Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Aug. 10, 1894.

UNAWARES.

Once there was a man without no hairs, An 'is head was shiny an' smooth, Jes' like an egg that's fresh from the layer: An' his mouth on'y had one tooth ; An' some wicked, wicked boys met this poo

An' some where, "the of "go up, bald head," An' they telled him to "go up, bald head," But they didn't see the bears Coming on 'em unawares,

So now the bad boys is dead.

A n' at a nother time, some Philisteen folks 'At lived where Samson did, Was haughty an' was proud an' was allus makin' jokes Bout the Samson fambly's kid; So what'd Samson do to bring them to time But hit 'em with a bone on the head? An' that was worse than bears Coming upon them unawares, So now

So now the bad folks is dead.

An' there was another man call Jonah, fe

short, 'At would do no work fer the Lord, An' he tumbled off a boat, 'bout a mile

port, An' got swallowed by a whale fer reward An' he tasted awful bad, an' it made the They knew it, and stood in awe of it. poor whale sick. So he throwed up ol' Jonah on his head ;

An' they wasn't any bears Coming on 'em unawares,

But Jonah an' the whale

is dead.

So ef any little girls, er any little boys, Er folk's that's growed up big, Don't stop a-bein' bad, an' a-makin' so mut-

An' they p'tendin' they don't care a fig, They'll find that after while—jes' ez like

Mebbe when they've jes' went to bed, ne awful bears Thev'll be s

Coming on 'em unawares, An' then the bad chiles 'll be dead.

HEIMWEH.

BY ELSIE S. NORDHOFF. Huntingford unsaddled his horse and led him to the little wooden trough near the house for water before turning him out to graze for the night. He watched with languid interest as the animal drew 'n long draughts with a sipping sound, wondering idly about the horses in general. His eyes felt heavy and his back ached, so that he was glad when the horse slipped away quietly to browse on any dry grass it could find, and he could sit down on

the steps of his two-roomed shanty and rest. The sun was setting ahead of him in a glory of crimson and orange. On every side, as far as his eyes could see. stretched prairies-dull, brown, life-

less prairies-"Waste endless and boundless and flowerless." for though it was April, the time when there is green if ever there will be, it had been a dry year, and everything was dead. To be sure there were patches of orange prairie flowers all about, which struck one as a fever

with which the land had broken out; but there was no green. For those who like prairies, prairies

rose, stretched his tired legs, and had not fathomed the reason for it, he moved down by his master, whom he hunted up the bottle he knew "the sniffed over very carefully, and at last, parson" kept, and bathed his head with it until it was all used up. The fever was horrible. Huntingford's finding an ear, licked it lovingly. rambling excited talk worse. It was sometimes about a meadow with a pond near it, when he begged invisible

people to be quiet a moment and let him listen to the frogs, saying, with a break in his voice : "It is so long since I have heard them. It you could only be quiet just one moment." Then he trousers, high boots, and large sombrewould break in with a moan, and "Oh! ro—a scarlet tie finishing the effect. if the cattle would only not look at me "The boys" had called after him as so! To think that it was I who kept

he rode away, "Goin' to pay attention somewhars? You look so slick." "Naw," Dick had drawled back the rain away! O Lord, I did not mean to." He had caught the idea that the drought was a punishment for with a good natured chuckle; "I'm just off to see that blue-eyed Britisher, him, and that the cattle knew and reand cheer him up a bit. I seen him proached him with it. Dick nursed him as carefully as he yesterday in Azure, looking a bit down

knew how for the next two days. It in the mouth. Guess he's homesick was impossible to leave him long again; and, somehow, when I seen him, I thought of the fever, and I enough to go the fifty miles into Azure ain't felt comfortable sence. So I'm for a physician. ridin' down to his place just to ease

The third day the sun rose clear and hot again; no sign of rain in the sky, or of the fever abating. But towards afternoon Huntingford fell into a doze and woke to recognize Dick, whose heart rose a degree, though he hardly dared to hope. One never does with "the fever." The first question he asked was, "Has it rained ?" and when Dick shook his head, burst into a fit of weeping, far too weak to control himself. "It's those poor cattle, Dick. I rode through a herd the other day, too weak for want of food and water to be afraid of me, and their eyes-oh God! their eyes! If you would only make it rain," he added, half to himself, as he turned his face to the wall.

Dick turned with a jerk to look out of the window; the lump in his throat was growing too large to be swallowed, but he intended to master it.

Through the window he saw the prairies, all brown but for the patches of gaudy orange, which looked thirstier than the brown, and had a greedy look as well. The sun was so hot that the atmosphere was reeling, and swayed to and fro with such a rythmical motion that it seemed to the cowboy's tired fancy to be dancing a devil's dance. When he looked towards the south he saw a pool of blue water, and cattle in it knee-deep.

He knew it was only a mirage. He turned at a little sound from the cot. Huntingford was sitting up, leaning on one elbow, and listening. Dick saw that the fever had re-

turned, and gave up the fight. As he looked at him "the parson' turned to him with a radiant smile. 'That's rain, old fellow. Hear it?" he said. "And the frogs, too, trilling until they are hoarse. The wetter the better, the wetter the better-that's what they say." His cheeks were flaming, and his eyes bright. He sat istening for a few moments, breathing heavily in the hot, dry atmosphere. Dick turned to the window again. He could not stand the sight of Huntingford ; even the devil's dance of the was better. Presently Huntingford began in a low voice : There it is, just the same old gray church, as though I hadn't been away a day. Come along, old Dick, they are at the processional, and as sure as I'm alive they're singing my hymn." His voice rose with excitement. "For all the saints who from their labor in competive examinations. In pracrest" was one of the first hymns he had taught "the boys."

The Corean Uprising. The Meaning of the Trouble in the Little Pen insula Which Involves Three Nations

The American people may not be deeply interested in the ordinary internal troubles of Corea. The present grave disturbance, however, threatens to reopen the question of the far East on Corean soil. We are likely to hear much about Corea in the next few months, and it may be worth while to shed a passing light upon the scene and the actors engaged in the drama.

It is not very difficult to get at the gist of the trouble, though the cable and mails have given little information on the subject. The same general causes and complications, however, have produced all the uprisings in Corea withing the past fifteen years. The only difference is that the present insurrection is likely to result in far-reaching

consequences of world-wide interest. There are some elements in the situation that look like the plot in an opera bouffe, and if Corea were not a land of surprising anomalies most people would rub thrir eyes when they read of some recent doings. There has been an uprising of the peasantry of Corea, a most patient and long-suffering people, often cut to the quick by the onerous exactions of the ruling classes, and exploding occasionally, when they cannot stand the pressure any longer. As us ual, they have worsted the government troops in several engagements, and this is not surprising, for Corean soldiers do not shine in the military art. As usual, too, the King, who likes to pose as an independent ruler, and who makes treaties with foreign nations in which there is not the slightest intimation that he is really a vassal of China, sends, post-haste, as he has done several times before, to Li Hung Chang, the great viceroy, imploring him to send Chinese troops to his relief. Almost simultaneously Japan, who has large interests in the country, though she has not as much to do with the country as we have had through the American advisers of the King, lands about 10,000 soldiers in Corea, practically takes possession of Seoul, the capital, and its seaport Chemulpo, badly scaring the King and disturbing the composure of Russia and China, who make haste to tell Japan that she had better mind her own business and, at any rate, she must keep her hands off of Corea. We may briefly des-

cribe the primal causes of all this turmoil and then the relations to it of the various parties who are taking a hand.

This mountain peninsula, jutting out into the sea until it almost overshadows Japan, occupies strategically a most pregnant and important position, and this is one reason why Russia has a consuming desire to get hold of it. Its 80,000 square miles support about 8,000,-000 people who are closely allied to the Chinese in blood, language laws and religion. The soil is fertile, though only a small part of it has been turned to account. The mineral resources are large, but still lie almost untouched in the river valleys and on the mountain sides. The people outside the governing class, are wretchedly poor and the whole country is a conspicuous object lesson, proving that a naturally rich land may be kept almost a howling wilderness by and Russia, with only Vladivostock, evil and corrupt government. The ice bound half the year, looks with great burden under which the country staggers is that it is taxed to death longing eyes at the splendid harbors of Gensan and Fou-san, where her warto support a vicious official Gensan and Fou-san, where her war-ships might ride safely at anchor in the most function of pure cas-tile soap reduced to powder, and a class. most furious gales, with no danger of In theory the officers are the meed of those who have won literary distinction being held captive by an ice blockade. For years Russian officers and agents have been pushing their surveys far and tice the examinations are a farce, and wide in Corean territory, and the only the officers go to those who pay most for them. There are officials without decent man we have of the country number, from the King's councilors to emanates from Russian sources. They the governors of provinces and the maghave never lost an opportunity to cultinates of the villages and hamlets, and vate the friendliest relations with their their chief business in life is to wring rather unsocial neighbors on the south from commen people all the taxes they can pay. A large part of this money clings to their own fingers, as the reward of offices that are purchased, and though the country groans under taxation, the government is notoriously im- years ago China obtained from the Ruspecunious. This genteel office-holding class, while agreeing that the common people must support them without work, are divided into the fiercest of factions on some other questions. There happen to be more genteel people than there are offices, and the party of the outs have for a long time been led by the father of the King, the country as regent during the minority of his son and was guilty of all sorts of atrocities. His persecution of the Christians and of all foreigners at last brought the warships into Corean har-bors and resulted in the treaties that opened Corean ports to commerce. Discontented politicians of the ex-reit, gent's party stirred up the recent insurrection. Hating all foreigners and particularly the Japanese, who are the predominating foreign element, the secret agitators employed the double shibboleth of 'Down with the tax-gathers who oppress the people," and "Turn out the foreigners, who make all the money, while we remain poor." The Corean peasant, through long suffering is quick tempered and is apt to explode at short notice when adroit politicians inflame his mind with the contemplation of his wrongs. This has occurred three times One day last week she drove to the within the past fifteen years. This time the uprising occurred in the region around the capital itself, and of course most of the interests of the foreign element and the government of the King were directly menaced. Then came the King's appeal to China for troops and Japan's uninvited occupany of the capficient force to make her master of the

attempt to revolutionize the traditional state of things in Corea that may very easily give rise to complications of a formidable kind. Japan has come forward with entirely

new demands. She says she is tired of sending armies into Corea for the purpose of protecting her large interests there. What are her interests? Her people engaged there in trade far outnumber all the other foreigners put together. They have absorbed nearly the entire export trade of the country. They control the Mint, though it does not appear that they have done much to improve Corea's circulating medium. They have established a banking business at the capital and the amiable King in a large borrower. Very likely he has forgotten the time when he and his government were free from financial obligations to Japanese moneylenders. With all their active and prominent participation in the business of the country, the Japanese are most unpopular. They treat the Coreans as their inferiors and are cordially hated for their supercilious and arrogant air. But it cannot be denied that though China collects the customs, is recognized by King Li Hsi as his suzerain, receives the tribute that annually wends its way from Seoul to Pekin, maintains a resident at the capital whose word is practically law, and always responds with soldiers to Corea's appeals for aid, Japan has valid and important interests in the country and nobody can blame her for trying to safeguard them.

Japan demanded that China join her in imposing fiscal reform upon the country and the correction of political abuses so as to do away with the period-ical insurrections that completely upset again. I shan't kill him because I the land and inflict great annoyance and damage upon all foreigners engaged there. This seems to be a progressive and laudable idea, but conservative and suspicious China has declined the proposal with thanks. Her answer was that it was her traditional policy not to interfere forcibly in the internal affairs of a vassal State. Thereupon Japan replied that if China would not help her reform the country she would undertake the task herself. It is this new phase of Corean affairs that may lead to ugly complications and make the Pa- bodice fronts; in sleeve puffs and in cific border of Asia an object of interest trimmings for evening dresses-these for awhile, to all the nations.

tional disturbance as a pretext for oc-cupying Corea. Next to India, Russia with a soft scarf of white mousseline, in her Asiatic domain. It would give side it was bunched in fuller tolds, tion on the Pacific which her ice bound plumaged bird, and at the back the ends are already living in her Amur province breezes began to blow and her hair of Ussuri, and Russia finds them a hard- would get ruffled in the winds, she make the province a field of fruitfulness. ward and knot them in a charming bow There are a number of the finest harbors beneath her dimpled decided chin. in the world along the Corean coasts.

For and About Women

Here lies a poor woman who was always tired, For she lived in a house where help was not

hired. Her very last words were : "My friends, I am going To a place where there's nothing of washing

or sewing. Oh, everything there will be just to my

wishes; For where they don't eat, there's no washing of dishes ! The courts with sweet anthems are constantly

ringing; But having no voice I shall get clear of sing-

ing." She folded her hands with her latest endeavor

And whispered: "Oh, nothing, sweet nothin forever. There are now three women physi-

cians on the sanitary corps of the New York board of health-Drs. Alice Mitchell, Helen Knight and Frances G. Deane. They are under the same rules and are required to do the same amount of hard work as their masculine associates.

The very latest word--in fashions, there never was a last one--is simplic-ity. Simplicity of skirt at any rate. It is admissible to beruffle and bewitch light and cheap materials, but things of worth must be displayed in masses nearly unbroken. In bodies the wildest extravagance of cut and color are permissible. This severity of cut in the skirt tends to encourage brocades, sprigged and striped goods which show a pattern in the material. But one doesn't hear so much about moire.

"I want to say," said a woman of spirit plus sense, "that the very next person who shakes hands with me after the new style of handshake will never really want to, but just because I have to. Constant dropping may not really wear away stone, but constant trial of our nerves will wear away reason. shall go mad just as surely as you stand there the next time an idiot palms off society's latest wrinkle upon me

It is surprising to how great an extent both tulle and net are being used as trimming, and mousseline de soie is even more popular. In scarfs and rosettes for hats; in puffy, gathered materials come universally into play. The tulle is very perishable, but the At this point Russia has made a few mousseline and net repay one for their marks. She has warned Japan that she using, so dainty and fresh do they look will not be permitted to acquire terri-torial rights in Corea. There is no of the summer hats is a deep doubt that China and Japan would long fashionable maize color, of that rough ago have been at odds over Corea if it straw that is yet so frail looking that had not been for their mutual fear that you can crush it with your fingers. A Russia would seize upon any interna- tiny shape, slanting up to a modest point would like to include this fine peninsula knotted closely at intervals. At the left her the strategical and commercial posi- among which nestled a graceful, whitenorthern coast does not afford. The of the scarf fell down. My lady would Coreans, in very considerable numbers, wear this at eventide, and when the working people, who are helping to would draw the ends of her scarf for-

Oatmeal bags used in the bath give a

Take five pounds of oatmeal,

velvety softness and whiteness to the

pound of powered Italian orris root.

Cut a yard of thin cheese cloth into

bags about four inches square, sewing

them on the machine, and taking care

not to leave any untied threads, where

a break may let the contents ooze out.

Mix the soap, oatmeal and orris root thoroughly and fill the bags loosely.

Sew up the opening in each, and lay

them away to use as required. They

are used as a sponge, dipped in warm

water, making a thick, velvety lather

and wonderfully softening the skin,

while the orris imparts a lasting fra-

The recent manificent gift of Miss

The reign of white petticoats pre-

The prettiest kind of a sun hat for a

round-faced girl of the dimpled variety

is a big white leghorn, with the wide

brim left to droop as it will. A twist

of soft white mull or wash blond tied

loosely around the low crown, and fast-

ened with a big fluffy rosette in front, or

at the side, makes all the trimming

necessary, with wide strings of the same,

but a maiden who wishes to be especial-

Mary Garrett to the Medical School at

skin.

grance.

mired his grit in trying to live down his homesickness, and not giving way. At first they had pooh-poohed his notion of "Sarvice reg'lar on Sunday," which had been propounded modestly to Dick, always his staunchest admir-

"The boys" looked half solemn

when Dick mentioned "the fever."

'Guess you're scared," one of them

"Hope the parson's all right,

Huntingford had been twelve

months in his shanty on the prairies.

His youth, clear blue eyes, and a cer-

tain open-heartedness had won their

way among the cow-boys. They ad-

er. Dick had gone the first Sunday, taking back to the others glowing accounts. He loved music, and was considered quite an expert in camp, where he sang lovelorn ballads in

bass voice like a young bull's, and he found Huntingford sang like an angel. 'The sarvice' had consisted of morning prayer, and as many hymns as they chose, after which there had been dinner for Dick and himself and the two hounds. Such was the fame Huntingford won through Dick that the following Sunday eight horsemen appeared to hear "the parson" sing. They looked rather like sheepish ban-

dits when, after dismounting and tying their horses in the shade, Dick marshalled them up to shake hands with his friend. "Guess I 'ain't shook hands for the Lord knows how long,' one of them mumbled. There were

only two chairs in the shanty, but by pulling a trunk and a kerosene box into the front room every one was provided with a seat. "The boys" fidgeted, they felt self-conscious and out of place, and broke into nervous giggles when Dick presented them with two hymnals, and told them to be "dquick and find the number." But Huntingford's easy unconsciousness

made them feel less shy presently.

He was doing as well as possible what are what they would like; but their he had done every Sunday of his life at monotony drives some people mad. home. As he sang, one by one of the Huntingford eat gazing about him with a blank, miserable look. He men stopped gazing about the shanty and pinned their eyes on him. Dick had been two days riding fifty miles was "doing himselt proud," roaring out from Azure to his rancho, through out the hymn at the top of his powerarid parched land, always the same ful voice, but above it, beyond it, leadrolling country for miles on every side, ing it by the force of clear sweetness, passing herds of lean, half-starved catrose Huntingford's, and "soared away tle, who gazed at him listlessly with to realms unknown," but with so much their large, pathetic eyes, too weak magnetism in it that he drew his list from want of food and water to be wild eners with him until they forgot that and past many a dead animal, which they were sitting on wooden boxes in had perished from thirst and starvaa prairie shanty. "The fever" was in his blood. tion. At the end of the first verse Dick although he was unconscious of it, and was requested sotto voce, "to shut up, this, added the original throes of homeand let's hear the little parson alone' sickness, which he had fought for the - he "shut up" willingly. Huntingpast year, and the sight of the poor ford was his "claim," and he wanted starved cattle, had used him up. He sat on his door-step facing the sunset, to prove it a good one. So "the parson" began the second verse alone, his three hens and a lordly rooster clucking contentedly at his feet as they and sang half-way through it; then he grubbed for their evening meal. He stopped, looked at Dick amiably but firmly, and said, "You aren't singing. heard the bark of a coyote, and saw You'd better all sing." he added ; "it's good for your lungs." He began the it, a brown speck in the distance, as it ran across the country and was out verse over again, and one by one the men joined in, shyly at first, but tolined against the red in the sky. His thoughts travelled in a circle, wards the end with a volume of sound from the lean emaciated cattle and bewildering to any one more conscious brown prairies to the rich spring landthan "the parson-" scape of his father's park in the south So "sarvice at the parson's" became of England, then back to the cattle and prairies again. This was April. a regular institution, and the boys At home the frogs would be trilling learnt hymns in plenty, and to roar out the "tug of war" till it rolled away and cachunking themselves hoarse. over the prairies, amazing the rabbits He could see them as they plunged sidewise into the ponds-the fat green and coyotes. Once a clergyman, hearing of Huntingford's "meetings," had creatures, making great silver wakes in the still water, only to come up on spent Sunday with him, but "the the other side in the sun. He could boys" heard of it, and fought shy, onalmost smell the spongy turf, and all ly Dick turning up at the appointed the young green things pushing up through the soft earth, and the pinktime, in rather a surly frame of mind, to the amusement of both "the parson" and his guest, who counted the visit a green tips to the hawthorn and oaks. holiday in his hard-worked life. The He drew in a long breath of pleasure, Sunday following they all came again, started with a jerk and looked behind him. His hound, standing on the step rather sheepish, when Huntingford behind him, had stuck his cold wet chaffed them on their non-attendance. Dick rode up to the back of the nose against his cheek. Huntingford shanty, where the shed was, hallooed, put his arm around the dog's neck, while his heavy eyes wandered off but got no response. His heart sank a little, but he dismounted, tied his again to the brown, the monotonous horse out of the blinding sun, patted "the parson's" hound, who met him brown roll of the prairies ; not a tree, not a hill, to break the view of the horizon; only the burnt land everywith friendly wags of his tail, and where; and the cattle ! wherever he went around to the door, followed by the dog, who watched him curiously looked he saw their pitiful eyes; and as he bent over his master, and, pickhe, too, was starving for a sight of water and something green. As he ing him up, carried him into the shanty and put him to bed. Where Huntingthought his yellow head went down on ford had dropped the night before he the hound's back, and he choked back had lain ever since, for nothing rouses a great sob that rose in his turoat. a man the first day of "the fever." The fever was getting a firmer hold on him. After a moment he raised Dick knew from much experience with his head again. The glow in the west fever patients that the exposure was the worst thing that could have hapwas subsiding into silvery robin's egg blue, and just where the last reflection pened. "Guess it ain't much use, but of pink lingered, the evening star I'll try fur it," he said to himself, as shone out with almost a bold vigor. he hunted up Huntingford's brandy. There was not a cloud in the sky. and poured it raw down the boy's throat. It was of no use, and he lay Everlasting blue above-and miles and unconscious until evening, when the miles of brown below ! As Huntingford gazed blankly ahead fever set in. He opened his eyes and of him the land seemed suddenly to began to talk in a high unnatural voice, and to toss about restlessly, his rise towards him-he swayed, lost his balance, and fell, face downwards, on cheeks flaming and his eyes brilliant. the ground by his door-step, frighten-Of course he did not recognize the cow. ing the hens, who broke the silence by puncher. loud hysterical squawks of terror as they fled. His hound watched him fall, then ill with "the fever"; and although he azine.

When there was no response given he sat down upon his haunches, and raising his pointed nose to the sky, gave

one long, mournful howl. At noon the following day Cowpuncher Dick hove in sight. He was whistling right merrily, and made a fine appearance in his loose gray

my mind.'

though."

said, encouragingly.

"Come on, let's help them." he cried, and broke in on the fifth verse : 'And when the strife is fierce the warfare long,

Steals on the ear the distant triumph song, And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong, Alleluia! Alleluia!"

His voice rose high and clear, stronger than Dick had ever heard it before. He turned to look at him, then walked over to a group of amateurish water-colors tacked to the wall and looked at one of an old church covered with ivy. Huntingford paused in his singing, then went on with the sixth verse.

The devils in the atmosphere were diminishing, and red and purple beginning to show in the west. A little breeze had sprung up, and came in the shanty windows refreshingly. Max an unamiable old gentleman, who ruled whined at the door, attracted by his master's voice, and was let in, when he sat down by the bed and watched Huntingford with a great desire to understand in his faithful dog eyes.

When "the parson's voice rang out in the last

Alleluia! Alleluia!"

Max howled in sympathy, but was comforted when his master put his hand on his head and said, "Poor old dog," smiling at him.

The silence of the room grew intense. Dick felt it, and turned towards the bed wearily, prepared for what he saw. Huntingford had dropped back on his pillow, and was dead. "The fever" takes its patients that

way.

The next day Dick rode back to camp. It was sundown when he got there, and "the boys" were gathered around a big wood fire watching the cook get supper, their figures silhouetted against the flames. They shouted to him to know if it was he, and got but a gruff response. Some one asked, "How's the parson ?" and they waited patiently for an answer, while Dick dropped off his horse, unsaddled her ital and the port of Chemulpo with sufand as he strode off towards his tent said, savagely, "Dead, of that thar fever !'

There was absolute silence for a few moments, and no one moved.

Then one of the men rose and went for a pail of water for Dick's horse, whistling as he went in a reminiscing way the All-Saints' day hymn, which the night wind carried back to the men in the firelight. and on towards the fading red in the west.

The cook's great stirring spoon, suspended over the kettle for the past few moments, dropped into it, and the broth within was sent spinning round Dick had once seen a physician rub and round. Then the life of the camp and though Japan pretends to ignore alcohol on a patient's and wrists when went on. - Harper's Monthly Mag- this relationship she knows well enough that it exists. It is her presnt lumber.

situation at the heart of Corea. She did the same thing in 1882 and in 1884, and exacted the most complete reparation for injuries inflicted upon her subjects and their property in Corea. For centuries she has repeatedly invad-ed the peninsula. The only excuse that

she can give for such proceedings is that her people have large financial interests in the country. To be sure, Japan claimed, centuries ago, that Corea was her vassal, but she has done nothing for ages to make the claim valid and back. hundreds of years Corea has actually been one of the vassal states of China,

and have cordially invited them to move over the border and live in the Russian villages, an invitation which not a few Coreans have accepted. We do not lose sight of the fact that eight

sian Government a distinct official pledge that she would not occupy Corea. China and Japan, however, are not de-John Hopkins, by the terms of the enceived as to the value of such an engage dowment, opens wide to womankind the ment, and their fear that Russia would doors of this particular part of the uniimprove the first opportunity to seize versity. Port Lazareff and Fou-san had the effect until now to moderate their ardor over Corean questions, so that no possible exdicted for several months approaches cuse for over action might be supplied slowly. The lifted dress skirt still to the Czar's government.

shows the dainty silk and lace trimmed Russia, at least, does not propose to petticoats in a more bewildering variety see Corea recede further from her grasp than ever. For wear under white and by letting Japan acquire territorial delicately tinted lawns, mousseline de ights. It is not at all unlikely that soies and other gauzy materials nothing China and Japan will, after all, settle is so satisfactory as silk, imparting a their trouble without going to war over finish and effect that is impalable, yet for they know very well missed without it, and except under that while they were quarreling Russia gingham gowns of the plainest variety would probably try to run off with the the muslin or cambric petticoats has no bone of contention. In that case the sphere. Chinese resident at Seoul will doubtless continue to be the real master at the

Court of Corea.

Almost Incredible.

The Hams Were so Good that the Lady Bought the Whole Lot.

Mrs. Bill Plumbbottle is one of the wealthiest ladies in Dallas, but she hasen't got a particle of sense, although she graduated at a fashionable seminary store door of a prominent grocer. He came out bowing and asked what he could do for her.

"Have you any more hams like that ne I got last week ?" she asked. "Yes, Mrs. Plumbbottle, we have six

more just like them." "If they are not the same kind I

don't want 'em." "Why, madam, I assure you they are all from the same animal," said the grocer taking advantage of her ignorance. "Well, if the whole six are from the

same hog you may send them to my house," responded Mrs. Plumbbottle.

A Case.

Clara-"Did you ever see a case of suspended animation, doctor?" Doctor---"Oh, yes; It was a young

keep a June bug from getting down her -A gigantic fir tree felled near Whatcomb, in the State of Washington, recently, contained 20,000 feet of

ly fascinating will stick a few drooping blossoms through the twist at one of both sides, or all around, and tie a bud in the string just where it will be under her chin. A gown made of white mull, made with a full-gathered skirt, and a waist gathered to a round yoke, outlined with a ruffle needs only a sash of

blue silk to transform the wearer into a veritable picture of innocence. With such a gown, white Oxford ties are a necessity, and the whole outfit may cost \$5, or \$500, as the wearer chooses.

> In dress Mrs. Cleveland still adheres to gray as her favorite color, and even her home is gray and called Gray Gables.

Hats are not in favor with the fashionable small girl. She scorns them. Only sun bonnets find favor in her eyes. lady in a hammock, who was trying to She wears one in the morning, at noon, and on full dress occasions as well. With her morning gowns the sun bonnet is of gingham or dimity, with a very much frilled poke. Sometimes she owns one to match every morning frock. They are inexpensive and shade well the baby face.