Democratic Matchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Sep. 8, 1893.

THE DAY'S DEMAND.

God give us men. A time like this demand Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands; Men whom the lust of office does not kill; Men who possess opinions and a will; Men who have honor; men who will not lie; Men who can stand before a demagogue And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking: Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog.

In public duty and in private thinking.

For while the rabble, with their thumb worn

For while the ratio, and their little deeds, creeds, Their large professions and their little deeds, Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps, Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps, Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justic sleeps. — Dr. J. G. Holland.

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

Love! my Love! the sunset splendor Left the world an hour ago; The maiden moon, all shy and slender, Swooning in the fervid glow. 'Neath curtains drawn, the earth is listing The wooing sibilants of the sea; O'er land and wave to keep our trysting, Your constant spirit speeds to me.

Love! my Love! at evening musing Apart and lone, save for your dream, Memory past and present fusing Into one swift, shining stream— Leagues by hundreds numbered, parted From eyes wan with vigils valn; You, O leal and single heated! Answer, throb for throb, my pain.

Love! my Love! wierd fancies thronging As the south winds crisp the sea-Hope and boding, joy and longing, Have their minor tone for me. Yours may be of God's calm Forever, Safe from jar or touch of fate, Far as star-sown space can sever From me who expect and wait

Love! my Love! in purple drifting, Summer dusk the valley fills; To the leaning sky uplifting Reverent brows, rise altered hills. By the meaning hush of even, By the mirrored deep in deep, By the powner or earth or bearon By your bourne or earth or heaven, I know your promised tryst you keep. —Marion Harland in Harper's Baze

AN IRONY OF FATE.

the last.

him.

vou.'

from his arm.

"Yes," he said.

Being the Story of Mrs. Ormiston's Match-Mak

BY NELLIE E. C. SCOTT.

Mrs. John Ormiston and her friend, Annie Churchill, sat together upon the piazza of the Ormiston residence in a delightful atmosphere of confidence and good-fellowship. They had been the best of friends and comrades through all the changeful years of childhood and girlhood, but this was their first meeting since the marriage of the elder three years before.

It had seemed a little strange at first this meeting after their long separation, but now every vestige of constraint had disappeared, and the day had been filled with amusing reminiscences, from their first day together at the district school, where they at once became rivals for the teacher's favor as in the pursuit of knowledge, represented by such phases as, "I see an ox," "Can the nag run?" "let the lad go," and such like.

Viewed at this distance, those early experiences appeared much less momentous than they had done twenty

occurred to me. But it won't happen. A man's constantcy is seldom of three years' duration, unless it has something to look forward to; althoughpardon my egotism-I think his would stand the test if anyone's did. But it's only in my lonesome moods that the thought has presented itsel'. Even if the affair could be re-opened it would probably end as it did before. But I now, and married women, I believe, hold it a duty to have no secrets, even of their friends, from their husbands."

"Even that unmaidenly thought has

a word of what you've told me," her friend replied.

cousin, Three months after that talk on the

so to speak. The happiness of two human beings might be at stake, she argued, and Mrs. John Ormiston was not bered but little. When morning came the woman to shirk an unpleasant duty it found her with a wild regret that when so much might depend upon her she was still alive. action. She would stop off at Dixville Her first and most natural impulse, over a train or two, interview Frank when she could look at things more Warren and then proceed upon her calmly, was to telegraph to her

journey. True, she had not seen Mr. husband's people, asking if he sir. Go away !" Warren in years; perhaps he would were there—to inquire of his friends, This unequivoc whereabouts. But pride immediately forbade such a course. Why should that he would be interested in. With all her lofty motive a sense of

she proclaim her humiliation before duplicity was uppermost in her mind she was really obliged to? And as for as she bade John good bye. Dear fel-low how kind he was and how sorry to do it. He had gone of his own volition that I've ever heard of him before. see her go. He never had any secrets and he might stay. If he had so little from her. But-well this should be confidence in her, they were better apart. At Frank Warren's boarding place, Her anger grew warmer as she

in Dixville, she was told that the of him, to forsake his wife at the first young man was not expected home until 6.45 that evening, so Mrs. Ormiston breath of suspicion ! decided in the interval to call upon and take tea with a cousin of her hus-She sat down at her desk and wrote

band, Miss Sarab Clark. Miss Clark a letter to the runaway—a letter as urged her guest to stay, but Julie ex-cused herself on the plea of another cold and as cutting as| she knew how to make it, ending by telling him call and by saying that she must take that she would not seek the return of the 7.20 train for Sorrelton. an unwilling mate, but would leave the place at once and go to earn her Mr. Warren had not returned at 6.45.

It was in fact, after the 7.20 train had living. gone that he made his appearance. He recognized his visitor at once and This letter written, she enclosed in in an envelope directed to John's fath-

readily assented to her request that he | er, requesting that it be given or foraccompany her in her walk to the stawarded to him at the first opportunity. tion, as she had something to say to Then Julie set abont collecting her few personal belongings. It cut her to the heart to take down

It was hard for her to begin her story, although Frank seemed the same the little things that John and she had ! not wonder if you expect me to apologood comrade he had been when they put in place with such delightful labor when they first went to housekeeping. were playmates, but the time was With what bright hopes and expectashort and she must hurry.

"Frank, do you remember Annie Cnurchill ?" tions they had looked forward to the happy years ahead. And now, she He started so violently at the quesfelt that the desolation of this hour tion that Julie's hand almost slipped would weigh upon her heart forever. The desk which they had used in

common was such a characteristic af-"It is about her that I came to see fair that Julie hesitated to disturb its my feelings?" miscellaneous contents. There were

low of blows had fallen : was kind to me. Sincerely your triend. DIXVILLE, Oct. 8. MY DEAR COUSIN : I think you

SARAH CLARK.

"FRANK WARREN," Late in the afternoon, when every. would better look more closely after thing was in readiness for her departyour wife's movements. She called ure on the morrow, Julie started for a here and stayed to tea on the evening walk along the quiet way for, now of the 2nd; I thought, although she there was nothing more to be done, it seemed that she should go wild in the silent, empty house. She walked long and aimlessly; it was almost dusk when she returned to the house, and as she let herself in with a latch-key a her walking arm in arm with a hand- tall figure advanced to meet her in the shadowy ball-it was John ?

With a little shriek she dropped upof me? Be sure I shall not tell John Doubtless your wife can explain the taken in at a glance the haggard face discrepancy, at any rate I thought it and dejected looking little figure, was my duty to tell you. Sincerely your at her side in an instant.

"Julie, what does that devilish letter This finished, Julia threw herself up. of Sarah's mean? Who was it she books these faults are corrected. Some saw you with in Dixville? She was mistaken, wasn't she ?" he asked without giving her time to answer. With a tragic though ineffectual

held her fast, Julie attempted to wave him away. So he was sorry, was he? He had repented and come back, had he? Well, she'd teach him a lesson ! "I was walking with Frank Warren and the letter is true," she said defiantly; it was a pity if she couldn't be defiant and indignant after all he had made her suffer. Yes, she would re-relieve her mind! "Don't touch me,

This unequivocal reply to his questhink it an odd proceeding. But then some of them might know of his tions changed the melting mood at it was the message, not the bearer of it, whereabouts. But pride immediately once. John withdrew to a respectful distance and regarded his wife stonily. "Ah ?" said he, "Mr. Frank Warren has kept himself in the background that I've ever heard of him before. However, it's quite soon enough-quite soon enough," striding up and down the room, while Julie followed him with blazing eyes. "I thought nursed it. How unjust, how unmanly this morning that perhaps I had been hasty-that the whole thing must be a gigantic blunder ; but now that I have your own word for it-if you love an-

other man better than me--"John Ormiston! Now I never shall speak to you so long as-Love another man better than than you ! Well, it wouldn't be a hard thing to do, for I hate you, and-and all the rest of through failure to fulfil the provision of the abomiable sex, except poor papa. I'm going to him now-he won't believe evil of me—he l-loves me. But pupil in every department of the public that you can be so unjust to me after schools shall be taught as a regular all these years—"this last from the study, the effects of alcoholic cushions.

John Ormiston stood and looked stonily at his wife. "I shouldn't wonder," said he, grimly, "I really should gize.'

"No." she said, "I don't. I expect you to be a brute-if you want to. Apologize to papa, if you like, but don't apologize to me." "Julia," he burst out, in heartbreaking tones, "can't you see I'm in the devil of a temper and that you

ought to have some consideration for "Oh," said Julia "go away !" "I won't

nothing could hurt her now, since the act upon this discovery, and that fate Physiology and Hyglene .- A Word to Parents.

At this particular time, book agents are busily engaged in many places inducing school boards to adopt, under the new free text book law, unrevised and inferior physiologies. Parents should be on the alert if they want truth and not error taught to their children. The best text books on this topic, many of which are revisions of old books have received the endorsement of prominent educators, which endorsement can be found on heir title pages, There is an excellent variety of them, and, no excuse whatever exists for the regulation

or adoption of antiquated defective books. There would have been no need of revision if the old books had not been defective and ill graded ; full of long technical terms, rendering the study difficult for the pupils. In the revised school boards are induced to buy charts, with one book for the teacher, instead of placing books in the hands of the pupils who can read. Physiology and Hygiene movement, seeing that her husband is, by law, a regular study like Geography. Geographly is not taught without books, though maps are used. Charts cannot take the place of books in the hands of pupils, and at best can coachmen only be supplementary. The attempt to make them take the place of text books in the study of Physiology and Hygiene, is a violation of the law, and will make the study a failure. The School Laws and Decisions of Penn-sylvania, edition of 1892, page 115, paragraph 163, contains the following ject must be systematically studied as well as taught, which cannot be done without text books in the hands of the scholars. The proper preparation of the lessons assigned to the pupils in the daily exercises of the schools, makes the use of text books absolutely necessary, even if the law did not peremptorily require their general introduction, as it does in this instance " Another section prescribes oral instruction, as it does in this instance." Another section prescribes oral instruction for pupils too young to use books.

Parents should keep a strict watch on this innovation of using charts instead of text books in the hands of the pupils. It may not be generally known that several school boards in the State have forfeited the State appropriation to which they would have been entitled, the law relating to Physiology and Hy-giene. This law provides that every drinks, stimulants and narcotics upon the human system. School boards which do not provide this teaching for all pupils as the law requires cannot truthfully sign the Affidavit and Certificate which must be returned to the State Department of Public Instruction in order to secure the appropriation ; and any school board which does sign this when the study has not been taught as a regular study to every pupil, is simply swearing or affirming what is not true. Here is something for the voters who elect such a school board to reflect upon.

This warning teaching to which every pupil is entitled, is apt to be specsaid John. "I never | ially neglected in the primary grades meant to. I couldn't be such an ass as while it is in these grades that it should be most carefully taught, because 60 per cent. of all pupils never get to the higher grades at all. Parents and all citizens who regard the best interests of the young, should by their watchfulness, help them to receive this teaching, which may be of such lasting value. Mary F. Lovell, Bryn Mawr, Pa., Superintendent of Department of Scien-tific Temperance Instruction in W. C. T. U. of Pennsylvania.

For and About Women

Mrs. Phelps-Stokes recently bought a tablecloth and napkins at a woman's exchange for which she paid nearly \$300.

Miss Beulah True, of Hancock, Me., who furnished the illustrations for a recently-published history of Castine, acts this summer as purser on one of the Maine steamers, of which her father is captain. She is yet a student in the Normal School at Castine, but is thoroughly conversant with nautical matters, and able to take her place at the wheel.

That the Anglo-maniac wears "boots" and "coats" and "petticoats" instead of shoes, jackets and skirts ; "nibs" instead of bathes; never telegraphs, but "wires," and says "I fancy," but under no circumstances "I guess.

That college pins and club insigna were never intended as a decoration for the feminine corsage, and are decidedly outre.

That the smart young woman of the period never use the word "gentlemen except in referring to waiters and

The polka dot promises to gain in popularity as cool weather advances. Fabrics, ribbons, silks and garnitures of

Women, says a well-known physician are breaking down more rapidly than men. The reason of this is that they allow themselves to take less real rest. When a man drops business, he drops it. When a woman lets go of any work she may have in mind, she ties it to her apron strings, as it were.

She has been taught through long years of training that it is high crime and misdemeanor to let anything escape her mind. So, when she is supposed to be at rest, she is constantly pinching herself to see if she hasn't lorgotten something. In this way she carries her burden into her resting hours and sits down among the roses of relaxation with her foot on the treadle that turns the

grindstone of drudgery. If men kept their noses to the grindstone as persistently as women they would be nervous and irritable "beyond compare." If women would get their own consent to rest they would have better complexions, better stomachs and a happier life.

Velvet collarettes separate from the gown are among the autumn novelities for completing street costumes. They consist of a standing ruffle of double bias velvet joined by a jetted gimp band to a circular cape collar that is plain or edged with narrow curled ostrich feathers. These will be worn in black velvet, with any gown, or they may be formed of colored velvet like that which forms a portion of the gown.

Cafe noir is the darkest shade of brown that will be worn this season. Ujiji or mud color is one of the latest. Chene is a fashionable oak tint that is much used in combination with reseda or golden brown velvet or bengalime, Goldenrod, maize, mandarin and honeysuckle are the names of handsome yellow shades in evening dress and millinery, and "dawn," the rosy, golden hue remains the queen of all evening tints, it having a wonderfully softening and beautifying effect upon the complexion under artifi cial light. The lovely rose and reseda shades have lost none of their popular-Don't you care if your duck suit gets a spot on it before you are ready to put the whole thing in the wash. Chalk is the thing. In fact you hardly need to put the rig in the wash the whole season. Only of course, you must not let him hug you, because chalk comes off. Sleeves, as a rule. will be simple repetitions of those worn during the suinmer. subject to slight variations on account of changes in fabric. The Queen Anne model with its full drooping shoulder puff and close forearm ; the bishop and the mutton-leg are still prominent in the field. The Valois shape with a closely-buttoned or laced coat sleeve to the elbow, with pearshaped drapery above, is this season often banded by ribbon, passementerie or velvet, or slashed with insertions of fancy silk or brocades. The Breton and the Hungarian cap sleeves are seen upon new combination gowns of bengaline and velvet, and are especially popular with very broad-shouldered women who dislike huge balloon puffs and other spreading elaborations on the sleeve tops. The most conspicuous shades among the new colors are blue and brown, though green will not lose its standing in the new goods. There are at least six or seven new shades of brown, all more or less of the yellowish order, the deepest of them being but little darker than chestnut. Of the blues, the very dark shades are falling somewhat into disfavor with the extremely fashionable, probably on account of the almost universal popularity of navy blue serge, and the shades most shown are of that of green or gray.

did not say so, that she had stopped over on purpose to see me, as she said she must take the 7.20 train for Sorrelforgot, Julie, in telling you all this ton. But, although she left me early, stuff that you are a married woman it was after eight o'clock when I saw some young man, who she addressed as "Frank." They were conversing so "Why, Annie, could you think that earnestly that they did not see me.

piazza Mrs. Ormiston started on a visit on the bed, and gave way to her miso Sorrelton, her old home. This visit ery. Surely, there had never been to Sorrelton was her ostensible object, such a wretched woman before, she the one she mentioned to her husband; thought. Robbed not only of happibut the lady had thought a good many times of that conversation and had re-name as well, if this conscienceless solved to kill two birds with one stone, creature chose to publish her to the world. Of the terrible night that followed her home-coming, she remem-

years ago, and the friends laughed til they cried in recalling them.

"And you remember, Julie, our little cavalier, Benny Holmes. who carried our hearts in his bosom for so many years ?"

"Yes; we all loved him because of his curling chestnut locks, and his dark eyes and domineering ways," replied Mrs. Ormiston.

"So I used to think, but do you know I saw him this summer for the first time in years, and when 1 looked for those dazzling dark eyes they were the faded-est kind of a blue! And. too I had always thought of him as wedded to a high-born, beautiful damsel, while his wile is the plainest little woman imaginable! Heigho! I suppose you think I'm wonderfully hilarious, Julie, but it's a case of 'eat. drink and be merry, for to-morrow you' -return to a miserable existence." "Why, Annie !"

"It is, indeed. I may as well tell you-we never used to have any secrets from each other, you know-that I am tormented almost to death over an affair of the heart, not my heart, either, but that of a-no, I won't abuse him behind his back, for he's really a good tellow if only he had any tact. But there ! how can one expect a man to have tact when three women are without a particle of it ?"

"This is news," commented Mrs. Ormiston. "You've never mentioned it in your letters."

"No, I was not sufficiently interested; it's only mother and the girls who consider him-Bryant, his name is-a great catch. I have refused him over and over, but they keep uiging me to reconsider. I suppose it's natural for a man to persist when his intended mother and sister in-law are on his side, though. At any rate he is terribly persistent, but it won't do him a bit of good."

"That's right; don't be coerced." "I shan't."

"By the way, what's become of Frank Warren?" asked Mrs. Ormiston.

"He is still in Dixville, I believe." "It has always seemed such a pity about him; I used to think that you and he were made for each other, Annie."

"I thought so myself for years. Ever since we were children together I used to think if I ever married anybody it would be Frank. But somehow when it came to the point, I couldn't. I've never regretted any-thing in the world as I did my treatment of him, but what could I do? And he was so good through it all-he never reproached me once.'

"He's still single ?"

"Yes." "And free ?"

"That I don't know, of course."

"Sometimes. Annie, I've thought that perhaps, if you two should meet again-it Frank should ask you now-" Annie laughed.

"Is she ill?" he asked quickly. "No"-a long pause. "You will pardon me, one question : Do you still love he?" He turned and faced his companion.

"That's a very strange question," he said coldly. "I grant it, but you will answer it?" "Why, what is the use? Why have you brought up the thing? Do you they were tied with white ribbon, as is know that you have undone in a min-

ute what it has taken me years to accomplish ?" he asked. "But suppose for a minute that Annie was mistaken in her feelings when she refused you-mind, I don't say that such is the case, this may be nothing more than a fancy of mine; but I believe she is interested in no one else, and I wondered if you still cared enough for her to run the risk of another refusal. You must distinctly understand, however, that she knows

nothing of this; if she should ever yet.' find it out there would be an end to our friendship." "I understand, and I thank you," he

said gravely, and then they parted. Mrs. Ormiston was very much surprised when she returned home a week

later to find no one awaiting her at the station, for John had never before failed to perform this duty, even after the briefest of absences. She stopped at his office on her way home, but Mr. Ormiston had not been there since

morning, the clerk told her. Julie began to be alarmed. John must be at home sick !

It seemed hours before she reached the house, for she could not rid herself of the feeling that something dreadful had happened or was about to happen ; and this feeling was intensified when a hasty search through the rooms showed her her husband was not there. But she did find a letter in John's handwriting and opening it with tremb-

ling fingers, she read : Since you care so little for me as to

invent excuses for visiting Massachusetts, in order to meet another man, I will no longer he a bar to your free. But it was not. The letter bore the dom.

Not another word. He did not even address her as his wife, did not say where he was going, did not even express a regret for the happy years they what results followed from our recent had spent together. It was as if the sky had fallen, as if

the world had come to an end, and the world had come to an end, and renewed my offer of marriage. she were sitting there in darkness and The proposal seemed to pain her exchaos. It was idle to look tor a gleam of hope in that pitiless message. John hoped that I had forgotten her long was gone, and she would never see him again unless by accident, for she knew how immoveable he was once his mind was made up. "Oh, what a fool, what a fool I have

been," she cried, rousing herself. sympathy in your kind heart, I must "Why didn't I let them work out their add that Annie's confession, greatly to own fate without my interference! my own surprise, came as a relief rath-What are they all to me now that my husband has thrown me over !" er than a blow. In that moment I re-alized that I had been cherisbing the

Another sheet of paper slipped from shadow of love, rather than its subthe envelope to the floor. Perhaps stance, and that my heart was really the butterfly display the greatest possible distemper, with glue, milk, or white of

nastily drawn sketches of John's mak ing, some humorous or descriptive bits to be worked up into a story when he got time, clippings of verse from the papers, plans of houses laid by against that looked for day when they should "build," Everything spoke of John "build." Everything spoke of John, but the wife would not listen ; she took righteous wrath not proof against this

a bundle of letters from a far corner, the time-sanctioned right of love letters, and would have burned them, but some how she could not. In the secret drawer where their few valuables were

kept she found a little pile of money, a layer of bills, with a pyramid of gold pieces on top. Julie counted it in surprise-there was about \$100, which must have been nearly all the ready money he possessed. This was for her manifestly, but-

"I won't touch a penny of it." she said, bitterly, "he doesn't know me

In another corner hidden away under a pile of papers, was a tiny Japanese box, and this Julie opened with something like curiosity. Inside was something that melted her pride in an instant-an exquisite little watch with her monogram on its shield, while inside the cover was the inscription : To Julie, ou her birthday, with her husband's love.

This, then, was to have been a surprise, her birthday coming upon the

12th. As she read the words through blinding tears Julie gradually came to look at things from John's point of view. He knew nothing of Frank Warren or of Annie Churchill's affairs. Again, his cousin Sarah Clark, was a good woman according to her lights. She was uncompromizingly truthful, and John could have no reason for doubting that she had acted, as she

said, from a sense of duty.

The postman's whistle interrupted her musings, and her heart almost stood still as she held out her hand for the letter, for it might be from John !

postmark of Dixville, a name now hateful in her sight. "Mr. Dear Mrs. Ormiston," it ran, "no doubt you are anxious to hear interview. Briefly, then, I called upon Miss Churchill two days ago and ceedingly. She was very sorry, had ago. But she could not marry me, because-she loved another, a very re-

cent acquaintance, as I heard later. So that is ended. "Now, lest I awaken undeserved

this would explain matters. She enlisted elsewhere, Perhaps, too, you lightness combined with the greatest picked it up and read listlessly, for will be glad to know that I proceed to possible strength.

that -- but what would you do if you were jealous ? Wouldn't you make a fool of yourselt, too ?" he inquired, with starling distinctness. Julie's heart was not adamant, her

argument. After some hesitation she lifted her tearstained face a little, and asked : "And you'll n-never be jealous and hateful again ?"

"No, never, if we live to be a thousand.

"And you don't think I love anybody else ?" "Perish the thought."

"And-and John, I didn't mean that I really hated you.'

"No, my dear, only that you detested me.'

as he seats himself at her side. "Then I'll let you read this letter-though you don't deserve to." When John had finished reading Frank Warren's letter he took Julie in his arms and kissed her with much

"Poor little girl," said he, "poor little girl! What a brute l've been !"

"You see, John," she said, after telling the story in detail, "I thought my mission was to make people happy, but in this case they wouldn't be made hap-py, and so I didn't succeed. Now I don't know who to try my powers on pext." "Suppose, my dear, you try your hand on me," said John innocently.

"I'll be a perfectly willing subject, and success is almost certain.' "Why, what a bright idea!" said

she .- Times.

A Short Apple Crop.

The Demand Already Exceeds the Supply. As a consequence of a report received in this place to the effect that the apple crop would be very light this year, considerable excitement has been causedamong the fruit dealers.

According to the opinion of a wellknown auctioneer, the apple crop will be only one-quarter of last season's production. Last year 753,000 barrels of apples were shipped to Europe up to the end of November. This showed a falling off of 86,000 barrels as compared with the shipments of 1891. Large orders are said to be coming in from the West for apples and the present demands is in excess of the supply. The region best suited for the cultivation of the apple crop is limited, while the demand is constantly increasing. The consignment of oranges and lem-

ons to this market are also reported to be smaller this year than usual, a fact apparent by the price being advanced to \$5.75. A Baltimore exchange.

-Civil engineers say the wings of

How to Care for the Eyes.

The Cause of Nearsightedness and How to Avoid it.

Probably no part of the body is so little thought of as the eyes, and no part is so deserving of attention. What may be remedied by a little attention is very apt to be neglected until perman-nent injury is done. Ghildren's eyes especially should be protected from strong sunlight. Continued looking at bright objects so fatigues the muscles of the eye that squinting has been known to result by reason of the weakness of the muscles. The same thing is encouraged by the habit with some people of bringing the finger or some other object gradually closer and closer to the eyes until the eyes will be seen to draw closer together. These things should be carefully avoided.

Nearsightedness is caused by prolonged reading in a sitting posture, the head gradually falling on the chest and the eyes thus getting too close to the book or paper brings on a short focus defect and makes necessary the use of glasses for seeing far objects.

The sleeping room of children should not have a light glaring into the eyes of a child. A screen is very easily made of tin, or a piece of cardboard securely fastened so that it will not get near the light but will leave enough light to see with and enable the child to sleep with. out scowling or squinting or being restless from to much light.

When children have what is called a cold in the eyes, it is because they have caught a cold in the body, and the intermediate kind which suggest tinges remedy is to cure the cold, when the eyes will recover likewise.

In case of accidents the best things to use are cold water and very soft linen, bathing the eye very gently. It is good to bathe the eyes with luke-

warm water, but it is very bad to do so immediately before going out into a cold atmosphere, as the warm water makes the skin tender and produces a

drawn appearance around the eyes. Witch hazel is a very good thing to bathe the eyes with. It should be diluted with water for children's eyes. Indications of trouble with the eyes, such as squinting or nearsightedness, should be at once heeded and the child taken to an oculist to be fitted with suitable glasses.

An eminent New York oculist says one of the greatest secrets of healthful eyes and good eyesight in children is keeping them clean.

eggs, and on wood, clay, plaster, stone, parchment and canvas.

A decided decrease in skirt widths is a noticeable characteristic of autumn fashions.

Buttons have disappeared in their capacity as mere fasteners. Most gowns seem to fasten nowhere at all, the coming together of edges being accomplish-ed under frills, fullness and fiddle-deedees of all sorts. When the button does appear, its useful intent is quite subordinated to its position as an ornament. To be sure it does button, and it is only put where it can and should button, but it is made of silver or gold and the choicest workmanship is not too fine for

That silver toilet ware is no longer the correct caper, but that every girl who knows what is what is making a collection of brushes, mirrors and toilet boxes of yellow ivory.

That silk petticoats however dainty, are to be superseded by fine linen and lace-trimmed lawn for house and carriage wear.

"John !" She slips her hand into his

tenderness.