Democratic Matchman

Bellefonte, Pa., May I, 1896.

A SONG OF SPRINGTIME.

A fellow feels like drowsin', for the air is full o dreams : Far off the cowbells tinkle by the cool and shaded

streams, An' the morning winds invite you where the

bees are on the wing, An' the birds are makin' merry, an' the honeysuckles swing !

Sing a song o' springtime "Ting-a-ling-a-ling :" Cattle boys a-sleepin'

Where the honeysuckles swing ! A feller feels like loafin', for the weather's fair and nurse touched him lightly on the shoulder

fine. An' the fishin' rod's a-bobbin' to the throbbin' o'

the line : An' the river banks invite you where a breezy

chorus swells. An' scenes o' joy delight you where the cattle

shake their bells

Sing a song o' springtime "Ting-a-ling-a-ling !" Fisherman a-noddin'

Where the honevsuckles swing !

It's good to be-a-livin' in this weather night and morn.

When you hear a song o' plenty in the rustlin' o the corn ;

When a picture o' the harvest shines in every drop o' dew,

breast.

it feebly with his own.

so grateful to you."

spreading out his skinny hand.

said presently, smiling into her face.

then I borrowed from my friends, and then

An' the old world's rollin' happy 'neath a livin' of the most grateful happiness. "Oh, my dear mother ! my dear mother !" hend o'blue.

Sing a song o' springtime "Ting-a-ling-a-ling !" All the country smilin'

Where the honevsuckles swing ! -Frank L. Stanton.

HER BOY.

BY ROBERT STEWART.

Miss Boughton was leaning against the shelves of a little, low-ceilinged, crowded, second-hand book-shop in Broadway, just above Thirty-sixth street, dipping into a volume of M. Ampere.

"Will you please do that up for me?" she said, holding it out. As she extended her arm, her large full sleeve happened to I had only known." brush open the cover of one of those soft, leather-covered, old-fashioned Bibles, lying on a pile of school-books, and her eye caught the delicate faded traceries of an inscription on the yellow fly-leaf-"To my

darling boy, from his loving mother." ""Oh !" she said, with a pained start ; "how could any one—I'll take that too, please," and she closed the cover quickly, reverently. It seemed to her so shocking, so cruelly, needlessly cold-hearted, in any one to sell such a gift, to throw away such a sacred token of mother-love. The quaint fine, faded handwriting called up a hun-dred fancies of home and childhood and fondling care and starlit pleadings besides little beds. Who was the mother who prayed? and where was the boy who wandered and forgot? she wondered. Or, kinder thought, perhaps he was dead too, and the book that he had wept over and found comfort in had so fallen into careless strangers' hands, and made its way at last to the old bookshop, along with dog-eared Latin grammars and stray magazines. She was glad at least that it had come to one who would preserve and cherish it as something most sweet and beautiful and pathetic.

The autumn shower which had driven beautiful reader." her into this little exchange for rusty literature had now broken away, and a watery ray of sunshine came strag ing in at tl door, resting on the bent gray figure of the proprietor tying her bundle, and on another person whom she had not observed, and who was lounging against one of the cases opposite her, fingering the pages of an old picture-book, and regarding her with a peculiarly eager, covert gaze. He was a broken-down man of perhaps forty, dressed in a short frockcoat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length. He was a type easy enough to classify-a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated., Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright, brown eyes, which for an instant caught hers over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dingy memory of what was once perhaps a kind and honest gentleman. She of course turned away her eyes politely, but instead of taking her package, she said : "Oh, by-the-bye, I have just happened to think that I've got to go to lunch with some people. Would you mind sending these books home for me? It's only a step. I live in Thirty-eighth street." As she gave the number, she thought she saw the other listening, with his body bent over the pages, and his long lean finger pressed against his thin chin. She hoped he wasn't going to come and beg. Somehow she couldn't help believing him to be a gentleman. She would be so glad to help him, but she didn't want him to spoil himself. Miss Boughton threw M. Ampere carelessly on the table on her return that afternoon, and took up the worn old Bible with a certain indignant pity. Perhaps there might be some further biographical details. She turned the pages dreamily, in a kind of sad pleasure, when suddenly she came upon a verse enclosed by a broad circle of ink ; and it was this : "I bowed down heavily as one who mourneth for his moth-She closed the book very gently. There were tears in her eyes. didn't forget." she murmured. One snowy winter morning, some two months subsequent to this little episode, her maid brought her a note, with the message that an answer was requested. It was addressed in a large, shaky, masculine hand, and quickly opening it, she read : "Some two months ago, you may remem-ber buying a Bible in the old book-store just round the corner from Thirty-sixth street. The book was mine. When I tell you that it was my dear mother's gift, that she wrote my name there, and that it was my one memento of a happy past you will understand how I value it. I sold it because I had had nothing to eat in three days. I asked her if she'd mind, don't you know, and she seemed to tell me to. But I went there and watched it till I could get it back again, and then you came and bought it. I knew by your face why you did. God bless you for it ! I listened for your address. I hoped each day to come and buy it. I'm dying now, they tell me, so I never can repay you ; but would you mind sending it to me? I do want it so. It can't mean much to you, and to me it is all the world-all that is left of hope, memory, companionship, love, home." Through the long bare wards of the hos-

Six Deaths at a Maniac's Door.

pital the white-gowned nurse led her si-

lently ; opposite them the snow was mot-

tling the great high windows. The whole

atmosphere was so tense with stillness and suffering and death that the young lady

shivered among her wraps as she passed

down the aisle. He had evidently been ex-

pecting her, for he had been cleanly shav-

ed, and Miss Boughton was shocked and

yet pleased by his appearance. He was

terribly emaciated, and as he lay with

closed eyes and his face half turned away,

she noticed the fine delicate chiselling of

his features, and the sensitive, almost fem-

inine curves of his mouth under his mus-

Small Indiana Town Startled by Most Horrible Butcheries.-Mother and Two Children Killed. The Murderer Pursued by Officers, Whom He Also Shot to Death. When Cornered he Took his Own Life. Alfred Egbert, Laboring Under a Fit of Temporary insanity, Entered a House in Rockville, Shot Gun i Hand, and Murdered Two Children, Then Coming Out He Encountered the Mother and Beat Her to Death With the Butt of His Gun.

One of the most horrible tragedies that ever disgraced Indiana occurred at an early hour last Saturday at Rockville, Park county, when Alfred Egbert, laboring un-

der a fit of temporary insanity, murdered five persons and then killed himself. tache. One hand lay closed on the coverlid, bony and large. His malady seemed to have cleansed away all the weakness and Mrs. Herman Haschke was milking her

dissipation and squalor, and left only the cow in the rear of the house, when Egbert fine and beautiful. Life had clothed him in shame and wretchedness; death's mancame out into the yard next door and began to cut wood. She saw him leave' the wood pile and a moment later appear in the yard with a breech-loading shotgun in -the poor, sharp shoulder. "Here is some his hand. Without passing a word with one to see you," she said. "He opened his eyes, which, bright with fever, were startling, brilliant, and beautiher he entered her house and murdered her two children, Herman, 8 years old, and Agnes, aged 10.

ful, and feebly tried to turn himself, smil-Coming out of the house, he approached ing, and looking at the bundle she held the mother, who fled from him, but he pursued her down the alley, and clubbed her to death with the butt of the gun. A pressed against her coat with that quick eagerness she remembered so well. She understood and bending forward, pressed bystander saw the murder of Mrs. Haschke his hand and laid the book upon his arm. and reported at once to Sheriff Mull, who "Open it, please," he whispered. She summoned Deputy Sweem, and the two did so, and catching it again in his hands, started to arrest the murderer. They had he looked at the inscription, and assured proceeded but a short distance when Egthat it was his very own, with a force for bert appeared on the street carrying the gun, as if ready to shoot at a moment's notice. He spied the Sheriff and his depwhich she was entirely unprepared he pressed it to his lips and hugged it to his uty and warned them not to attempt his "God bless you !" he said, with a look arrest.

KILLED THE TWO OFFICERS

For some moments he lay silent, with his eyes shut, but when she attempted Mull and Sweem turned away from him and entered a stairway leading to the gently to draw away her hand, he detained street, when Egbert slipped up on one side and suddenly stood before them. An in-"The world is full of kindness," he said, stant later he sent a load of buckshot into with his faint smile. "Ever so many peo-ple have been nice to me, all in all. That Sheriff Mull's body, killing him instantly, and a second shot pierced Sweem's heart and he fell across the body of the Sheriff. is why I thought it so sweet of you to The murderer reloaded his gun and walked come. I like to think, don't you know, up the street as though nothing out of the that the last thing which happened to me was a kindness. It's a pleasant thought to ordinary had happened.

take away with one. My mother will be By this time the people were terribly excited, and men began to gather upon the Miss Boughton felt the tears coming ; he street in all directions. As the full knowlwas such a gentleman, and he must have edge of the murders became known the suffered so. "Ah, it is pitifully little," she said. "I might have done so much if "Ah, it is pitifully little," greatest excitement prevailed, and men gathered guns, pistols, revolvers and ropes and started after Egbert, who was still upon He looked down at the counterpane idly, the street.

Seeing the crowd coming and hearing their imprecations as they advanced, he turned and fled like a deer in the direction 'You have done what you could," he of the fair grounds. The crowd gathered want you to remember that always as a as the pursuit continued and joined in the great happiness-that you have done what you could. It's a beautiful thing to be a race, and shot after shot was fired at the fleeing murderer, but apparently without good woman," he added softly, as if to himself. "I haven't been a very good man. I was weak and emotional, and then she died, and then I lost my money, and and crippled him.

THE MANIAC'S END.

I got to drinking-oh it's the old story. His pursuers gained rapidly upon him, There are hundreds like me. But I want and he slipped into one of the cattle sheds you to know, because you have been so as though to conceal himself. The crowd very good to me, and because there isn't approached cautiously, but a shot was heard in the shed, and when they reached one soul in all this world who cares whether I die here or drop by the way-side, that it they found that Egbert had shot himself I have always tried to be good, and to do through the heart.

as she wanted me, and that every night I Egbert was 21 years of age and a quiet. have read here, and thought of her and longed for her." inoffensive man. He was certainly insane, as insanity is in the family. Sheriff Mull Miss Boughton hesitated. "Would you was widely known, and was a member of the staff of Commander-in-Chief Walker, of the Grand Army. He leaves two children. ing his head' "but I'd rather say it to my-Sweem leaves a wife and six children. Mr. self, if you don't mind. I remember so Haschke is a baker, and the tragedy robs well every tone, every inflection, of her him of his entire family except one son. voice. I can quite hear her. She was a The sister of Egbert, Florence, who has He closed his eyes again, and a little became frantic when she heard of the been ill with typhoid fever for some time, contented sigh escaped him. She could see bloody deed of her brother. She his lips moving, murmuring, the book still bed at the time, and although prompt medical attention was given, and every effort ton leaned over him, and could just catch made to quiet her, she died from the shock caused by the tragedy.

Flower Guessing Game. Directions Concerning a Novel Entertainment Inter

esting to All. A bright and novel entertainment may

be given with the aid of the flower guessing me. A description of one of those entertainments is here reproduced, from the Ladies Home Journal. When the guests had assembled, all were

surprised by a most novel sight. On the picture frames, etc., were hung white cards, similar in size to dance pro-grams, tied with ribbons, each card having a number and question written upon it. The ladies were to guess the answers, which were the names of flowers.

Each guest was handed a card on which were numbers in rotation from 1 to 30. A narrow ribbon held the pencil to the card. This beautiful flower guessing game, seemingly difficult at first, after being thoroughexplained became very easily underly stood. The hostess explained by reading from card No. 1, on which the following was written : "My first wears my second on her foot." The answer, of course, "Lady's slipper," our hostess then told us to write on our cards opposite No. 1. Then reading card No. 2, "A Roman numeral," the answer being "Ivy" (IV), she asked us to put ivy opposite No. 2 on our cards. At the close of the game the cards were collected and correct answers counted on each card, and the prizes, four in number, awarded to the most successful ones. The prizes in this instance were flower bowls, vases and the like. The questions asked were simple and the answers familiar flowers. Below is a finished list of those used ;

3. The hour before my English cousin's tea-Four o'clock. 4. Good marketings-Butter and eggs.

5. A very gay and ferocious animal-Dandelion. 6. My first is often sought for my second

-Marigold.

7. A young man's farewell to his sweet-heart—"Forgetmenot."
8. Her reply to him—"Sweet William."

8. The gentler sex of the Friend persuasion-Quaker ladies.

10. Its own doctor-Self heal.

11. My first is as sharp as neebles ; my

second is as soft as down-Thistle down. 12. My first is a country in Asia : my second is the name of a prominent New York family-China aster. 13. My first is the name of a bird ; my

second is worn by cavalrymen-Larkspur. 14. A church official-Elder.

15. A very precise lady-Primrose. 16. A tattered songster-Ragged robin.

17. My first is sly, but cannot wear my

second—Foxglove. 18. The color of a horse—Sorrel.

19. A craze in Holland in the seven teenth century-Tulip.

20. My first is an implement of war ; my second is a place where money is coined-

Spearmint 21. A disrespectful name for a physician -Dock

22. Fragrant letters-Sweet peas 23. My first is a white wood ; my second s the name of a yellowish Rhenish wine-Hollyhock.

24. What the father said to his son the morning-"Johnny jump up !" 25. My first is a facial expression of

pleasure ; my second a woodsman's means of livelihood—Smilax. 26. An animal of the jungle is my first

my second is the name of a tall, fair lady-Tiger lily. 27. My first is made in a dairy ; but is seldom served in my second-Buttercup.

28. My first wears my second on his head-Coxcomb. 29. A close companion—Sticktight. 30. A fashionable evening shade for

dresses-Heliotrope.

Who the Armenian Is.

In view of what has recently been said in the newspapers about Armenia and the Armenians, and their persecution by the appear. In many cases it will entirely dis-Turks, we feel sure the following brief ar-so long a time. ticle written by Bion, H. Butler, will be read with interest. He passed through Armenia on his recent trip to Russia :

In all the turmoil, the Armenian is the fellow who is doing the suffering. Except that he is tortured and killed, his family outraged and his children starved, the Armenian nevertheless is really but a small character in the tragedy for which he furnishes the victim.

The Armenian is not understood in America. He is rather invested by his sympathizers with virtues that he does not ossess and forgiven the viccs that are really his. Sympathy covers a great deal in his case. He is a Christian. But he is not a protestant nor a Roman Catholic. He is not even a Creek Catholic like the orthodox Russian. His church is an off-shoot from the ancient Greek church, differing materially from the parent stem, and from all other Christian creeds. Yet he is one of the oldest of the faith. He has never been proselyted, although surrounded by the Mussulman, the most relentless of religious persecutors. No matter what the inducement or threat he has remained true to the

doctrine of his fathers. As a nation the Armenian is a remembrance. He will tell you that he is of a race descended from Haik, through the line of Japhet, the son of Noah, and that his people established themselves in the territory known as Armenia fully 4,000 years ago. He is a fellow wholly different from his neighbors, the barbarous Kurds and Turks. His appearance is more like that of the civilized inhabitants of Western Europe or America, while his language is in no wise related to that of his conquerers. From the early days Armenia has been the habitation of sorrow. She has been the spoil of the stronger powers of Persia. Rome, Greece, Tartary, Assyria, the Turk, until finally the Ottoman Turk, spreading westward in the establishment of the strong military monarchy, gathered Armenia in out of danger from any but himself and his friends.

In the Ottoman Empire the Armenian has always been simply a conquered sub-ject. He never affiliated religion or custom with his conqueror. The two races are as marked in their individuality and differences as the white man and the Indian of America. In the later days the majority of the Armenians have deserted the original Armenia, which now contains scarcely a third of the 2,000,000 who inhabit various sections of the globe. The greater number are in Russia, which is fair, as Russia has taken from Turkey a big strip of the old Armenia. Like the Jew, the Armenian is a people, but not a nation. The very land is parceled out among the stronger modern powers.

Cradled in adversity the Armenian has not deteriorated from the first stock. He is an intelligent fellow, shrewd in business, fond of money and keen in a financial trans-Long years of oppression have action. sharpened the wit of these people, likewise making them diplomatic, for they are submissive and patient under the wrongs of their governors. When that much is said of them, about all is said that the inhabitants of the country will permit to their credit. The truth is that the Armenian in his own country bears a rather unsavory name, not only among the Turks, but if you talk to half a dozen Europeans about him, five of the half dozen will caution you to beware of him in any business transaction. In a confiding moment the European representative of a large American manufacturing establishment told me that in an experience among them of 21 years

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

If castor oil is applied to a wart once a day for a month the wart will entirely dis-

That skirts and sleeves are to diminish in size is now an actual certainty-in fact, they have diminished-the skirts not to any great extent, the sleeves considerably. These changes are not very evident in the toilettes one sees in the streets, and the fashion papers have not laid stress upon them. But if one attends the races and other fashionable gatherings where the advance guard of fashionables are wont to sport the very last thing out, one cannot but admit that they are an accomplished fact. The skirt of the moment is shorn of the front godets that adorned that of last season ; the parasol shape is still likely to be worn and all the fullness is to be at the back. The diminution in the size of sleeves will, of course, be much more accentuated in certain styles of gown than in others. The fashionable Louis XV. coats, for instance, are made with sleeves very little smaller than those of last season ; they are very long and very tight on the forearm, only the upper part being full.

The accepted width for wash gowns is five yards around the lower edge, where there is a five to seven-inch hem. The top of each width is gored, and three rows shirring fit it to the belt.

Rows of insertion are allowed above the hem or down the front and side seams.

The full bishop sleeves, finished with ruffles edged with black Valenciennes lace, but these are among the novelties that come and go.

Few wash dresses have any lining, but lawn and silk appear if it is wanted, or a sateen slip. The belted basque gives a ripple effect

five inches deep below the waistline, but the round waist thrust under the skirt belt remains the favorite, for the ripple effect is not universally becoming. The full bishop sleeves, as wide at the

wrists as at the top, is the prominent idea in the sleeves of wash gowns ; they have a cuff from three to four inches deep, to which the fullness is gathered.

Turnover collars are edged with embroidery, and erect collars serve as a support to a folded ribbon collar tied in a bow at the back.

Full waists having a yoke, collar and tiny cuffs on elbow sleeves of embroidery are shown for dressy afternoon wear.

A handsome trimming consists of bands of heavy insertion, three in front and two at the back, from neck to waistline ; high collar of the insertion and points or tabs of edging over the top. Although grass linen looks so delight-

fully cool, this trait is spoiled by a mass of colored lining being used by some modistes under the impression that they add to their beauty.

These gowns are at their prettiest when decorated with light grass green, white or turquoise taffeta ribbon.

The pinkish violet shade—Ophelia—looks well with the peculiar greenish tint of the linen, but is not cool in appearance as the green and blue.

Some lovely ginghams have chine designs printed on the wrap of dainty blossoms or Oriental figures in narrow stripes. For inexpensive afternoon gowns nothing can be prettier.

Only the waist is lined around the armholes, so coolness and economy are combined. Lacy patterns of embroidery and chine ribbon or a solid color of taffeta afford the trimming. A round waist, bishop sleeves and gored

skirt deeply hemmed from the design.

pressed tightly to his breast. Miss Boughthe words, "and—take—me—to—heaven— when—I—die. Amen !"

It was a prayer learned at his mother's knee, and as he breathed it, a smile as trustful and innocent as a little child's played over his face.

Her friend the nurse came presently and stopped beside the bed. "Your mission," she whispered gently, "is fulfilled."—In Harper's Magazine for February.

Cause of Decay.

There are towns that once were flourishing, progressive places, with large stores doing a good business, cosy and attractive homes, the streets well taken care of, and plenty of people to be seen upon them, which are surely falling into a state of stagnation and decay. The cause of this is very often to be found in the two fierce members of the annual Conferences voting competition between rivals in business, says Shoe and Leather Facts. They are too jealous of oneanother to give any thought to the interests of the town, and the fear that some rival in business may be on the make prevents them from effecting organization of any kind. And, as it needs a hard tussle in unison to produce effective of three women at the next Methodist Episresults, where there is wanting it is but a question of time when innocuous desuctude follows as a natural consequence.

It takes something besides natural advantages to make a town. While these certainly are desirable, the main things are live, progressive, wide awake citizens, and when such work with a long pull, a hard pull, and a pull altogether, prosperity is bound to ensue. Mean spirited business men are an incubus upon any towns' growth. Practical, brainy men are essential to the welfare of a town. Merchants should bear in mind that the prosperity of all its people depends upon the town's progress, and should, therefore, lay aside all petty tricks in trade and combine for the benefit of the whole population.

What has he Done.

The Republicans of this county have our

deepest sympathy in their dilemma in try-ing to find out anything that the Hon. W. district. It's no wonder. The task was as difficult as the one Demosthenes undertook lowing was brought forth and adopted by the convention :

We endorse the course of W. C. Arnold, our representative in Congress, and especially his effort to secure justice for the soldiers who fought in defence of the Union,

The question "what has he accom-plished ?" still remains unanswered. Don't try to solve it however unless you court an acute attack of neurasthenia.-Du-

, Perseverance.

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"Haven't had a peanut thrown into my trunk for more than an hour," complained the elephant. "Well," said the monkey, "I wouldn't

despair. I'd just keep on sticking it out, old man.

Women as Lay Delegates.

They Lack Only 18 of a Three-fouths Vote in Their Favor

The proposition to admit women as lay tioned. delegates to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church has been defeated by a narrow margin. The vote of the North Dakota Conference, which has just been received, was the last to be taken on the proposition. With that vote included in the table the vote is 7,515 for the admission of women and 2,529 against. According to a provision of the discipline it is necessary for a proposition to change any of the restrictive rules of the church to receive the support of three-fourths of the on the proposition and two-thirds of the members of the General Conference.

As the total vote was 10,044, it would have been necessary for the supporters of the amendment to have cast 7,533 to win. They lost by 18 votes. A complication of the question will be caused by the presence copal general conference who have been elected as lay delegates and who will ap-ply for admission to the conference. One

of these is the wife of President Bashford of the Ohio Wesleyan University of Delaware, O. The women may be admitted on a simple majority vote, it is said, and if this is done it will settle the question in their favor. There will be a large majority in the conference in favor of the admission of women.

Trees and Morality.

The tree business has another bearing. I refer to city trees as relative to city health and morals. The city of the future will be treeless and shadeless. When a city has practically all outdoors to lay its new streets on, these should be wide enough to allow a row or more of trees in the middle, with green grass and comfortable seats, and open spaces where roots can C. Arnold has done for the congressional find air and receive water. When we come to city trees, as related to city morals, we open a wide subject. We have denounced dependence at national elections, and that when he started out with his lantern at the saloon all too fad, but just here let us the independent voter, the man who carries noonday. After much labor the fol- halt a moment. Are all those who fre- his sovereignty under his hat and will not quent the saloon so inherently bad and be- part with it under any circumstances, is an sotted that they go there because they pre-fer it to anything else it is possible to offer not get along without him. He becomes them? I do not believe it. If a man has more and more indispensable as our popuno other resting place when weary than a lation rapidly increases. We need a great crowded, overheated, untidy home on the influx into the ranks of those citizens who one hand, or an open, more comfortable sa- vote not from impulse, but with a clear loon on the other hand, is it strange he understanding of what they are doing, men

open air parks in your cities would save by slangwhanging politics outside."-Bosmany a man and woman, who is not already depraved. Those who bring about betterment of tenement houses and those who secure small parks within a desert of brick walls deserve and will receive the a premium on vice and intemperance by around and let things grow.' any lack of public comfort. A dis-

any lack of public comfort. A dis-tinguished philosopher once said that "a nature which had lost its fondness for the woods had lost its fondness for the woods had lost its manhood."-Forestry to be in the gas belt, was wonderfully im-Commissioner Rothrock. pressed.

He Was Exempt.

One of the most popular men that ever country reviled them unmercifully as we lived in the state of Nevada was Bishop Whittaker of the Episcopalian church, who

whittaker of the Episcopalian church, who is now located in Pennsylvania, and many stories are told at his expense. One of the best that I have ever heard is the incident that Mike Tarpey, the politician, relates reach," he said. An intelligent American even went so far as to say : "The Armeneven went so far as to say : "The Armen-ian is to a considerable extent to blame for "Although I'm a Catholic," said he the feeling which the Turk entertains for 'and the bishop is an Episcopalian, we alhim. The Armenian is the merchant, the ways thought a great deal of each other. banker, the money lender and the usurer There was nothing that I would not do for of the empire. The way he salivates the

the bishop, so that accounts for the fact Turk from time to time is only equalled by that I was driving with him from Pioche the way in which the Turk gets even in the to Dry valley to help him raise money with end. which to build a new Episcopalian church Just such a recommendation of the in Pioche.

'One of the most peculiar characters in that neighborhood was a man who was generally known by the sobriquet of Billybe-Damn. He earned it by reason of the surpassing eloquence of his profanity. He could outswear any man in Nevada, and in those days it took better than a raw hand at cussing to do that. Billy was baldheaded, and he was firmly convinced that the custom of imprisoning the hair in a hat was responsible for its loss. For that reason he usually wore a hat with the crown cut out of it or no hat at all.

"As the bishop and I were driving along he suddenly seized me by the arm, exclaim-

ing. "Stop! Hold on a minute."

"I pulled up the horse and saw Billy-be-Damn turning a windlass just below the road. As usual, he had no crown in his hat, and the hot July sun was beating down on his shiny pate in a way that threatened sunstroke at least.

" 'My good man,' said the bishop, 'don't you know that this hot sun beating down on your unprotected head will bake your

"Billy glanced up in surprise, and then, with an expression of disgust on his face replied : "You d--d fool, do you suppose if I

had any brain I'd be turning this wind lass ?"-San Francisco Post.

-"If the bosses are to control in the making of our Presidents, we are a republic only in name. This shows the value of intakes the latter? I do not justify the who form their opinions in the quiet of tendency. But I do suggest that more their homes, and are very little influenced

ton Transcript.

An Ideal Existence

"It must be awful nice to be a farmer," gratitude of their fellow men. Don't put said the city girl. "Nothing to do but sit

Armenian came to me from nearly every man who had a word to say of him. The day I landed in Constantinople one of the wealthiest Armenians in the city was killed by two of his own people, it was reported, because he would not yield to blackmailing attempts to get money from him. Such efforts at extortion are said by reliable men to be not uncommon among them. 1 was shocked to learn that as a people the Armenian is not popular where he is best known. Young Men in Our History.

Young men have cut a wide swath in our history. Henry Clay was Speaker of the House of Representatives at the age of 34. Stephen A, Douglas was but 39 when he first became a candidate for the Presidency. James G. Blaine was only 39 when he became Speaker of the House of Representatives. Alexander Hamilton took charge of the Treasury at 32 years of age. Martin Van Buren at 36 organized the famous Albany Regency and was Governor of New York at 40. John C. Calhoun was Vice President of the United States in his 42d year. John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, was vice President at 32 and a candidate for the Presidency at 35, George B. McClellan was only 38 when nominated for the Presidency. Fremont. the "Pathfinder," had explored the Rocky mountains before he was 30 years old, and was run-ning for the Presidency at 43. Columbus gether. was in the thirties when he explained his ideas of the Western passage and enlisted the aid of the Spanish sovereigns in the project that led to the discovery of America.

Richard Cobden was but 34 when he founded the Anti-Corn Law league, which revolutionized the commercial importance of Great Britain. And William Pitt, ranked by some historians as the greatest of modern British Premiers, was practically ruler of England at 24.

An Educational Centennial.

The State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Charles R. Skinner, calls public attention to the fact that May 4, 1896, will be the 100th anniversary of the birth of Horace Mann, whose life was unselfishly devoted to educational work. Mr. Skinner says : "He was a friend of the common schools and a promoter of public education. His name is an inspiration to all who love the schools. It is recommended that this anniversary be given public recognition in all the schools of the State by such appropriate exercises as may be arranged. Certainly every school-house should display the National flag on that day in honor Horace Mann."—New York Tribune.

he had never known an honest Armenian. gown of blue and white or gandie is lined with pale blue lawn and has the usual gored skirt, with the deep A French commercial traveler, who goes far into Turkestan and all of the Armenian hem now in vogue.

Round, full waist, cut slightly square at rode through a section of the old Armenian the neck in the Dutch style, with two upright frills of the goods. Elbow sleeves, tucked at the upper part, close-fitting at the elbow and finished there with a ruffle of the material.

Belt of white ribbon, No. 12, with a rosette on either side, from which fall two long loops and an end.

The wasplike waist is no longer in evidence.

Turn down linen collars opened behind and before, and cuffs turned back about an inch around the hand are the latest finish for tailor gowns.

A smart gown of soft black serge, made up for a traveling gown, is made with a widely sweeping skirt, with all the seams piped with a heavy satin cord. The jaunty bodice is nipped in at the waist, and flares out smartly over the hips, very short, but very effective. There is a double row of the satin piping all along the edge. The front fastens under a shield-shaped vest of black satin, buttoned on with beautifully carved buttons in black pearl. The sleeves are the melon shape, with the lower arm tightly buttoned to the wrist, where it finishes with a jaunty flare.

A smart little turban-shaped hat of coarsely woven black straw is twisted about with black crepe de chene, with decoration of black silk poppies of immense size.

The girl in white will not wear shoes to match this summer if she wishes to be regarded as perfectly correct. A fancy highheeled patent leather Oxford is considered the thing.

Hats are literally laden, not to say overladen with flowers. The brim of the Louise sailor is hidden under a mass of sweet peas, old-fashioned daisies or half a dozen kinds of wild flowers artistically jumbled to-

One of the most remarkable women in New Orleans is Miss Sophie Wright, who is at the head of one of the largest girl's schools in the South. At eighteen she had to make a living, and began with one pupil. She also started a free night school for poor boys. Her school grew so rapidly that she was soon relieved of money troubles. She still keeps up her night school and is revered as a saint might be. A cripple from birth, she is always more or less a great sufferer.

The French method of cleaning black silks is very simple and the results very satisfactory. The silk is thoroughly brush-ed and wiped with a cloth, then laid on a board or table and well sponged with hot coffee that has been strained through a piece of muslin. The silk is sponged on the side intended to show. It is allowed to become partially dry and then ironed on the wrong side. The coffee removes the shiny look and does not leave the papery stiffness produced by other liquids. The silk appears thickened by this process. Try upon a necktie and you will be surprised at the results.