Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Feb., 28, 1896.

THE SWEETEST SONG. I have heard the greatest artists that the world

shall ever see Sing all the grandest music of the day. I have sat with soul transported in a mist melody, As I listened to each life-uplifting lay;

But the music that is sweetest-surest round my heart to.creep -Is the voice that every evening softly sings

Is the voice that every evening solidy sings my boy to sleep.
Singing in the twilight simple, soultul little airs,
Fragments of some love song, old and dear;
They touch my better nature and they mel

They fouch my better na ure and they mel my heart to tears, Just the kind of music that is always good to hear; So full of heaven's tenderness, with love so sure and deep, Is the voice that in the twilight softly sings my boy to sleep.

my boy to sleep. Heart swells from her girlhood, maybe seeing

Heart swells from her girindod, maybe seeing through girlish tears, Now doing cradle duty for God. They come to me like echoes from the tomb of buried years— Just a little glimpse of Eden on the sod; Oh, the air is full of angels and their wings around me sweep, As I listen to the twilight voice that sings my how to sleem.

to sleep. -Nashville American.

THE KODAK'S EYE.

"It was just six years ago that I took my first walking tour with my kodak -daresay you remember. I had passed through Pinley, one glorious June morning, and on the outskirts I came across one of the pretitest cottages I ever saw in my life. Gables. you know. and a porch framed in honevouckle : and running up the hill behind the a garden !

'A little boy was swinging on the gate," Thomson went on : "pretty litchap about six, I should think. He was lashing the gate with a great bunch of whitethorn, and chirruping to his steed as he swung back and forth. He looked across the road at me and laughed. "If you'll keep quiet, still while I count six, I'll give you a bright new shilling,' I said. He eyed me critically. I set the focus and sighted the child in the finder of my kodak. I saw that the hillside garden and the honeysuckle porch would come into the cope of the picture. But I wished the child hadn't grown so perpetually grave. 'What you got in the box,' he said. 'I'll show you in a minute, if you keep quiet,' I answered. Just as I put my finger to the button a cuckoo in the copse began to call.

The child lifted his curly head and listened rapturously. 'It's my bird,' he said, but just before he spoke I had pressed the kodak button. Somone shouted 'Billy !' from the cottage, and my sister's child, and he ain't dead, the child ecrambled down from the gate. 'Here's your shilling,' I said. He turned back, thrust his small hand through the white tence for his prize and scampered off with it.

"I had only a short holiday that year, and on my way home, going from Thorpe to Frenton, I took a wrong turning, and found myself near back faint from pain. Pinley again. I didn't really care, for I had made my forty eight exposures. opeued my eyes. and wasn't looking for anything new. It was furiously hot the morning] at the gate, you know.' saw the picture cottage for the second time. I came on it from behind the hill at the back, and saw that the place 'Thank God ! thank God !' was in reality a small farm. 'I dare eay they'd give me a glass of milk,' I said, cursing myself for having raised thought, and by way of making a short cut, I climbed a wall and dropped hopes that my kodak might not justify. on the otherside. But I came down on a wobbly stone lying in a ditch, lost how---"Oh. you must make it come out my balance, turned my ankle, and lay right, sir ! Where is it ?' The hard. cursing dismally for some minutes. sunburnt face was quivering. Then I limped up to the house. There " 'It's here, in this'-I motioned towas no one about, and yet it wore an inhabited air. I knocked at a side door wards the kodak at my side. She and leaned heavily against the lintel. kneeled down before it with clasped No one came. I limped around to the hands, like a penitent before a shrine. front. My little triend wasn't hanging " 'You'll show it to me, sir-just for a minute !' over the gate this time. I went into "'I can't just now-it isn't develthe porch and knocked again. The oped.' door was opened-a woman of about "But just let me see if it is my five and thirty, looking very ill, I Billy. Oh, please, sir ! If you knew, thought, stood there waiting to know if you knewmy errand. " 'I'll let you have it as soon as it " 'Can I get some one here to go for ready,' I said. 'It would be spoilt if 1. a fly ? I've sprained my ankle, and' -"'There's nobody here,' she said took it out now.' "'I'd be very caretul,' said the wo

go to Tarver's, but ----"'I'll be glad to pay anybody half a crown who will get me a fly,' I said aloud. 'Do you know of'-"She had lifted her head and looked

at me " 'Was it you gave him the shillin ?' " 'Gave who?' "'Billy, my boy. You said you saw him swingin' on the gate. Was it you

gave him a new shillin' ?' " 'Oh, I believe I did,' I said.

"The sunburnt face worked and dropped on her folded arms. "'What happened ?' I said, after a

pause. "She sat up and stared vacantly

through the window. "'I usen't to let him go outside the gate to talk to people passing.' she said. 'I called him in when I heard voices that day. He showed me the shillin' '--- She broke off and wiped her eves on the back of her hand.

"'Yes," I said. "'I didn't like him takin' money from strangers, I scolded him, an' he-

he cried. Her own eyes were full of 'I tried to make him say what tears. the shillin' was for,' she went on. 'He said, "Nothin,'" "Then you begged it," I says, "an' you're a disgrace,,' an' he cried more an' said he hadn't-

"'But that was quite trne,' I interrupted. " 'Oh, I didn't know that. I didn't

know !" the woman moaned. 'I said I'll give him a beatin' if he didn't tell

"I waited till she found her voice bis own.

"The woman explained," he went on, "that Billy had climbed up the his throat. laburnum tree that same afternoon. 'He lost his hold,' she said, 'an' the doctor says he must 'a fell on his head -he died that night."

"I muttered something stupid about smypathy. She went on shelling the said, 'and a pair of scissors. peas. Looking vaguely around I caught sight of a child's photograph in a frame on the opposite wall. " 'Is that a picture of your boy ?' 1

asked. "' 'No, no,' said the woman, 'that'e neither ! We never had a picture of Billy. That seems to make it worse

somehow. I tell my husband I believe I could bear it better if I had a picture of him. ". Why, I took a picture of him !' In my excitement I started up, and wrenched my unhappy ankle. I sank

"'You took a picture of my Billy !'

man. She got up eagerly, and instinct-ively wiped her rough hands on her

"No, it's the light, you see, that

apron.

tious awe.

became excruciating.

peated.

elbow, and took out my purse. I no- - 'the truth ie, I think I'll go clean bery, an' a gate, an' a wide collar, an' ticed the woman's quick hands were out of my mind if I go like this. It's idle again, and her head bent down. all about Billy, sir. You won't speak a face, an'-Ob. Lord! Oh, Lord! It's my Billy, swingin' on the gate !' 'She is very ill,' I thought. 'She can't about it to Shail, but I seem to be for-Thomson broke off at this point in getting how Billy looks. I can't go to his story, and began to walk up and sleep o' nights for tryin' to make a down the room.

Weight World's Champion.

of Jack Stelzner, his trainer.

the Cornishman.

canvae.

his corner.

Peter's corner.

A Marvel in Eyesight.

tics.-Wonderful Possibilities of the Adjunct to

Forgetting Disagreeable Things.

on his feet when time was called, but

position he fell back and still had his

FIRST AND ONLY ROUND.

alter getting half way to a recumbent

picture of him in my mind, and it's gettin' harder an' harder. He's only been gone 12 days, an' last night I the day I saw Billy swinging on the could't seem to remember anything but gate. I haven't seen them since one his bair. You see, I must be goin' out of my mind. But if I had a picday in that same year, when I went to take Mrs. Shail an enlarged phototure ! Ob, sir ! let Shail take a telegraph of my snap-shot. It came out graph an' get the-the-whatever it "She left the foot of the bed and came

to the side. I looked up at the poor branch of whitethorn hanging over face and didn't hesitate long. 'Get me some paper and a pencil,' I said. the gate the uplifted face, intent smiling-'Just as if he heard his mother callin' to him,' said Mr. Shail. "Shail was dispatched with the 'tele-

graph,' and the next afternoon a packet came from the Eastman Co. "My foot was very painful. Mrs. Shail begged me not to stand on it.

"'I'll get you everything you want," she said. "Well, where is the kodak ?"

looked about as I undid Eastman' nackage

"''Oh, it's in my room,' she said. looking a little guilty ; and she hurried out.

"'I hope it hasn't been tampered with,' I observed, when she came back again.

"''No, indeed, she said ; but she flushed under my glance. 'It's only been settin' on my chest of drawers, where I could see it plain.'

"But I mistrusted her. I dare say I showed it, too, for she hesitated an instant, and said slowly, in a blundering me why the strange gentleman gave kind of a way : 'You can't think, sir, house, an old-fashioned garden-such him the shillin'. I might 'a done it, what a comfort it was for me just to teo, but he stopped cryin' all of a sud-den, an' said : "Why, of course, mam-Billy's in there. Maybe he's lookin' my, I know why he did it—it was be cause my cuckoo sang for him, 'an I kep' quiet so he could hear.' I knew how it was; but, anybow, it don't that was just Billy's nonsense, but I matter much now if I do get mazed, didn't beat him-oh, L'm glad I didn't and cau't remember-his picture's safe beat him.' * * * * in that little box. Seems queer, too.

I've had such a lot of pictures of Billy again," Thomson said, after a pause in my head, an' I can't keep one clear as an excuse for the sudden failure of an' that little eye in the box never for gets him-never forgets him-like his own mother does.' Thomson cleared

"I asked her if she had a lamp with a red shade. 'Yes, sir,' she said, and started for the door.

" 'And bring in a couple of shallow dishes pudding or vegetable dishes,

"I examined the kodak, but couldn't detect anything amies. Still, I was full of foreboding. The presentiment that something had happened to the particular picture I wanted became almost a conviction.

"At my direction the wooden shutters were closed, and a pair of blankets and eiderdown quilt were put over the window. The small, red-shaded lamp gave out a dim glow. On a table by my side were the dishes and his bath of developer. "'Now, you can go, Mrs. Shail,' I said. "I'll call you when I'm ready."

" 'Go, sir !" "'Yes. I won't be very long.'

"'Oh, ye istn t send me av The Dreams and Fancies Interwoven With the Modest Plant Brought from Bonnie Scot. land.

A Heather Sprig.

Only a little brown crockery pot, rough and unpolished, round and un-"They send me a hamper full of flow ers every year, on the anniversary of graceful, without even a curve at the top to give a touch of classic beauty . to its roly-poly form, yet from its shallow depths were born hopes and dreams, nemories and ambitions, which a palace might be proud to shelter, and which filled a summer for me. Where then splendidly !" Thomson said, with prowas the charm, where the magic touch fessional pride. "Best child's photo I which could convert the humble brown ever saw ; that pretty background, the iar into an Aladin's cave of treasure Ah, there, as the sun glinted about it. touching into life the soft purple, which filled it, was revealed the secret. A tuft of Scotch heather, growing as "'No; it was the angels,' said the cosily in its homely receptacle, distribuwoman, very low."-Pall Mall Budget. ting its beauty as blithely as if the Scotch sunshine still warmed into ame-The Maher-Fitzsimmons Fight. thyst beauty and the Scotch mists bath-

ed it into dewy fragrance. Not in it from the Start .-- The Australian Up in the narrow window it rested. Knocks Out the Irish Lad in One Round with just peeping out from between prim cura Right Hand Lick on the Jaw-New Heavytains.

A hundred passersby might pass it unnoticed, but to the hundred and first LANGTRY, Texas., Feb. 22 .- It took its story was unfolded from the delicate Fitzimmons just ninety-five seconds to tufts in that summer, growing in tendefeat Peter Maher, and become the derness and reaching even glory at the heavy weight champion of the world. The fight took place in the bottome of

Day after day I watched it, and the Rio Grande river on the Mexican the winter retreated sullenly, and the side, a mile and a halt distant from the spring sent gladsome embassies on be-Langtry depot. Even to his friends it fore, the heather drank in the fleeting was evident that the Irish lad was not sunlight, brightened in its purple glow in it from the start. Before the round towards the window and grew until it almost filled the round little pot which had progressed thirty seconds, Maher made its home. The prim white cur- their homes to dwindle. The cooking, attempted a foul and was heatedly warned by the referee. Fitzsimmons tains appeared and disappeared in pericoup was in the form of one of his odical trips to the laundry, some brightfamous upper hooks with which he hued geraniums were seen for a week. knocked out Hall and broke the nose but they drooped and died and left the daughters may go clad in silks, which heather in undisputed possession. Maber made a gallant effort to get

DREAMS OF THE PAST.

What dreams and fancies of the past were woven at first from the purple sheen of that tipy plant !

Fancies of the proud tread of the head on the floor when time was called, and the decision was awarded to ancient Highlanders, who roved with bold Rob Roy over the hills; of the rushes made by bonnie Prince Charlie and his followers, and of the stern gaiety First round .- Fitz led with his left. of the Scotish chiefs. Sometimes the Maher backed towards his corner. plant looked a wee bit wistful, as if the Fitzsimmons landed with his right, and a clinch tollowed. Maher struck of glass could not make up for the flood Fitzsimmons with his right hand while which shone about its native hills; and they were clinched, and referee Siler at these times the rugged, stern outline warned bim that if he did so again he of those hill would form the picture would give the fight to Fitzsimmons. which always painted itself about that After a break away, Peter landed sprig of heather. Sadness and the his left on Fitzsimmons' neck. Close grandeur of the loneliness lurked unsuspected in its fuzzy leaves, and these ribbon. Pin the middle of it at the infighting followed, and Maher sucwere all spread out in the dream picceeded in landing his left on Fitzsimmons' upper lip, drawing blood. Fitz landed his lett on Maher, and followed tures which the drooping plant would bring to mind.

Sometimes the far, wide stretch of it with a right. Clinch tollowed. hills under the moonlight might be careful not to mash them flat; they Maher feinted, and Fitzsimmons led seen ; a gray ruin in the distance would with his right but fell short. A mix be noted, with the tender moonbeams up followed, in which Maher landed touching gently the dismantled walls, both right and left on either side of and showing the ivy, which crept about slightly to one side completes the cor-Fitz's head. Maher led with his left the fallen towers, to hide their death rectness of your neck adornment. and another clinch followed. Fitz place. Again the soft evening mists seemed a bit bothered and broke would steal over the undulating bills, ground on Maber's leads. Maber folshutting from sight the distant purple desired) the Parisians, who adopted this peaks, then filling the valleys with silver satin stock when President Carnot was lowed him up and led with his left, when Fitz side stepped and swinging silence, at last creeping to one's very buried, have now added small tabs or his right landed full on the point of feet, while through its veil the notes ruchings at the side. They prevent the when Fitz side stepped and swinging of the pipes would steal, in rollicking Maher's chin. Maher measured his length, his head striking the canvas ballads or slow, measured love song, floor with great force. He vainly atbut always with that mournful after tempted to arise, but could not more tone in its music, as if tears started from than raise his head. His seconds even the gayest measures. called on him to get up, and he failed THE GROWTH OF LOVE. ed to respond and sank back to the So the pictures grew with the sprig of heather, as the days went on, and one MAHER DECLARED OUT day they took in a new figure, a brighteyed girl, whose smiling face was bent The fatal ten seconds were counted. low over the purple bloom, while her Maher was declared out and Fitzimgentle hands stirred the earth about its mons announced the victor, after one roots and poured water for its thirsty minute and thirty five seconds' rather needs. Always after that she was inlively fighting. Fitz's admirers cheercluded in the heather pictures. Someed him to the echo and Maher's sectimes she gathered great bunches of it onds carried the defeated Irishman to under the morning sunlight ; again she stood in the twilight keeping tryst with It was several minutes before he a lover or listening to the pipes which spoke her heart's desire. Then again realized what had happened, and Fitz walked over to his corner and shook she stood on an out bound vessel with him by the hand. Fitz also shook this lover, her husband now, watching with tear-filled eyes the hills of her lovhands with Quinn and the seconds in ed land fade in the distance, while the Barring the slight bleeding at the nostrils, occasioned by the left hand sprig of heather was the one bit of memory carried to the new home across jab of Maher's, the Cornishman show. the sea.

For and About Women

Miss Anne Walworth, of Cleveland, has given \$100,000 to the Euclid Avenue Presbyterian church of that city.

In the new shirt waists is observed strong leaning toward delicate, limp cottons instead of the thick percales and cambrics of last summer. Grass linens, figured, striped and dotted are also extensively used, and the same stiff, white linen collars and cuffs of last year are however, still in high favor. When, the waist is of batiste or figured in delicate tones, the collars and cuffs will often be of colored linen, pink, blue, violet or yellow. The newest fancy is to have the collar and cuffs match. though if the shirt waist is in plain material the cuffs may be of the same and the collar white. As to shape, there does not seem to be much change except in the sleeves, which now run entirely to bishop affairs. Sometimes, too, the gathers of the front will be pressed down each side of the buttons to form a double box plait, and a few of the more dressy waists are made on half fitted linings to button up in the back. These last were introduced late in the season last summer and did not find a very favorable footing, being clumsy to launder and expensive to boot. dressy moments, however, they are desirable, and some of them are made very handsome with ribbon stocks, tabs of yellow lace and entre-deux of the same

The greatest fault of the middle class mothers of families is that they have allowed their interest in things outside the servants, the mending and the marketing absorb all their energies. They wear woolen frocks that their would be a charming bit of sacrifice if it were not so bad for the daughters. These mothers, in order to be as delightful as they are good, need the enlivening influence of occasional restaurant dinners, of the theatre and aftertheatre suppers, of pretty frocks and the like. Their families will only appreciate them the more for such indulgencies.

A word about the ribbon collar. To sunlight which shone through the pane be quite correct you must always tie it yourself. The same rule of the fitness of things applies here as in the four-inhand.

Never take the ribbon plain and sew it about the stiff collar, fastening the bow in the back by a hook and eve: Instead buy one yard and a-half of exact back of the collar. Carry the ends to the front cross them loosely, carry them back again, and tie in a bow, pulling the loops and ends even. Be must stand out as much as possible, and don't make the bow large.

A cameo or miniature brooch pinned

That the edge of the ribbon quickly becomes soiled (as light colors are most ribbor away the stiff effect of the ribbon line -an effect the curve-loving French folk abhor. These tabs or ruchings are seen on all the very new gowns. However, I saw some other frocks that had knife pleated crepe lisse in there, and the effect was charming. Stiffened lace will do just as well and chiffon is even tolerated.

and shook her head unsympathetically. I had a horrible fear that she was go ing to shut the door in my face.

'Can you let me have a glass of milk ?' I said. I wanted nothing in the world so much as an excuse to sit down.

"'Yes, I suppose so,' she said, indifferently. 'Come this way.'

"'I followed her into the kitchen. She gave me a chair and went out. I sat pursing the injured ankle until she came back with the milk.

" 'I passed here about ten days ago, I said, 'on my way to Frenton,'

"'Did you ?' said the woman, in a stupid way. She turned to the window and sat down on a low stool by a market basket. I saw that she had been shelling peas when I knocked.

'I noticed your garden particularly. I haven't seen a finer one this vear.

"'No, it ain't bad,' she replied. dropping the fat peas into the pail at her side. They pattered down like hailstones.

Shail said my foot was badly inflamed, " 'How far shall I have to walk fore I can get a trap ?' I said. "''Nothing this side of Traver's, I tor a few days, I wasn't at all unwill-

should think.' "'How far is that?'

" 'Bout half a mile.' I almost groaned aloud. I couldn't walk it. Somewas decided on. body must be found who would go and treat with Tarver for me.

'I saw a little boy swinging on the gate when I passed some days ago ----'The woman turned her head so sharply in my direction that I stopped don.' short. It was only an instant's inter-

ruption. The face was averted again, and the peas began to hail sgainst the tin. "' 'Isn' he here now ?' I asked.

"The woman shook her head. It home, and when I get back-' was very warm. The perspiration stood in beads on her forehead. She lifted her arm, and passed the sleeve of her print gown over her face. I set the empty glass on the table at my

sir,' she said. 'Let me stay, an' I'll "'Yes-er-of the house. He was help ycu. I can't go away an' wait !' She began to sob.

"'Thank God !' the woman said, "I wished to the Lord I was out of shaking her clinched hands pitifully. it. But I thought, 'If the picture turns out right, after all !"-Well, I began "'But it may not come out right,' I to feel more hopeful.

"The light was put behind the bed, and I opened the kodak, and took out 'You see, it isn't developed. I can't tell the roll of film.

"'Where is it ?' said the woman in a whisper, peering forward in the dark. " 'I think it's the third on this reel, I said. 'Give me the sciesors.'

"She fumbled about on the table. 'Here!' she said. The word was hoarse, and spoken with difficulty. The sound of her voice made me nervous. What an idiot I had been not to send her out!

"I unrolled the film and cut through the punctured lines. 'Where is the picture?' said the voice across the table. I was conscious that she was peering into the empty kodak case. "'I hope it's here,' I said, misera-

bly, my presentiment coming back. " 'Where?'

"On this piece of paper.' I me-chanically laid down the third exposure, and returned the reel to the case. Fitzsimmons' master stroke landed. The woman came nearer.

"'Please, sir, turn it over !' she said. "'What ?' I asked.

would spoil it. It must be kept in the dark,' I tried to explain ; but she evi "'The paper.'

dently wasn't listening. She kept look-ing down at the kodak with supersti-"'Thie, do you mean ?' I picked up he scrap of film.

"'It isn't there! It isn't there!' "Some one passed the window. She The woman staggered back into the looked up. 'They've got back !' she darkness.

cried, breathlessly, and ran to the door "'Wait !' I said. 'We can't be cerin the scullery. She was talking ex-citedly about Billy's picture when she The door mustn't be opened.' But I came back with two men. It was her was almost glad that she was prepared husband and her younger brother. now for the worst. I was as certain home from market. We soon arranged as if I had seen it that Billy's picture that after dinner, when the horse was would be a failure.

rested, I should be driven to Frenton, "Mrs. Shail was crying hoarsely in by my host, Mr. Peter Shail, and that the corner. What a fool I'd been to meanwhile I should go up stairs and lie down, and let Mrs. Shail put cold water bandages on my foot. The pain submerged the film. I washed the penetrate. liquid back and forth.

"A very comfortable room it was "Please bring the light nearer,' I that they put me in, and when Mrs. said presently. Mrs. Shail got up and set the lamp on the edge of the table. and that I had better stay where I was I held up the film.

" 'That's one's turned dark,' said the nately no explanation is given of the "Will you show me the picture to-"Will you show me the picture towoman, hopelessly, I knocked down night ?' she said, the moment the plan round, tumbled on the floor and picknerve.

ed them up. I returned the film to "A light broke in upon me. 'Unfort the bath, with a sense of infinite thankunately, I haven't any developer with fulness and relief. Billy's picture was coming up all right! As I washed the me. I should have to send for some,' "'You can buy anything at Fren-ton,' she said. 'Shail will go for you.' whitethorn whip coming out black and tube and an ordinary house to house electric light current will enable any " 'Oh, I should have to send to Londistinct, and above it !-

photographer to make Roentgen photo-"Mrs. Shail had laid down the scisgraphs on a small scale. "'Shail will go for you,' she re sors, and was looking over my shoul-

der. "'That one's something like this " 'As to that the Eastman Co. would send it. But I have everything at house', she said drearily. "'Look here !' I cried, holding the

dish nearer the lamp. 'What do you "''Oh, if you please, sir, don't wait. Shail will take a telegram if you'll see there in front ?' "She leaned over the table and stared

write it. I-I-you'll think me very "She leaned strange, but-" she leaned over the into the dish. foot of the bed and lowered her voice "'Yes, I se

"'Yes, I see a fence and a shrubgallery.

ed no marks of injury, and appeared The heather told all this, and it told as fresh as at the opening of hostilities. Maher showed no sign of punishment more, one day when the smiling girl held a brown-eyed baby to the window, where the sunlight danced to amber except a slight break in the skin just lights in its eyes as it laughed and above the point of the chin where grasped at the brown pot. Happiness, content, thrift and love were woven into the story of romance. The memories became silent now; sympathy for the bit of plant, torn from its native The Roentgen Ray Confers Its Amazing Power heath was entirely gone, and only brightness and smiles reigned in the to Seeing .- Prof. Salvioni, an Italian, Invents an Appliance Which Enables One to See daily chapter which was spoken from Through Even a Marble Heart .- Details of the its depths. Application Meager, But Science Dismays Skep-

THE HEATHER WAS GONE.

the Eye .- A Substitute for the Crookes Tube. But one day there was a new note in the story, which had become a sym-phony. The spotless curtains were A most remarkable discovery has phony. The spotless curtains away, the little brown pot pushed to and the next been made, according to a dispatch from Rome, in connection with an investigaone side and unwatered, and the next to a boil. Boil slowly until they begin tion of Prof. Roentgen's new force of day its mournful droop told of some photography. Prof. Salvioni, of Perugi, sorrow which was mysterious but unread a paper before the Rome medical mistakable. The third day it was the til the juice is extracted, strain and add same. No bonny faces smiled behind enough loaf or crushed sugar to make it the window, no bright eyes looked out at the sunshine with content for the present and hope for the future, and the tread of the sturdy father, as he hastened away in the morning, bespoke anxiety

But it was all cleared up before the week had gone, the curtains were straightened, the mother's face was seen at the window, without the smile and wet with tears, but the heather was gone. My anxious eyes sought for my friend when I saw the empty little pot, ble . rays, perceptible by man's ontic and they found the solution to it all in A London photographer has found a the sprig of purple heather. though all convenient substitute for the Crookes its glow of sunshine, its silvery charm tube. It is an ordinary incandescent of mist, its fancies of the past and tale electric lamp in which the filament has of the present were gone. been broken. This improvised Crookes For little white crepe fluttered from

the door, and in its folds of snowy ribbon nestled the sprig of purple heather. GRACE MERCEDES MCELROY,

in the Pittsburg Dispatch.

Out of His Own Mouth.

Blessed is the man or woman who has the happy faculty of forgetting disagreeable things. Harrowing scenes will now and then obtrude themselves upon one's took my breath away." vision, but why should you hang them upon the walls of memory's picture

Fogg-"That last scene in the first act was awfully startling. It actually

Mrs. Fogg .- "So that was what you went out for. I notice that you have that makes a woman cling on the arm got it again.

Some skin-tight sleeves are seen on new tailor gowns.

Silks were never so gorgeous.

The most conspicuous feature of the evening bodice is the ribbon bow. It appears on the shoulders and it appears on the collar. It challenges attention at the front of the girdle, and it is not wanting at elbows or wrists. It fur-nishes the economical woman with a rather economical method of freshening her old bodice.

Brown paper and paper bags are too frequently thrown in the fire or ash barrel, whereas, if they were carefully folded and in odd moments cut into dish papers, croquettes and similar dishes would not be so often sent to table without being properly drained.

The clean bags should be saved for sending out of the house, for certain articles can be packed in them much more easily than in loose paper.

Lemons are an excellent remedy in pulmonary diseases. When used for lung trouble from six to nine a day should be used. More juice is obtained from lemons by boiling them. Put the lemons in cold water and bring slowly to soften ; remove from the water and when cold enough to handle squeeze unpalatable, being careful not to make it too sweet. Add about twice as much water as there is juice. This preparation may be made every morning, or enough may be prepared one day to last three or four days, but it must be kent in a cool place.

Every seamstress knows all the bother and hindrance of a machine which sticks and refuses to run smoothly. A dressmaker recommends that, in such a case, all parts which seem gummed up should be carefully bathed in alcohol over night. In the morning it will be found that everything will be in good running order again.

If you wish milk to agree with you never drink it hurriedly. Sip it and you will not feel a tinge of indigestion.

The woman who copies an imported gown by trying to get the same effect for half the material always wonders why her effort was not successful.

It is fear that he will get away or a case of liking to feel his presence near of an escort in broad daylight?

academy, Saturday, in which he described an optical instrument, his own invention, which enables the human eye, by means of Roentgen rays, to see through anything which these rays can It is said that Prof. Salvioni produced in his heart. his wonderful invention at the meeting, and that by its means the physicians present were enabled to see the contents of a closed aluminum box. Unfortumeans used to make the hitherto invisi-