Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Feb. 2, 1894.

WORK—NOT ALMS.

What! Charity? No, thank you, sir!
I haven't come to that!
I'm poor—in want—but I'm not here
A-holding out my hat,
I've too good arms, a willing strength—
I'm not the man to shirk.
I don't ask alms, sir. All I want
Is just a chance to work.

I'm not a beggar, sir, thank God!
I only ask my right—
A chance to earn what I and mine
Require, and in the sight
Of fellow-men to be a man,
And hold my head up straight,
Whose child your child, sir, could not scorn
As an associate.

My wife and child need food and warmth—
And I can give them all
They need, with work—and help, as well,
At any neighbor's call,
But idle hands are helpless, sir,
And so I ask of you
A chance to show what mine are worth—
Some honest work to do.

I'm only one of thousands—and
We are not beggers, sir!
We're just as willing now to work
As good men ever were,
Don't treat us, sir, like mendicants
Whom you would fain avoid,
But give, for God's sake, if you can,
Work for then nemployed!

—*William H. Hills in Harper's Weekly.*

IN THE APPLE ORCHARD.

The Philosopher Sat There and Read Ontology.—And Was Asked a Question Which He Answered to His Own Satisfaction, But Not to That of His Questioner, But the Answer Was Given and So the Matter Ended.

It was a charmingly mild and balmy day. The sun shone beyond the orchard, and the shade was cool inside. A light breeze stirred the boughs of the old apple tree under which the philosopher sat. None of these things did the philosopher notice, unless it might be when the wind blew about the leaves of the large volume on his knees and he had to find his place again. Then he would exclaim against the wind, shuffle the leaves till he got the right page, and settle to his reading. The book was a treatise on ontology; it was written by another philosopher, a friend of this philosopher's it bristled with fallacies, and this philosopher was discovering them all, and noting them on the fly-leaf at the end. He was not going to review the book (as some might have thought from his behavior,) or even to answer it in a work of his own. It was just that he found a pleasure in stripping any poor fallacy naked and crucifying it.

Presently a girl in a white frock came into the orchard. She picked up an apple, bit it, and found it ripe. Holding it in her hand she walked up to where the philospher sat and looked at him. He did not stir. She took a bite out of the apple, munched it and swallowed it. The philosopher crucified a fallacy on the fly-leaf. The girl flung the apple away.

"Mr. Jerningham," said she, "are you very busy?"

The philosohher, pencil in hand, looked up.

'No, Miss May.' said he, 'not very.'

'Because I want your opinion."

'In one moment the," said the philosopher apologetically.

He turned back to the fly-leaf and began to nail the last fallacy a little tighter to the cross. The girl regarded him, first with amused impatience, then with a vexed frown, finally with a wistful regret. He was so very old for his age, she thought; he could not be much beyond 30; his hair was thick and full of waves, his eyes bright and clear, his complexion not yet divested of all youth's relics.

"Now, Miss May, I'm at your service," said the philosopher with a lingering look at his impaled fallacy. And he closed the book, keeping it, however on his knee.

The girl sat down just opposite to him.

—

'It's a very important thing I want to ask you," she began, tugging at a tuft of grass, and it's very—difficult, and you mustn't tell anyone I asked you; at least, I'd rather you didn't.'

'I shall not speak of it; indeed, I shall probably not remember it,' said the philosopher.

"And you mustn't look at me, please while I'm asking you."

'I don't think I was looking at you, but if I was I beg your pardon,' said the philosopher apologetically.

She pulled the tuft of grass right out of the ground and flung it from her with all her force.

'Suppose a man—' she began. 'No, that's not right.'

'You can take any hypothesis you please,' observed the philosopher, 'but you must verify it afterwards, of course.'

'Oh, do let me go on. Suppose a girl, Mr. Jerningham—I wish you would'nt nod."

'It was only to show that I followed you."

'Oh, of course, you follow me, as you call it. Suppose a girl had two lovers—your nodding again!—or, I ought to to say, suppose there were two men who might be in love with a girl."

"Only two?" asked the philosopher. 'You see, any number of men might be in love with—"

"Oh, we can leave the rest out," said Miss May, with a sudden dimple; 'they don't matter.'

'Very well,' said the philosopher. 'If they are irrelevant we will put them aside.'

'Suppose, then, that one of these men was, oh, awfully in love with the girl, and—and proposed, you know—'

'A moment!' said the philosopher, opening a note-book. "Let me take down his proposition. What was it?'

'Why, proposed to her—asked her to marry him," said the girl with a stare.

'Dear me!' How stupid of me? I forgot that special use of the word Yes?'

'The girl likes him pretty well, and her people approve of him and all that, you know.'

'That simplifies the problem,' said the philosopher, nodding again.

'But she's not in—in love with him, you know. She doesn't really care for him—much. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly. It is a most natural state of mind.'

'Well, then suppose that there's another man—what are you wriiing?'

'I only put down (B)—like that,' pleaded the philosopher, meekly exhibiting his notebook.

She looked at him in a sort of helpless exasperation, with just a smile somewhere in the background of it.

'Oh, you really are—,' she exclaimed. 'But let me go on. The other man is a friend of the girl's, He's very clever—oh, fearfully clever, and he's rather handsome. You needn't put' hat down.'

t 'It is certainly not very material, admitted the philosopher, and he crossed out 'handsome.' 'Clever he left.

'And the girl is most awfully—she admires him tremendously. She thinks him just the greatest man that ever lived, you know. And she—she—' The girl paused.

'I'm following.' said the philosopher with pencil poised.

'She'd think it better than the whole world if—if she could be anything to him, you know.'

'You mean become his wife?'

'Well, of course I do—at least I suppose I do.'

'You spoke rather vaguely, you know.'

The girl cast one glance at the philosopher as she replied:

'Well, yes. I did mean become his wife.'

'Yes. Well?'

—

'But,' continued the girl, starting on another tuft of grass, "he doesn't think much about those things. He likes her. I think he likes her—'

"Well, doesn't dislike her?' suggested the philosopher. 'Shall we call him indifferent?'

'I don't know. Yes, rather indifferent. I don't think he thinks about it. you know. But she—she's pretty, You needn't put that down.'

'I was not about to do so,' observed the philosopher.

'She thinks life with him would be just heaven; and—and she thinks she, would make him awfully happy. She would—would be so proud of him, you see.'

'I see. Yes!'

'And—I don't know how to put it, quite—she thinks that if he ever thought about it at all, he might care for her; because he doesn't care for anybody else; and she's pretty—'

'You said that before.'

'Oh dear, I dare say I did. And most men care for somebody, don't they? some girl, I mean.'

'Most men, no doubt,' conceded the philosopher.

'Well, then, what ought she to do? It's not a real thing, you know, Mr. Jerningham. It's in—in a novel I was reading.' She said this hastily, and blushed as she spoke

—

'Dear me! And it's quite an interesting case! Yes I see. The question is. Will she act most wisely in accepting the offer of the man who loves her exceedingly, but for whom she entertains only a moderate affection—'

'Yes. Just a liking He's just a friend.'

'Exactly. Or in marrying the other whom she loves ex—'

'That's not it. How can she marry him? He hasn't—he hasn't asked her you see.'

True. I forgot. Let us assume, though for the moment, that he has asked her. She would then have to consider which marriage would probably be productive of the greater sum total of—'

'Oh, but you needn't consider that.'

'But it seems the best logical order. We can afterwards make allowance for the element of uncertainty caused by—'

'Oh, no. don't want it like that. I know perfectly well which she'd do if he—the other man, you know—asked her.'

'You apprehend that—'

'Never mind what I 'apprehend.' Take it just as I told you.'

'Very good. A has asked her hand, B has not.'

'Yes.'

'May I take it that, but for the disturbing influence of B, A would be a satisfactory—er—candidate?'

'Ye—es. I think so.'

'She therefore enjoys a certainty of considerable happiness if she marries A?'

'Ye—es. Not perfect, because of—B, you know.'

'Quite so, quite so; but still a fair amount of happiness. Is it not so?'

'I don't—well, perhaps.'

'On the other hand, if B did ask her, we are to postulate a higher degree of happiness for her?'

'Yes, please, Mr. Jenningham—much higher.'

'For both of them?'

'For her. Never mind him.'

'Very well. That again simplifies the problem. But his asking her is a contingency only?'

'Yes, that's all.'

—

The philosopher spread out his hands.

'My dear young lady,' he said, 'it becomes a question of degree. How probable or improbable is it?'

'I don't know. Not very probaple—unless—unless—'

'Well?'

"Unless he did happen to notice, you know.'

'Ah, yes. We supposed that if he thought of it, he would probably take the desired step—at least, that he might be led to do so. Could she not—er—indicate her preference?'

'She might try—no she couldn't do much. You see, he—he doesn't think about such things.'

'I understand precisely. And it seems to me, Miss May, that in that very fact we find our solution.'

'Do we?' she asked.

'I think so. He has evidently no natural inclination towards her—perhaps not towards marriage at all. Any feeling aroused in him would be necessarily shallow and in a measure artificial—and in all likelihood purely temporary. Moreover, if she took steps to arouse his attention, one of two things would be likely to happen. Are you following me?'

'Yes, Mr. Jerningham.'

'Either he would be repelled by her overtures—which you must admit is not improbable and then the position would be unpleasant, and even degrading, for her. Or on the other hand he might, through a misplaced feeling of gallantry—'

'Through what?'

'Through a mistaken idea of politeness, or a mistaken view of what was kind, allow himself to be drawn into a connection for which he had no genuine liking. You agree with me that one or other of these things would be likely?'

'Yes, I suppose they would, unless he did come to care for her.'

'Ah, you return to that hypothesis. I think it's an extremely fanciful one. No She needn't marry A, but she must let B alone.'

—

The philosopher closed his book, took off his glasses, wiped them, replaced them, and leaned back against the trunk of the apple tree. The girl picked a dandelion in pieces. After a long pause she asked:

'You think B's feeling wouldn't be at all likely to—to change?'

'That depends on the sort of man he is. But if he is an able man, with intellectual interests which engross him—a man who has chosen his path in life—a man to whom women's society is not a necessity—'

'He's just like that,' said the girl, and she bit the head off a daisy.

'Then,' said the philosopher, 'I see not the least reason for supposing that his feelings will change.'

'And would you advise her to marry the other—A?'

'Well, on the whole, I should. A is a good fellow (I think we made A a good fellow.) He is a suitable match. His love for her is true and genuine—'

'It's tremendous!'

'Yes—and—er—extreme. She likes him. There is every reason to hope that her liking will develop into a sufficiently deep and stable affection. She will get rid of her folly about B and make A a good wife. Yes, Miss May, if I were the author of your novel, I should make her marry A and I should call that a happy ending.'

A silence followed. It was broken by the philosopher.

'Is that all you wanted my opinion about, Miss May?" he asked, with his finger between the leaves of the treatise on ontology,

'Yes, I think so. I hope I haven't bored you?'

'I've enjoyed the discussion extremely. I had no idea that novels raised points of such psychological interest. I must find time to read one.'

The girl had shifted her position till, instead of her full face, her profile was turned towards him. Looking away towards the paddock that lay brilliant in sunshine on the skirts of the apple orchard, she asked, in low slow tones, twisting her hands in her lap:

'Don't you think that perhaps if B found out afterwards—when she had married A, you know—that she had cared for him so very, very much, he might be a little sorry?'

'If he were a gentleman he would regret it deeply.

'I mean—sorry on his own account; that—that he had thrown away all that you know?"

The professor looked meditative.

'I think,' he pronounced,' 'that it is very possible he would. I can well imagine it.'

'He might never find anybody to love him like that again,' she said, gazing on the gleaming paddock.

'He probably would not," agreed the philosopher.

'And—and most people like being loved, don't they?'

'To crave for love is an almost universal instinct, Miss May.'

'Yes, almost,' she said, with a dreary little smile. 'You see, he'll get old and—and have no one to look after him.'

'He will.'

'And no home.'

'Well, in a sense, none,' corrected the philosopher, smiling. 'But really you'll frighten me. I'm a bachelor myself, you know, Miss May."

'Yes,' she whispered just audibly.

'And all your terrors are before me.'

'Well, unless—'

'Oh, we needn't have that 'unless laughed the philosopher cheerfully. 'There's no 'unless' about it Miss May.'

The girl jumped to her feet; for an instant she looked at the philosopher. She opened her lips as if to speak, and, at the thought of what lay at her tongue's tip, her face grew red. But the philosopher was gazing past her, and his eyes rested in calm contemplation on the gleaming paddock.

—

'A beautiful thing, sunshine, to be sure,' said he.

Her blush faded away into paleness; her lips closed. Without speaking she turned and walked slowly away, her head drooping. The philosopher heard the rustle of her skirt in the long grass of the orchard; he watched her for a few moments.

'A pretty, graceful creature,' said he with a smile. Then he opened his book, took his pencil in his hand, and slipped in a careful forefinger to mark the fly leaf.

The sun had passed mid-heaven, and began to decline westwards before he finished the book. Then he stretched himself and looked at his watch.

'Good gracious, 2 o'clock! I shall be late for lunch!' and he hurried to his feet.

He was very late for lunch.

'Everythin's cold,' wailed his hostess. 'Where have you been, Mr. Jerningham?'

'Only in the orchard—reading.'

'And you've missed May!'

'Missed Miss May? How do you mean? I had a long talk with her this morning—a most interesting talk.'

'But you weren't here to say good-bye. Now, you don't mean to say that you forgot that she was leaving by the 2 o'clock train? What a man you are!'

'Dear me! To think of my forgetting it!' said the philosopher shamefacedly.

'She told me to say good-bye to you for her.'

'She was very kind. I can't forgive myself.'

His hostess looked at him for a moment; then she sighed, and smiled again.

'Have you everything you want?' she asked.

"Everything, thank you,' said he, sitting down opposite the cheese, and propping his book (he thought he would just run through the last chapter again) against the loaf; everything in the world that I want thanks."

His hostess did not tell him that the girl had come in from the apple orchard and run hastily upstairs lest her friend should see what her friend did see in her eyes. So that he had no suspicion at all that he had received an offer of marriage—and refused it. And he did not refer to anything of that sort, when he paused once in his reading and exclaimed:

'I'm really sorry I missed Miss May. That was an interesting case of hers. But I gave the right answer. The girl ought to marry A.'

And so the girl did.

Miss Merrifield's Mistake.

Miss Merrifield accepted the offer of Mr. Brook's escort from Mrs. Symond's reception. Miss Merrifield adored Mr. Brooks, and more than half suspected that Mr. Brooks adored her. In fact, she hoped for a declaration that very night.

Just as the pair stepped on the porch, Mr. Brooks was called back by the hostess. A moment later Mr. Enfield passed through the door, and seeing Miss Merrifield apparently unattended, silently offered his arm. She, supposing him to be Mr. Brooks, took it eagerly and started up the street together. Mr. Brooks followed, muttering curses on the fickleness of woman.

A moment before reaching the house of Miss Merrifield, Mr. Brook, still walking behind, saw the young lady break away from her escort, rush franticly up the steps, and disappear within-doors, and his soul rejoiced at these signs of a quarrel.

Somehow the whole thing leaked out the next morning, and before night the friends of all the parties knew exactly what had happened.

It seems that Mr. Enfield, piqued at being called Mr. Brooks by his absent-minded companion, had said, "Please, Miss Merrifield, don't call me Mr. Brooks." At which she, confident the declaration had arrived at last, had murmured, "What shall I call you, dear?" and then the cruel disillusion had come: "Why call me Mr. Enfield, of coure."

Miss Merrifield is reported to have gone South for the winter.—From the "Editor's Draw," in Harper's for February.

Their Spinal Staircase.

A most estimable and well-known West End lady has been made the butt in times past of numerous well-known but not estimable stories touching her unfamiliarity with the Queen's English. She is reported to have spoken of an invalid daughter as indelicate, and of another, upon whose education much money had been lavished, as the most costive of all her children. It has also been related that most of the members of her family have been accustomed to ride to Baltimore on communion tickets. I have steadily refused to chronicle any of these yarns, because they have not really related to this good lady. They have been pure inventions, fastened upon her by malicious scandal-mongers. Nor does the following relate to her:

A well-known society woman of the West End, similarly unfamiliar with the niceties of the English language, spoke, at one of those delightful teas which characterize this delightful season of the year, of a spinal staircase of great beauty which had been constructed in the house of a neighbor. There was a bright girl near by who heard this architectural—or anatomical—reference. She said, aside, and it was very mean of her:

"Perhaps the lady refers to her neighbor's back stairs."

A River of Ink.

Two Algerian Streams that Meet and Make Writing Fluid.

"The only natural ink in the world is found in Algeria," said E. C. Nebrecht, a "globe-trotter," from London. "I think that I would be disposed to look upon it as a fairy tale if I had not seen it, but having tested the ink, I know it to be true. There are two small rivulets which join together and make a little stream about 15 or 20 feet wide and possibly 3 feet deep on an average. One of these rivulets comes from the iron district, and is itself heavily impregnated with that ore. The other rivulet passes through peat marshes and in its journey has become impregnated with gallic acid. When they come together there is at once a chemical combination formed which, of course, makes ink. I had heard that it was better than the manufactured fluid. This is not true, but it will last, and, while it gums to some extent and does not flow as freely from the pen as might be desired, it, will nevertheless, answer all of the purposes of ink, and letters written with it keep as well as those written with the best writing fluids. I have used it, and, while as a discovery of ink it is not a complete success, as a natural curiosity it is one of the wonderful things in the world."—St. Louis *Globe Democrat.*

Venus Very Brilliant Now.

It Is Visible by Day in a Clear Sky to Persons Who Know Where to Look.

The twilight sky affords an unusual spectacle now, owing to the exceeding brightness of Jupiter and Venus.

"The phenomenon occurs at intervals of eight years, whenever the planet is at or near its greatest north latitude and about four or five weeks before inferior conjunction, at which Venus is between us and the sun. Venus is now 33,000,000 miles distant from the earth, but on Feb. 16, at inferior conjunction, will have diminished to 25,440,000. Venus will now present to us a face entirely unilluminated and will be lost in the bright rays of the sun. Even now in the telescope it is seen to exhibit the form of a delicate crescent, like the new moon, with one quarter of its disk in the shadow, so that the brightness seems the more wonderful. After Feb. 16, it will pass to the outer side of the sun, being visible in the early dawn as the morning star, and by Nov. 29 its distance will have increased to 159,000,000 miles, when its brightness will be five times less than it is now.

"At present it is our nearest neighbor among the planets, and its nearness and high reflecting powers combine to make it most conspicuous. In fact, it is so brilliant it may be seen in a clear sky with the naked eye throughout the entire day by any one who knows just where to look for it.

"It is a little more than two hours behind the sun and a few degrees higher, and therefore may be found at any time at little above the place the sun occupied in the sky two hours before. A few moments after 2 o'clock every day this week it will be on the meridian, half way up the sky, between the zenith and the south point of the horizon. In the morning hours, from 10 to 12, it is in the southeast, at an altitude of from 35 to 40 degrees.

It is related by Arago that Napoleon Bonaparte, upon repairing to the Luxembourg, when the Directory was about to give him a feste, was very much surprised at seeing the multitude which was collected in the Rue de Touron pay more attention to the region of the heavens situated above the palace than to his person or the brilliant staff which accompanied him. He inquired the cause, and learned that the curious persons were observing with astonishment, although it was noon, a star, which they supposed to an be that of Conqueror of Italy, allusion to which the illustrious General did not seem indifferent when he himself remarked the radiant body. The star was Venus. Other instances of its observation in the daytime are recorded, some at very early periods, in 398, 984, 1008, 1014, 1715, 1750."

How the World Will End.

Our Planet Will Die, Not by Accident, but a Natural Death.

According to all probability, notwithstanding at the circustances which threaten it, our planet will die, not of an accident, but a natural death. That death will be the consequence of the extinction of the sun, in 20,000,000 years or more—perhaps 30,000,000—since its condensation at a relatively moderate rate will give it, on one hand 17,000,000 years of existence, while on the other hand, the inevitable fall of meteors into the sun may double this number. Even if you suppose the duration of the sun be prolongued to 40,000,000 years, it is still incontestable that the radiation from the sun cools it, and that the temperature of all bodies tends to an equilibrium. The day will come when the sun will be extinct. Then the earth and all the other planets of our system will cease to be the abode of life. They will be eraced from the great book and will revolve black cemeteries around an extinguished sun.

Will these planets continue to exist even then? Yes, probably in the case of Jupiter and perhaps Saturn. No, beyond a doubt, for the small bodies, such as the Earth, Venus, Mars, Mercury and the moon. Already the moon appears to have preceeded us toward the final desert. Mars is much further advanced than the earth toward the same destiny. Venus, younger than us will doubtless survive us. These little worlds lose their elements of vitality much faster than the sun loses its heat. From century to century, from year to year, from day to day, from hour to hour, the surface of the earth is transformed. On the one hand the continents are crumbling away and becoming covered by the sea, which insensibly and by slow degrees tends to invade and submerge the entire globe; on the other hand the amount of water on the surface of the globe is diminishing. A careful and reasonable calculation shows that by the action of erosure alone all the land on our planet will be covered by water in 10,000,000 years.—Camille Flammarion in L' Astronomie.

——Miss Mary Proctor, daughter of the late Richard A. Proctor, is a deep student of the science of astronomy. She recently delivered a lecture in Brooklyn on "The Giant Sun and His Family," which, though prepared for children, proved instructive and entertaining to adults.

——A New York electrician is building an air-ship which he claims will solve the problem of aerial navigation beyond a doubt.

——Cornelius Vanderbilt, it is said, has given a million dollars to religious work in the past two years.

——The hunting season in the United States and Canada is now open.

——The total mileage of railways now open to traffic in Japan is 1,717.

——Barley water and linseed tea are said to be excellent for the voice.

For and About Women.

A pretty bolero or fichu gives fashionable touch to a matinee gown. These Marie Antionette fichus are easily made and are very inexpensive. The bolero can be made of lace insertion over satin and is, of course, adjustable. A stylish gown recently seen at a matinee was made of "tobacco brown" hopsacking, with a full front of blue and brown changeable silk. With this was worn a bolero of blue satin, covered with deep ecru lace inserting, with a crush collar and girdle of the same materials. The bolero and collar were edged with narrowjet, and the effect was immensely fetching.

—

A new trimming for a low or high-necked dress is the Anne of Austria collar. This is constructed of duchesse lace cut in Vandyke points, and is worn alone or over velvet of the same shape, but of large size. The velvet points are lined with silk and the lace collar fastens in front with two rosettes and drops of jet.

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Overskirts, coat-tail basques and slight trains are the innovations noted on the late winter costumes, and undoubtedly these three features will be carried to completeness on the spring gowns. The overskirts, as seen at present, are suggestions rather than real shapes, yet once in a while we come across the genuine article. Pannier effects are in vogue and on slender figures are rather pretty, but the dame who inclines to rounded curves or who is of the fair fat and forty order had better eschew them and cling with dogged persistency to plainer styles.

—

Colored shoes are in good taste only in the house, or for reception wear, and are suitable for only very dainty feet.

—

Another rich costume which the wearer revealed when she laid aside her long military cape of "baby astrachkan" consisted of a skirt of magenta cloth in the new shade called "betterave" in French and "beet root" in English. The gored skirt was untrimmed save for a band of dark mink at the foot. The round waist was of "betterave" satin completely covered with a heavy yellow-tinted guipure through which the satin showed. There was a soft belt and collar of crimson satin, and bretelles from the back of black velvet ending in rosettes on the bust.

—

Should the skin be muddy or oily, or those disfiguring little nuisances, blackheads, appear, your physician, if he be conscientious, will advise Turkish baths, and hot, not luke warm or cold water, will give the face, at least, all the turkish bath it needs. The skin needs to be kept perfectly cleaned and stimulated. There is a constant attack upon the exposed portions of the skin by dust and powders, and unless the pores are kept open the result must be blackheads and pimples, or even worse disfigurements. And this is the way it can be done. Fill a basin with boiling water. Over this fix a canopy affair which covers the head and basin at the same time. Supported on four little posts with an opening to put your head in. For five minutes remain in that dense vapor bath, and then emerge with the perspiration rushing from every pore and your face as red as a lobster. The next thing is to wipe it gently with a soft towel. Then the rubbing begins up from the chin, from the temples to the eyes and rubbing and pinching the cheeks in a rotary motion. After this a thorough rubbing in of a skin food, then a nap with a soft cloth laid over the face and then a sponge bath for the face of lukewarm water, and when it was over your face will put to shame the most perfect pink and white baby's ever raved about by an adoring mother.

—

Puffness under the eyes and dark circles can be removed by persistent massage and the application of certain prepared creams. The wrinkles about the eyes are simple foes to vanquish, but the lines around the mouth require a harder fight. It must not be expected that the disfiguring lines that have been so long in coming will hie themselves away in a night, but perseverance in massage, hot water treatment and occasional steamings will work wonders.

—

Mrs. Elizabeth G. Custer, the widow of the famous soldier, is an accomplished billiard player. She grew skilful at the game during her long residence on the plains.

—

When pretty things are brought into the home, the stairway is too often everlooked. Not one house out of 10 has an ornament or beautifier in the view of the chance caller, until they go into the drawing room, where pretty things are so crowded that one or two might be spared to cover up the bare spaces in the hall and on the stairs. The owner of the pretty arrangement had a narrow dark hall, and a long staircase to confront her desires for cosiness, and she carried out her plans with a very few articles. An oak bracket was placed about halfway up the stairs, holding a vase or two, and a picture was hung lower, with a plaque or a medallion further up the wall. Below the bannister brackets were placed which held vases, a bust or two, and a curious lamp. The effect was pretty in the extreme, and fully rewarded her for her trouble.

—

There is what is known as a "reign of the red." Magenta is all the rage for bonnets. Ladies are wearing collars, cuffs and flounces and rosettes of petunia, and the very latest bang-up house decoration in Paris, London and New York is the poinsetta red named after the famous General Poinsett, one of the most patriotic Americans who ever lived and who was Minister of War under Van Buren.

—

Miss Herbert, who is "the cabinet lady" of the household of the secretary of the navy, is fond of wearing pale shades of lavender, pink and blue, combined with white. She wears the last color so frequently that she might almost be called "the woman in white." She designs many of her costumes.

——Colorado is first in silver.