Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., June 19, 1896.

THE BRIAR-ROSE.

The Briar-rose bloomed in the meadow
Where a brook sang on its way;
And often the sunbeams loitered there
From dawn till close of day.

And often the wandering south-wind
Lingered to whisper and woo,
Till briar-rose blushed and hung her head,
For she thought him a lover true.

"Have a care, have a care, little flower!"
The meadow brook sang on its way,
"The sun shines clear, but he's fickle, dear,
The south wind bides but a day."

But briar-rose mocked, and tossed her head,
The sun and the wind laughed long;
The little brook fled away to the sea,
With a minor in its song.

The south-wind found a violet bank,
The sun wooed each flower that blows;
The brook mourned low—it bore to the sea
The faded leaves of a rose.

Helen Elizabeth Wilson.

AGROUND ON THE FLATS.

BY ANNIE E. P. SEARING.

The wind was blowing down a wide stretch of river in a steady blast that bit and stung with November cold and tore up the water in fierce white-caps. A woman in a skiff, with its bow high out of water under the weight of drift-wood in the stern, was struggling doggedly to pull across the dreary waste to shore. She was wrapped in a man's coat, ragged and faded, and close over her blowing hair she had pulled an old slouch hat. As the boat swung round with each freshening puff of the wind, she would abandon her right oar and pull with all her strength on the other, bringing the little craft back on its course across the waves, with imminent risk of swamping it. At last, in a more than usually severe struggle, the oar snapped in two, hurling her backward to the bottom of the boat, where she lay as if stunned, making no effort to rise. The skiff veered round in the wind and tore off down stream like a race-horse, nodding and bowing over the big waves, with its nose high in the air.

The gloomy day was dying with belated grace in a pale yellow radiance over the mountains. Here and there a light twinkled out in the gathering gloom of the shore on either side, as the boat kept on with a sort of drunken madness in mid-channel. Darkness seemed to come up from the water and cover them, the woman and her cockle-shell craft, as she lay huddled between the seats. She raised her head at last and looked out across the water. The shore seemed farther off in the gloom, and the dreariness was a thing to shudder at. But she did not mind it; she was benumbed with cold and fatigue and misery. Presently she began to moan and mutter, as she rested her head on her folded arms. A belated crow flapped over toward his bed and supper, with a far-away cry of loneliness. The wind howled in sympathy, and tore great masses of cloud off the face of a pale early moon, and then hurled them back, as if to insult her poor shivering presence.

"Oh, I don't care, I don't care!" wailed the woman. "I don't care what comes or goes! I wish the boat would upset! Oh, I'm beat out, I'm clean beat out! I give up—there ain't any more use trying!"

Under the dome of every human skull there is an amphitheatre where the tragedies and comedies of life are re-enacted with a precision and brilliancy equalled on no other stage. There come times to the brain when, whether you will or not, you must see the past played over again there—see the faces, hear the voices, live again the thrills of joy or pain. You may beg off, you may cry aloud to be spared sight and sound, you may tear your hair and go mad, but the play goes on, and only unconsciousness or death may ring down the curtain. Out in the gloom of falling night this poor creature, adrift and helpless, lay, an anguished spectator of her panorama of the past. Curiously enough, it was not sorrow, or hunger, or the memory of cruel blows that wrung cries from her heart, but long-gone love and tenderness and peace. She saw her childhood on the old farm, climbed again on her mother's knee, prayed her maiden prayers, and again met and adored her young lover-husband, with groans of bitter grief. At memory of those old caresses she wailed aloud; but it was with the stupor of endurance that she saw again the change of scene—mother and father passed away, and then the poverty, the little fishing-hut, and the brutal drunkenness, the blows, and hunger. Then came a scene with a cradle among the stage properties, a little shoe shaped to a fat crumpled foot, funny little garments, and broken toys. The woman stirred and moaned as the boat bobbed wildly and the wind gave a scream of fierce delight. Then came the face and the voice, the piercing childish voice crying "Mammy," and the clinging baby arms seemed to tighten round her neck.

"Oh, I can't bear it, I can't bear it! God!" she cried, beating her head against the gunwale, "let me drown!"

But the panorama passed on to a short grave fenced in amid the grass of a hill-side meadow, where this same wind that seemed mocking her sorrow was now bending down the homely garden lilies she had planted for her child. There was nothing left to be re-enacted but the poverty and bestiality and loathsome living that were to her another death. The last picture of all was this day of toil, to bring home wood to keep her and her sottish husband from freezing. He was there now, she supposed, in the wretched hovel they called home, cursing her for the long delay, while she was here on her way at last, by freezing or drowning, to reach her mother and her child, gone through the door of death such a weary while before. At last the dull torpor of cold and spent sorrow enveloped her, and the night sounds of the river, if they reached her ears, made no impression on her brain. The dull beat of passing steamers and the hail from an occasional fishing-boat never roused her where she lay. Once the skiff went driving against a wall of stone with a shock that toppled some of the piled-up drift-wood overboard, but she never moved, nor knew that they were grinding past the pier of Catskill Light, and racing on through darkness and danger into the unknown. There was a wild shout when they danced right under the beam of a big night boat. The great wheel just missed as the skiff slid beneath the projection of the paddle-box, and the fleeting glimpse of the prostrate figure in the old coat called forth an angry comment from the pilot up aloft. "Drunken fisherman," he said, surlily. "Pity he hadn't gone under."

So she went on down the beautiful, terrible highway of the river, the road that is ever changing, yet ever the same. The reedy coves where dragon-flies dart and dream through sleepy noons, and where the wild-duck tries to hide and rest on her journeys up and down, the great green velvet flats in the turns of the river, where you may pole your boat through an illusion of waving fields, the low capes and peninsulas that become islands at high tide, where the fishermen love to mount their ghostly net-reels and strand their house-boats—all the sweet nooks and seductive tarrying-places that lure the lover of inland waters were wiped out and obliterated by the black sponge of this wild night. If the Hudson is a bewitching mistress, lavish of smiles by her summer shores, she is no less a haunting Nemesis in winter, with her long reaches of black wind-tossed waters of dreary expanses of ice, when all the soft distance muffled sounds of her activities are frozen into a silence that may be felt—a silence that is only more profound and awful after a booming crack of the ice, when she heaves a frozen sigh with the tide.

The skiff drove on with the wind that sent before it a menace of the ice-bound gloom that was to follow, past shore lights and the gleam from the hill-side farm kitchens, till at last, meeting the tide, it was driven in over the flats by some trick of the diverting current to a brace of small wooded islands, where with a final rush it drove well up on a little gravelly beach.

Nothing could be more quaint, more cozy, more absurdly impossible and unreal, than that island on a hazy day, when the throbbing heat distorts perspective and adds strange aspects to the most commonplace things; but nothing, also, could be prettier. It is a picture-book island, with a funny little rambling dwelling built like a child's block house, and added to, room by room, on the ground, as fancy struck the builder or old boards came to hand. A narrow walk leads up from the beach through the enclosure of a miniature flower-garden to the house, bounding one side of this sacred precinct. Beyond the little gate is the pygmy chicken-house, and then the gentle slope begins, where the fowls and the goat may wander through sweet grass and half-wild flowers, escaped from the little garden, till they reach the abrupt side of their tiny world. Here a low rocky cliff looks off towards the channel, skirted by a narrow beach at the foot. Cinnamon-roses riot there unchecked, and tiger-lilies and drooping columbine. Flat cedars with their black-green shadows and larches and birch-trees flank the rocks, while on the opposite side, where the fish-house stands in the pine grove, willows fringing the water drop a veil of privacy and mystery toward the flats and the river shore. It is a place of dreams, and not of activities. The fyke-nets drying like tarred bird-cages, and the fishing-skiffs neatly moored off-shore or drawn up under the willows, seem in no sense instruments of labor, but only accessories to help the picture-book illusion. The dwellers on this island, a little old couple, were so integral a part of the whole scheme that it would be difficult to tell whether they first found the island or the island found them. Small in person, in wants and aims, their limited outlook on life was perfectly adapted to their horizon. She could sit in her low doorway when the duties of the morning were done, and watch the passing on the great highway of the stream with the gentle excitement that comes to a farmer's wife by a country road-side, while he fished, and smoked his pipe, or slipped among the water-grass after snipe or ducks, and gratified all the sporting instincts of the frequenter of country clubs. Added to these quieting pursuits was the serene consciousness of a small bank account ready to be drawn upon every month, and a good son, of whom great things might be expected. This son was a clerk in a store in a city not many miles away, and the only diversion of the bachelor leisure was playing first violin in the orchestra when "shows" came to town. Through the ice-bound winters these two old people hibernated comfortably, eking out the hours in their several ways with net-mending and knitting, and the long evenings were short to them as they read by the green-shaded lamp, their feet tilted in a twin row on the kitchen stove hearth. This was a precautionary ceremony to insure sound sleep.

Thus it was they sat through the wild gale that blew the skiff, bearing its burden of drift-wood and dead hopes, with a grinding thud on the beach.

"Father," said the little old woman, as she laid down her weekly newspaper and pushed up her glasses, "hedn't you better take a look to the out-houses and the boats before we go to bed? The wind blows terrible."

Father took his feet down off the stove and guessed he had, while he got his lantern, and brought his great-coat to Mother to put him into it. That was how they came to find the woman half frozen in the boat, her slouch hat pulled down over her unconscious head, and with her the blessing and diversion for the dull winter days of nursing her through the long illness that followed. "Father" and "Mother" these tiny Samaritans had been to each other and to their one child for so many years that I question if their given names could have been recalled by either without an effort. Father and Mother they constituted themselves without question to this poor stricken soul, whom they found adrift from all love and tenderness. They gave themselves up to a perfect passion of nursing, and all the pent-up fervor of hot flannels and poultices and blisters and herb teas and embrocations, that for many years had found feeble expression toward sick canaries, or bantams with the pip, or a dog with a broken leg, they lavished on this woman through a long siege of pneumonia and brain fever. She lay through most of the winter like one dead to all emotion or thought. She ate; she slept; she walked at last about the house like a machine. She spoke only in brief monosyllables, and showed no slightest curiosity about her whereabouts or how she came there. To all questions as to the past she gave the same dazed answer: "I don't know; I can't seem to remember anything," At last the people gave up searching in her poor brain for information, and, with a wise patience that was partly born of indifference accepted her as a gift of Providence sent for their enjoyment. Towards spring she roused from her apathy, got a new light in her eyes and a new color in her pale cheeks, and with out-door activities found speech and interest in common things.

With her heavy dark hair braided closely round her shapely head, her straight tall figure and elastic walk, she was a goodly sight to look upon. So thought Father as he launched his boats when the ice went out, and she helped him with her strong arms; so said Mother as they set the hens, made garden, and cleaned the picture-book house together, with pleasant woman's talk of works and days through the long spring mornings; and so, alas! thought John Henry, coming home with his fiddle under his arm, to help for a while with the shad-fishing.

When the last field of ice floats down the slow current, the river wakens from her winter sleep. Along her greening banks warm golden yellows and pinky reds glow where the trees are budding into life, and the waves curl and flash and break with a sighing swish and babble that are sweet to hear after the lonely silence. The throbbing thud of passing paddles or the burr-r of propellers is heard at intervals, and gives assurance to the sleeper when he wakes and turns over in the night that all is well again, and that the world is working on without him while he rests. Flotillas of canal-boats creep into sight and slowly fade away. Then the shad come, and during their brief stay the water is alive with boats darting here and there, while the fishermen band together to stretch out their great nets or reel them on the shore. At night, with lanterns in the bow, they steal about like glowworms, and then the sorting and smoking and sending to market during the short harvest make the excitement of the fish-houses on shore. Long before sunrise Father and John Henry would be up and away to the fishing, slipping off like spirits with their laden boats through the veiled obscurity of the mist-cloaked river. All day the women worked alone, and drew together in a sweet relation of mother and daughter. The little old woman called the stranger "Barbary," as she had once called her only daughter, long since dead, and with a simple ignorance of the name's appropriateness. Barbara, for herself, had no name, no place nor part in any relation of life save the present. With returning health and renewing strength all her old nature had come back, the gentleness and patience, the dog-like faithfulness to the task of the hour, and the heart brimming with love, ready to expend itself, like the sunshine, on all about her path. Everything was there that went to make her the woman she was, save the past, and that was as completely blank as a washed-off slate.

When the soft south wind blew the month of May up the river, the cherry-tree, where the bench was before the low door, quivered and shook its blossoming branches under the fleeting weight of nothing birds as they hovered and lingered on the island. A young peach-tree sprawled and crowded against the house, thrusting its pink sprays on one side against the window, and on the other reaching out to the open doorway. In the sweet-scented twilights they four sat together there and listened to the fiddle, watching the last of the sunset reflected in the placid waters. The river lights came out one by one, and passing boats showed red and green stars as the dusk dropped down. Now and then the dying swell of the passing river craft broke up the reflections into myriads of dancing jewels, and slipped up the gravel with a long sigh of peace. Sometimes the music grew sad, and the player's dark eyes when he bowed his head were always fixed on Barbara. She, looking out over the water, and bathed in a dream of sweet odors and fairyland sights, felt her heart drawn irresistibly by the strains, that seemed singing their sweet story to her ears alone. Sometimes a bit of the melody would wake a feeble echo out of her blurred memory, and she could not bear it. One night, thus recalled from the sweet trance of a love unexpressed, she rose and fled away among the shadows to the cliff as if a ghost had risen to pursue and claim her.

"What is it? What's the matter, Barbary?" said John Henry, following her, as, still holding the fiddle and bow, he passed his free arm around her. She sobbed out her terrors on his shoulder.

"Oh, I don't know—but I'm afraid—afraid to know who I was and where I came from, and sometimes you play tunes that seem to almost tell me! There's something terrible there where I belong—I'm sure of it; and if I once remember, I'll have to go back to it, and I don't want—oh, I don't want to go back!"

"You sha'n't go back—you shall stay here forever," said the fiddler, as he held her fast—"forever and forever—for you're mine!"

The next day a canal-boat went ashore on the edge of the flats, and a skiff put off for the island. The man in a red shirt who stepped out on the little beach gazed with a kind of terrified rapture at Barbara rinsing clothes there.

"Don't you know me?" he asked, in surprise, as she straightened up and put back her escaping hair from her eyes.

She looked at him with a puzzled little frown between her level brows. "No," she said, slowly; "I've never laid eyes on you before, as I know of.

He took off his hat, and pushed his hand in a puzzled way through his hair. Then he shifted the brim around carefully as he looked down and flushed.

"It would 'a' been better if you never had, Katy. I own up to that; and I will say I deserve you should cast me off. But I ain't the man I was a year ago—I've got religion, and I mean to live right now."

"I don't know you," said the woman, shaking her head, with a look of dread; "maybe I knew you once; but I've been sick, and I don't remember any more. I don't want to remember!" she broke off, passionately.

The man shrank, as if ashamed. His handsome weak face paled a little, and his eyes filled with tears.

"I've been awful mean to you," he confessed, sadly, "but I always loved you, Katy; it was the drink did it. I've hunted all up and down river for you since that night you went off. I thought if I found you, maybe you'd come back and try me again."

"Oh, go away!" she cried, as he moved toward her; "please go away, and don't come back here! I'm not the woman you're looking for. I—I don't know who I am; but I don't belong to you! I tell you I don't know you!"

He wiped his eyes on his shirt sleeve and turned away. Then he came back to her.

"Don't you remember," he said, with a sigh, "how we used to go to prayer meetings together when we first kept company? You tried to make me good then, but I couldn't seem to make it out. If you'd come back to me now, I'd try again; we'd go to meeting together, and I'd keep straight right along."

But the only reply she made was to back away along the beach, pointing dumbly to him and the boat.

"I ain't going back without you," he said, following her a little distance. "I'll get work around here somewheres, and then, if you change your mind, maybe you'll give me another chance. 'Tain't like you, Katy, to be so hard; you was always so forgiving. But I'll wait, if it's ten years, and I know you'll come back to me.

Then he turned about and got into the boat and shoved off. He kept his word for once in his vacillating life, for he did stay about the neighborhood, and through the summer, from time to time, when she went to the village near by, Barbara passed him at work in the rubbing-mill just across from the island, planing and smoothing the great slabs of flagging in the bluestone-yard. He said nothing of the encounter, nor did she, though sometimes she shrank with sudden fear against John Henry's shoulder, as he played, through the breathless summer moonlight, some half-remembered tune of other days.

When the shad-fishing ended, John Henry went back to his city work, but he carried a promise with him that lightened his tasks, and Barbara and mother stitched through the long hot days on wedding garments. Sometimes he came home in the early evening, and left again at dawn, and while he staid the lovers sat through the long twilights in a trance of melody and out-door wichery and love. At first a shadow would sometimes steal under the willows, silently beach a skiff, and then lurk about among the trees, listening and watching and waiting, but after a while it came no more.

So the short summer waxed and waned. Blossom-time passed, and hay-harvest, when the western breeze carried long whiffs of drying grass and the drowsy buzz of mowing-machines from the hill-side. The apples rounded and ripened, and the grapes hung full and dark. Then the river put on her last glow of color, and rivalled the sunsets in her shore draperies. The haze of Indian summer dropped down stream and stilled the ripples into glassy peace, and the year faded. November came again with her menaces, the wind set in from the north, and the water turned black and angry. Happiness and cheer seemed to drop out of Barbara's face as the sun paled and cooled, and a strange restlessness took possession of her. She pulled from the bushes the old row-boat in which she had drifted out of nowhere, and calked and tarred it; she could not tell why. When her lover came she clung to him more closely at times, and again would shrink from him in terror. His music seemed only to disquiet her. At last one night the spell was broken. Without prelude the bow arm, dipping and rising among the shadows in the kitchen corner, drew out the strains of an old hymn.

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood," quavered Mother, in company with the fiddle, and Barbara started, with white cheeks and fixed eyes, straight away without a barrier into her past. The old meeting-house on the hill, the girls and boys of the neighborhood, the lover of her girlhood, all were there. She had caught the thread, and was unravelling all the patterns in that terrible woof of misery that followed. All through that night she lived over again those scenes of wretchedness, and once more drove before the blast toward the island where she had wakened with that merciful veil drawn over the nightmare of her life. Was that the awakening, and this the dream? Or was the summer peace and happiness but a passing vision—but a respite in the long sorrow called living? Whichever it was, her awakened consciousness held fast to one steadfast duty, and her religion, if it had been of a hard complexion, with its limited heaven and well-defined hell, had at least ingrained upon her soul an unconquerable adhesion to the right.

In the morning she stole out and pushed off in her old skiff among the reeds to the landing by the rubbing-mill, and here she waited for the footsteps she well remembered going to work. As the man came whistling down the path, she moved out from the bushes, and taking him by the arm, without a word, she led him through the winding way to the beach where the skiff lay. Her face was so pale and her eyes so full of purpose that he drew back reluctantly, half doubtful of her sanity.

"I remember it all now," she said hoarsely, "and I am ready to go back. Come!"

"Well, there's no hurry about it, Katy. I dun'no' as you need to, if you don't want to. I shan't ever make no claim."

There was an intrinsic weakness in the expression of his face, in the slouch of his square shoulders, in his drooping averted gaze, that in some indefinable way expressed that his shifty will had ceased to want her at all. No words of his could so clearly have told it, but the woman did not relax one whit, though she read him with the undimmed sight of long experience.

"There's nothing else to be done," she said, and she put into her voice the reasoning tenderness one would use to a whimsical child. "It was God put us together, and together we've got to stay. I never tried to get away from you. The oar broke and the wind drove the boat along; and then I just give up; and when I come to, a long time after, I was on the island, and couldn't even remember who I was. It's all come back to me now"—here she sobbed a little, wildly, and then by an effort of will recovered her self-control—"and I'm going come with you to begin all over again."

"All right, Katy," he said, with an evident desire to temporize, "we'll go, but not to-day—we'll wait and get our things together, you know."

"No," she answered, steadily; "we'll go now, right off, before anything happens. I haven't got any thing there that belongs to me, and you can send back for yours. Come on; I'll take an oar."

Her will compelled him, and together they shoved off and headed up the river. Through the dark purpling water, under glooming clouds, and ever looking backward, they toiled away from Paradise. Without greeting she had come, and without farewell she went away; but when poor weeping mother put on her glasses to read the evening chapter, she found between the leaves a little message, written in a cramped, unaccustomed hand. "God will reward you," it said, "for being good to a broken-hearted woman. I have remembered who I was and where I came from. I have gone back to my duty. Good-by."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Black Diphtheria.

The Disease has Appeared at Miners' Mills and the Neighborhood is Scared.

Some days ago some Hungarian children were taken ill at Miners' Mills near Wilkesbarre, with a strange malady. Home remedies were applied, but did little or no good. One of the children gradually grew worse, and a physician was finally summoned, who pronounced the case a very malignant case of black diphtheria. There were several children in the family and the physician ordered them sent away, so that they would not contract the dread disease.

The sick child died and was buried at once. One of the children sent away was taken to relatives in Kingston. The little one was taken ill on Thursday of the same disease and died that same night. The residents of that section are highly incensed because the borough authorities allowed the child to be brought within the borough limits.

Forced To It.

"Yes," admitted the King of Bokipo to the new missionary, "I did eat your predecessor, though cannibalism had been bad form for nearly a decade. But when he came to us on his arrival and said that even in far away America he felt that he could only be happy in our midst what could a poor savage do?"

Hands Off the Moon.

A Telescope That Will Bring It Within a Few Miles of Us.

The huge block of crystal which will become the mirror for the great telescope has safely arrived in Paris. If all goes well, the exhibition of 1900 will be able to boast of a distinct feature. Whether the moon's features will be equally distinct is another question. Professor Loewy thinks not, but M. Deloncle is still determined to carry through his idea.

"The moon one yard off." It was thus the scheme of the gigantic telescope was spoken of in the papers, but M. Deloncle, however ambitious he may be in central Africa, protests that he never had so preposterous a notion. He claims that it will be possible to throw on to a screen views of our satellite brought within a distance of 38 miles. This remains to be seen. However, everybody will wish M. Deloncle—and still more especially his shareholders—every success in what one must still regard as an experiment.

The new telescope mirror is the largest ever made. It was cast at Jeumont, a manufacturing place and the last French station on the line to Liege, Cologne and Berlin. This splendid block of homogeneous crystal weighs 3,000 kilograms. Its diameter is 2.05 meters, and in its present nearly rough state it cost $4,000. Of course it was conveyed to Paris in a special train. It was wrapped up in heavy felt blankets, protected by hoops of soft wood, with metal tires, mounted on pivots. Thus packed, the mirror was tightly wedged in a case that was placed in the wagon on a bed of hurdles and layers of hay.

For greater safety the train stopped only once—at Tergnier—and went at as slow a pace as a royal train, escorted by a royal inspector. It was insured to its full value. The same afternoon it was removed from the northern terminus to the workshop. The mirror before leaving Jeumont went through a second grinding of its faces, being as smooth as a fine plate glass. But for telescopic purposes this sort of smoothness is roughness itself. The finishing process will take two years and six months and by more expeditious processes than any hitherto in use, which, moreover, will give greater accuracy than anything known.

Hitherto astronomical mirrors and lenses have been polished by hand by slowly rubbing the glass with the naked hand sometimes, but not always, moistened with oil, albumen and other substance which are the maker's secret. The drawback of this process is that the mere heat of the hand may cause the surface to warp.

The new mechanical process, of which particulars are not given, will produce a surface approaching a true plane within one ten-thousandth part of a millimeter. Even this marvelous finish will leave a margin, astronomers tell us, for errors. The whole finishing process will cost £6,000. The silvering will not cost anything to speak of.

The mirror will be mounted on two arms 10 meters long and will be set in motion by machinery of the usual sort. The rays gathered from planetary space will be reflected horizontally through a mammoth 60 meters long laid on piles of masonry. The lenses of flint and crown glass will be 1 meter 25 centimeters, the largest in the world, and the images, enlarged 6,000 times, will be thrown on to a screen, which thousands of people will view at a time.

The moon will, if all goes well, be brought within 38 miles, but it is most doubtful whether images on this scale will prove correct. M. Loewy, the assistant director of the Paris observatory, who has submitted some splendid photographs of the moon, believes that the limit of 94 miles he has reached is the utmost practicable for a long time to come. Larger images will be indistinct.—London *Daily News.*

Fiend Righter Still at Large.

The Mad Slayer of Little Jimmie M'Connell Eludes the Police.—Killed for Making Noise.—Love for his Babies Averted a Wholesale Butchery.—More Facts of the Tragedy.

Little Jimmie McConnell, the victim of madman William J. Richter's assault, died shortly after 1 o'clock Sunday morning at Pittsburg. With the usual cunning of a maniac Richter has baffled the Allegheny police department for nearly 48 hours, and there is nothing to indicate that he will not do so for many more hours. Hardly a foot of territory within a radius of several miles of the scene of the horrible tragedy in Woods Run Saturday has not been gone over more than once by the vigilant officers of the department. Clue after clue has been taken up, and all have had an ending like a soap bubble striking a stone wall. There seems to be no doubt that the fiend, who crushed out the life of the innocent lad has crawled into some small space and will there remain until hunger alone drives him to justice. This is a trait of the murderer, he having once before hid in a manner strange to sane criminals. It was about three years ago, when he nearly crushed out the life of his partner in the real estate business, Howard Lutton, by hurling a paperweight at him. At that time he eluded the police for some time by crawling into a coalhole on McClure avenue.

The child's father blames McKinley free beer for the death of his boy. He said Richter had been spending considerable time about the McKinley headquarters in Woods Run, drinking the free beer on tap there.

"It was Republican beer that killed my boy. Richter had been drinking for some time. There is no motive for the deed that I can possibly think of. Jim and Richter seemed to be the best of friends, and only a half hour before he assaulted him they sat at the table and joked together. There did not seem to be any signs of the demon in the man at that time. My theory of the affair is that he assaulted Jim while the children were just outside of the play-house door. When he went up there he told the children to go down into the house, and I believe that he struck the blows just as soon as they were out of the door, then came down with them. He did not have time to return and do it, as was supposed by some."

All Went Together.

"I've come to ask for your daughter's hand, Mr. Herrick," said young Waller, nervously.

"Oh—well, you can't have it," said Herrick, "I'm not doling out my daughter on the installment system. When you feel that you can support the whole girl, you may call again."

——The Republicans talk a good deal about our "bankrupt treasury," ignoring the fact that the treasury it not bankrupt and the government had over $171,000,000 in cash May 1, inclusive of the gold reserve. But the Republicans are doing their best to make the treasury bankrupt by extravagant and useless appropriations, and if they fail in so doing it will not be their fault.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Miss Bertha G. Lamme, of the Westinghouse works in Pittsburg, is the only woman electrical engineer in the country.

The warm weather damsel should have a skin like peaches and cream. She would, too, if she only knew how to improve her opportunities.

Why doesn't she take advantage of the fruit season? Why doesn't she scorn pastries, puddings, creams and candies during the few months at least, when for the mere choosing healthful fruit dainties are hers? Would she aid her digestion, clear up a muddy skin and secure all around health let her become an apple eater.

Pears are health aids, but better when cooked. Peaches are calculated to beautify, and grapes are declared the healthiest of all fruits. Cherries, an authority says, frequently restore health and strength to the weak. Strawberries, though a cold fruit, have the virtue of healing rheumatism. Pineapples are said to be the best cure for dyspepsia known. Oranges are an excellent cure for dyspepsia and lemons serve as a fine fruit tonic.

Although sleeves and skirts and bows and belts may vary after their own peculiar fashion, the coat-and-skirt suits, the shirt waists, and above all the adjustable collar, will stand firm in the fashionable world as do low shoes, sailor hats and a few other absolutely indispensable things in the summer season.

For an inexpensive party gown nothing is prettier than pure white dimity, which may be bought of really good quality for 25 cents a yard. The first important point to be considered is the lining, and as silk is expensive, the best lining—though this seems paradoxical—is none at all. Have instead a pretty petticoat of linen lawn, which must be of the same length, or nearly so, as the dress skirt. The latter may be of the graceful bell-skirt pattern, or the full round skirt, which, perhaps, is better for wash materials.

The bodice should be full in the back, while the front should be made in the Marie Antionette or fichu style, the long ends being brought round to the back and tied in a simple knot. This, of course, leaves a small V-shaped opening at the neck, and the fichu, if edged with narrow lace, has a much prettier effect. The elbow sleeves, made very full, should also be finished with lace.

A white Swiss gown worn over a linen lawn petticoat is also suitable and costs but little.

Make the round skirt perfectly plain, finishing it with a deep hem. The full bodice and elbow sleeves should be finished with wide crush bands of bias white taffeta silk, tied in big bows, while the girdle at the waist should be of the same, pointed back and front and tied slightly to the left of the front in a large bow and pointed loops. A more expensive gown is of white canvas made over white taffeta; this skirt, too, should be perfectly plain and the full bodice should have a very full vest of white chiffon, ending with a stock and belt of crisp taffeta ribbon. The elbow sleeves have a twist of taffeta ribbon, tied in full bows on the inside of the arm. bow sleeves of taffeta ribbon, tied in full bows on the inside of the arm.

For the white and dainty summer room nothing is prettier or more appropriate than linen. The linen novelties are unusually pretty this spring, There is an exquisite counterpart in lilies which would delight the heart of any woman who has a home of her own. Both the centrepiece and the doilies were round in shape and the lilies encircled them. Linen picture frames were shown in effective designs. A frame of deep purple linen, on which a spray of lilies were embroidered, was perhaps the most effective, though the green linen frames on which lilies and violets were embroidered were very pretty. Court plaster cases of white linen are useful and convenient tokens of regard for the bicycle fiend. Embroidered with small spring flowers, buttercups or white and gold daises, they will be most acceptable and handy "on the road."

A beautiful woman must know how to put on her clothes or she loses half her beauty. So many women who have regular features, good complexions and other essentials of beauty entirely nullify their good looks by wearing ugly, shapeless clothes and colors which do not suit them.

It is all very well for novelists and writers of short stories to say that the heroine looked beautiful in a filmy white garment with a fresh rose in her belt, but women know perfectly well that unless the sleeve of the filmy white garment had been sufficiently puffy, unless the skirt hung well, she would have looked a guy, and the rose-bud in her belt would have been powerless to suggest a charm had the same belt been untidily finished off.

Miss Mattie Collins was elected superintendent of the Cameron county schools last month.

Simultaneously with the advent of the white chamois glove and the white canvas slipper, pipe clay becomes an important dressing room adjunct. It removes stains and soil readily from white leather, kid and coarse canvas. The woman who wears white belts will also find it valuable.

The old-fashioned ribbon belt had an unpleasant habit of growing limp and wrinkled after a few weeks' wear, but it could be pinned securely over skirt bands. The new leather belt is properly stiff and trig, but it will not consent to be fastened over the bands in the back. An enterprising manufacturer, however, is providing the leather belts with a sort of hook on the inside, which needs only a corresponding eye on the dress band to fasten it firmly in place.

Linen gowns of every description are all the rage just now. They are made in every style and can be either cheap or expensive just as you want.

There are wide bishop sleeves, with a flaring cuff, also fastened with studs, and a stock of the linen fastened in a bow-knot at the front. A Nanon belt of tan suede, fastened with a small leather-covered buckle, finishes the waist.

A stock of scarlet satin and belt of scarlet suede gives a smart finish. Such a linen gown is quite inexpensive, as the goods cost but 12 cents per yard, and the designs are so simple an anateur might attempt them. Smart hats, in the sailor shape, of the same linen, heavily stitched, are made to match, and shoes are to be had of the same tint in linen.

Linen Parasols are also the rage this season. The appropriate one for such a costume is entirely plain and without lining, having a simple natural wood handle. A smart gown of grass linen has a bodice confined with embroidered linen in white.