spoke; aye, and with a sorrow far beyond anything the kittens could occasion?

But she did not; and presently her aunt said, "Well, then, as she did not care, the boy should choose." On which the poor boy colored with vexation; but when he had sought his cousin's eyes again and again in vain for some token of her feelings, he laid sudden hold on Miss Pussy, and laid down her against his cheek, exclaiming: "Then I will have this one! I like her much the best, mother, because she purrs when she is pleased!"

And then the little girl took up Master Pussy, and kissed him very kindly, but went away without saying another word.

And so a week passed; and though the children petted their kittens, they never discussed the question of which was liked best again, for a shyness had sprung up about it ever since the day the choice had been made.

But at the end of the week, one sunny morning, when the boy was riding his father's pony, and only the little girl was in the house, her aunt, coming suddenly into the schoolroom, discovered her kneeling by the sofa, weeping a silent rain of tears over the fur-coat of Miss Pussy, who was purring loudly all the time; while her own kitten, Master Pussy, was lying sound asleep unnoticed by the fire.

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Now, the pale, silent little girl had been an orphan nearly two years—father and mother having died within

a few weeks of each other; and she had been ever since, till quite lately, under the care of a guardian, who, though married, had no children, and was more strict and well intentioned than kind and comprehending; so that between sorrow at first and fear afterwards, she had, without knowing anything about it, shut herself up in a sort of defensive armor of self-restraint, which, till now, neither aunt, nor uncle, nor even loving cousin, had been able to break through.

But they had gently bided their time, and the time had come at last, and Miss Pussy pointed the moral; for with her aunt's arms folded round her, and a sense of her comforting tenderness creeping into the long-locked heart, she owned that she had fretted all the week in secret because—actually because—it was so miserable to nurse a kitten who would not purr when he was pleased!

Anybody may guess how nice it was, ten minutes afterwards, to see the little girl, with the roused color of warm feeling on her cheeks, smiling through her tears at the thought of how like the unpurring kitten she had been herself! Anybody may guess, too, with what riotous joy her loving cousin insisted on her changing kittens at once, and having Miss Pussy for her very own. And how, on the other hand, he set to work himself, with a resolute heart, to make Master Pussy so fond of him that purr he must, whether he would or not.

Which Did She Wear?

Both Determined to Have Their Way About Her Bonnet.

They had been married three months and the odor of the orange blossoms was still sweet in their nostrils. It was all a lovely dream. She was so kind and he was so kind; she was "angel" and he was all the dear names she could think of. Never a frown, never a cross word of. Xever a soft, over-echo of her marriage bells. Thus they believed that they had come to live in Eutopia forever and ever, and they went and told their friends about it, especially those who were single.

He came home one evening with the news that he had bought tickets to the theatre. To see her thank him was to behold a beautiful illustration of the poet's two souls' theory. After supper he went out and did not return until a few minutes before the time to start. She was just putting on her hat.

"My dear," he said, "I wish you would not wear that white hat. I do not like you in it. Won't you wear the black one?"

"Why, certainly, dearest," she cooed in reply. "I will do whatever you say, though the black hat is not suitable. You know I had the white hat made especially for the theatre. It is suitable at no other time."

"I did not know that. Wear the white one of course."

"I want to please you. I don't care if people do say I am 'teckey.'"

"Then wear the white hat. That will please me."

"You know it won't. You are simply making a self-sacrifice."

"Did I say so?"

"No, dear, but—"

"But nothing. Wear the white hat and say no more about it."

"You needn't get cross," the cooing all out of her voice. "I'll wear the black hat."

"Cross? Do you think I really want you to wear the black hat?"

"Yes, or you would not have talked so much," was her crisp reply. "I'm going to wear it, too."

"Wear the white one."

"You will." And so on until they barely reached the theatre in time. Now which hat do you think she wore?

The Blue Laws.

Specimen Statutes From the Archives of Connecticut.

The words "blue laws," says the "Youth's Journal," are often seen in the newspapers of to-day, but just why they are thus named is known to comparatively few persons. We therefore name a few of them.

They were called blue because they were printed on blue paper. They belonged to the State of Connecticut. Here are some of them:

"No one shall be a freeman or have a vote unless he is converted and a member of one of the churches allowed in the Dominion."

"No dissenter from the essential worship of this Dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for electing magistrates or any officer."

"No food or lodging shall be offered to a heretic."

"No one shall cross the river on the Sabbath but an authorized clergyman."

"No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day."

"No one shall kiss his or her child on the Sabbath or fasting days."

"The Sabbath day shall begin at sunset Saturday."

"Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver bone or lace above one shilling a yard, shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the estate £300."

"Whoever brings cards or dice into the Dominion shall be fined £5."

"No one shall eat mince pies, dance, play cards, or play any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet or jewsharp."

"No man shall court a maid in person or by letter, without obtaining the consent of her parents; £5 penalty for the first offence, £10 for the second, and for the third imprisonment during the pleasure of the Court."

—Hotel Manager—You are looking for a job, eh? Where were you last employed?

Applicant—At the dime museum. I am the india rubber man.

Hotel Manager—Don't say. And how do you expect we can make use of you?

Applicant—As "bouncer," sir.

Good Stories About Booth.

Something of the Family—How Romeo Came to Wed Juliet—The Decease of Lincoln's Death.

Of Edwin Booth, the great tragedian, who died last week at his apartments in the Player's club in New York city, surrounded by his daughter Mrs. Grossman and her husband, his physician Dr. St. Clair Smith, superintendent Mr. Gonigle, William Bispham and Charles Fatty all intimate friends. The following stories are told. Edwin Booth was born in Belair, near Baltimore, Md., on November 13, 1833, and was consequently in his sixtieth year.

Edwin Booth's mother had been a flower girl at Convent Garden Theatre, London, by name Mary Ann Holmes, before her marriage to Junius Brutus Booth. Edwin was one of seven children, and it is said that he was not the favorite of his father. It is written as follows by Frank A. Burr: "Only two have made their mark on the stage, Edwin and John Wilkes. None of the girls have been actresses. John Wilkes was always regarded as the flower of the flock on the male side, and Mary Ann, who became the wife of John S. Clark, the comedian, wrote the history of her father and brother. Wilkes Booth made more money in a single season before and during the war than any actor who has ever lived in that time."

A pretty story is told of the courtship of Edwin Booth and Mary McKivier. According to the story he and she were playing together in the sweet old love-play of Shakespeare. He was Romeo, she was Juliet. The pretty tale of old theatre-goers of 20 odd years ago has it that the stage Romeo and the stage Juliet forgot their acting in the love they felt for each other, and made not stage love, but real love during the balcony scene. The same old story further says that during the whole course of the play Edwin Booth was telling pretty Mary McKivier the old story, that just as it was old even when gentle William Shakespeare wrote of Romeo and Juliet. And the same old retrospective gentlemen and ladies will tell you that Romeo and Juliet has never been done in our day as Booth and Mary McKivier did it in those days, nearly 25 years ago.

Jewish blood ran in the elder Booth's veins, and in Edwin Booth's face there was a decided suggestion of Jewish features. His thoughtful face and deep, poetic eyes were signs of an emotional nature, but the persons who knew Booth intimately could be counted on one's fingers. He was a moody, melancholy man in late years, contented with his books and his pipe and little else. Society knew nothing of him, though, had he known, the doors of the best houses in every city would have opened wide to him.

When President Lincoln was shot it was the office of H. C. Jarrett, at that time manager of the Boston Theatre, to convey to Mr. Booth the suspicion in regard to the perpetrator of the murder. He did so in the following note:

MY DEAR SIR—A fearful calamity is upon us. The President of the United States has fallen by the hand of an assassin, and I am shocked to say, suspicion points to one nearly related to you as the perpetrator of this horrible deed. God grant it may not prove so. With this knowledge and out of respect to the anguish which will fill the public mind as soon as the appalling fact shall be fully revealed, I have concluded to close the Boston Theatre until further notice. Please signify to me your cooperation in this matter.

In great sorrow and haste I remain yours very truly, HENRY C. JARRETT.

Upon the afternoon of the Saturday on which Mr. Booth received the communication he was to have concluded his three weeks' engagement and taken a farewell benefit. He answered Mr. Jarrett thus:—

MY DEAR SIR—With deepest sorrow and great agitation I thank you for relieving me from my engagement with yourself and the public. The news of the morning has made me wretched, indeed, not only because I have received the unhappy tidings of the suspicions of a brother's crime, but because a good man and a most justly honored and patriotic hero has fallen in an hour of national joy by the hand of an assassin. The memory of the thousands who have fallen on the field in our country's defence during this struggle cannot be forgotten by me even in this the most distressing day of my life. And I most sincerely pray that the victories we have already won may stay the hand of war and the tide of loyal blood. While mourning in common with all other loyal hearts, the death of the President, I am oppressed by a private woe not to be expressed in words. But whatever calamity may befall me or mine, my country, one and indivisible, has my warmest devotion. EDWIN BOOTH.

Booth never could be induced to play in Washington after the war tragedy, and it is said that he never referred to his brilliant younger brother, John Wilkes. Once, while playing Richard in Chicago, in the tent scene, Booth had just lain down on the couch when a pistol shot was fired at him by an insane man by the name of Gray. A second arose and shot was discharged. Booth arose and went down to the footlights as the pistol was levelled at the assassin. One of the bullets, which lodged in the scenery almost directly behind his head, he had set in a gold cartridge, upon which he had engraved, "From Mark Gray to Edwin Booth, April 23, 1879."

The bullet was sent to an insane asylum. The inscription on the gold cartridge is bright enough for a star, but it is to be doubted if the tragedian ever cared to see any of the bullets fired at him.

During the latter part of his life Edwin Booth had to see exploited in all its repellent details the history of Agatha Delanoir Booth, who claimed she was the wife of Booth the elder when he married the girl who gave birth to Junius Brutus Edwin, John Wilkes and Joseph Booth, Asia Booth Clark and Rosalie Booth. The scandal when it came out, two years ago, created a great furor in the country, for, according to the story, the first wife years after the sailing of her husband from England, came to Baltimore, lived there

long enough to claim the rights of citizenship, and on February 27, 1881 applied for a divorce, alleging that her husband had come over here with another woman, with whom he was still living. According to the same story, it was said that the elder Booth admitted all the facts charged, and the decree was granted. May 10, the following marriage of Junius Brutus Booth and Mary Ann Holmes, the mother of his 10 children, was recorded in Baltimore. The next year the elder Booth died.

Each woman lies buried in Baltimore as the wife of Junius Brutus Booth—in different churchyards.

Saturday afternoon, April 3, 1891, at the Academy of Music, in Brooklyn, Edwin Booth acted for the last time. The play was "Hamlet," and thus the last words ever uttered on the stage in that rich, soft, sad voice of his were these: "The rest is silence," and it was John A. Lane who, as Horatio, spoke the lines on which the curtain fell: "Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince, and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

Booth was buried in Mt. Auburn Cemetery, Boston—a most beautiful city of the dead. There, upon a green and lovely knoll overlooking the country for miles around, sleeps Longfellow. Not far away, with only a rough and unweaned stone to mark his neglected grave, rest the bones of Agassiz. Here lies also Charles Sumner, beneath a five granite slab, which seems to typify the character of the man whose name it bears. Charlotte Cushman, too, the greatest of American tragediennes, is buried there, and that other noble woman, Margaret Fuller. In all the land there is no more fitting spot in which to place all that is mortal of America's last tragedian.

One Million Who Will Have to Be Bachelors.

A recent statement of the census bureau shows that there were in 1890, in round numbers, 1,500,000 more males than females in the United States, in a total population of 62,622,250. Reference to the previous census shows an excess in 1880 of 881,857 in a population of 50,115,782. Thus while the excess of males in ten years increased seventy-five per cent, the population of the country increased only about twenty-five. These facts will afford a surprise to many persons who have thought that there were more females than males in this country; and, especially so, since the excess of the later over the former has increased so rapidly. Undoubtedly the impression that females outnumbered the males was obtained more by observation in this portion of the country, than by any actual statistics.

It is a fact that such is the case in many of the eastern and Atlantic coast states. The census bureau statement says that in the District of Columbia there are 110 males to 100 females. This ratio is closely followed by that of Massachusetts which is 105 to 100; by that of Rhode Island, 105 to 100; North Carolina and Maryland 102 to 100; Connecticut, New Hampshire, New York, South Carolina and Virginia, 101 to 100. On the other hand in Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Delaware, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Maine, Vermont, Illinois, Florida, Missouri, Wisconsin, Iowa, Arkansas, Michigan, Texas, Kansas, Minnesota, Nebraska, the Dakotas and all the Pacific coast states, the proportion of women to men is from 95 per cent. to 50 per cent. In Pennsylvania the males outnumber the females, 100 to 95.

Inquiry into the causes which lead to an excess of males over females, discovers first that the male birth rate is higher than the female, as 100 is to 97. Next that immigration for years has shown a greater percentage of males. Were not the death rate among males so much higher than among females, due to accidental causes, venereal habits and public disorder, their excess would be even greater than it now is. How long males will continue their advantage of numbers over females, and to what degree, depends too on the freedom from vices and destructive habits maintained by the females themselves, not only as regards their own lives but those of offspring.

But to recur, the preponderance of either sex in any state or locality, appears to depend upon the nature of the industrial employments. In the District of Columbia, the excess of females is largely due to the women in government employ; in Massachusetts and other New England states, to the cotton and woolen establishments; in New York, to manufactures and clerkships; and so on. On the other hand, male predominance in the Pacific coast states is due to the employment of Chinamen, especially in California, and to mining and agricultural operations. Permanency and diversification of industries, will, however, tend to balance the sexes. Another census will undoubtedly show considerable changes in the proportions west and south.

A freak of nature even more desirable than that of the Siamese twins is reported from Nanking, where a Kiansi man has two sons, aged about 8, who are joined together by an "arm-like piece of flesh" about the size of a man's arm, in such wise they stand, not side by side, but face to face. A writer who has examined them states that when they walked they had to move sideways, or shoulders first, "like the peregrinations of a crab."

In the little town of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, the electric service is very convenient for passengers. In the rear of the seats buttons are placed at intervals, which by pressing notifies the conductor and makes it easy, especially for ladies, to leave the car. This plan might be advantageously adopted in this country, as passengers are often jostled in trying to notify conductors when they desire to leave at certain points.

A shingle was removed last October from the roof of the Congregational Church at Farrington, Conn., where it had been since 1771.

For and About Women.

The latest thing in dress, the "glown" sleeve, is simply a mass of overlapping frills.

A favorite combination of color for evening dresses is white and bright orange yellow, the soft, rich tone of a ripe nectarine.

The hair at present is waved all over the head. Fortunately is the woman whose hair waves naturally. Others must betake themselves to the curling iron.

After the unsuccessful attempt to harmoniously blend all the colors of a gorgeous parrot in one gown, it is a relief to find that the stylish combinations of black and white or black and cream are popular again.

A box of the very finest powdered charcoal, which can only be obtained at a drug store, should be always at hand. Give the teeth an occasional brushing with it or rub a little between the interstices of the teeth at night, brushing it out in the morning.

Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi has been elected president of the neurological section of the New York Academy of Medicine, being the first woman ever elected to the presidency of a section of that institution since its foundation 26 years ago.

A summer trimming for black round hats is a very large wide bow made of white apertured lace, or of a veil of thin lace fashioned into a bow. Long slender jet ornaments in horn snipe, or pins with pear-shaped heads of jet, are crossed high amid the lace loops.

Michigan makes a wonderful showing in the line of successful women farmers. In Wayne county alone they number 220, while throughout the entire State they number 8707, who till 760,489 acres. The value of these lands is estimated at \$43,500,000, and the earnings of these women aggregate \$4,354,500.

Six ounces of rose water mixed with two drachms of chlorate of potash is an excellent purifier of the breath. Rinse the mouth after each meal. For acidity of the stomach, which gives bad breath, use a solution of a teaspoonful of baking soda and half as much salt in a glass of water. Drink a little of this and rinse the mouth also.

A "grape tea" is a popular form of social diversion in Australia. Grapes of various kinds and in the greatest perfection are the chief feature, and grape leaves enter largely into the decorative effects. Why not also "strawberry teas," "raspberry teas," or even "quince" "cherry" and "peach" teas? Our friends in the South Pacific upon up a vista not to be ignored.

Parasols have ostrich feathers set along the edge and curling over like a sort of fringe. It does seem a wicked waste. If you see such a parasol at a bargain, it may be well to