

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., May 3, 1895.

THE UNIVERSAL ROUTE.

As we journey along, with a laugh and a song,
We see, on youth's flower-decked slope,
Like a beacon of light, shining fair on the
sight.
The beautiful Station of Hope.

But the wheels of old Time roll along as we
chime,
And our youth speeds away on the years;
And with hearts that are numb with life's sor-
rows we come
To the mist-covered Station of Tears.

Still onward we pass, where the milestones,
alas!
Are the tombs of our dead, to the West,
Where glitters and gleams in the dying sun-
beams,
The sweet, silent Station of Rest.

All rest is but change, and no grave can
escape
The soul from its Parent above;
And, soaring the rod, it soars back to its
God.
To the limitless City of Love.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE GOOD UN.

An air of gloom prevailed the store.
Outside the rain came pattering down.
It ran in torrents off the porch roof,
and across the entrance made a for-
midable moat, which had been tem-
porarily bridged by an old box. It
grated on the limbs of the leafless tree
and poured in steady little streams up-
on the backs of the three forlorn horses
that, shivering under waterlogged
blankets, stood patiently, with hang-
ing heads, at the long hitching rail.
Within everything was dry, to be sure,
but the firewood, which would not
burn, so the big stove sent forth no
cheerful rays of heat and light. Out
from its heart came the sound of sizzle
and splutter as some isolated flame at-
tacked a piece of water soaked hick-
ory. It seemed to have conveyed its ill
humor to the little group around it.

The tinsmith arose from the nail keg
upon which he had been seated, walk-
ed disconsolately to the door and gazed
out through the begrimmed glass at
the dreary village street. He stood there
a moment and then lounged back to
the group about the stove, and as he
rubbed his hands on the pipe in a vain
effort to absorb a little heat he grum-
bled:

"This here rain's upset all my cal-
culations. I was goin' ter bile ter-
morrer, but you uns don't ketch me
makin' cider on such a day as this.
Me weemen say'd that they'd hev th'
schnitz done up yesterday, an we could
start th' kittle airy in th' mornin'.
Now, all this time is lost.

The lad departed. The chronic loaf-
er leaned back on two legs of his chair
and said, "Speakin' of apple butter bilin
remins me of a good un I hed on me
misseus las' week."

"Et alliser remins me," interposed
the tinsmith, "thet I met Abe Scissors
up ter preachin last Sunday, an he was
wond'rin when you was goin' ter return
his copper kittle."

"Abe Scissors needn't git worrit
'bout his kittle. I've a good un on him
as well as on th' missus. His cop-
per..."

The farmer who was almost hidden
from view by the stove, at this juncture
leaned forward in his chair and in-
terrupted: "But Abe Scissors ain't
got no kittle. That there—"

"Let him tell his good one," cried
the teacher. "He's been tryin' it
every night this week. Let's get done
with it."

"Th' missus made up her min she'd
bile apple butter this year despite all
me objections, and two weeks ago this
comin a Saturday she done et. They
ain't no trees on our lot, so I got John
Longnecker ter give me six bushel of
pippins and York Imperials mixed on
condition I helped with his thrashin
next month. I gave Hiram Thompson
thet red shote I've been fatterin'
fer a bawrl of cider. She'd call'ated
ter put ud 'bout 14 gallon of butter. I
said it was all foolishness, fer I could
buy et a heap sifter cheaper an was
gittin' tired of Pennsylvania salve any-
way. Fer all year round, sulicks is
'bout th' best thing ter go with bread.

"Mentionin' sulicks," interrupted the
storekeeper, "remins me thet yester-
day I got in a bawrl of th' very finest.
Et's none of your common cookin
m'lasses, but was made special for
table use."

"I'll bring a tin down an hev et fill-
ed," continued the loafer, "fer ther's
nothin better'n plain bread an sulicks.
But she don't see things my way allus,
an there was nothin but fer me ter
borry th' storekeeper's horse an wagon
and drive over ter Abe Scissors' an git
th' loan of his copper kittle an stirrer."

"But Abe Scissors ain't got no cop-
per kittle," cried the farmer vehemently.

"He say'd et was his copper kittle,"
the chronic loafer replied, "an I didn't
ast no questions. He 'lowed I could
hev et just as long as I didn't burn et,
fer he claim'd he gave \$25 fer et at a
sale las' spring. Hevin made sa'sfac-
try frangements fer th' apples, cider,
kittle an stirrer, they was nothin left
ter do but bile. Two weeks ago ter-
morrer we done it. Missus invited sev-
eral of her weemen friends in th' day
before ter help schnitz, and I tell yer
what with talkin' 'bout how many ap-
ples was needed with so much, an how
much sugar an cin'mon order be used
fer so many corks of butter, them
folks had a great time. When they
finished ther cuttin an parin, they was
a washub and a half full of th' finest
schnitz you us ever seen."

"Borryed my washub still," ex-
claimed the shoemaker.

"Next mornin we was up at 6 o'clock,
an hed th' fire goin in th' back yard,
an th' kittle rigged over et, an hed be-
gin ter bile down ther bawrl of cider.
Bilin down ain't bad, ter they ain't
nothin ter do. Et's when yer begins
puttin in th' schnitz, an hes ter stir,
ketches you.

"I didn't 'low I'd stir. Missus, when
the cider was all bil'd down ter a kittle-
ful, say'd I'd hev ter, but I claim'd
thet I'd worked 'nough gittin th'

things. Besides I'd a 'pointment ter
see Sam Shores, th' stage driver, when
he come through here thet afternoon.
Missus an her weemen friends grum-
bled, but begin dumpin th' schnitz
out, with th' bilin cider an ter do their own
stirrin. I come over here an was wait-
in fer Shores ter come. After an hour
I coniced I'd run over ter th' house
and get a drink of cider. I went in th'
back way, and there I seen Ike Lau-
terbach's wife standin alone stirrin.
Missus hed just dumped th' las' of thet
tubful of schnitz inter th' kittle an
was in th' house with th' rest th'
weemen.

"When Missus Lauterbach seen me,
she said pleasantlike: 'I'm so glad
you come. Your wife and th' rest of th'
ladies hes made a batch of cookies.
Now, you jest stir here a minute, an
I'll go git some for you.'"

"I was kinder afraid to take holt on
thet there stirrer, so say'd I'd git right
out, an foolish I tuck the han'le, 'em
meself, but she 'sisted she'd be. Well,
I tell you I regret et th' minute I done
et. I stirred an stirred, an Mrs. Lau-
terbach didn't come. Then I hear th'
weemen laughin in th' house like
they'd die.

"Me wife she puts her head out th'
windy an says, 'Jest keep on stirrin
ther an don't you dast stop, fer th'
butter'll sick ter th' kittle if you
does.'"

"Down went th' windy. I was jest
thet hoppin mad I'd a notion ter quit
right there an leave th' ole thing burn,
but then I was afraid Abe Scissors
don't like et if I did. I tell you I
don't know any work as mean as th'
kittle burns. If you ever done et,
you'll know et ain't no man's work."

"Th' weemen allus does et with us,"
said the tinsmith in a superior tone.

"I call'ated they was ter do et with
us," the Chronic Loafer continued,
"but I mistook. I stirred an stirred,
th' fire got hotter an hotter an
hotter, an as et got warmer th'
han'le of th' stirrer seemed ter git
shorter, an me face begin to blister. I
kep' et up fer an hour an a half, tell
me legs was near givin' way under me,
me fingers was stiff an achin, me arms
felt like they'd drop off from pushin
an twistin thet long stick about th' pot.
Th' apples was all dissolved, but th'
butter was thin yet, an I knowed et
meant about three hours before we
could take th' kittle off th' fire.

"Then I yelled fer help. One of th'
weemen come out, an I was jest mad
me I swore, but she laughed an
poked some more wood in th' fire an
say'd I didn't push th' stick livelier
th' kittle'd burn. Th' fire blazed up
hotter an hotter, an et seemed me
clothes'd began ter smoke et any
minute. Me arms an legs was achin more
an more, an me back was almost
broke from me tryin ter lean away
from th' heat. Me neck was 'most
twisted off be me 'templin ter keep th'
blaze from blindin me. Et come 4
o'clock, an I yelled fer help ag'in. Th'
missus stuck her head out th' windy
an call'd, 'Don't you let thet kittle
burn!'"

"I was 'most despr'it, but I kep'
stirrin an stirrin. I don't
know how I done et, fer et seemed I'd
hev ter stop et any minute. Et come
sundown an begin ter git darker an
darker, an th' butter was gettin thick-
er, but I knowed be th' feel that they
was a couple of hours yet. I began to
think of lettin th' old thing drop an
Abe Scissors' kittle burn, fer I held
he didn't hev no business ter len me his
copper pot when he knowed well
enough et 'ud spoil et I ever quit
stirrin. Once I was fer lettin her go an
shepp over here ter th' store, fer I
heird sev'ral of th' fellers drive up an
hitch an th' door bang shet. But
when I tried ter drop th' stirrer I just
couldn't. Me fingers seemed ter think
et wasn't right an held ter thet ole
pole, an me arms kep' pushin though
every motion gave me an ache. I jest
didn't dast, but kep' stirrin an stirrin
and thinkin an wond'rin who was over
here an what was doin. An as I kep'
on pushin thet pole an thinkin an
thinkin, I clear forgot myself an all
about th' apple butter.

"I come to with a jump, fer some
un hed me be th' beard. When I
looked up, I seen th' missus an her
weemen friends standin around me
gestickelatin an talkin. Th' missus
was wavin what was left of th' stirrer.
Et was jest 'bout half as long as when
I begin with et, fer thet crosspiece that
runs down inter th' butter an th' big-
gest part th' han'el was burned off.
Seems I'd got th' ole thing clean out
of th' kittle an hed been stirrin et
'round th' fire."

"Reflex action," exclaimed the
school teacher.

"Th' butter was fairly smokin, an
th' kittle—well, say, if thet there
wasn't jest as black on th' inside as et
et was iron 'stead of copper. An
wasn't them weemen mad! Maybe et
was reflect actin they done, as th'
teacher say'd, but whether et was et
skereed me considerable, they kerried
on so. But finally I seen how funny
et was, how th' joke was on th' missus
who'd lost all her apple butter, 'stead
of on me, an how I'd got square with
Abe Scissors fer lendin me his old cop-
per kittle, when he knowed et 'ud
burn if I ever stopp'd stirrin. An I
jest laughed."

The chronic loafer leaned back in
his chair and chuckled loudly. The
farmer arose and walked around the
stove.

"What fer a kittle was thet?" he
asked in a low pleasant tone. "Was
thet a big S stamped on th' inside, up
next th' rim?"

"Thet's th' one, he, he!" cried the
loafer with great hilarity. "S fer
Scissors an!"

"S stands for Soda too. My name's
Soda, an I lent thet kittle ter Abe
Scissors three weeks ago," yelled the
farmer.

The loafer gathered himself togeth-
er and arose from the muddy pool at
the foot of the store steps. He gazed
reftfully for a moment at the closed
door and seemed undecided whether
or not to return from whence he had
been so unceremoniously ejected. Then

the sound of much laughing came to
his ears, and he exclaimed, half-aloud:
"Well! If thet ain't a good un!"
And he ambled off home to the mis-
sus.—New York Sun.

The Fighting Schoolmaster.

He Might Have Saved Himself Trouble by Naming Himself.

"It was not my privilege to be a pupil
of the famous Chris Page, the fighting
school master," said a State of Maine
man, "but I saw him display his qual-
ities under circumstances that caused me
to remember him gratefully. It hap-
pened several years after the war that
my business took me into Northern
Maine, and I was stopping for the night
at a country hotel situated on a leading
route to the lumber woods. It was in
the autumn, and after supper I sat down
in the office to enjoy the blazing open
fire. The prohibition law seemed not
to have reached that remote district, for
there was a bar in full operation in a
side room. A half dozen rough men,
who appeared to be lumbermen on their
way into the woods, were in the office,
and their frequent visits to the bar had
made them boisterous. They had con-
siderable horseplay among themselves,
but, for the most part, were civil enough
to the other guests of the house. There
was one exception, a big, muscular fel-
low wearing a red shirt, who was out
for trouble and meant to be bad. Seat-
ed quietly in a corner was a tall, lanky
man, dressed in ministerial black, with
a quizzical, smooth-shaven face, who oc-
casionally exchanged a remark with the
landlord.

"A dapper little drummer traveling
for a Boston house arrived late with his
wife, and after supper the two went into
the parlor, which opened upon the office,
to wait while the landlord got their
room ready for them. The red-shirted
man was talking profanely and so loud
that his voice reached the parlor, and
the husband closed the door between
them. Immediately the big fellow
kicked the door open and threatened to
mishandle the small drummer if he ven-
tured to close it again. At this point I
noticed that the tall man in the chim-
ney corner was looking glum, but he
said nothing. As soon as possible the
little drummer got his wife out of the
room into the hallway, and they were
passing up stairs, when the big fellow,
catching sight of them, made a remark
insulting to both and started toward the
husband. He had made but a step
when up got the tall man.

"Stop there, my friend!" he said in
a tone drawing, but full of business.
"Don't go any further or say another
word in thet lady's hearing."

"The big fellow turned in astonish-
ment, then doubled his fists and ground
his teeth.

"Who in hell are you?" he asked.
"Do you want anythin of me?"

"He took a step toward the tall man,
and in an instant he caught a straight
hand in his neck that sent him down
to the floor. But he was hard, and
meant fight. He got upon his feet and
made rush for his antagonist, and for a
few minutes there was a fight so lively
and so close that the two men seemed to
fill the office. I climbed upon the wood box
and the other spectators got behind the
counter or dodged about. But it was
soon evident that the man in the red
shirt was getting all the punishment.
As the two fought rough and tumble
the tall man was so lithe and clever
that his heavier opponent could not land
a blow on him or force him to a clinch,
but was hammered all over the room.
Some attempts were made to separate
them, but one peace-maker on the jaw
from the tall man's elbow, and the land-
lord's crying peace, was sent smash
through the door into his own parlor,
and brought up on the floor in the mid-
dle of the room, where he sat still and
waited.

"The fight ended by Red Shirt get-
ting jammed in a corner, where he held
his head down and devoted all his ef-
forts to saving his face. The tall man
hit him two or three times where he
pleased, and then asked:

"Do you think you'll insult the
next lady and gentleman that happens
to come to a hotel where you are dis-
gracing yourself?"

"There was no answer, and the tall
man gave him a thumping blow in the
face.

"You think you will then?" he said.
Thump, thump, came two more blows.

"I'll be damned if I ever do," roared
the fellow, with a suddenness and sin-
cerity that were funny.

"Those are sentiments I approve,"
said the tall man. "How do you think
you'd like a drink after your exercise?
Come up, all hands, to the bar and
drink with Chris Page to the future
well-doing of a reformed sinner."

"The devil!" muttered the big man,
as he mopped his nose and blinked rue-
fully out of a pair of swollen eyes.

"You licked my brother once. Why
didn't you say who you were in the first
place and save us two all this trouble?"

"Can you tell," he asked, as he
entered an office on Broad street, the
other day, "why the railroad should dis-
criminate so heavily against dress-
ed meat over live stock?"

"Certainly, sir. Dressed meat is
dead, isn't it?"

"Of course."

"Well, anything that can't kick is
always bulldozed by a railroad com-
pany."

The largest county in Ireland
is County Cork. It contains 2,855
square miles, and a population of about
600,000, exclusive of the city of Cork,
which has about 90,000 inhabitants.
This county is supposed to have been
originally settled by Spaniards, and up
to the end of the twelfth century it
formed a kingdom under the Mac-
carthys.

Wickwire—"What a beautiful
whine you have in asking for a dime,
you really ought to have had that voice
castrated."

Dismal Dawson—"Well, I don't
know but I might be willin to have it
cultivated—say under the irrigation sys-
tem."

—Read the WATCHMAN.

Mag and the Country Member.

She Interviews a County Member at Harrisburg—How Lobbying Strikes Him.—His Views on the Pleasant, Well-Dressed Gentleman From the City Who Takes Such an Interest in Him—How He Goes to the Governor to Be Kept Straight—Dining and Wining.

The following interesting letter on
the doings at Harrisburg was published
in the Philadelphia Sunday Times
April 21st.

I have been getting acquainted with
the country member, the one who sticks
to the slouch hat and lives within easy
reach of the capital, but spends two
nights each week in the city. He is
not a barn storer or a hip, hip-hurrah!
boy bent upon a good time only, but
rather a substantial, solid farmer, with
no nonsense in his composition. I had
been watching him for some time and
noticed that he rarely talked on the
floor and offered no bills that did not af-
fect his immediate neighborhood and
did nothing in a public way unless it
had first received the sanction of his
Grange. He had been pointed out to
me as a still-kneed country member
whose hide was as thick as the soles of
his boots; in other words I was told
that he would not "tumble" unless you
hit him with a brick, and then it must
have a value far beyond the brick of
commerce.

I had been told, too, that he was in-
tinctively honest, never drank a drop,
stood high in his church at home, had
the best hard common sense, but the
weakness and disposition of a man
whose organ of acquisitiveness had
assumed abnormal proportions since
his advent into politics. Also, that he
had grown to believe that every-
thing came to the members who went
after it, and that so long as he was
pushing the bill he was a part of his
legislative duty to gather in the
loose change and angle after all that
was going.

This was all interesting, and I con-
cluded to interview the country mem-
ber. A fellow member from Philadel-
phia introduced me, and I started out
by confessing an interest in legislative
proceedings, in the process by which
law was evolved after conception. Of
course I admitted that being a woman
I knew little about such matters; that
the curiosity of my sex in general, took
other shape, and that in any event we
were not fitted by either education or
experience to comprehend the devious
ways and twists and turns by which a
corporation or some favored individual
could have grist brought to his mill
while equally deserving people and in-
stitutions got the chaff or the husks.

This humble confession seemed to
please the country member mightily,
and he was gracious enough to concede
that some men didn't know any more
than women. It had even taken him a
good while to get the hang of things af-
ter he came "on the hill." He 'lowed
it was all of six weeks before he found
himself, but he "had learned a thing or
two since then." This with a smile so
knowing that the necessary encourage-
ment to "go on" was given him. "For
one thing," said he, "I've found out
Harrisburg is a good place to come to
get a mortgage paid off, and that with-
out drawing on one's salary. I never
took nothing myself, but I know a man
who got the butt end of a mortgage
paid off since he came here, and I think
I'm on to the game."

When I confessed that he had the
advantage of me upon this point, he
winked one eye and laughed, but ex-
plained that the trick was learned by
spending less time in one's room be-
tween supper and breakfast, and by
dividing the night into three parts—the
first part in the House, second part at
Russ' with the boys and then one could
sleep the other part away if he
pleased.

Continuing, he said: "Of course, I
had been used to having family worship
at home, retiring early and stirring out
about 5 in the morning, and it was
hard to get broken into new ways. But
I had heard so much about the distribu-
tion of favors I concluded to follow the
lead of my friends, try to see the dis-
tributor and find out how the thing was
managed. I would not like to say any-
one tried to bribe me, but I will say I
met some of the nicest and most gen-
erous men I ever seen before, and they
seemed to take kindly to me and invited
me along down to Russ' for waffles and
chicken and a smoke, and none of them
were members of the Legislature neith-
er, but had just come from their districts.
You see," said he, with all the sincerity
of a man who believed what he said,
and wanted me to believe it, "the
times are very bad this winter and these
gentlemen are men of affairs at home,
but having nothing special to do in the
winter they come down here to enjoy
themselves on the hill and spend a bit
of money with their friends the mem-
bers."

"Well, I ate their waffles and what
they called spring chickens (about last
spring a year ago, I thought) and drank
some of the wine, and as they seemed
so good kind of fellows I voted for
some of their bills relating to city mat-
ters that did not concern my district,
and they gave our Grange votes on the
good roads bill, and a hospital down in
our county got some help from them,
and they lined up right nicely on a few
other things relating to my district."

"What do you think of the Greater
Pittsburg bill?" said I more to keep him
going than for any interest I had.

"Well, it's just this way. So long as
they give us good roads and low taxes
in the township we have no objection to
making Pittsburg any size they want it,
but I never like to fix my mind on these
matters until I look around a little and
see the benefit of them."

"You are a trifle suspicious, then?"

"Well, it's pretty near time to be
when Chris Magee and Bill Flinn get
down to business. You see, Chris is
Quay's floor manager here, and he's a
good one—away above the crowd in
every way except in height. Boies
Pennese and George Handy Smith seem
to pull pretty well with Flinn and
Magee. If you are around here much
just notice that when Penrose and
Smith go for a walk the other two are
not long in following. But I don't
care what they do, only this far: When
the Grange meets they always want to
know what is going on, how we voted,

etc. Sometimes I go up and see Hast-
ings about what I had better do. Then
I feel a bit safer."

"You know the Governor personally,
then?"

"Yes, I know Dan well, I was in to
see him to-day about the oleo bill and
the State expenditures and the new hos-
pital for our country. I want Dan to
close the Treasury on those Philadel-
phia and Pittsburg people or they'll
bankrupt the State sure as shottin'."

"Why I was in Russ' the other night
and I counted twenty-four of them eat-
ing what they called a course dinner,
which seemed to me wrong named, for
it was finer than anything of the kind
we ever had in our county even at an
Infair. You can believe me or not, but
every man had three kinds of wine
alongside his plate, and not a member of
the Legislature among 'em, yet their
whole talk was about their crowdin'
the bills through and pushing them up
on the calendar. They were good feed-
ers, that's sure, and from what I could
see and hear I am just as sure they had
got two or three good pulls at the
Treasury, and they had got nine more
on the sliding board and the board well
greased. They said the State was near-
ly out of debt and it was a mean State
that would not stand a few rakes for the
sake of progress."

"I talked right plain to Dan to day
while I was about it. I told him that
dinner cost more money than it would
take to build a bridge over one of our
creeks, and that we had waded the
stream all summer to save six months'
pushin' Cumberland Valley to save ex-
pendin' the money to build the
bridge and then the Grange kicked on
\$16 for white lead and oil to paint it."

"Did the Governor seem to be in sym-
pathy with your views?"

"Well, you see, Dan hasn't quite got
the hang of things yet and I'm afraid
that before he does there won't be a cop-
per that ain't appropriated. I found
out afterwards that this dinner party
was made up of what they call 'push-
ers,' or promoters—to promote schemes
for trolley lines, new hospital charters,
for borrowing money on city and town
ship bonds and such schemes, and then
pushing the bills up on the calendar
and pushing the country members up to
the front while the thing is hot.

"Dan thinks I'm not broad enough,
but us farmers have to hustle our wheat
to market at 53 cents, and cover our
school houses with clap-boards to keep
out the water, and I think you can un-
derstand how it must rile me up see
these fellows drinking \$5 wine and eat-
ing quail on toast while a farmer from
the next county to me, who is also a
member of this House, crosses the long
bridge twice a day and sleeps and eats
in the Cumberland Valley to save ex-
penses while he's here. I was told last
night in front of the Capitol that I
ought to be thankful for the honor of
being put on the committee of mines and
mining, and for the help I got against
the oleo and the lift in my legislation for
pure food and for the courtesies extend-
ed to me during that trip to see the St.
Paul launched, and that I ought to
stand up for progress and improvements
and big appropriations. But I took no-
tice that on the trip down the Delaware
the colored fellow was always helping
some one else when I wanted to eat or
drink."

"Have you been pretty successful get-
ting your bills through?" I ventured,
by way of giving the country member
another text.

"Well, I got a bill for our hospital
on the calendar, but it never moved,
and after waiting two weeks I looked
at the calendar and it was gone, and
the clerk told me it had been sent back
to the committee, and when I went
there for it I was told it was taken off
for correction of line 26, and I haven't
seen him nor hair of it since, and that's
the way the thing goes here.

"A right good friend of mine told me
I might get it out of committee and I
might not, but the best thing to do was
to see Quay, and he's in Florida.

"I wanted our county lines straight-
ened out and went to the man I thought
could do it and he laughed at me and
said, 'Don't press the matter just now,
but when we get Quay county and
Monongahela county fixed up we will
make a dead square county out of yours
and throw Battle Brush creek over into
the other county.' I knew well that
would never do, so I wrote our Grange
about it, but there had been a death
among 'em and no meeting since, and
that was the last of fourteen bills I put
on the calendar that I can't find. Two
of them, they tell me, passed, but not a
single thing in them that I wanted ex-
cept a south degree line beginnin' at
the ice took away this spring. The
County Commissioners moved the new
bridge to a bend in the creek at eighth
of a mile west, and that settled that. I
told Dan about this and he said it was
one of the unfortunate things that could
not be provided against."

"I declare, I can't get head nor tail of
this thing unless I stay up all night and
get onto the good side of the pushers,
and take supper—they call it dinner
here—and I tell you three of them
would put me in the county home. But
I have told you too much now; first
thing I know some of them newspaper
fellows catch on to a word and put me
in the papers. It only takes about a
word for them to make a column out of
it. Good day, Miss." Meo.

"Tom—"I have seen the girl I
want to marry. I stood behind her at
this window this morning, and it took
her seven minutes to buy a five-cent-
elevator railroad ticket." Kitty—"Did
that make you want to marry her?"

"Tom—"Yes; I figured she could never
spend my income at that rate."

The good word comes from New
Jersey that the basket factories are run-
ning to their full capacity in preparation
for an immense crop of peaches. It is
satisfaction to know that the meat de-
alers cannot in any way control the sup-
ply of fruit.

The road to ambition is too nar-
row for friendship, too crooked for love,
too rugged for honesty, and too dark for
science.

To live above our station shows a
proud heart, and to live under it dis-
covers a narrow soul.

For and About Women.

West Bridgewater, Mass., did itself
credit at the recent election. It made
Mrs. Anna Le Lachuer one of the Over
seers of the Poor, and Miss Elizabeth
Kingman trustee of the Public Library,
and re-elected Mrs. Martha K. Crosby
to the school committee for three years.
It also voted for No License more than
five to one.

The new things of the season, are in
small details of dress. There are really
no radical changes in design making
last year's gowns too old-fashioned for
use. Belted and drooping waists, large
sleeves and full skirts existed then, and
gowns made then by dressmakers who
keep up with the times need not now be
altered, though they may be freshened
by some of the newest accessories—as
the large collar of batiste, of ribbon, or
of scrim, or by simulated pleats of lace
or open embroidery mounted on rib-
bons.

A dainty and original costume just
received from one of New York's
smartest establishments is of a tiny check
silk, dark blue and white in color. The
skirt is untrimmed and very full. Its
bodice crosses surplice-wise in the front,
the folds being held in place by large
rhinestone buttons. The chemise over
which the silk crosses is of the
sheerest white mull with perpendicular
insertions of fine yellow lace, the choker
collar being of the same. The sleeves
hang in huge puffs of silk to the elbow,
below which extends the mull and lace
shirred closely to the arm, and ending
in a deep ruffle falling over the hand.
There is also a broad double sailor collar
made of the mull and lace and likewise
ruffled. This collar meets in the front,
lapel fashion.

Plain skirts have been worn until
everyone is fairly sick of them, and
while they will be the fashion for some
time yet many of the new models show
decided change in having bands, ruffles,
folds and big bows. The plain skirt is
a difficult one to have satisfactory. The
right length is almost impossible to ob-
tain in order to be becoming about the
feet; they have to be long enough to be
almost ungraceful (the skirts, not feet)
whenever with a little ruffle there is the
correct falling easily attained and the
foot is shown to the best advantage. To
fit properly around the bottom of the
skirt a dress should be cut open three
times on the front and side breaths for
about two inches. This will give the
proper spring, and, of course, such slits
are absolutely impossible on a plain
skirt, whereas a ruffle hides them de-
lightfully. The Spanish flounce, but a
very narrow Spanish flounce, will be
the model for many wash gowns. It
will be open in two or three places to
show ruffles beneath. It is the best
model after all for any wash gown, as it
gives stability and firmness such as a
mere hem is utterly powerless to accom-
plish.

A fine carriage of the head makes a
plain woman effective, even in a draw-
ing room of beautiful women. The
head thrown back, the chin and shoul-
ders held straight, give an air of distinc-
tion, of presence, which alas! English
women realize much better than do our
countrywomen. A few of the most
physical culture lessons are worth the
money spent on them, for in the
unaided effort to attain the above re-
sults sometimes most surprisingly hideous
effects are arrived at. Poking the
bust forward, resting the chin in the
hollow of the throat and walking with
shoulders quite square is simply a caric-
ature of grace and elegance. Women
are not naturally graceful but they are
adaptive. American women especially,
and a few lessons in the art of walking,
standing and holding themselves prop-
erly are all that is necessary.

The latest disposition of the persistent
box plait, which so commonly adorns
the bodice, places it on either side of
the frock, instead of in the middle, and
a chemise of lace or finely-tucked
muslin is shown between, and the full-
ness is drawn more closely in at the
waist, leaving very little, if any, of the
pouched effect in front. Very useful
and dressy waists are made of dotted
black net over changeable silks, with
full puffed sleeves. They are striped up
and down at intervals and have puffs
with double ruffles of narrow white
white Valenciennes, with a tiny band
of jet in the middle. The collar may be
of black satin ribbon, like the belt, or of
not over the colored silk, with a little
ruffle of the cream edge standing up
around the neck. A wide box plait of
black satin, thickly embroidered with
jet beads and sequins, is an effective
trimming for the front of a waist.

Among the medium sized hats the
Empire shapes are the most popular.
The prettiest of these are the Napoleon
hats trimmed with chiffon rosettes, fans
of lace and bunches of small flowers.
It was marvelous to note the num-
ber of women of black silk. I think
there were dozens of costumes in this
fabric. Of course, they all were bright-
ened up in the bodice by some pretty
trimming, the spangled bands very pop-
ular for this use. One charming crea-
tion in black moire had bands of yellow
lace over white satin edged with tiny
gold spangles, the bands being set in be-
tween sections of plaited chiffon. An-
other had a pink satin foundation cov-
ered with black open work embroidered
silk and big sleeves of black satin.

For June weddings the bride's attend-
ants will wear gowns of plain or dotted
white muslin, trimmed with ribbon col-
lars and girdles and lace insertions or
toilettes of flowered grenadine or silk or-
gandie over a silk foundation. The favor-
ite trimming for these gowns is rib-
bon, in satin or in Dresden designs.
Pink and green or rose and green are
favorite combinations this season for
bridesmaids' gowns. White, blue,
green, rose, yellow and lavender are the
colors shown in the new batistes and
organdies. Even jackets of satin of the
same color as the underlining will be
worn with some gowns of organdie,
batiste and plumetis.