Democratic Watchman. me.

Bellefonte, Pa., July 20, 1894.

THE SONG OF SHIP.

The sky made a whip of the winds, and lashed the sea into foam, And the keen-blowing gales tore the flags and the sails of the ships that were plunging

home; Of the ships that were tossing home on the black and billowy deep. But who shall reach to the wrecks, the wrecks, where the ships and their cap-terior eleon?

O, wrecks, by the black seas tossed, In the desolate ocean nights ! Lost, lost, in the darkness ! lost In eight o' the harbor lights!

tains sleep ?

The sky made a veil o' the clouds, and a scourge o' the lightning red, And the blasts bowed the masts of the ships that fared where love and the sea gulls led;

Of the ships that were faring home with love

for the waiting breast; But where is the love that can reach to the wrecks where the ships and their cap-tains rest?

Oh ! ships of our love, wave-tossed In the fathomless ocean nights ! Lost, lost in the blackness ! lost In sight o' the harbor lights ?

There was once a ship of my soul that tossed

o'er a stormy sea. And this was my prayer, when the nights gloomed drear: "Send my soul's ship

gloomed drear: "Send my soul's ship safe to me! Send my soul's ship safely home, from billows and blackened skies!" But where is the soul that can reach to the depth, the depths where my soul's ship line "

Oh ! ship of my soul, storm-tossed

In the far and the fearful nights, Lost, lost, in the blackness! lost In sighto' the harbor lights ! -Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution...

AFTER FIFTY YEARS

What a fine evening it is! The lilacs are in bloom again. The moon shines down on the river just as it did on the last night I was here, fifty years ago. All these streets and buildings seem strange. At that time a country member? road passed through here between stone walks and trees and meadows. soon we were eagerly conversing. Our thoughts flowed on together like The tavern where we had the ball that two brooks that meet in the forest and night was a handsome building, then I have stopped there many a time for rego dancing together through sunlight and shadow. It was that night that I freshments when boating. It is deserted, ruined, gradually sinking into thought that your eyes were as black The lovers row by on coals, and that I noticed how fresh and the river now. red your lips were. That bright eventhe other side of the stream. They say ing fled so fast that I did not realize the old house is haunted. It was a fair picture that evening, with light | till the affair was over that I had enpouring out of every casement, and tirely monopolized the society of the lanterns hanging on the veranda over belle of the evening. When I bade you good night as you left the comthe river. I wonder if you remember it all? pany with your parents, I noticed a

You smile as though you had not forgotten it. Why do I speak of it young man standing in the hallway, with a gloomy expression on his handnow? Well, almost fifty years have some tace. It was my friend the officer, and he gave me an ugly look. Little did I care for the officer's anger. passed. It does not seem very long ; still, we are both old now, and what I was mad with happiness that night. harm can it do-a little talk of days gone by ? What dreams, what fancies filled my

Yes, it is nearly fifty years since I soul! You say that you, too, were have seen you. Your hair under that transported that night. I wish I had little lace cap is as white as snow. known it then 1

Then it was black and glossy as The next afternoon I met you down town as you were coming out of a shop jet. You had no wrinkles then. Your cheeks were smooth and white. to enter your carriage. We stopped There was a dimple in the left one. and talked, and I arranged to call on Your eyes did not peer out of gold- you the next evening. It was then in rimmed glasses then. They were the bright sunlight that I was sur-bright as stars-dark blue, sparkling prised to discover that your eves were your mother that it would be danger. er or tonic before meals, while in New

obliged to promenade the sidewalk what beautiful speeches I had prepared and you are the governor's beautiful alone, seemed very bitter and cruel to never to be uttered. Yet I regarded daughter. It will always be so. that little journey up the winding riv. A week passed before I saw you er as the brightest episode in my life. again. I was riding along the high banks of a river where it curves like a horseshoe around some meadow land. I was gazing down at the waters dreaming of you, when I heard a their branches into the water; the cemetery in the woods on the hill, and sound of laughter and of horses' hoofs. I looked up and was startled to see you riding toward me, in the company of several young ladies and gentlemen. My handsome friend the officer was time, as though you were in a pensive mood, but occasionally I saw them among them. My heart beat violentglance shyly at me. I don't know ly and my face flushed as I passed closely to you. You wore a dark why I should have been so sure, but I green suit, and your face was so white felt positive that you loved me, and I that I thought at the time you were was on the point of telling you how I like a water lily. It was then that I adored you a dozen times as we pro-

noticed your long black lashes. I ceeded up the still river. At last I could scarcely see your eyes. You rowed into the little streamlet which told me afterward that you peeped at me and that you thought I looked like leaves were spread over the quiet surface and pure white lilies floated here a gallant knight on my spirited horse. Do you remember ? and there. The light was soft and I was so excited that day that I and subdued. I felt my heart beat could scarcely eat a mouthful. My violently. I trembled, and I know uncle asked me if I had seen the gov- that my face was pale as I leaned toernor's daughter again. He was a ward you and seized your little hand

wise man-my uncle

in mine. It was not long afterward that you Just then we heard voices in the and I became acquainted. It was at a woods. You snatched your hand party that I attended with my cousins. away instantly, as two ladies, one of You were there. I saw nothing else them was your aunt, appeared at the bank of the stream. They were dethat golden night. You were dressed in cream colored silk. Your beautiful lighted to see us, for they had lost their You wore a necklace of pearls, and to walk several miles, but for our honored place of claret in the effections you wore yellow roses pinned to your timely appearance. We humbly took of the French army the evil became an when you entered the several miles are been compelled when absinthe began to usurp the time timely appearance. We humbly took of the French army the evil became an when you entered the several miles are been compelled when absinthe began to usurp the time timely appearance. when you entered the room, and when back down the river in the twilight. I was presented to you I lost all contalking to your aunt and her friend in tol of myself. I stammered and tried as entertaining a manner as I could, to clasp your hand, stopping in my atwhile you reclined in the stern, silent tempt abruptly ; but you, smiling kindbut occasionally smiling slyly at some ly shook hands with me. You told of my efforts to sustain a conversation me afterward that you were a little with the two ladies. We all walked confused yourself, that you could up the hill to your father's gate, and I scarcely speak at first. Do you rewas obliged to say good bye without

telling my wonderful secret. It was astonishing, though, how Soon after that a grand ball was to take place at the tavern. All the country was excited. I sent you an reply. I feared that your parents would not approve of me as your escort, even if you should be so kind as to prefer me to other suitors who would doubtless extend you an invitation. More than anything else, I dreaded that the charming young officer would be the favored one, When I rode to town for the mail on the day following I received a dainty little envelope. I opened it with trembling fingers, but I rode home feeling in the gayest mood, for the little note said that its beautiful writer would be pleased to accompany me to the grand ball at the tavern.

Do you remember that a few days before the ball you were taken ill with a fever. When I heard that my lovely partner was sick, I called at once. You told me how disappointed you were because, although you felt well enough to go, your mother, you feared would not allow you to attend the ball. I was sorry enough to give up the idea Yet we take it occasionally as an after of appearing there with the governor's dinner settler of digestive debts in this ous to your health to go. I cheered your sad spirits all I could, while secretly I resolved that, instead of attending the ball myself, I would spend the evening with you, and if the chance appeared, that I would ask you to be my partner forever, whether you were sick or well. The night of the ball, I was later than I expected in departing for town. The tavern was gayly lit up, and its roof was shining in the moonlight. I was so eager to see you that I did not even stop to take a glimpse of the assemblage, but rode rapidly away beyond the sound of the music. When I arrived at the gate of the governor's mansion, I was surprised at the gloomy appearance of the house; not a light could I see. I dismounted. hurried to the door, and rang the bell. There was an appalling silence. Twice more I rang the bell and waited. No one came to the door. Almost paralyzed with astonishment and wonder, I mounted my horse and started back on the road to the tavern. I felt certain that you would not have been left sick and alone in the house. Horrible superstitions tortured my heart as I rode along faster and faster till I reached the tavern. I rushed into the building and took one glance into the ball room. The brilliant assemblage and bright light dazzled me for second. A dance had just ended and all were promenading in confusion. Suddenly, directly before me in full uniform I saw the young officer with you leaning on his arm. He was bending his smiling face to yours. Your cheeks were flushed and your eyes as bright as fire. You were dressed in purest white. When I saw you, I felt my heart turn icy cold; sharp pains crossed my chest. Beads of perspiration stood on my brow. The shock of your treachery was very cruel. I turned staggered out of the wealthy banker's daughter, but I was tavern, and, mounting my horse, rode away, feeling as though I were in the midst of a frightful dream. And now you say that they made you believe that I was glad you were sick so that I could be tree to escort the handsome fellow. You say that the banker's daughter ! You say that you loved me, and that, stung by jealousy, you insisted on your parents taking you to the ball; that there you were joined by the officer. You say that when you saw me at the ball room door, alone, dusty, pale distracted, you realized how terribly you had been mistaken ; that leaving the captain you ran to detain me, but it was too late. No. I never heard of all that. I crossed the seas, and fought in foreign armies, and reared a family in oreign lands. I heard but once from They said that you were to home. marry the officer. I tried to forget you. I became rich and honored, but over a dozen times, bitterly regretting tete with the beautiful girl, whom in my unreasonable love I already re-tell you how many times I rehearsed to the world, but in my soul I am still are still explaining is the remarkable variety of garded as my sweetheart, while I was my part in the expected drams, nor the hot-headed lad of fifty years ago its manifestations."

What !- are you weeping? Never mind. We can't understand these As I rowed along, I could look at you. things. I must go now. Your hus-You sat in the stern and had on the band I hope he is well? What is pink gown I liked so much. We that? You say that you never marpassed by weeping willows, dipping ried? And it has been fifty years! Ab, me! We can't understand. I must go back to my hotel. It seems and the mysterious island with its exactly like that night. The lilacs are deep woods. We did not talk much. in bloom, and the moon shines on the Your eyes were cast down most of the river ; but these buildings are strange, and the tavero is old and ruined. They say-and it is true. I knowthat it is haunted .- From Romance.

Awful Absinthe.

Its Chief Ingredient Is Wormwood, and It Poisons the Body and Burns Away the Brains. During the Algerian war, which lasted from 1844 to 1847, the French army were more in danger from African fevers than from Algerian enemies. Several things were tried as antidotes or preventives by the skillful army physicians. Finally absinthe was hit on as

the most effective febrifuge. The soldiers were ordered to mix it in small quantities three times a day with the ordinary French wine. The luckless happy-go-lucky privates grew to like their medicine, which at first they swore at bitterly for spoiling with its bitterness that beautiful purple vinegar they fondly fancy is wine. But

Absinthe straight as a beverage is a direly different thing from absinthe mixed as a medicine or an occasional tonic. The victorious army on their triumphal return to Paris brought the habit with them. It is now so wide-spread through all classes of Parisian society-and Paris gives the cue to France-that Frenchmen of science and publicists regard the custom of absinthe tippling as a vast national evil.

The consequence of the usc-and use of this drug ripens to abuse, even with men of unusual will power--has been invitation and waited anxiously for a in France disastrous to a dreadful degree. Many men of remarkable brilliancy have offered up their brains and their lives on the livid altar of absinthe. Baudelaire, who translated all Poe's works into French, had a terribly grotesque passion for the pleasant green In one of his mad freaks this poison. minor French poet actually painted his hair the same tint as the beverage that corroded his brain, possibly from an odd fancy to have the outside of his head correspond with or match the inside. Alfred de Musset, who was the French

Byron, plus a tenderer, naiver touch, also fell a victim to the drug after George Sand gave the final smash to his fragmentary heart. Guy de Maupas-sant is reported to have burned his brains away with the same emerald flames. The brain disease caused by this drug is considered almost incurable Far worse that alcohol or opium, it can only be compared to cocaine for the fellness of its clutch on poor humanity.

Back from African Wilds.

Unheralded and unknown to those on the pier, an unassuming young man marched down the gangway of the was William Astor Chanler, just returning home after a three years' ab-sence abroad, 22 months of which have been passed in the heart of Africa, in regions never before penetrated by white man. After a warm greeting from two or three friends Mr. Chanler was driven to the Knickerbocker club, where he was seen during the evening. He said this of himself :-

I am in excellent health with the exception of a sluggish liver, as the result of two years in Africa, I have come home hurriedly for family reasons, and expect to remain here a few days only. While my expedition has not been entirely successful, owing to the desertions of my men and a plague resembling tetanus or lockjaw that broke out among my camels and mules, I have gathered a large amount of scientific and geographical data which will compose the report I propose to make to the New York geographical society. It is impossible now to enter into the details of my journey, I lost 27 men from disease and every bit of live stock that I had, I started with two horses, one of which died soon after leaving the coast at Hameye; the other lasted for 11 months, carrying me every day until he dropped dead, although we never went off a walk. We averaged about nine miles a day. After my horse died I footed it.

The secret of successful exploration in Africa is to keep by water courses. Although I traveled over 3000 miles, the greatest distance I penetrated from the coast was about 700 miles, the circui-tous journey being made to keep within reach of water. My men generally be-haved well until the pestilence attacked the beasts of burden. Then they deserted in large numbers. I started with

about 200 Soundanese and Soumalese. The latter are much more hardy and faithful. Nearly a year was consumed in explorations and geographical sur-veys to the north of Mt. Kenia, and then the homeward journey was begun. We reached Zanzibar--that is, my faithful servant, George Galwin, and I, the only white men of the party,-toward the end of March. After resting a while we went on to Mombese, and thence to Cairo, reaching there April 29, I then wenton to London, and was called hurriedly home by a death in the family.

This expedition, which has just been so happily completed by the return of Mr. Chanler, was considered to be the best fitted out of any that ever left the coast for the interior. It consisted of 150 porters, 20 headmen and interpreters, 12 Soudanese soldiers, seven Somali camel drivers, 15 camels, 43 donkeys, 10 oxen, 50 sheep, two horses and three dogs. The necessary arms were providments. The cost of the whole expedition was defrayed by Mr. Chanler. He has agreed to divide all geographical and scientific data and collections he has obtained between the Smithsonian

institute, Washington, D. C., and the imperial museum, Vienna.

The Secret of a Life.

For and About Women.

One of the newest caprics of fashion is an enormous tulle cravat forming a marched down the gangway of the fan like bow directly under the chin; steamer Aller at New York lately. He we believe this novelty is intended to supplant the long bow and ends. and assure our readers it is infinitely more graceful and becoming says the Season. Such cravats are chiefly worn over a bolero, or open jacket. In one of the newest models of the sort, the vest was trimmed with velvet of a totally different color to the romainder of the dress. Thus a mastic brown jupon and sleeves, with striped mastic brown tunic and bodice, was made with chartreuse green velvet revers or fronts. The same colors are repeated in the straw of the flat shaped hat, on which black feathers are placed in quite a new style with the tips hanging over at the sides. Another really charming dress was made of shot, opal velvet with narrow violet velvet stripes all the way down the front. The bell skirt is then arranged in folds to look as if it went over the devant, while the large bretelles further carry out the same idea. A similar, but far less expensive dress, could be made in any light woolen material and trimmed with colored braid in the same way as this very beautiful, but costly model. Here again little but the trimming is seen of the small boanet, which is edged with a wreath of pinks with a center high bow of violet velvet. The fashionable neck ruche is made of spangled black tulle, and may be taken as a model of the many ruches and neck ornaments which are again quite the rage. Such ruches are worn with the new linen dresses, as well as those of lighter materials. Muslins in pink blue or lilac are delightful for summer wear, and may be very prettily made either draped or with double skirt, and looses blouse bodice drawn in under a velvet belt.

Miss Lucy M. Booth, daughter of General Booth, of Salvation Army fame, has command of the Indian forces of the army, with headquarters at Bombay. The Indian army embraces seven divisions, subdivided into 21 districts, 122 corps and 293 outposts.

Cleanliness and comeliness are the best recommendation virtue can have.

People are captivated by appearances. It is not permissible to ask questions, and as the individual has the chance to make a favorable impression she is unwise to miss it. A great many good women would be attractive if they took the trouble to be comely. The more beautiful a good woman makes berself the greater her influence.

Whatever becomes a woman makes her comely, and first in the list is health. Illness cannot be avoided, but not a few of the common ailments are provoked by vulgar habits of life-sloth, gluttony carelessness and willful disregard of the ed by the Austrian war office, which rules of health. Mothers and teachers also furnished many scientific instru- do not act as fairly by their daughters rules of health. Mothers and teachers and pupils as they should. The hygiene of the body is quite as essential on this sphere as the soul's salvation.

> If cotton dresses are properly made there is no reason why they should not be washed many times. To make up satines, and ginghams with boned basques, heavily lined skirts and velvet bound edges is an absurdity. Bodices and skirts may be made together, belting in by means of a draw ribbon. which being loosened, reduced the gown to straight lines without folds. The frills and flounces about the shoulders are all set on draw ribbon headings and can also be let out flat. The big sleeves are supplied with an armhole set with a draw ribbon, by which it is narrowed for wear and widened for washing. Serpentine bodices are used also for wash dress designs, those bodices being practically two straight sash pieces. There are no bones. Lace, if used on these gowns, is of good, heavy washable quality. If ribbon is employed it is made into bows easily adjusted and removed, or it is used under insertion of lace or embroidery, and so can be pulled out when the gown goes to the tub.

with merriment. Your figure is a little bent, but you were quite tall then for a woman, and graceful. I thought you were queenly. Indeed, you were the prettiest girl in all the land. true. I can close my eyes and see you and lovely as a water lily. You have never changed there.

I remember the first time I ever saw you. I was walking through the shady streets of the little town. passed by a grand old mansion. saw beneath a great elm what thought was a beautiful angel. It was you lying on the lawn. You had on a whether a servant or some member of pink gown. You were reading, and when you heard my footsteps, you rejsed your eves and met mine. We were both confused. I walked away The great watch dog barked savagely feeling as though I had entered a new as I walked toward the house. You world. you. You told me atterward that you were reading a romance of a handsome young prince, tall, fair haired and daring; that when you looked up and saw me. you were startled, I was so like the bly was I surprised, and how comideal you were dreaming of. Do you remember?

I hurried back to my uncle's home beyond the town, and eagerly questioned my cousins concerning the beautiful vision I had seen. They told me that you were the governor's only daughter : that you were but 18 years of age, but that you already had several suitors tor your hand. They warned me not to fall in love with you, as a handsome young officer of the your heart. I found that you were the belle of all the land.

This information only made me love you more. I felt certain that I could not live without you. I could not imagine that anyone else loved you as I to town in order to pass by the governor's mansion. During the evenings I paraded back and forth on the sidewalk like a sentinel, and all the time I kept repeating your name. During these feverish eveninge it was not very consoling to note the regular appearance of a visitor, nightly passing under the trees the doorstep. When the door opened I could see his tall, erect figure standing in the light. Then the door would close and there would be sounds from the open window of laughter and music. I knew that the visitor was the young officer. He and I were introduced one day in the town, and I remember how, seemingly by instinct, we conceived a deep antipathy to each other. Even on our first meeting we approached close to the border tions. To know that this hated but

dark blue, instead of black. How well I remember that first evening when I called on you! I could not sleep the night previous, I was so excited. The day passed tediously. What, are you blushing? Well, it is I attired myself with great elaboration and an hour before the time when I in my soul as you were then, as sweet had agreed to call. I was restlessly pacing the streets glancing at my ap

parently motionless timepiece ; but the important hour arrived at last. As I entered the gate my courage began to fail. I feared lest some more favored suitor might already be installed, and I should prove an unwelcome intruder. I wondered who would open the door. the family. I dreaded lest it should be the governor himself, for I suspected that he did not regard me with favor. After that I thought only of had laughingly assured me that he was always secured to a strong post. I mounted the stairs with a bold step. rang the bell fiercely, and waited in a state of nervous dread. How agreea pletely were my fears dispelled, when

you opened the door yourself, looking perfectly beautiful in the lighted hallway. Your cheeks were slightly flushed, and your eyes were as bright as stars. That evening my love for you increased a hundred-fold. There were other members of the family present. Your aunt was always in the room but still we were together, and I heard you play on the harp and sing for me several sweet old ballads. As I garrison nearby, was said to have won walked home that night my soul seemed to mount among the stars.

The next night, as my cousin and I were passing by your father's grounds, I heard the sound of merry laughter from the gayly lighted house and I distinguished plainly the hated voice of did. Every afternoon after that I rode the young officer. I accompanied my cousin to call on a young lady, a miserable the entire evening. I seemed to hear you playing on the harp and singing love songs to the dark-eyed officer. I did not admit it then, but I was intensely jealous of you were jealous of the banker's daughter? Yes, I know I called there several times, but it was to please my cousin. I never fancied her. She was too loud and boisterous for my taste. So you were jealous, were you? I never thought of that. Do you remember the boat ride on the river? It was the only time that we were really alone. Maybe you don't imagine how near I came to proposing to you that day? Do you say of insulting language. He was a you half expected several times that handsome, dashing fellow, I was I would? Well, you were right. The forced to confess. Splendid, soft, dark | truth is that I had decided at the first eyes and a heavy, silken mustache opportunity to tell you that I loved were his two most seductive attrac- you. I thought that the boat ride never happy. I have lived that night would be the very occasion, so with dangerous rival was enjoying a tete-a- mingled hopes and fears I looked for-

Orleans, throughout the older quarter, little cabarets, devoted almost exclu-sively to the sale of it are quite com-

What, then, is this dreadful drink composed of, and how is it made? The answer is easy enough, though the process, to insure perfection in the evil, is not so, Absinthe may be technically described as a redistallation of alcoholic spirits (made originally from various things-potatoes, tor instance), in which, to give it the final character. absinthium with other aromatic herbs and bitter roots are ground up, or macerated, in chemist lingo.

The chief ingredient is the tops and leaves of the herb Artemisia absinthium or wormwood, which grows from two to four feet in great profusion under cultivation, and which contains a volatile oil, absinthol, and a yellow, crystalline, resinous compound called absinthin. which is the bitter principle. The al cohol with which this and the essentials of other aromatic plants are mixed holds these volatile oils in solution. It is the precipitation of these oils in

water that causes the rich clouding of warnings of the clouding and the crackling of your brain if you take to it steadily. Thus every drink of the opaline liquid is an object lesson in chemistry that carries its own moral.

Some barroom Columbus, ambitious to outdo Dante and add another lower circle to the inferno, recently invented or discovered the absinthe cocktail. A little whiskey-the worse the better-a

dash of bitters, a little sugar and plenty of iced absinthe make about the quickest and wickedest intoxicant in the world.

The continued use of absinthe gives rise to epileptic symptoms as an external expression of the profound disturbance of the brain and nerves. One large aose of the essence of the wormwood indeed had been noted as causing almost instantly epileptiform convul-sions in animals. But the drug is not without its uses from a broad point of view. As the name implies, it is an anthelmintic, or a pretty sure cure for

certain kinds of animal life that sometimes infest the intestines of man, causpain and death. This peculiar property was well known to the Greeks, who had a wine infused with wormwood called absinthites. In some parts of Germany wormwood

s used in lieu of hops for the brewing of certain brands of beer, and it unquestionably has valuable tonic properties. Absinthe is made almost everywhere, except in the extreme tropics, and the New York variety is just as good-or bad-as any. The duty on French absinthe is very high-\$12 a case of a dozen bottles

The first effects of it are a profound serenity of temper and a slight heightening of the mental powers, coupled with bodily inertia. This is the general rule; but, as a famous physician once remarked of a dreadful disorder in his that I did not wait to hear your explan- lecture room, "Gentlemen, the chief The Terrible Mistake of a Surgeon Ends His Professional Expectations.

"A few years ago," said Charles J. Patterson, of Philadelphia, "I learned the secret of the life of a man who had passed more than a quarter of a century with scarcely a smile. He had been a physician and surgeon, and on one occasion had to remove an injured eve in order to save the other eve and prevent total blindness. The night before the operation he had been drink. ing heavily with some friends, and, although the following morning he was sober, his hand was unsteady and his nerves unstrung.

"After administering chloroform he made a fatal and horrible blunder, removing the well eye by mistake and thus consigning his patient to perpetual blindness. The moment he discovered his error he turned the man over to a competent surgeon, deeded every thing he possessed to him, and hurried from the neighborhood like a convicted thief. The remainder of his life was one constant round of remorse your glass when the absinthe is poured and he rapidly developed into a conon the cracked ice-double emblems or firmed misanthrope. The secret of his life was know to a number of people, but when it was finally revealed to me it explained a mystery and made me respect the man, for however grave was his original blunder, which in some respect was, of course, worse than a crime his repentance was of the most genuine character."

Washing the Mouth.

If the people would wash out their mouths twice or three times a day with an antiseptie solution, there would not be near so much sickness. In the last 10 years I have never had a cold, sore throat or fever, and 1 ascribe this immunity solely to the fact that I follow this plan rigidly. There are any number of proprietary antiseptics that are excellent for this purpose, but many more simple agents that are as good or better. One of the best of the latter is carbolic acid. A very weak solution of this gargled and held in the mouth two or three times a day will work wonders. Immediately after using, one will find that the mouth feels cleaner. I believe that agreat majority of the common throat and lung troubles come from the lodgement of disease microbes within the mucous membranes of the mouth. The free use of antiseptics will kill these germs .-- St. Louis Globe.

THE WAY IT GOES.

When it's spring, you catch a cold; Summer time, you're meltin; When it's winter, wood is scarce— Sleet and snow a peltin.

When you've got the cash in view, Plenty to befriend you ; When you need a dime or two, Not a soul to lend you ! When you're on the mountain top, telescopes to spy you; When into the ditch you drop, Whole world passes by you ! Ain't a bit o' use to fret-

Take it as you flud it ; Best world that you've been in yet— Laugh and never mind it ! —Atlanta Constitution.

Mrs. Rebecca T. Robinson, of West Newton, Mass., is to defray the expense of the erection of a new scientific building at Tufts College, Massachusetts.

Steam is destructive. Before it becomes an agent of power it must be controlled, and so we build our water backs and cylinders, our elevators and ocomotives, for great resistance. If the face is to be properly cleaned the force must come from within, where the disease or disorder is. Keep the blood pure and the circulation free, and the complexion will take care of itself. Apply popultices to draw the inflammation from a spot. By rolling a patient in woolen blankets and preserving an even temperature the system will often throw off a cold in the regular processes of perspiration. A man will return from a bicycle ride in radiant health, the exercise having literally renovated his system. The same amount of heat generated would, if applied to any portion of his body, have beeen an injury.

LEARN TO LAUGH .- This is the season for laughter. All nature is smiling See if you cannot put yourself in unison with the gracious dame. If you don't know bow to laugh, and actually some women seem to have lost the art, learn it as quickly as possible.

Frown at the world and see how quickly it will frown back at you. A. good hearty laugh is the best tonic known. Tears have no place in genteel circles. We astute ones have learned that dewy eyes, ready at the slightest provocation to overflow, are never alluring outside of a novel.

Learn to bide your aches and pains under a cheery smile. Few if any care a rap for your physical ailments. A dissertation upon the same will soon place you on the list of bores.

Learn to tell a story. A reputation for telling a pleasant yarn in pleasant fashion will give you a big social boom.

The world wants to be amused ; it has no quarter to offer the croaker, the grumbler, the disagreeable and dissatisfied ones of earth, but even in the hurry and scurry of its workaday existence it will stop to admire a sunshiny man or woman.