

# Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Jan. 19, 1894.

## THE FREIGHT TRAIN.

How I love to watch the local  
Winding around the hill  
In the sunrise of the morning  
When the autumn air is still  
And the smoke, like loosened tresses,  
Floats away above her back,  
And to hear the chuka, chuka,  
Chuka, chuka of the stack.

The man who rides these mountains,  
Whose fiery steed of steel  
Drinks at nature's flowing fountains,  
Must inevitably feel  
A divine and peerless painter  
Spread the scenes along the track,  
While he hears the chuka, chuka,  
Chuka, chuka of the stack.

In the solemn hush of midnight,  
When his pilot plows the gloom,  
From a hundred hills wild roses  
Send their subtle, sweet perfume  
To the way, weary watcher,  
Whose lamps light up the track,  
And a hundred hills give back the  
Chuka, chuka of the stack.

Oh, how I miss the music  
Of the whistle and the bell,  
More than any tongue can tell!  
And the mighty massive mogul  
Always seems to call me back,  
With her chuka, chuka, chuka,  
Chuka, chuka of the stack.  
—By Warren in New York Sun.

## MANDY'S ORG.

"I wonder," reflected Mrs. Bentley  
"why Mandy don't feed them chick'n's  
—his high time they was fed! Mandy!  
Hoo-o-hoo! Hoo-o-hoo! You Mandy!"

"Yes, maw, what'd you want?"  
A girl about 17 years came out the  
kitchen door, and stood looking at her  
mother with her hands on her comely  
hips. Mrs. Bentley was twenty or more  
steps away, and the chickens were  
making so much noise she had to raise  
her voice to a disagreeable rapid pitch.

"What'd I want? Why, I want ter  
know why you don't feed them chick'n's,  
missy—that's what I want! Step  
around lively, now, 'n' don't forget 's  
Chris'mas Eve, 'n' a lot o' extra work  
ter be done. You see 's if you didn't  
care whether the minister had anything  
for dinner to-morrow 'r not!"

"I don't care," said the girl with  
sudden emphasis. She came out into  
the lane and stood near her mother.  
Her apron, gathered up in her left  
hand, was full of wheat. With her  
right hand she began scattering it on  
the hard, ungrassed ground.

"Mebbe you think 's fun ter hev  
ministers 'a' their wives 'n' a lot o'  
children ter cook 'n' work fer on  
Chris'mas," she said; "but I don't. I  
wish Chris'mas 'd never come—for all  
the good it does us! Maria Quacken-  
bush's paw's got her a new organ,"

she added, suddenly. A glow of eager-  
ness came across her face, but faded  
almost instantly.

"Has he?" said Mrs. Bentley, stolidly  
watching the chickens.

"N'ts got twenty-four stops, maw,"  
"What has?"

"The organ Maria's paw got 'er for  
Chris'mas."

The elder woman shut her lips to-  
gether with a kind of grimace.

"I guess it won't give no better music  
than one with twenty-two," she said.

"No," said Mandy, with a sigh of  
indifference. "Oh, maw," she added,  
suddenly with a very passion of long-  
ing in her tone, "d' you think paw'll  
ever get me 'n' org'n for Chris'mas?"

"I don't know," replied her mother.  
"Looks kind o' like snow, don't it?"  
Which o' them pull'ts 'r you going ter  
kill ter tomorrow?"

"I do know; any o' 'em's fat  
enough."

A dull grayness lowered upon the  
farm. The wind whistled a little as it  
came around the corner of the big  
barn, and pushed some stray locks of  
the girl's hair across her neck.

A horse came running up from the lower  
pasture and looked over the tall bars,  
neighing and pawing the ground im-  
patiently. Far off, down near the river  
was the tinkle-inkle-inkle of the cow  
bell.

"There comes the cows," said Mrs.  
Bentley sighing unconsciously. It  
was a sigh of resignation, however, for  
Mrs. Bentley had been a farmers  
daughter before she was a farmer's  
wife. "There!" she exclaimed, in a  
mild triumph, as a cock crew: "Didn't  
I tell you it was go'n' ter storm. You  
can tell it by the mournful sound of  
ter rooster's voice. Oh, say, Mandy,  
Dick Underwood got home last week  
from town ter see Chris'mas 'n' New  
Year. I just heard it while you was  
out gettin' a punn!"

"I knowed it yesterday," said the  
girl. She did not stir or lift her eyes,  
but a faint color came into her face  
and a pulse in her throat began to beat  
quickly.

Her mother gave her a keen, search-  
ing look.

"I guess he'll most likely be going  
ter Maria's ter-morrow, a see'n' ter  
new organ," she said, looking away.

"Yes, I guess," said the girl. After  
a moment's hesitation, she added:  
"Maria's maw got 'er 'offal pretty  
new dress."

"Did she?" with a look of in-  
terest. "What's it like?"

"It's a sort o' brown 'n' gold stripe—  
camel's hair. 'T's 'offal pretty," added  
the girl, with a kind of bitter reluc-  
tance.

look 'n that peacock blue o'  
your'n!"

"Tis 's old 's the hills," said the  
girl. Her lips quivered, and there was  
an undertone of tears in her voice. Her  
mother looked at her in mute sym-  
pathy.

"Maria Quackenbush ain't got such  
figger 's your'n," she said, after a little  
taking stock of the girl's good points;  
"nor no such hair, 'n' she don't know  
how ter do 't like you. I don't sup-  
pose he'll take a notion to her."

"Who will?" There was a con-  
scious look on the girl's face.

"Dick Underwood."

"Who's a-carin' whether he does 'r  
not?" exclaimed Mandy, with an ex-  
aggerated affectation of scorn and in-  
difference that but poorly concealed  
the deep hurt her mother's words had  
given. "He's welcome to, 'f he wants  
to! Nobody 'll hender 'im, I  
guess."

"Hev you got them chick'n's fed?"

"Yes," she took the last grains of  
wheat from her apron. Her face was  
flushed, and tears were very close to  
her eyes now.

As she turned toward the house,  
there was a clatter of unevenly gallop-  
ing horses on the winter ground and  
up to the gate dashed Maria Quacken-  
bush and Dick Underwood, laughing  
noisily, and with a great deal of color  
in their faces, as if they had been rid-  
ing recklessly.

"Whoa!" cried Maria, with spirit.  
"Whoa, I tell you! Hello, Mandy!  
How do you do, Miss Bentley! Guess  
my hair is down my back, ain't it?  
My! I must be a sight! But when  
you git this horse warmed up, you  
can't go slow on him!"

"Won't you git down 'n' come in?"  
asked Mrs. Bentley, with cold and un-  
mistakable disapproval. "How do  
you do, Mr. Underwood? My! how  
you have changed! Mandy!"

Mandy came to the gate, blushing  
and looking rather shy and awkward.  
The young man jumped off his horse  
and shook hands with her through the  
gate.

"I've only changed in looks," he  
said, with blushing eyes. "No, we  
can't come to-night. We promised  
Mrs. Quackenbush we'd be back early  
to supper."

"We're go'n' ter hev some music 'n'  
sign 'n'," said Maria loftily. "I've  
got a new org'n fer Chris'mas,  
Mandy."

"Yes, I heard," said Mandy faintly.  
"Got twenty-four stops 'n' two  
swells—a loud 'n' a soft. 'T's got a  
high back, 'n' places fer lamps 'n'  
vases. Can't you come over ter-  
night?"

"No, I guess not," said the girl.  
The color had left her face, and she  
was looking pale.

"No," said Mrs. Bentley, with a  
hard look in her eyes, "she'll hev ter  
do all the work ter-night. I'm agoin'  
ter town."

"Why maw!" exclaimed Manda,  
in amazement. "R' you, honest?  
What you go'n' fur?"

"I'm a go'n' ter git things fer dinner  
ter-morrow. I'm all out."

She began drumming with her  
coarse red fingers on the gate. There  
was a look of sudden resolution—  
almost stubbornness—on her face, and  
a cold glitter, like steel, in her eyes—  
especially when she looked at Maria.

"I wish you c'd come," said that  
young lady, airily, to Mandy, flicking  
her horse's ears with her whip; "I've  
got lots ter tell you"—simpering—  
"and 'n' just pilies ter show you. I've  
got a new dress that'll make your mouth  
water!"

"Hugh!" sniffed Mrs. Bentley, toss-  
ing her head contemptuously.

"I brown 'n' gold camel's hair—  
'offal fine—'t it cost a dollar 'n' a  
quarter a yard?"

"Hev your paw sold his haws yet?"  
asked Mrs. Bentley, with a sudden and  
warning significance. But evidently  
nothing could shake Maria's self-satis-  
faction to-day. She returned with  
placidity Mrs. Bentley's intense gaze.

"I do know," she replied lightly.  
"N' I've got a pair o' gloves ter match,  
Mandy. Guess you better come, after  
all. Well, we'll have ter be go'n', Mr.  
Underwood!"—she gave him a decid-  
edly and boldly coquettish glance, where-  
at poor Mandy turned paler and Mrs.  
Bentley's face assumed a fairly pur-  
plish tinge—"we'll be late. Good-  
bye! I hope you'll hev a good time ter-  
morrow."

"Good night," said the young man,  
with a lingering look at the pale,  
pretty face and wide, hurt eyes. "I  
wish you a very happy Christmas!"

"Good night," said Mandy, with a  
poor smile that was hardly a smile at  
all.

"Now, you go right 'n the house 'n,  
do up all the work, Mandy," said Mrs.  
Bentley, taking up a slop pail and walk-  
ing with quick, resolute strides. Every  
step seemed to say, "I've made up  
my mind!" "You tell Peter ter  
hitch Dook 'n' Charley ter the spring  
wag'n while I'm dressin' 'n' you  
hurry up, too, so's I can git off before  
your paw gets back. I won't git home  
to-night; I'll put up at Mis' Hantley's.  
Hurry up!"

"Git up," she said, not to be trifled  
with.

As she passed the kitchen, she look-  
ed in, but Mandy was not in sight. The  
ominous look deepened on the mother's  
face. "I'll show 'em," she muttered  
again. The wind whistled around the  
corner and brought with it the first  
flurry of snow.

The ground was white when Mrs.  
Bentley drove with a flourish of triumph  
into the barn-yard. Mandy ran out  
bareheaded. She was still pale, and  
her eyes looked as if she had not  
slept.

"Oh, maw!" she cried; "what you  
got there?"

"Stop holler'n'," said her mother,  
grimly. "A new org'n fer you—'n'  
's got twenty-eight stops 'n' three  
kneewells!"

"Oh, maw!" exclaimed Mandy,  
completely overcome. Then—"You're  
a-holler'n' yourself!" Say, maw, what's  
the third swell fur?"

"I don't know what 's fur, but 's  
there. 'N' I guess I can holler 'I I  
want, because I've showed 'em I  
'N' I've got a dress that cost a dollar  
'n' a half a yard, 'n' two pairs o' gloves  
ter match!"

"Oh, maw!" gasped Mandy,  
"you're a-holler'n' 'offal!"

"N' Dick Underwood told me he  
was com'n' ter stay fer dinner, 'n'  
spend the evenin' to see the new  
org'n. 'N' he asked me 'f I thought  
you liked him like you uster, 'n'  
like he likes you. So 'f I  
ain't showed them Quackenbushes,  
Missy, I'd like to know who has!  
'N' I can holler 'I I want to."—From  
Romance.

## For Tired Feet.

Walking heats the feet, standing  
causes them to swell and both are tire-  
some and exhaustive when prolonged.  
There are various kinds of foot baths;  
authorities differ as to their value. Hot  
water enlarges the feet by drawing the  
blood to them; when used they should  
be rubbed or exercised before attempt-  
ing to put on a tight boot. Must-  
ard and hot water in a foot bath will  
sidetrack a fever if taken in time, cure  
a nervous headache and induce sleep.  
Bunions and corns and callousness are  
nature's protection against bad shoe  
leather. Two hot foot baths a week  
and a little pedicuring will remove the  
cause of much discomfort.

A warm bath with an ounce of sea  
salt is almost as restful as a nap. Pad-  
dle in the water until it cools dry with  
a rough towel, put on fresh stockings,  
have a change of shoes, and the wom-  
an who was "ready to drop" will  
have a very good understanding in ten  
minutes. The quickest relief from fa-  
tigue is to plunge the foot in ice cold  
water and keep it immersed until there  
is a sensation of warmth. Another  
tonic for the sole is a handful of al-  
cohol. This is a sure way of drying the  
feet after being out in the storm. Spirit  
baths are used by professional dancers,  
acrobats, and pedestrians to keep the  
feet in condition.

## Oranges Nipped.

A Damaging Frost Strikes the Famous Citrus  
Belt of California.

LOS ANGELES, Jan. 8.—The long  
dreaded freeze came last night, with  
disastrous results to the orange groves  
throughout Citrus, the belt of the  
southern part of the State. The mer-  
cury fell 8° below the freezing point,  
which is one degree lower than it  
reached during the cold snap of 1891,  
when it was estimated that two thirds  
of the entire orange crop of California  
was ruined. To-day some of the grow-  
ers declare that the loss will be as  
heavy as it was two years ago. Oth-  
ers expressed the belief that only a  
quarter of the crop had been injured.

The lemon crop has suffered very  
severely. Advice from points through-  
out the Citrus belt show that, although  
the freeze was general, the extremely  
low temperature was reached only in  
exposed places and along depressions  
in the soil. It is estimated that not  
more than 1 per cent of oranges will  
show the effects of the frost. The  
weather has modified here, and it is  
thought there is no danger of further  
freezing.

## A True Celt Was She.

An old woman of undeniable Celtic  
origin effected a downtown savings  
bank the other day, and walked up to  
the desk.

"Do you want to draw or deposit?"  
asked the gentlemanly clerk.

"Now, I don't. Oi wants ter put  
some in," was the reply.

The clerk pushed up the book for  
her signature, and, indicating the  
place, said, "Sign on this line, please."

"Above it or below it?"

"Just above it?"

"Me whole name?"

"Yes."

"Before Oi was married?"

"No, just as it is now."

"Oi can't write."—Boston Transcript.

## Effusive Hospital.

"Yes," said Orris Staffknees, "me-  
self and me little band of players were  
received with extrawidin'ry hospitality  
during our recent tour."

"Indeed."

"Yes. I shall nevaw forget one oc-  
casion when various persons in  
the audience actually went so far as to  
bring food from their own homes, and  
present it to us over the footlights. It  
was done, too, with an enthusiasm  
which so embarrassed us that we left  
the stage."—Washington Star.

## Household Hints.

To prevent lamp globes from being  
broken by drafts or accidental spring-  
ings, put on the stove in cold water,  
and let slowly come to a boil.

To clean rust or other stains from  
the inside of decanters, cruets, or other  
slender necked glass vessels slice a po-  
tato and use as you would shot grains.

## The Story Of Two Slaves.

How Harriet Hayden Came to Leave \$5,000 to  
Harvard College.

The death of Harriet Hayden, widow  
of the late Lewis Hayden, last month,  
says the Boston Transcript, breaks an-  
other link in the chain which now so  
lightly binds the happy present to the  
mournful past.

The Haydens, father, wife, and child,  
were born slaves in Kentucky. Our  
thoughts involuntarily go back to that  
eventful evening some sixty years ago,  
when the young slave mother handed  
from the window her baby boy into the  
arms of the father, and then quickly  
joining him began her flight to Canada.

The fugitives were conveyed across the  
Ohio River by Calvin Fairbanks, a he-  
roic man now in his seventy-seventh  
year. Fairbanks was arrested, convicted,  
flogged, and jailed. The Haydens  
headed towards Oberlin. Their route  
was anticipated by their pursuers, who  
awaited their arrival.

The good people of Oberlin, however, gave timely warn-  
ing. Their course, therefore, was changed  
to Sandusky City, where the Quak-  
ers cared for them until they could get  
across the lake into Canada. Here, at  
last, they were free.

The Haydens were not only coura-  
geous, they were sagacious, honest, and  
capable. Their immediate work was  
to establish a school for colored people;  
the next was to build the brick church  
of the Colored Methodist Society, which  
now stands in the city of Detroit. Lewis  
Hayden then for two years preached the  
gospel of anti-slavery. He paid \$650 to  
certain slaveholders in Kentucky, for  
which sum they released his friend Cal-  
vin Fairbanks. Next he was engaged in  
stirring up a slave insurrection in  
Louisiana. He was arrested in Boston  
and tried for forcible entrance into the  
Court House and taking therefrom and  
conveying the fugitive slave, Shadrach,  
to a place of safety. When John  
Brown struck the blow at Harper's  
Ferry which foretold the emancipation  
of the slaves, Hayden played the part  
assigned to him to the perfect satisfaction  
of the old hero.

The home of the Haydens, the now  
historic house No. 66 Phillips street,  
of Boston, was the rendezvous of fugitive  
slaves. When William and Ellen  
Crafts took refuge there, a keg of pow-  
der ready for explosion was at hand.  
No wonder that such a man and such a  
woman were the intimates of Garrison  
and Phillips, Sumner and Wilson, Par-  
ker and Andrew, of Robert Shaw and  
John Brown!

In 1863 Governor Andrew obtained  
permission to recruit citizens of African  
descent into regiments to be commanded  
exclusively by white officers. The Gov-  
ernor counselled with certain leading  
colored men of Boston. He put the  
question, "Will you make up your  
regiments?" "They will not," was  
the reply of all but Haydens. "We have  
no objection to white officers but our  
self respect demands that competent  
colored men shall be at least eligible to  
promotion."

I am not prepared to say that the dis-  
crimination caused no feeling of indig-  
nant protest to pass through the mind  
of Lewis Hayden, but this I do know—  
that no word of discouragement escaped  
his lips. His unerring judgment saw  
that it was better to make a beginning;  
that white officers could better protect  
the colored men against the indignities  
to be expected from the white regiments  
of the Union army, and that when the  
colored soldiers had once been tested in  
the field, this unworthy prejudice would  
be measurably a thing of the past. He  
was right.

The Haydens had a sympathetic word  
for temperance work, the rights of wom-  
en, and every worthy reform. And yet  
while endeavoring to right some new  
wrong, they did not find it necessary to  
abandon or to betray the unfinished  
work of their lives. Just as Lewis  
helped to heave the beam that broke  
down the Court House door, and let free  
Shadrach, the slave, so to their last days  
he and his wife impelled the battering  
ram of thought and reason against the  
walls of prejudice which shut out the  
negro from those political rights  
which are his by the verdict of war, by  
every law of fair play and of justice.

At now the crowning act of Harriet  
Hayden's life remains to be told. Her  
son, an only child, died long ago in the  
service of the United States under Far-  
ragut. She has bequeathed her estate  
valued at some \$4,000 or \$5,000, to  
Harvard College to found a scholarship  
for the benefit of poor and deserving col-  
ored students. By the terms of the will  
a medical student is to be preferred.  
Harvard College endowed by an old  
slave woman from Kentucky is food for  
reflection. A race that can evolve from  
such hard conditions a product so fine  
as Lewis and Harriet Hayden need not  
despair to reach any level as yet attain-  
ed by more favored people.

First Tour to Florida via Pennsylvania  
Railroad.

This year's series of Pennsylvania  
Railroad tours to the land of sunshine  
and flowers will be inaugurated on Jan-  
uary 30th, when a luxurious special  
train, composed entirely of Pullman  
sleeping and dining cars, will leave  
New York at 9.30, Trenton 11.08 A.  
M., Philadelphia 12.10, Wilmington  
12.50 P. M., and thence via the most  
direct route to the destination point—  
Jacksonville. At this latter place the  
tourists are left to follow their own in-  
clination as to where they shall spend  
the two weeks allotted to them.

The great number of side trips that are  
available renders a selection from which  
a choice may be made to suit the desires  
of the most exacting. The unsurpassed  
climate accorded with the cloudless,  
azure-blue sky throughout the immense  
confines of the State, and the healthful  
effects to be enjoyed by a sojourn with-  
in its borders are to be appreciated  
by the strong as well as the feeble,  
in whatever direction they are prompt-  
ed.

\$50 from New York, \$48 from Phila-  
delphia, and proportionate rates from  
intermediate or contiguous points with-  
in a generous radius are made on the  
most liberal basis, and include railroad  
fare, sleeping accommodation, and  
meals en route in both directions while  
on the special train.

The remaining dates of the series are  
February 13th and 27th, and March  
13th and 27th.

## Raphael in Rome.

A Comparison Between Raphael's Work and  
That of Michael Angelo.

It was in his twenty-fifth year that  
Raphael came to the city of the popes,  
Michael Angelo being already in high  
favor there. For the remaining years  
of his life he paced the same streets  
with that grim artist, who was so great  
a contrast with himself, and for the  
first time his attitude toward a gift  
different from his own is not that of a  
scholar, but that of a rival.

If he did not become the scholar of  
Michael Angelo it would be difficult,  
on the other hand, to trace anywhere  
in Michael Angelo's work the counter  
influence usual with those who had in-  
fluenced him. It was as if he desired  
to add to the strength of Michael An-  
gelo that sweetness which at first sight  
seems to be wanting there. Ex-tortu-  
dinated, and in the study of Michael  
Angelo certainly it is enjoyable to  
detect, if we may, sweet savors amid  
the wonderful strength, the strange-  
ness and potency of what he pours  
forth for us; with Raphael, conversely,  
something of a relief to find in the  
suavity of that so softly moving, tun-  
eful existence, an assertion of strength.

There was the promise of it, as you  
remember, in his very look as he saw  
himself at eighteen; and you know  
that the lesson, the prophecy of those  
holy women and children he has made  
his own, is that, "the meek shall pos-  
sess."

So, when we see him at Rome at last  
in that atmosphere of greatness, of  
the strong, he, too, is found putting  
forth strength, adding that element in  
due proportion to the mere sweetness  
and charm of his genius; yet a sort of  
strength, after all, still congruous  
with the line of development that  
genius has hitherto taken, the special  
strength of the scholar and his proper  
reward, a purely cerebral strength—  
the strength, the power of an immense  
understanding.—Fortnightly Review.

## The Fire Island Light.

Some Improvements Which Will Make It the  
Greatest of Its Kind.

The present flash light at Fire Isl-  
and is to be changed by the substitution  
of an electric light, the new light  
to have a strength of about 240,000,  
000 candlepower. This will, says the  
Electrical Engineer, make it by far the  
most powerful light ever placed in a  
lighthouse tower. One of the largest  
lenses ever constructed has been re-  
cently purchased from France, and will  
be brought from Chicago, where it was  
on exhibition during the Fair.  
This lens is over 9 feet in diameter.

The present light at Fire Island flash-  
es at minute intervals, each flash be-  
ing of five seconds' duration. The  
flashes will come with the rapidity of  
lightning, and will be so quick that  
bearings can be easily taken during in-  
tervals. The old light is visible under  
favorable conditions about 18 miles  
but it is estimated that the powerful  
electric rays will be discernible fully 24  
miles under similar conditions. By  
the aid of the new lens the light will  
be thrown on the heavens, and its re-  
flection will be seen with ease by ves-  
sels approaching 100 miles away. The  
only light in existence which will ap-  
proach it in power is the one off Harve,  
France, which can be seen reflected on  
the heavens 60 miles at sea. Its candle  
power is about 130,000,000. The great  
advantage of the new light will  
be its power to penetrate a fog. Or-  
dinarily oil lights can be seen a short  
distance only, but it is believed the  
new light at Fire Island will pierce the  
fogs and be visible 10 miles at sea.

## Taylor Preparation For Buena Vista.

"I refer to Zachary Taylor whose re-  
cord in the Mexican war was some-  
thing phenomenal. He fought the  
battle of Buena Vista with only 5,000  
men, although he was attacked by  
25,000, men under the leadership  
of Santa Ana, who was the greatest  
military leader the Mexican people  
have ever known. Santa Ana went to  
the battle of Buena Vista with the  
avowed purpose of exterminating the  
entire army of the United States, and  
there was no doubt in the mind of  
Santa Ana that this great feat could be  
accomplished with comparative ease.

General Taylor, with his 5,000 men,  
prepared for the unequal contest and  
not only defended himself successfully,  
but won a substantial victory from his  
aggressive antagonists and drove them  
from the battlefield of Buena Vista.

"Some time after the battle was  
fought, and the Mexican war con-  
cluded, General Taylor was criticized  
for having made no preparations for  
the retreat of his army in the event of  
defeat. General Taylor promptly re-  
plied: "I made every preparation  
necessary for the battle of Buena  
Vista. I wrote my will and so did  
nearly every man in my army. If we  
had not won that battle we would  
have needed no lines of retreat. It  
was from our standpoint, victory or  
annihilation. The only preparation  
necessary for the contingency of defeat  
at Buena Vista was that we should  
write our wills."

While the California Midwinter  
Fair, in Golden Gate Park, San Fran-  
cisco, was informally opened on New  
Year's Day, according to schedule, the  
formal and official opening will not  
occur until about the 20th of this  
month. The fair has so far outgrown  
the original plans that its area has  
been increased from 40 to 100 acres.  
The slow arrival of the exhibits has  
been one cause of the delay in opening  
but by the last week of the month the  
exhibition is to appear in perfected  
splendor and magnificence.

The smallest bird in the world  
is the "fly eater" of Cuba. It is one-  
third the size of the humming bird.

Vermont and Connecticut coined  
coppers in 1785. New Jersey and  
Massachusetts did the same in 1786.

## For and About Women.

Oh, why should a woman go forth to work,  
And sink some man that she may swim?  
Let us rather sit down with the wise, calm  
Turk,  
And dream of a not impossible Him!

Women who sit with their legs cross-  
ed, to sew or read, or to hold the baby,  
are not aware that they are inviting  
serious physical ailments, but it is true  
nevertheless. When a man crosses his  
legs he places the ankle of one limb  
across the knee of the other, and rests it  
lightly there. A woman, more modest  
and restricted in her movements, rests  
the entire weight of one limb on the up-  
per part of the other, and this pressure  
upon the sensitive nerves and cords, if  
indulged in for continued lengths of  
time, as is often done by ladies who sew  
or embroider, will produce disease.

Sciatica, neuralgia and other serious  
troubles frequently result from this sim-  
ple cause. The muscles and nerves in  
the upper portion of a woman's leg are  
extremely sensitive, and much of her  
whole physical structure can become de-  
ranged if they are overtaxed in the  
manner referred to.

A traveling costume designed for an  
Easter bride is of reddish cedar brown  
camel's hair. The coat has a full back  
and the fronts open over a close fitting  
vest of sage green bengaline striped  
with brown velvet. There is an over-  
skirt, of course, draped to one side and  
showing a stimulated under one of  
brown velvet. The coat back appears  
to be the made in the designs for spring  
and summer and certainly it is much  
more becoming to the figure than the  
all around basque that has become de-  
cidedly tiresome.