# Democratic Watchman.

in apparent surprise.

ure 'nuff."

ing it to him."

weary years.

"Doctor !"

company.

veat.'

buttons.

huskily.

"You

ogers.

hurriedly.

combe county.'

e drew it on.

"Now, is not that a lovely coat ?"

dazed way. Then he started.

of Daddy's return home.

oks like old preach

east of the French Broad.

shot rang out.

saw him jump off the train.

"And they didn't stop ?"

"Why, no, but the guard fired on

But he'll git an outing, anyhow. Dog-

Doctor, wearing his new clothes, and

known all over the settlement that

"Daddy John's new clo'es' at come in

The doctor shivered

goned ef I blame 'im.'

familiar sight.

ust fit you, I'm sure."

I reckon I'd better go now."

"Wait a bit. You need some shoes,

"Mighty fine shoes, mighty fine,"

"Now, you need some soft, warm

### Bellefonte, Pa., Jan. 31, 1896.

#### AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is failing. And, in the winds from unsunned space nets to tie down." blown, I hear far voices out of darkness calling, My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life ears this winter."

pleasant, Leave not its tenant when its walls decay; O Love divine, O Helper ever present, Be Thou my strength and stay !

Be near me when all else is from me drifting. Daddy. Here are some-good ones." Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine, And kindly faces to my own uplifting The love which answers mine. mumbled the old man.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let thy spirit Be with me then to comfort and uphold; No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if--my good and ill unreckoned And both forgiven through thy abounding pair of trousers !"

grace-I find myself by hands familiar beckoned

Unio my fitting place Some humble door among thy many mansons Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease; And flows forever through heaven's green ex-

pansions The rivers of thy peace.

There, from the music around about me stea

ing, I fain would learn the new and holy song, and find, at last, beneath thy trees of healing. The life for which I long. -Whittier.

## DADDY JOHN'S NEW CLO'ES.

There had been a royal fire in Dadtake home. dy John's cabin, and there were still a great bed of glowing coals when his cavn't" daughter. Liz, called him to dinner.

Daddy warmed his thin, blue hands at the fire and the sweet smell of the compone and the fragrance of the coffee were very pleasant to him. His old, thin, wizened face wrinkled into something meant for a smile.

"The Doctor woman's bar'l her come l' be said. "I sedn it on Jule Fraley's wagon,"

replied Liz, her dark, weather-beaten face lighting.

"Come an' eat yer dinner, Dad ! she added.

"I'm a'comin'," quaved the old man tottering forward and pulling along an old splint chair.

"Whar's thet piece er saddle-blank et?" he croaked.

"I hed it er ridin' Pomp," declared Bud.

"You git it mighty quick," said his mother.

Bub brought a tattered sheepskin zled face flushing. which the old man carefully folded in the chair and then sat down.

afore. God bless ye, doctor." That part of Daddy John's apparel which came in contact with the sheep-He caught her hand. skin was attenuated as to the fabrics Daddy," she said, softly with tears. that the interposition of the worn fleece

was most comforting. "I've got ter hev some new clo'es Liz," said Daddy, presently.

She looked at Bud.

"Bud wants some new clo'es power ful bad, too, but he eats such a heap, comin, down the hill, an' I says : pears like I cayn't never git him noan.'

"Bud kin git erlong," said the old

Daddy John looked down at the hat bor and then the two went together to see Daddy John. Yessum! Hit's plum wore out, So it happened that when the Doctor arrived she found the house so full

"Never mind," said the doctor. that two of the women arose and sat on "I have such a nice cap for you," showthe floor to offer her a chair. There was a curious stillness in the

"Made of soft fur and with ear-laphouse. One of the women whispered : "Hit's jest like a buryin', only thar The old face altered. It lost ten ain't no corpse." "Try it on, Daddy ! Now, is it not Daddy John was sitting by the fire,

nice? You won't freeze your poor huddled together, the picture of misery. "No, ma'am! Thank'ee, ma'am! "I've los' my new clo'es." he

quavered. "I'm so sorry, Daddy John," said the Doctor, taking his hard, bony

hand. "I never hed no new clo'es afore," he croaked, piteously.

socks. Here they are. You want to A few frosty tears dropped on his put them on, don't you? Come in grizz'ed cheeks. Liz took up a corner of her apron

here. And now I must go-go-oh, yes-go to feed my chickens. But and wiped her eyes. All the other wothere's one thing more. Here is a nice men solemnly dipped snuff.

"They wuz sech fine clo'es !" mused the old man, "The coat hed a silk "It's all right, Daddy! They will linin'. Doctor said it war silk. An' the purtiest buttons !" Such a droll figure awaited the doc-"An' them clo'es could a' been fixed tor's return. A little gray old man, up fer Bud when Dad got done with

his small spindle legs rattling round in 'em," said Liz. the fine black trousers, his ragged, The old man paled with sudden pas-

faded calico shirt abashed in such "I ain't er goin' ter git done with He looked at her speechless, his 'em !" be said in a high voice. "Bud wrinkled face working. shan't have 'em. Doctor woman give She smiled at him. em to me. I never hed no new clo es "I have a vest here for you, Daddy, afore. But I ain't got "'em now.

and I'll give yov a clean white shirt to They're stole." He broke down into tearless sobs "Doctor !" the old man gasped. "I that shook the old chair.

"Don't cry, Daddy !" all the wo-"Don't worry, Daddy. Try on the men called in unison, and they shed a few perfunctory tears and passed the He put it on, tugging weakly at the

snuff box around. "You don't use tobacco in any form, "Jest what I needed," he muttered, do ver, doctor ?" asked one.

The doctor admitted that she did look very nice, Daddy. not, and they all looked steadily at her, There's only one thing more, and here trying to realize the phenomenon. Weeks passed and Daddy still it is-the finest, warmest coat in Buncrooned over the fire in utter dejection.

She held it up by the shoulders and Old age, poverty and loneliness, unhappy trio, were his cole companions. It was now believed that the clothes He stroked the soft cloth gently, would never be recovered.

Out in the woods one frosty morning pulling at the front with his stubby heavy foot crashed into the dead "It's lined with silk," said the docleaves, and a big chestnut, falling, struck the owner of the foot on the tor. "Daddy, I should'nt know you."

He looked down at himself in a nose. "Hi! Dey's drappin' all de time, "I'd better go home, now," he said, an' dey's a heap better'n co'n." He sat down in his tracks and filled But at the door he stopped, his grizhis pockets and shirt-front, eating vor-

aciously the while. "I never hed nary suit o' clo'es "Reckon I'd better be gwine now."

he said presently. Rising he picked his way, like a cat, "I'm so glad to give them to you, through the underbrush, climbing constantly till he reached a spot where a huge bowlder cropped out and over-The next day Jule Fraley came up to mend the roof, and while he warm hung the mountain side. Its crest ed himself at the fire he told the story commanded the whole valley, and its shelving underside made a cosy shel-

"We wuz a pullin' corn, me an' Liz ter. Thick pines crowded up and conan' Bud, an' I seen the ole man er cealed the entrance.

'Look you Liz! Is thet yer dad ?' bunted that he had been unable to es-"Naw!' says Liz. 'Thet ain't dad. cape from the neighborhood, and it an old man with a fife, two very small r Freeman in the boldness of desperation that boys with drums, and as many of the "Sure nuff-be did look pint blank he had chosen his retreat so near the population with sticks and tin pans, as like ole preacher Freeman. An, we state road that he could hear the are inclined to follow them, march watched 'em tell he crossed the branch voices of the country folk as they pass- round and round the church, all the an' when he clim' up the bank he ed to and from town.

"We've got you !" said one. He looked from one to the other

and his face grew a shade lighter. "I surrender, gemmen ?" he said very calmly. Shortly after this event Daddy John reappeared in his new clothes. He wore them almost constantly for a few weeks and then they were suddenly

retired from public observation, and Daddy went about looking as if the scarecrow in the cornfield had stepped of wide orchards--the other recording down from his perch and toddled off the fact that these very numbers of into seek winter quarters. The doctor was puzzled. When, at

last, she questioned Jule Fraley, Jule shook his head mysteriously. "I reckon I kin tell yer ef yer won't

be put out about it,"" "Well, well! Do so !" "I reckon," in a bushed voice. "at

he's keepin' of 'em ter be buried in."-New York Tribune.

#### Cured by Sun Baths.

Happy Recovery of a Paralytic Through a Re-sort to Exposure.

The liveliest passenger on board the steamship City of Peking was Humphrey Kendrick, of Los Angeles. He had just returned from Japan, says the San Francisco Chronicle, a country that he loves, because a few years ago it completely cured him of paralysis. When Kendrick found that he had lost control of his limbs he determined to spend all the money he had to get relief. It was easy enough to tell what brought the paralysis upon him, for the first stroke came soon after he had a bad tumble on horseback. The animal fell in such a way as to catch Kendrick squarely beneath it, severely wrenching and spraining his spine. Kendrick found that he was much better in hot weather, and this led him to go to Hawaiian islands. He was so much better there when it was warmer place. Somebody told him with the arms of an octopus, could not that the south coast of Japan in the

summer was the place. For many months during that hot tried, but they fail to supply any insect test of hot summers Kendrick engaged killer half so sure as a flock of hungry in a most unique attempt to regain his health. For days at a time he would lie positively stripped to the skin in the hot sand on the seashore of Japan. He got so that he rather liked it. As

the days passed he kept getting .better. Then he took to seeking exercise. A donkey was secured and Kendrick. stark naked, would ride the animal up and down the beach. It was almost too hot for the beast, but Kendrick did not seem to mind it. The result was complete recovery. Kendrick came back feeling like a schoolboy and much infatuated with the country of the Japs.

Churches in Mexico.

They Appear to Be a Particular Object for Attacks of Satan.

fined musical ear, than frighten an un-

"A Lean, Long, Gray Old Rat."

The shrewdness and sagacity of aged

nembers of the rodent family have been

The churches of Mexico seem to be a particular object of His Satanic Mar jesty's plots and machinations, judging from the manouvers made about the The convict had been so sharply premises for his benefit. For a month be shielded from its cares and annoyor so before the day or week of a feast ances.

#### Economic Value of Birds.

The economic value of birds is untold, says the Fortnightly Review. This fully. fact might be placed beyond dispute if it were possible to prepare two tablesone showing how many wire worms it would take to destroy a mile of turnips, how many grubs to ravage the wheat harvests of a dozen farms, how many insects to strip the leafy glades of a

forest bare, how many to spoil the fruits sects are eaten by a few bumble birds in the course of a year. That the result

would be conclusive evidence of the bird's value may be safely foretold by a glance at a few facts which have already been brought to bear upon the question. In the spring, when there are clamorous young birds in the nest, the house sparrow returns every three or four months, each time bearing spoils in the shape of insect food. Calculated at its

lowest possible value-that is allowing only one insect to each journey-this thankless task represents tens of thousands of captured insects as the work of one pair of birds as one month. Swift fivers like the swallow that hawk for food 1.1 the air may rank higher, they slay their hundreds of thousands. But

Mr. Fowler quotes an instance which will show how far below the maximum is this computation :

"One day a martin dropped a cargo of flies out of his mouth on my hat" just as it was about to be distributed to the nestlings; a magnifying glass revealed a countless mass of tiny insects, some still alive and struggling. Who could vie with the birds in such feats as these ? It is a sorry sight to see men trying to do their work. One gardiner by dint of continued watchfulness and patient endeavor, with his own two eyes, dim compared to those of a bird, and his own ten fingers, clumsy in such work in comparison with bird's beak, may contrive to cope with the insects in a conservatory, but a hundred hot that he concluded to go to a still men, each argues-eyed and equipped

protect the crops on a large farm. The arts and the craft and the sciences have

## What is Home ?

## A prize was offered recently by Lon-

are a few of the answers which were re-Home is the blossom of which heaven is the fruit.

A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in.

The golden setting ip which the brightest jewel is mother. The only spot on earth where the faults and failings of humanity are hid-

den under a mantle of charity. The place where the great are sometimes small and the small often great. The father's kingdom, the children's

paradise, the mother's world. Where you are treated best and you grumble most. A little hollow scooped out of the windy hill of the world, where we can

For and About Women Few women raise their gowns grace-

Velour is the most artistic of drapery stuffs.

Don't forget to cover up the canary at night.

Flowers and wings figure largely in millinery.

If you have a good maid, don't im-

pose upon her. The summer girl promises to be a very

fluffy creation. The petticoat that rustles is a joy to

the wearer's heart.

The new taffeta silks are perfect masses of woven bloom.

Veils are no longer worn with their superfluous width gathered in folds under the chin, but must be draped a tiny bit below the chin, care being taken the edge is always evenly trimmed. A badly worn, untidy veil can literally destroy every virtue a forty dollar hat may possess.

Blouse bodices are most fashionable for ball and evening toilettes made of transparent material, but dresses of richer and heavier stuffs have tight-fitting bodices with a wheel-shaped, plaited or gathered basque, cut long or short, and divided in front.

BANGS RETREATING .- The photographs of a decade ago or even of half that period back look curiously oldfashioned now. It is the heavy bang which then prevailed and which has now almost disappeared that gives them their air of antiquity. The straight bang departed long since. The heavy curled bang belongs to past history. And even the light fringe, to which the possessors of high fore heads have clung, is retreating. It is being thinned, trained back, pinned off the forehead with side-combs and all that will remain on most brows before long is a light curl or two to break its severity.

QUEER ECONOMY .- "The most amusing instance I can recall of the effect of of a suddenly acquired fortune upon a pet meanness is that told by an English author about an old woman in an almshouse who came into a million by a chancery decision that had been pending a hundred years, says Miss Baylor in "Lippincott's." She bought everything that money could buy-silks, velvets, laces, furs, estates, carriages, horses, soi-disant friends even. She threw away her bank notes upon every. thing imaginable, in a kind of a frenzy of possession. But when it came to tea she suffered, she debated, she chaffed. but never could make up her mind to buy and pay for, at one time, more than a 'quarter of a pound of good black Bohea.' She would have felt beggared by a pound of any tea at any price; it has always been so precious to her that she had lost all sense of its intrinsic value. Perhaps it represented

birds. don Tit-Bits for the best answer to the question. "What is Home?" Here ceived .

man testily.

"Don't yer reckon the doctor's woman's got clo'es in her bar'l ?" asked Liz. "I reckon. But mebby ther ain't

"Ef you should go up thar"-

"I ain't er goin'," interrupted the knowed who hit was, an' I said : "Tis yer daddy, Liz.' An' Liz was plum outdone 'at she didn't know her old man, almost angrily. "Doctor woman's al'ays been good ter we uns own daddy," concluded Jule, indulgan' I don't aim ter ax her fer ary ing in one of those silent laughs pecuthing.

liar to his kind. His feeble hands trembled as he took his torn bat.

"She's got plenty of everything,' said Liz sullenly.

"It dou't differ I ain't er goin' !" ful beauty of the landscape. Daddy John went out.

"Daddy ol'ays wuz a fool," mused Liz, as she lit her pipe.

"You go an' help yer grandad pick up taters," she called to Bud.

Bud, sauntering lazily toward the potato bank, saw somebody swinging

sive wall of a great mountain that along down the mountain toward the rose far into the blue. cabin. Along the mountain side the rail-"Thar's the doctor woman's nigger

road made its way over high trestles er comin' attar you, grandad," he called.

Daddy John set his spade down whistle, the rumble of wheels and saw hard and leaned forward on the handthe train rush along, small in the distance, like a child's toy. "Comin' attar me? You'se a plum

idjit, Bud." But he stared from under his shaggy

brows and breathed hard as the hand some yellow woman came up.

"Howdy, Sally !" "Howdy, Daddy John !"

"Bankin' up ver tatters ?" "I reckon."

He was shaking all over and felt sick.

they gits to Baltmore, an' offer a \$100 "Got some permaters yit, Daddy? Gi' me some ! I wants a permater pie reward fer him, likely. Don't I wish I c'd git it." I does." "Will he get caught, do you

"Yis, vis," said the old man, short think ?"

ly. "Doctor wants you to come up thar, Daddy. She's got sumfin fer you'se al'ays does when they makes a break. outen her bar'l.

"Yessum. I'll come attar I gits my taters done banked up."

"Mr. Fraley, where do they go when Sally started off with her tomatoes. they escape like that ?" "Tell her I'm obleege to her," called Daddy's cracked voice.

"They lays in the woods. Mebby "What my missis wants to throw they knows niggers that'll feed 'em away good clo'es on that pore white trash fer, I don't know," grumbled Sally. "Me an' Jake could er made striped suit, and ef they do sometimes

use o' all o' them things." they git away fer good.' Daddy John went on with his work. Daddy John came once to visit the

"Ain't you er goin', Grandad ?" cried Bud.

then he paid visits to all his kinefolk "Yis, I'm goin' right now." He toddled off to the cabin washed and old neighbors, and the queer pathetic figure in the fine black suit, weakhis hands at the porch and dried them ly climbing over the hills, became a

on a bit of burlaps. The doctor was watching for the old man. He gave a queer pull at his tat-

tered hat brim as he came near. "Howdy, Daddy John! I'm right glad to see you. Come in." He stood at the edge of the hearth

the doctor woman's bar'l had been stole." gazing at the barrel. The doctor smiled.

"Your bat is getting pretty old. Daddy. The brim is torn and there's such bonnet and called on her next neigh- stant. a big hole in the crown.

staggered a bit-yer know daddy's He sat down to cogitate. "Ef I instruments as possible. could git word to Rosy, or git ter Rosy, I'd be all right; but Lordy ! I orchestra does not amount to more than mighty onstiddy on his legs-an' I can't do nary one on 'em."

ting and whistled sharply as it tore along. The negro grinned with pleasure.

He went up on the roof presently He was so much a savage that this and the doctor came out from time to nomadic existence, though hunted and time to overlook the work, always tortured by fear, was sweet to him.

charmed into lingering by the wonder "Howdy, gemmen !" he chuckled, as peering through the pine boughs, The priests who dictate the cantations he recognized some of his fellow-con-victs on the train. The house sat upon one of the foothills of the great Appalachian range,

"Don't you wish you was me? uncouth jangling would more probably Plenty grub, heap o' new clo'es and drive off the patron saint, with his re-"Don't you wish you was me? Looking west one saw a wooded. undulating country rolling away to the no work to do. Ho, ho !" valley, and there stayed by the mas-

He rose and drew out a bundle, un. cultivated imp by nature adapted to did it. viewed its contents with a sersuch entertainment. ies of laughing explosions, and then presently doffed his stripped suit and

arrayed himself anew. and red clay embankments, and at times one caught the sound of the "Mighty fine clo'es fer a fac'; cost a

heap o' money." He softly patted his limbs, twisted his neck to get a glimpse of his back Su and creased all his black face into one is All at ouce there was a shout from big smile. A mirror would have made house adjoining a stable on Seventeenth Jule Fraley, and at the same instant a his rapture perfect.

is rapture perfect. "Rosy won't know me in dese yere. street, above Fairmount avenue, has "Thar's a convict got off." cried She'll tek me fer a preacher jest from and a few days ago a member of the Jule when the doctor appeared. "I confunce."

He change back to his striped suit, Mr. Tyler was seated in a rear room of and tied up his bundle.

A sharp wind sprang up and drove sults with great interest. First one rat before it drops of icy rain. muttered the darkey, "Golly !"

him. They'll send a party back when 'Ain't it cold ? I'll resk a fire arter dark."

Down on the doctor's farm every body was hurrying to get the crops under shelter. The last load had gone in when Jule Fraley looked up at the "I reckon. They gin'ally does. He's tuk ter the woods now. They sky.

The clouds were rolling up like a rat, young or old, from entering the curtain, showing the far mountains a trap .- Philadelphia Record. deep intense blue etched with an am-

ber sky. "Durned efit's going to storm, after all," said Jule.

Suddenly he straightened himself. "Bud !" he called, sharply. "Look you-on the mountain. Ain't that yer

smoke ?' Bud could see as far as an Indian.

"Yes ! Thet's smoke." "Ther ain't no house thar ?"

"Naw. Narry house." Jule walked away briskly.

Two hours later five men parted the

umbrageous pines and tip-toed cau- to eat. 'What's that? 'Why, pile tiously toward a small opening under a great rock on the mountain side. Then one night a terrible calamity

A whiff of warm air stole out to befell, and the next morning it was them. A great bed of coals glowed redly

and with his feet to the fire, a negro in convict dress lay sound asleep. The men had their guns ready. One

Horseman, riding to town, drew pointed his piece upward and a shot rein and discussed the theft for hours. tore through the tree tops. Every other woman put on her sun-The negro was on his feet in an in-

Wives Should Remember. That air and sunshine are potent aides to good cheer.

while coarsing as much noise from their That the home should be a republic and not an autocracy. More often the volunteer part of the That a good cook is the root of health and happiness.

two or three boys, yet the commissioned That cross words spoil the home more The train whizzed out from a cut- portion of the good army never cease than muddy boot-tracks. their laudible work, but solemnly con-That upholstered furniture and heavy tinue their noise and pedestrianism urtil relieved by another trio.

hangings are germ collectors. That there is nothing which makes And the object of all this good work. the less Christian part of the neighborthe heart grow fonder of home than ochood who have not temporarily moved casional absences from it. will tell you, is to keep away the devil and his imps from the sacred precincts. That better is a room where there is

disorder and cordiality than a dustless apartment and cold welcome.-New York World.

Leading Him On.

"Josiar," said Mrs. Corntossel, 'would you fight of they was a war ?' "Yes-sir-ree," was the earnest reply. "Every time." "An' git up in the gray dawn ter the

ound of a bugle an' not make any fuss 'cause ye didn't hev nothin' but hard tack fur breakfas' ?'

demonstrated in numberless instances, 'Course but an incident recently witnessed by Superintendent Tyler of the City Hall "Well, I'm glad to hear it. Ef ye're willin' ter do all that, ye surely won't worthy of remark. The yard of a have no fault ter fin' 'bout gittin' up at 5 o'clock ter-morrow morn'n an' lightin' the fire, so's I kin cook ye some pancakes that wouldn't be despised by nobody."

family set a large wire trap in the yard. His Own Figures. a Grayson street house and watched re-Heard at a heap of dry goods labeled scudded across the grass and took an ob-\$1.69 servation. In another minute a dozen Irish Woman (with a baby in her little rats came trooping along with the arms)-Phwat is the price of them? evident intention of sampling the cheese. "One dollar and sixty-nine," politely Just then a lean, long gray old rat, with answered the proprietor. his tail chopped off, probably from a "Which are the \$1 and which are the

69 cint wans ?" "There are none at those prices, ma'am." noon, and effectually prevented a single

"Shure, thin, ain't thim yer own figures ?"

Misjudged.

He Stacked.

"I hope you will not spend this dime A traveling man just home from a far for rum," said the generous man. "Rum !" rejoined the grateful recipwestern trip has brought with him something new in linguistic novelties. ient. "Do you take me for a Yankee 'I was eating dinner in a restaurant

sailor? I'm a bawn Kaintuckian, way out west, he said, "and as I fin-ished the bustling waiter girl scorched sah.' up to me and asked in a fast express sort of tone, 'Do you want any dessert?' 'Yes, I will take some,' I answered. 'Well, then, stack!' she demanded in Just Wait Till He Puts lt On. "I've planned such a delightful suran imperative tone. 'Stack !' I reprise for my husband.'

peated, thinking it was something new your dinner dishes up,' she impatiently explained. So I 'stacked' all the little

dishes on my plate, and she scorched off with them and brought me three kinds of pie, two kinds of pudding and some frozen custard."-Louisville Cour-

er Journal. Shopping.

"Aren't these beautiful ?"

dessert plates ?"

"Exquisite. What are they-buttons

to some extent the bright unattainable. without which life has no zest."

So long as sleeves do not decrease in dimensions capes will lose none of their deserved popularity. Jaunty garments, reaching only to the waist, are worn even on the coldest days, a chamois jacket worn under the waist making this possible. The richest materials are employed in fashioning these garments.

Following a popular English caprice, costumes of red corded silk of the "stand-alone" quality, red Terry velvet, and rod bengaline are made into furedged tailor costumes for receptions, calling, and even for bridesmaid's costumes at church weddings. Very many people have a decided antipathy to this color, but on a dull leaden winter's day red in some of its tones has the effect of a tonic.

Very bright colors appear upon the fronts of gowns worn upon the promenade. Brilliant cherry, orange, yellow, green and other striking colors are used in velvet for stock collar and vest or plastron front.' Instead of velvet, however, very fine qualities of ladies' cloth or broadcloth are used, the cloth being braided or overlaid with spangled gimp or silk appliques dotted protusely with iridescent beads.

GOOD COFFEE.-Some one asserts authoritively that percolated coffee, or coffee made after the French fashion, possesses none of the nerve-stretching qualities of the drink when it is boiled. A cup of drip coffee is really soothing, and puts one to sleep rather than set every sensibility to the tingling notch. Most expert coffee makers look upon the boiling of coffee as they do upon the boiling of tea-a killing process that should never be permitted. Says a French woman: "When a woman boils her coffee she sends the aroma to the attic and a muddy and bitter substance to the dining room." Coffee should be bought in the browned berry and ground just before use. Chicory has no place in a coffee mixture ; they claim that a little, judiciously blended with two or three varieties of the coffee berry, is an improvement, is not sustained by the best authorities. An excellent blend is one pound of Java, two to four ounces of Mocha, and the same quality of Rio, Maracaibo or Martinique. The best substitute for coffee is ground wheat. Rye is harmful, and should never be used.

A color of muslin and lace, with cuffs to match, can be made very easily by cutting muslin strips of the desired width and edging them with cream lace on both sides. Then lay the muslin in triple box plaits and fasten them in place about three quarters of the dis-tance with a little silk stitching, allowing the fullness to spring out between the plaits. These make very pretty finishings for any house dress, but should always be kept perfectly fresh. If made of good material, the plaitings can be plaited up again, as good as new.

"Was it a high tea ?" vator."

more vou take from it? A hole.

Awfully High.

robe, and I've put a quarter in one of

"Really ?" "Yes; he has a summer suit nearly as good as new hanging in the wardthe vest pockets !"

"Well, I should say so; nineteenth flat—seventeenth door from the ele-