Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. 6, 1895.

NOW.

Feller what shirks an is lazy Ain't no use livin, I vow! But I tell yer who is the daisy— The feller that does things now.

He's never procrastinatin An tellin ye "why', an "how," When the doin on't's what he's hatin, He jest goes an does it now.

Ef the cordwood calls fer a tussle The till bring the sweat ter his brow, He gits cut his saw with a hustle, An tackles the job right now.

wrong.

The chap that talks of termorrer Is crocked somewheres, I 'llow, In payin what he may borrer, He never gits round ter now.

But the feller thet starts on the minute The crows don't roost on his plow— Ef't rains he ain't work in out in it, 'Cause he gits his hay in now.

Ef yer lookin fer what'll suit yer. Yer kin take off yer hat an bow Ter the chap thet's short on the future An ekerly long on now. -Life.

A LITTLE STORE.

An anxious "committee on ways and means" met in Miss Beesley's little sitting room. A cheerful fire of pine-cones was burning on the small. neat hearth; it flickered and sparkled in joyous fashion, and helped decidedly to drive away the dampness without, and settled. the depression that threatened within.

It was the usual story : A young girl, to be parlor, office and reception room suddenly orphaned, without capital or so we must make it look its prettiest." special training, and with a younger brother and sister depending on her for a very creditable little sign had been support. They had come south for made and painted, a notice had been the sake of the delicate mother ; here put in the local paper, a few circulars describing the new business of "Patchshe had died, and they were almost ing and Darning," and giving prices for work, had been distributed by this among strangers. A temporary home had been offered them by Miss Beesley their eccentric maiden neighbor, and here, while little Effie was cozily sleeping, the older ones were talking over the situation. awaiting some seed packets that were

"What can I do ?" sighed poor Louise Hunter. "I have said that over and over to myself so much, that the words don't mean anything any more ; can either of you two help me out ?' tarning to her brother Fred and to was, full of dimples and good nature. Miss Beesley. both of whom were staring thoughtfully into the fire.

A long silence followed, broken only by the snapping fire and the ticking of the tiny clock on the shelf above.

"If only I could keep on with my studies at Kelsey college," broke out Fred, "I wouldn't so much mind the rest. I'd be willing to chop wood or haul muck, if I needn't give that up."

"My dear girl," said the little old maid, with an air of business, "I've a question to ask you. Your mother was a woman of ability, and you are business. Of course they got dreadmuch like her in many ways; among all the things she taught you, what fully "torn up," as boys always will, and as most of them were away from can you do the best ?" home, they were glad enough to find a pair of deft fingers so near.

Louise considered a few moments and then answered with a faint smile.

"Don't laugh, Miss Beesley, please, show signs of life. Then the hacks but I really do believe my answer must be 'darning and patching.' and street cars began making their frequent trips, and great piles of "Sara-Mamma used to say that fine mending | togas" cumbered the platforms at the was one of the 'lost arts,' and gave me | station. careful instructions, saying that I

The next-week was a busy time for thick and fast that Louise was obliged all; a careful inventory was made of to announce : "No patching and darning till after the holidays," and work their slender possessions, some things early and late to meet all requirements. sold, and others kept for the new home. One day Miss Beesley and This was her harvest ; but though she coined money rapidly she used it spar-Louise made a trip to Woodbridge ingly, knowing that after a time dull and returned at nightfall, tired, but triumphant, having found a house suitdays would come. ed to their needs ; and early the next week the transfer was made. Christmas came, and with it a pres-

ent from Miss Beesley-a barrel of nuts from her loved New England; "Good-by, my dears, and may Heav black walnuts, "shellbarks," butteren bless you," said Miss Beesley, with one or two suspicious snifts and winknuts, chestnuts, hazelnuts, plump, ing her black eyes very hard as the sound and fresh, enough to last the "season" through, and infinitely better train steamed up to the platform. than the stale ones at the stores. And "Let me know if anything goes so one heavy expense was lifted, and Reaching Woodbridge they walked the dear old maid again proved herself up to their new home, leaving the

a friend indeed. One pleasant afternoon in January freight to be sent up later. Such a a handsome, portly lady from the "St. tiny little home. Three rooms with a small "lean-to" kitchen, and a patch James" opened the door of the "Patching and Darning Establishment." She of garden in the rear ; all situated just had a light package in her hand, and at the outskirts of the town, not far from the college buildings, and with said to Louise rather doubtfully :

"Young woman, do you suppose the flagstaff of the "St James" in plain sight. The house seemed to have you could mend my lace shawl so that been built for a small shop, as the it will be presentable? I have torn it front room, which was good sized and on one of the abominable wire fences airy, and two large, projecting win-dows with wide ledges, facing the street, and a small row of shelves on with which this country is infested." And she opened the package, bringing to view a very rugged and discouragone side. But there was plenty of dust

ing rent. "Mother taught me several lace and cobwebs, and work for everybody. stitches," said Louise, quietly, "and I Such a trotting as the three pair of feet kent up all day, and such a tired will do my best for you."

Giving her name as Mrs. Wallingtrio as they were when night came ! ford, and with a pleasant comment on A week's time found them yery nicely the blooming flowers in the window, the lady departed.

"This front room," said Louise, "is There was rather a "lull" just now in the "candy business," private orders coming in more seldom, so the Meanwhile Fred had not been idle : next morning Louise began the lace work; it took all the spare time of that week, but when completed it was a beautiful piece of repairing.

On Monday, early in the morning, Mrs. Wallingford, accompanied by same enterprising boy. The absurd two other ladies, called to inquire little garden in the rear of the house, about the work. Louise was in the little garden in the rear of the house, had been spaded and put in nice order, midst of her candy-making; a pan of cocoanut cones was just out of the oveven row on the way; and next week college would begin, and the proper consistency, the air was lathe lighthearted, helpful boy would be den with sweet odors, and Louise was busy with his books. But Effie would in a big apron up to her chin. Hastibe left; and a jolly little helper she ly turning down the lamps and setting the "cream" in a pan of hot water, she Now and then a small bit of work went behind the counter and produced came in. Only ten cents a pair for the work. Everyone exclaimed over stockings, but so beautifully done its beauty, the owner being particularwere they that others followed soon. Iy pleased. First one bachelor and then another "I don't know how much it ought

rescued his mending from the colored "Aunty" who did his washing (who sewed on white buttons with black have ever done for pay."

"But I know how much it is worth to me," said Mrs. Wallingford, and thread and "vice versa"), and sending it down to the tiny store at the street's end found everything put in order "as mother used to do it." But the colgave in return a bill of such generous dimensions that Louise was quite overlege boys were a wonderful help to the whelmed.

The next day quite a bundle of work came down from the "St. James ;" a lace tie and fichu, some dainty lislethread hose and silk underwear, and until the hotel closed Louise always had work of that kind on hand. Moreover, as one after another the visitors, began packing trunks for a northern flight, pretty boxes of confectionery were stowed away among their

belongings. While all this hubbub was goin April came half a mile away, there were also ex- silent once more; only six weeks longciting times at the Hunters. A myser and the college would close, and most of Louise's merry and boyish patterious box had arrived from the north rons would be gone. Even now it was and certain delicious odors hung around the various packages. A half growing so warm that "sweeties" were barrel of sparkling sugar was deposit. not so much desired. She had time ed in one corner ; the oil stove and sevfor her garden and household work, to tempt her; and I dearly love to eral small kettles and pans received an time also for making a' few friends, extra scouring. A busy trio of young and among them Mrs. Singleton, matfolks sat around the lamp after supper, ron at the college. Many a pleasant afternoon did she and Effie spend in cracking nuts, stoning raisins and dates, chopping citron and figs. All that lady's sunny parlor; and it was a little odd, that as often as not Prof. Allen would come in with Fred about five o'clock, and all four would walk decided that her first candy venture down to the "P. and D. Establishment" together. Later on he brought and those the most familiar to her. Mrs. Singleton for an evening call,

By and by the great hotel began to

In due time all were made, tasteful-

There was always to be found in the

"My grandparents live there," said the professor, smiling indulgently. "Was your father's name Jeremiah, and is yours Thomas?" questioned Miss Beesley, with as much directness

as a census taker. "Exactly," said the professor, now

thoroughly interested. "Well, it beats my time !" said Miss Beesley, fairly gasping. "When I was a girl, your father's back yard in Portsmouth joined ours ; and many's the time I've seen you, sir, barefooted, and with your face molasses from ear to ear !"

"And I haven't lost my taste for sweet things yet." said the professor, with a meaning look at Louise. "Do please. Miss Hunter, start up the candy factory soon. I haven't had even a passable chocolate cream since last winter."

Well, the "factory" soon began operations, and the details of a year before were repeated, with several pleasing variations.

I am not writing a love story, only a practical paper for girls; but perhaps you will care to know that one gray December day, when the evening shadows were falling, Louise drew a hassock to Miss Beesley's feet, and, hiding her face against the friendly arm, whispered a precious secret. And the little old maid, nodding sagely to herself in the twilight, said concisely

"Felt it in my bones! Best family in Portsmouth. "Child, you couldn't do better.",-Demorest's Magazine.

Stanford's Only Son.

Built.

The Child in Whose Honor the University Was No prince or potentate, no fonder of a nation or emancipator of a race, was ever honored with so magnificent a monument as that erected to perpetuate

the memory of a 13-year-old boy at Palo Alto, about 30 miles south of San Francisco, on the coast division of the Southern Pacific railroad. This child the son of Leland and Jane Lathrop Stanford, died some years ago in Rome while he was making a tour of Europe with his tutor. His father and mother almost deified him and dedicated one of the largest fortunes that man has ever accumulated entirely to the education of other people's children, who from this time on forever are to render homage to his name.

Everything is preserved as he left it. The room he occupied in the great villa, which has sheltered so much wealth few months of pleasure. A toy railroad that was laid across the lawn and through the shrubbery to amuse him the musketeers loaded their carbines which he was expected to follow, still lies there. Its rusty rails are pathetic witnesses to a memory that must not be preserved.

with his boyish hand, is the nucleus of hardy men who had held the Alamo a \$1,000,000 museum, 8,500 acres of lay still in death. Yet they die well the best farming land in America, the finest stock farm in the world, with 17 or 18 high bred horses, 8,000 acres of Santa Anna had but a short while

"Remember the Alamo."

The Heroic Defense of the Texans Against the Mexican Forces. Soon Santa Anna approached with

his army, took possession of the town. and invested the fort. The defenders knew there was scarcely a chance of rescue, and that it was hopeless to expect that 150 men behind defenses so weak, could beat off 4000 trained soldiers well armed and provided with heavy artillery; but they had no thought of flinching, and made a desperate defense. The days went by and no help came, while Santa Anna got ready his lines and began a furious cannonade. His gunners were unskilled, however, and he had to serve the guns troin a distance, for when they were and kersey are not behind.

posted nearer the American rifle-men crept forward under cover and picked off the artillerymen. Old Crockett thus killed five men at one gun. But by degrees the bombardment told. The walls of the Alamo were battered and commanded that they be stormed.

The storming took place on March well and steadily, breaking through | simple gown. the outer detenses at every point, for the lines were too long to be manned by the few Americans. The frontiersmen then retreated to the inner building, and a desperate hand to-hand conflict followed, the Mexicans thronging in, shooting at the Americans with their muskets, and thrusting at them with lance and bayonet; while the Americans, after firing their long rifles, clubbed them and fought desperately, one against many; and they also used their

bowie knives and revolvers with deadly effect. The fight reeled to and fro American the centre of a group of foes: but for all their strength and their wild fighting courage the defenders were too few and the struggle could have but one end

One by one the tall riflemen succumbed, after repeated thrusts with bayonet and lance, until but three or four were left. Then inese fell, too. and the last man stood at bay. It was old Davy Crockett. Wounded in a dozen places, he faced his foes with his back to the wall, ringed around by the bodies of the men he had slain. So desperate was the fight he waged that the Mexicans who thronged round and luxury and gayety, has never been moment, and no one dared to run in wishes them not to look like roses. If disturbed. His play-things lie as he upon him. Acccordingly, while the your eyes are dull do not make them placed them when he started away for a lancers held him where he was, for, seem more so by putting sparkling jet weakened by wounds and loss of blood, he could not break out through them,

and give him a practical knowledge of and shot him down; for Santa Anna the occupation of his father, and that declined to show him mercy. Some say that when Crockett fell from his wounds he was taken alive and was erased, and a shed is pointed out in his fate cannot be told with certainty, then shot by Santa Anna's orders : but which the tiny cars and locomotives, which cost thousands of dollars, are alive. At any rate, after Crockett fell His crude cabinet of curios, marked the fight was over. Every one of the

combination of brown and white. shape is a somewhat widerbrimmed lowcrowned alpine and the material brown felt. The trimming consists of a low how ng consists of a low boy

For and About Women

To remove peach stains soak in milk for forty-eight hours or rub with lemon juice and salt.

In novelties and imported goods there is a great deal of variety. Plenty of braid is used. In all jackets the sleeves are very full and the buttons are very large, two immense ones in front being de rigeur in novelties. The seams are generally covered. A few patterns taken from the stocks of some of the leading jobbers will serve to indicate the way things are going. A reefer jacket about 26 inches long in black boucle with ripple back and balloon sleeves is selling well, while tight jackets buttoning up to the neck in beaver as well as boucle

The number of collars, collarettes and fichus that are offered this seasons is almost past computation, but among them none are more becoming or unique than this. It is of mull, both embroid riddled; and when they had been breached so as to afford no obstacle to ered and plain, and is in the popular the rush of his soldiers, Santa Anna the edge. This may be made in crepe de chine with ruffles of chiffon, and is a very pretty addition to the toilette, mak-6, 1836. The Mexican troops came on ing an elaborate costume out of a very

> The value of a becoming bonnet cannot be calculated, writes Isabel A. Mallon in an attractive article on "The Early Winter Bonnets," in the September Ladies' Home Journal. One's gown may be simple, may have been made over a number of times, may, indeed, be almost shabby, but if the bonnet is becoming all else is forgotten.

One's bonnet has much to do with bringing out the virtues or otherwise, not only of one's eyes and hair, but of one's skin and the shape of one's head The round-faced, plump beauty must between the shattered walls, each give up her ties unless they are of the narrowest and looped with much care that the idea of framing the full moon is not suggested. She whose face is slender (politeness gives that name to thinness), then there must be a soft, full framing and broad loops that will tone down all angles. She who is sallow must admire rose, pale blue and heliotrope on other women, choosing golden brown, that most charitable of tones, deep crimson, and if a light evening color is required, a delicate shrimp to make the yellow of her skin white. The pale woman chooses rose, dark blue, all reds, dark green, glowing purple and black to gain color, while she of the rosy cheeks selects pale blue, heliotrope, about him were beaten back for the olive, cream white and crimson, if she upon him. Acccordingly, while the your eyes are dull do not make them or brilliant Rhinestones near them

> Some of the fall hats have set among their ribbon bows bunches of bright colored berries, which appear at this season of the year. A spray of barberries, a cluster of crimson partridge berries, a bunch of the red seed pods which come upon wild rose bushes in the fall, or a few bits of bitter-sweet berries are re garded as appropriate, as well as pretty adornments. A hat suitable for early fall wear is a

The

learned so readily she was quite proud of me."

"Good ! what else can you do ?" said Miss Beesley, with emphasis. Louise answered slowly : "I hardly know what else ; I used to enjoy cook-

ing little delicate dishes for mamma. make candy !"

"You'd just better believe she can, too!" broke in Fred, now thoroughly interested. "She's made all our Christmas and birthday candies ever her resting moments Louise spent in since we've been here, for the grocery the "big rocker," studying receipts candy isn't much but glucose and and inventing new combinations. She chalk. I wish I had some of her 'cocoanut bar this very minute!" And should consist of only a few varieties. the young collegian paused, now thoroughly out of breath

"Item No. 2," said Miss Beesley, cheerily. "Is there anything else !"

"No I think not," responded Lou-ise, vaguely encouraged by her friend's pleasant words. "Mamma had a real knack with flowers, and I used to enjoy helping her so much; but after all, I know very little about them. Dear Miss Beesley, I don't know much almond; some a dainty fruit paste ; of anything. I'm afraid, I can't sing and the last one was always the best. or play or write, or teach. I'm only a Cream dates, pink and white, rolled in humdrum nobody, and yet everybody granulated sugar; cocoanut cones depends on me; and the brown eyes baked in her little oven with just the grew troubled and misty once more. right golden brown tinge on the top ;

"Don't fret," said Miss Beesley, walnut and maple creams, and lastly, kindly, stroking the soft, slim fingers, a delightful combination invented by "but just listen to me, you two young things, for I've got a plan. Fred wishes most of all to go to Kelsey. Right he is, and go he shall. But as we are ly arranged in an amber glass bowl, out here in the country, and Kelsey is and left it at "Brown's" the one drug over there at Woodbridge, a change store of the village. It was a pretty, must be made. You, my dear Louise, and attractive store, where soda water must move to Woodbridge, rent a tiny and other things besides the usual cottage, put out a plain little sign, 'Darning and Patching Done with Skill' ("I'll make the sign!" shouted people were quite sure to be frequent Fred), put a little notice in the local to the bowl of glittering sweets, which paper, and with good management, read : "Homemade ; help yourselt ;" work will come. In two or three for Louise had declared that the first months the great hotels will begin to, two or three consignments must be fill up with winter visitors, the 'St. given away freely, in order to establish James' at Woodbridge among them. Then is the time for candy making. Have everything exquisitely good, put up in attractive shape, labeled "Homemade,' land displayed at the neatest store in the village. Let ho'el people alone for finding anything new! Per. haps a few pots of flowers will help out also; but you will know best about a reality. that. Now what do you say ?" concluded the little old maid, poking the fire vigorously. candies, but the placard had changed Louise's eyes had gradually been

to : "Homemade, 50 cts. a pound ;" growing bigger as the plan unfolded. "It sounds beautiful!" she said,

tremulously; "do you think I could do "I think you will do it, my child,"

said her friend, with decision, "for the sake of the dear ones who love you." As for Fred, he could scarcely contain his feelings.

"Miss Beesley, you are a trump!" he cried in his healthy ringing tones or a pleasant row on the lake. "I'll weed all your flower beds to morrow.'

Chocolate creams, of course; but and noting the brave quiet simplicity there are are creams and creams. in which Louise lived lost his heart Louise's all looked about the same outmore and more surely.

When July came with its heat and side, a rich dull brown, but you were heavy rainfall. Louise lost all her roses. never sure into what delicious inner compound your teeth would sink some were white and vanilla flavored Miss Beesley had gone to the Adi-rondacks a month before, and now a letter came from her saying, so kindly: some with cocoanut with lemon add-"Dear child. I need you; come and ed; some pink, with a trace of bitter spend the summer with me and we will do each other good."

How Louise longed to go! Mrs. Singleton's advice was to the point : "Now just you go! Don't worry about Fred one mite ; I'll board him. and welcome, for the company and help he'll be." And so in short time Louise and her merry little sister were Louise herself, and irreverently dubbed "hash balls" by the irrepressible Fred. gone. Prof. Allen spent a rather doleful summer ; there seemed to be other things besides his socks that needed "patching and darning"-his heart, for instance, and his temper, and he learned, to his great surprise, how empty one's world may be when only stock could be obtained, so the hotel one small person is out of it.

Among the col and quiet hills Loucustomers. A little card was fastened ise gained strength and spirits rapidly, and spent long, cool mornings prepar-ing and crystallizing fruit for her win ter trade, strengthened and cheered by Miss Beesley's kindly, practical common sense.

"Child," said the latter one day, a reputation. Mr. Brown availed himself of the invitation speedily, and, suddenly coming out of a "brown being a great friend of Fred's, spread study," "I believe when you go back praises of the sweets and drew every-I'll spend the winter with you. You've no idea how lonesome it was one's attention to them. In a few last year, especially when the lumbadays Louise sent another lot, simply go got so bad ; and if I won't be in the varying flavors somewhat, and by the time that was gone purchasers became wav-

A soft hand was laid over her mouth just here, and a sweet, glad voice called out :

showcase a bowl of fresh, tempting "You'll just make the 'way' all bright and shining and clear it you and near by lay a little pile of empty are in it. Oh, dear Miss Beesley ! do tolding boxes.

Meanwhile the mending and darn-"And you won't mind fifty pounds extra baggage, will you ?" said the litng was not neglected : the mornings tle old maid, "when it happens to be were devoted to the sweets, the afternoons to the needle. Carefully tended the best Vermont maple sugar? The by Effie, and by Fred after school nuts will be along about Christmas." hours, the flower and vegetable seeds Two weeks later and the party were safely domiciled at Woodbridge. were doing finely; and for recreation, there were eccasional moonlight walks Among the first to call was Prof. Allen.

Two weeks before Christmas the or-"Any kin to the Allens, of Portsders for confectionery poured in so mouth ?" queried Miss Beesley.

much more, were placed in the hands of a board of trustees, who were to erect a university, to be called by his name and the influence of the child in shaping the character and developing the manhood and the womanhood of generations that are to come. His bones lie in a stately mausoleum

erected in a conspicuous place upon the campus, and those of his father were lately placed beside them with great ceremony and sorrow. A niche remains for the mother's casket, when the death angel calls her name. Then the great bronze doors are to be sealed, the key is to be melted, and the dust that is sheltered by the massive walls is to lie undisturbed until the last trumpet sounds, for the Stanford family will be extinct .--San Francisco Letter in Chicago Record.

The Berks County Fair.

Berks county has always been noted for its large and successful agricultural exhibitions. The 40th annual exhibition, to be held in the city of Reading, on the 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th of September, judging by the preparations in progress, will eclipse all previous efforts in that direction. New attractions of all kinds have been provided, and the display in every department will be very fine. The racecourse has been greatly improved, and the stables recently destroyed by fire have been rebuilt. The trotting, running and pacing races will be exciting and diversified by a special program of amusements in front of the grand stand, given between the heats. The railroad companies have granted liberal concessions and will run excursions at a single rate of fare for the round trip- Cars run direct to the grounds. Reading is one of the most attractive

has been inventoried at \$18,000,000 for taxation, but is believed to be worth had told Huston that the Texans were up and were striving for their liberty. At once in Houston's mind there was kindled a longing to return to the men of his race in the time of their need. Mounting his horse, he rode by night and day, and was hailed by the Texans

> command of their forces, 1,100 stark riflemen, and at the battle of San Jacinto he and his men charged the Mexican hosts with the cry of "Remember the Alamo!" Almost immediately the Mexicans were overthrown with terrible slaughter. Santa Anna himself was captured, and the freedom of Taxas was won at ablow .- by Theo. dore Roosevelt, in September St. Nicholas.

Pittsburg Recognized.

The governing body of the Knights Templars in Boston last week, with great unanimity selected Pittsburg at

the place of meeting of the triennial conclave in 1898. Although some western cities put in their claims, the selection of Pittsburg was made by a unanimious vote. The Boston gathering drew to that

eity some 30,000 knights with 10,000 ladies accompanying them. This indicates what may be in store for three years hence.

Survey of County Line.

W. P. Mitchell, of Lock Haven J. Simpson Africa of Huntingdon and Ed-ward Chambers are the surveyors appointed to survey and locate the bound ary line between Centre and Huntingdon counties. The distance the line will have to be located is twenty miles at least, one month will be required to do the work.

Pennsylvania Third in the List.

Ohio stands at the head of the States in clay manufacture, its product being valued at \$10,668,000, or over 16 per cent. of that of the whole country. Illinois comes next with 13 per cent and Pennsylvania stands third, with 11 per

-The home of Mr. Charles A. Dana, the editor of the New York Sun, is a palace. His office is a workshop, good arithmetic, but when it takes all the twenty-five cents to "bring it to and contains only a desk, two chairs, a market" the people who raise it refuse | small table and a rug. He commences work at 6 in the morning and seldom leaves until 5.

-The compensation of store keep ers and gaugers at Uncle Sam's regis tered distilleries will hereafter be \$2.00 per diem when less than 25,000 gallons of spirits are stored in the bonded did-every morning at daylight. warehouses and the distilleries are under suspension. This order, recently promulgated, will have the effect of reducing the per diem wages of a number of the storekeepers. same hat.

to be comforted by good arithmetic.

of brown ribbon placed exactly in the vines, valuable real estate in the city of in which to exult over his bloody and centre of the front, with two white San Francisco, thousands of thorough hard won victory. Already a rider wings and a white osprey rising from it. bred cattle and personal property, which from the rolling Texas plains, going The rim is edged with brown silk cord. A low, round-cornered walking hat in brown, trimmed with brown ribbon, close balls of brownish-red ostrich feather and a brownish-red osprey is a pretty piece of a fall headgear. Brown and vellow and brown and red are, by the way, two of the favorite fall combinations. A brown hat ablaze with nasturtiums ranging from pale lemon color as a heaven-sent leader. He took through glowing reds and into rich

skill.

Miss May Simpson is a Deputy Sheriff in San Francisco. She is described as a young woman quietly dressed, with a pleasant face, unobtrusive manners, and nerves of steel. Her work consists mainly in escorting women, who have been adjudged insane, to their asylums. She treats insane persons with kindness and firmness combined, and is very successful in dealing with them. The men about the Sheriff's office treat her courteously as they would another man whom they respected. Her pay is small, \$2.50 for each trip. If no women are committed there is no pay, and the Deputy Sheriff goes home and awaits the next session of court. The most she has ever received is \$40 in one month, and sometimes there are as few as six cases in a month.

brown is a triumph of the milliner's

While there seems to be no diminution in the size of skirts, every finger post points to the narrower road on sleeves. Doucet is making them decidedly drooping and another leader is apologizing for his revolution by fastening large puffs to a decently fitting under-sleeve.

Susan B. Anthony is fitting up the attic of her house in Rochester as a study, and has engaged a stenographer. Miss Anthony intends to collect and assort her valuable autograph letters, memoirs, etc. She has intact her correspondence with Elizabeth Cady Stanton during their forty years of acquaintance.

Miss Anthony announces that hereafter she intends to remain more at home and direct her business by correspondence. She will give up much of the traveling and speaking that have occupied her for so many years, and leave it to the younger women, who, she says, are better able to endure the wear and strain of travel and public life. She has not as yet fully recovered from her recent illness

A French jacket suit of brown Fayetta has a five-yard skirt, large leg.'o. --Willis-Hello old man ! Have mutton sleeves and a round waist, havyou much luck on your vacation? Did the bass rise to the flies all right? blouse vest of green and brown taffeta blouse vest of green and brown taffeta Wallace-No, the bass didn't; but I overlaid with bands of insertion. The neck of the jacket is cut round, showing the silk in front and the crush collar, -When a woman gets a swelled and is finished with three frills that rehead she has the advantage of a man. semble a collarette. A crush belt of She can let her hair down and wear the silk, scarcely shows, as it is very narrow and is sewed to the skirt.

that "a corn crop of 2,400,000 bushels at only twenty-five cents a bushel would mean \$600.000.000 in the pockcent. ets of those who raise it and bring it to market." To which the New York World replies by saying that this is

cities to visit, and is seen at its best during the week of the county fair. -The Boston Herald estimates