Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. 6, 1896.

THE CHOICE.

[Sarah K. Bolton in Judge.] Two Jacqueminots were in the vase, One bud with leaves unsealed, And one whose velvet open face Its yellow heart revealed,

Two women in the vacant room Sat at the sunset hour ; One delicate in girlish bloom, One rich in grace and power.

To one the world was all untried. A dream, a hope, a joy ; One knew that bliss has pain allied Like gold with its alloy.

Another entered-one whose name Had graced his country's scroll Of honor ; bravery won him fame ; A man of brain and soul.

The girl's face into welcome broke Like sunshine after showers; Which will you choose ?" she smiling spoke And proffered him the flowers.

He pressed the roses to his lips; The woman bent her head; The blood surged to her finger tips : "The full-blown rose," he said.

MOLLY'S BLUNDERS.

"Sure, Molly's the most unfortunate crayther that iver you see," said Donal, 'for misunderstandin gintale conversayshun intirely. Sure, no matther what you're pleased to say, she'll take it in its literary sinse. Like as whin, in spakin of the great shower of rain we had, the praste said 'the windys of heaven were opened.' 'It's right your riverence is,' says Molly, 'for, faith. I heard the smashin of one of the panes.' And if the stupid gurrl wasn't afther gazin up into the skoi to see if the windys had been shut !

"Molly's me cousin, sorr, as we make it out in Ireland, and very aisy reckonin it is, or in straight descint backward me greatgrandfeyther and Tim O'Gorman's greatgrandmother were brothers, and Tim's wife's grandmother and Molly's stepmother's feyther's uncle were sisters.

"So you see that whin Molly's feyther was transported and her mother died me feyther couldn't let his own flesh and blood perish with hunger, and he took her in, and we were brought up like two twinses, in the same cradle. Well, there was niver enough of anythin in the shanty- for two babies, and whin Molly had the sup of milk I hollered with an empty stomach, and whin I was covered up with the bedquilt she ran around to keep herself warm, which is my understandin of how it happened that I got all the brains and she got all the good looks. There wasn't enough of ayther for the two of us.

And sure it's a beauty Molly is intirely, with the purtiest rid cheeks and black hair that reaches down to the knees of her. And great rollin eyes, soft and gentle and set wide apart in the honest face of her, like those of a little Kerry cow-eyes that always looked you straight in the face an yet niver seemed to see nothin. She was niver sinsible that you were pokin fun at her, and she hadn't a mimory long enough

to remimber ad onkaindness. "She nursed me feyther when he died of the faver, and she cared for me poor bedrid mother and kept me at school and dug the pertaties and did all the work there was to be done, till I was grown a man in size. Sorra a bit of thanks did she get for that same. For, by the same token, the more you give a bye the iddication of a gintleman, the mole he'll look down on thim that slaved thimsilves to death to raise him; leastwise it was that way with me, sorr, and me pet name for Molly in thim days was. 'You blunderin ignyramus of a grane cabbage head !' And sure it would have angered a saint to have seen the stupid things that Molly did, all the time tryin her very best to moind what I said—all through the thick headedness of her understandin. "Well, one day I brought home a piece of mate, and it's not often we had the luxury of a beefsteak in thim days, and by the same token Molly had no more idea how she should cook it than if it was the dinner of an emperor. 'Put it on with a cabbage head !' says I, 'and sure an illegant biled dinner we'll be afther makin.' With that I took me hoe and went to work at the end of the lot. But, howly saints ! when I came back hungery for me dinner. what did I see but the pig munchin the beefsteak forninst the cottage and Molly going about her wurruk singin as merrily as a lark in the mornin. "Why, Donal, dear,' says Molly, 'you said put it on a cabbage head, and first I thought it was my own head yees was manin, for that is what you're always callin me, and thin I thought it couldn't be that sure, and so I laid it on the biggest cabbage in the yard. It's thinkin about things that muddles me up, and afther Donal, dear, I'll niver think about anythin' and the tears riz in her eyes as she spoke. 'And, oh ! Donal, do yees think it will do the pig any harm?' "Well, I was that mad I could have bate her, but a Malloy is always a gentleman and niver bates a lady-savin and exceptin his lawful wedded wife. 'Molly, Molly,' says I, 'this is past all bearin ! Sure, it's l'avin you I am, for his holiness the pope couldn't live with you afther this,' says I

What I need is a flatboat, and there's no ivery one and askin and askin more ques

time for the gettin of that, for I'm sinkin deeper ivery minute.' 'By the same token, it's this that I've brought the doore for,' says she. With that she laid the doore of our cottage flatwise on the bog, and I managed to crawl upon it and to get safe to sound land. 'And how, in the name of all the saints, did you happen to have the doore wid ye?' says I, as she scraped the mud off me trousers. 'Why, Donal, dear,' says she, 'don't you mind how you towld me to

draw the doorc too behind me? Sure, I'd | dancin.' have been here the sooner but for the thrubble I had gettin it off its hinges and tvin the halter well around it and draggin it afther me.'

"I was sinsible enough that it was Molly's blunderin that had saved my life, and she looked so purty with her cheeks a-flamin and her eyes a-shinin that I kissed her thin and there, and as I did so I minded how she said that she couldn't live widout me, and a new idee come into my head and nearly knocked me sinseless. I thought that Molly might be even more satisfac thory as a wife than as a cousin, and what a fool I had been not to have thought of it all these years. I was afraid to ask her right out would she marry me, knowin how much it would surprise her and misthrustin that no one had iver axed her before, so I waited till we had eaten our pertaties that avenin, and as I was sittin on the dooresill smokin my pipe and Molly was washin the dishes I says, careless like "'Molly, did you iver think of bein

married ? 'That same I have, Donal,' says she. " 'Well, what have yees thought about

t?' says I. "'I've about made up me moind,' says she, 'that's it's married I'll be.'

" 'What !' says I ; 'yees don't say that yees already promised ? Who is the gossoon ?' says I ; 'tell me, an I'll break his head for him. How long has this been goin on, ye desateful crayther?' 'Don't be angry, Donal, dear,' says Molly, 'but I've been thinkin about it iver

since ver mother died. Sure, it isn't dacent for me to be kapin house for yees in this lone way." "' 'Whin are yees afther bein married ?'

says I. " What do yees think of Christmas day, Donal?' says she.

"' 'Make it Michaelmas,' says I, 'and maybe by that time I can scare up a wife mesilf, for it will be lonesome widout yees. "' 'Just as ye plaze, Donal, darlint,' says

Molly, and we settled back again into the ould ways. "But though I kept watch for him, niver a peep could I catch of Molly's young man, they were that sly, the craythers ! And though I considered in me moind all the gurrls in Tipperary, there was not one of them that I wanted for a wife. And I had no money to go courtin with, and whin I considered how hard it was to make me livin with Molly, I wondered what should

I do when she was gone. "Those were sad days for Ireland, for by the same token what with the landlords livin in London away from the estates and the agents carin only how they could squeeze the rint out of the tenants and turnin thim as were behind out of their cottages and farms to starve on the roads. no wonder the byes, with the discouragemint, got wildlike and did crazy things intirely. They made a society amonst thimsilves, 'Ribbon Men' they called thimsilves, and they helped the poor people

that were thrown out of their shanties and they bothered the bad landlords. "But I niver had any doin's with thim,

for by one way or another I had always had the rint ready, though the pig wint for it one quarter, and sorra another bit of mate did we have that winter afther the teak that Molly put on the cal age.

tions than a praste with the catechism

"But he didn't forget Molly's ribbon, don't you be talkin-an illegant one it was, with a rid satin shtripe and roses blossom in all over it. Thin he said, 'Donal, come in ; let me see you take a turn at the dancin,' but though there was a harper an a fiddler on the grounds there was no one dancin' 'And why is this ?' says his honor. "'If your honor pleases,' says I, 'it's because the poor people of this country have little time, money or heart to spend on the "'It doesn't please my honor at all,"

says the gintleman. 'I've heard so much of the blithe village games of Ireland, I fan-cied a fair would be much gayer.'

You should have seen our fair in the ould days,' says I, 'whin

"The byes were all in muslin dressed, And the girls in corduroy."

"Thin we set out for home, and on the way we stopped at a schoolhouse, and it's empty we found it and no glass in the windys, or floor barrin the ground.

"Feyther McClosky, the parish priest, saw us comin out of the schoolhouse, and he came over from the church, and his honor bowed to him and asked him a mort o' questions, as he had me, and gave him some money for the church poor. And whin Feyther McClosky tould him the rayson the children didn't go to school was because they had not time for the work, and besides it was no one's business to send us a tacher or rid' up the schoolhouse.

"''It's my business,' says his honor, what that agent of mine's been doin these years I can't concaive.' "With that they shook hands friendly,

and in a short time we reached the cottage, and there was Molly standin in the doorway with the surprise knocked into her to see me come drivin up like a lord.

"''Is this where you live?' says his 'Why, it's on me own land.'' And honor. thin, whin he come to a stand, so that he could look into the cottage :

"'Is it possible that human craythers live in sich a hovel ?' says he. "'Please your honor to look in ; you'll

find it clane,' says I. 'It's not much that Molly has brains for, but scrubbin is not above the measure of her understandin.'

"'I thought the Irish kept their pig in the parlor,' says he. 'Please your honor,' says I, 'the pig

wint to pay the last quarter's rint, and Molly has been lonesome enough without the darlint.'

"With this he says, 'Come up to the hall, and I'll send you back with one of me best Suffolks.'

"As I was climbing into the dogcart, he noticed that there was no door to the cottage, and av coorse he asked me the why of that, and I tould him how we lost it in the bog, and I thought he would 'a' died laughin.

'She's a good girl, is Molly,' says he 'A faithful heart like hers is better than the best intellect in the world.'

"'Sure it's truth your honor is spakin, says I. 'If I could find out who the spalpeen is that has the ownin of her heart, sure it's a good drubbin I'd give, for I mis thrust he's not treating Molly right, for they were to have been married last Michælmas, and it's two months gone.'

"' 'Find him out,' says his honor, 'and give him a good batin, with me compliments.'

" 'I will that same,' says I, and was the first and only promise that I iver broke to his honor.

"He sint me home with a basket of victuals and a beautiful little spotted, black and white pig tied by the hind leg of him, which gave me such a chase that whin I reached home again I was worn out intirely. But it was a lucky day for us both, and Molly was taken with admiration, what first with the pig and thin with the

"But his honor didn't have the house put into the state of defince, at all at all. Instid of that, he ordered it lighted from ors. garret to cellar, and tould the servants to hurry and set out a big supper, and me to run for Fayther McClosky to come in and make a speeche of welcome for his company. And Fayther McClosky arrived in the nick of time, and come out on the balcony with his honor just as the byes marched up foreninst the house. 'And,' says he, 'his honor has heard of your kind intintions to give him a surprise party,' says he, 'and has pervided a little supper, to which he bids you all welcome.

"Well, whativer Fayther McCloskey tould the byes to do, that they did, and whin he tould thim to eat first, one slipped his blunderbuss into his coattail pocket, and another threw away his shilaly, and another hid his shotgun behind the hedge, an' so they all came into the hall and ate their fills.

"Thin his honor talked to thim, an tould thim his intintions of doin' his best by thim, and they inded by giving him three cheers

"The school house has been rid up, and Mollie has took to the larnin. By the same token she makes fewer mistakes than formerly, and a better behaved or more peaceable parish than ours you'll not find in Tipperary, or a kinder landlord, and all through the twistifications of Molly.

"And the weddin? Sure, a finer was niver seen in the parish, for his honor sint the band from Cashel, and we had dancin' on the green and a barbecue, at which the spotted pig had the pleasure of being roasted, and other good victuals galore. For it's meself that would give Molly a good send off, more especially as I had no fault to find with her swatcheart barrin his slowness in the courtin. It was the day afther the house warmin at the hall that I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance. "''Molly,' says I (we were workin in the

field togither), 'Molly, that swatcheart of yours is a bit backward in comin forward.' "''He is,' says she.

" 'Spake the word, and I'll larrup him,' says I.

". 'Don't throuble yourself, Donal; he can take his time.' "'Oh, give him up, Molly, bad luck to

him ! Sure it's not much you care for him, I'm thinkin, that there's others waitin to take his place. Sure, I'll marry you me-silf if ye'll tell me who he is and let me

"'Sure, I'll niver give him up,' says Molly, 'not if his honor himself axed me to be lady of the hall, for I love him more than the wurld besides. And yees needn't look so black, Donal, for it's you, darlint, that I'll marry, and no other, at all, at all. "Molly, Molly, 'says I, when I could spake for kissin her, 'this is the worst twistification of all, for who could have

'Thin it's you that has twistified the

In the gold mining districts of this country there is a superstition that the discoverers of great mines always come to violent wood, the beech, the hickory, the tulip ends. It is said the belief is founded on tree, the huckleberry, the blackberry, the the fact that the finders of 40 of the richest mines in the world have died in this way, 12 being shot, 3 engulfed in their mines and the rest unaccountably disappearing. George H. Fryer, of the Fryer Hill mine, committed suicide. Two years before his ed in an avalanche; Colonel Stoey was killed by the Indians; William Fairweather, of the Alder Gulch mines, came to his death through riotous living. The owner would require only a deficiency of chloroof the Homestake mine turned highwaymay. He was shot dead. John Horner, of tion of our own foliage appears in autumn. the Horner mine, finding himself penniless, shot himself. 'Doughnut Bill,' 'Old Eureka,' and 'Ninemile Clark' were killed in bar room rows, and Montana Plummer, who found one of the richest mines in the world, died on the gallows.

The Leaves of Antumn. Why They Take on Their Gorgeous Variegated Col-

What causes the leaves to turn red and vellow in the autumn? Nine persons out of ten answer hastily, "the frost." As a matter of fact, the frost has nothing to do with it. Leaves turn in color simply because that is the natural way for a leaf to ripen. A leaf turns just as a peach, a pear

or an apple does. Sprays of brilliant maple, gum, oak and huckleberry leaves may be found in the woods as early as July, long before there is any suspicion of frost. When the frost does come it is likely to turn a red or a yellow

leaf brown. Modern botanists say that a plant to be in perfectly healthy condition must pro-duce nothing but green leaves. Color is a sign of degeneration, whether that color take the form of bud, flower, fruit, bract or

autumnal leaf. Color results from a deficiency of chlorophyl, or green coloring matter. All this is contrary to the old ideas on

the subject, when the flower was considered the crown of the plant and the production of fruit the end and aim of a plant's existence. Such thoughts may survive in poetry. Science says that a plant, is doing well only when it produces "nothng but leaves."

The principle is recognized in horticulture, when the gardner pinches off buds in order to prevent a plant from blooming too soon or too profusely. The Japanese use this process in order to produce large chrysanthemums, retaining the chlorophyl as long as possible and allowing all the deficiency thereof to settle into one flower.

The tree butchers have a crude concept tion of the idea when they chop off handsome limbs, unsightly stumps at the ends and turning the tree's natural shape into monstrous deformity. They know that the tree will sprout out again with a thicker crop of green leaves than ever.

There must come a time in the life of any plant when its strength is inadequate to the continuous production of chlorophyl. In that case the deficiency is shown in colored leaves. Sometimes these are petals,

sometimes autumn leaves. But all brilliant leaves are not necessarily autumn leaves. There are plants that start out with a deficiency of chlorophylhence display a gorgeousness of foliage at other seasons of the year. Among such plants may be mentioned the colcus, so extensively cultivated for carpet and ribbon It is easy to see that the frost has beds. nothing to do with the coloring of plants of this variety, The same phenomenon appears in many tropical and hot-house plants ; as begonias and pitcher plants. Sometimes the deficiency in chlorophyl shows in bracts, or secondary leaves; and in calyxes, or flower cups. The scarlet sage has a scarlet calyx, as well as a scarlet flower. The poinsettia has a bunch of scarlet leaves at the top of its green-leafed

stalks, immediately beneath its little yellow, inconspicuous blossoms. Among the most beautiful of our autumn

leaves may be mentioned those of the scar-let maple, the scarlet oak, the sour gum, the sumac, the Virginia creeper, the dogwild strawberry, the wild geranium, the scarlet thorn and the burning bush.

The variety of gold and crimson, garnet and amber, orange and lemon, sulphur and russet, cardinal and umber tones could not be reproduced by any painter, however death he was worth a million, yet the skillful. An "impressionist" would be authorities buried him. The discoverer of most likely to give you an idea of a volthe Standard mine, in California, was kill- canic eruption or the burning of Chicago. It may be interesting to note just here that some astronomers have thought that

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Skirts are not much more than half as wide as they were, perhaps, a couple of years ago; three and a-half yards around the hem at the bottom, and with no godet at the side, is now the correct proportion. There is no wane of the popularity of the jacket, bolero and Eton, still very short and worn in self colors over vests and blouses of fleecy texture and light tints.

The wide corselet is as much in favor as is the pearl neck chain, only the pearls are reserved for the few who can afford them. Anyone can have a belt

An odd detail of the Paris fashions of the present autumn is the common custom of wearing drab cloth sack-back coats with skirts of entirely different hue, of which the lighter is always reserved for the coat. A skirt trimming which will not be relished by stout women is a heavy stitched nineinch hem with five rows of braid around the bottom of the skirt

Except in coats, where the retention of fairly generous sized sleeves is desirable, they are much smaller than they have been.

Some slight protection is needed for the shoulders before it is time to don the wrap or coat. One grows so weary of furs, that it is best not to put them on until one is compelled to, and then, with collarettes, there is small need of furs.

If one is an adept with the needle, one of these contrivances will be as easy as rolling off a log. One needs a good pattern, something with all the flare possible ; and by flare, I do not mean fulness. A chic little collarette is made of mode, colored melton as heavy as a board, lined with rose pink. dresden taffetta, and trimmed or finished with strapped pieces of broadcloth, and sets of tiny, flat pearl buttons. This, with the high flaring collar is sufficient protection from early chills, and is a smart protection to any toilet.

Pretty ones are made of velvet preferably black, with large ruches of black tulle and ostrich feathers, so arranged as to stand up high at the back of the head.

A fetching collarette in black is made of dozens of frills of chiffon set on double, as close together as they can be placed, with a tall Marie Antoinette collar, composed of the same.

With such a collarette may suitably be worn one of the broad-brimmed, tip-tilted hats in black, either a fur-felt, or velvet. massed with ruches of black tulle or chiffon, and bristling with spiky blackbird's wings.

One of the finest accomplishments for a woman to master is the acquisition of a low, well-modulated voice. It must be clear and distinct ; it should have individuality. It should not distract the attention and worry the nerve. Children would often obey quicker if they were not rasped and irritated by the harsh, excited command that gives hint of a great lack of self control in the one issuing the order.

If a woman adopts either the profession of a physician, surgeon, clergyman, lawyer or nurse, she, of a necessity, would be absent from her home much of the time, if the profession was followed. And yet, with either of these professions, as well as others. there perhaps would come a time when her professional knowledge would be useful to her in her domestic life. A divided attention is only half attention, and if her heart is in the profession it cannot be entered in the home. If she desires to follow a profession let her follow it as she is canable of so doing as a man; but let her leave the domestic duties to women who love to cook, bake, sew and darn for the loved ones, keeping a place at our bright fire-side for the professional woman. The world honors her and ever will, as it has

beth W. Chapney in Home Maker. Unlucky to Find Gold.

thought that I was your swatcheart? matther,' says Molly, 'for it's meself that knew it all the time,' says she."-Eliza-

give him his walkin papers, the villain.'

"'Just as you plaze, Donal, dear,' says Molly, 'but if you're goin away I'll go wid ye, for sure I couldn't live widout you.' "I made no answer, but just struck out

across the fields, not rightly knowin or carin which way I wint, but happenin to look round I saw her following afther.

"'If you will be comin,' says I, 'draw the doore to behind you,' for I misthrusted that while she went back to shut the doore I could get well out of sight of her. To do this the better, I made straight for a bit of boggy woods and lapin into the midst of went crashin me way through till before I knew it I was in the open bog and a-sinkin deeper with every plunge in the bad ground. This brought me to me sinses, and I tried to turn round and come back, but I was in a sort of quicksand, and the more I struggled the more I sank, till I was up to me waistband in the cowld, clammy mud. I hollered and I bellered. without any likelihood of making mesilf heard in that lone place, and with the illegant prospect of having me month soon stopped with the mud, and I had about given mesilf up to me fate when I heard Molly callin, 'Donal, where are you, Donal ?'

"Here, Molly darlint,' says I, 'but look careful where you're steppin, and forgive me for all the evil things I've said of you, for it's dyin I am.

'Whist ! Donal, be aisy. I'll git you out,' savs she.

to, I misthrust it wouldn't bear me up. here, there and iverywhere, takin with hall and informed on them-the villains! ed through Tioga county.

more had Molly a new dress or a bonnet. and she had denied herself the amusement of ivery wake that had been held in the parish till her spirits were growin as heavy as her understandin.

"There was a fair at Cashel, and one fine day, 'Molly,' says I, 'I'll take what eggs we have in me handkerchief, an I'll sell thim at the fair an bring you home a ribbon,' says I, and with the eggs in one hand and me shillaly in the other, off thrudges I to the fair.

"Now, while I was gone, who should come to the cottage but one of the byes to get me to meet with thim the night at the crannach to help thim with some of their diviltry.

"Now, they were not that sure of me that they could out with their business to once, so Murtagh began in a roundabout way, and 'Whist, Molly !' says he, 'is Donald a "Ribbon Man?" says he, is "'Not yit,' says Molly, thinkin of the ribbon I had promised to bring her, 'but by the same token he's thinkin of bein one

when he comes back from the fair.'

"'That's good,' says Murtagh, 'and if it's sure you are that he's with the "Ribbon," tell him to meet with us midnight in the skirts of Ballymoran forest.'

"'I will that same,' says Molly, and to be sure that she shouldn't forgit, knowin her talent for twistifyin a message, they made her repeat it three times—'Midnight in the skirts of Ballymoran forest.'

"Now, it's right you are in thinkin that Molly made a mess of it intirely, but before I tell you the how and whyfore of that, you must know the luck that came to

me on the way to the fair. "I was thrudgin along whistlin to mesilf, when I heard a great rackit behind me, and whin I looked around there was a gintleman's dogcart a-runnin away with his horse, and the gintleman himself a-runnin afther, and by great exartion losin a rod or two the minute. I planted mesilf in the middle of the road, and droppin me eggs I grabbed hould of the bridle and hild on to the baste till he tired of draggin me, and the gintleman came up pantin and blowin. "The horse it quieted down afther a bit,

and prisently the gintleman's footman came up a-rubbin of his showlder, which had been hurt with bein tumbled in a ditch. Ye'd better go back to the hall, Terry, says the gintleman, 'an have the dochter look at your showlder,' says he. 'I'll drive on to the fair, if this honest lad will get up beside me and hould the horse when I get down,' says he.

" 'Thank you, your honor,' says I, 'and it's just what I'd like, for I'm goin to the fair mesilf to trade me eggs for a ribbon for Molly,' and then I looked around, and there were me eggs all scrambled ready for the atein, into what the Frinch cooks to head, had sint them some pervisions to testhe gentry calls a epaulet, or an amulit, or sify his kind fellin's. They grumbled to the likes of that.

great trick of askin questions about the were asleep at the hall, an that they meant tinants, and the agent, and how much the to give the new landlord a house warmin

pertaties sold for, and how much I could "'Ye can't do it,' says I, 'for even if you save when the rint was paid, and this, that this they hustled me out of the wood, and should lay down a log for me to catch on and the other. And at the fair he was I took to me legs with all me might for the

victuals, and thin with the ribbon, and lastly with the thought that our own landlord had come home to live among us like a Christian, that she clean forgot to give me Murtagh's message until it was nearly bedtime.

"Now if she had given me the errant as it was given to her, divil a bit would I have stirred out of the shanty that night, but says she : 'Whist ! Donal and you haven't caught all the good luck that's stirrin yet, says she, 'for Murtagh was here the mornin, and he says for you to come to the crannach in Ballymoran forest at midnight, dressed in me petticoats, and you will see some fine fun the night.

"'Dressed in your petticoats !' says I, and what rayson did Murtagh give that I should rig meself out as a woman, as though it was a Candlemas procession ?' "'Niver a bit of a rayson, but belike,

it's some fun of the byes, for its particular he was about it and made me say over three times "Be sure he comes in skirts to the forest.

"Well, I felt gayer that night than I had for many a day, and thought I would like nothing better nor a frolic with the byes, so I let Molly disfigure me by putting her Sunday dress on me-one with big flowers onto it, a stoilish kind of caliky that they cover sofys with in the houses of the gentry—an I tied a kercher over me head, an I hardlyknew whether I was Molly or Molly was I. Tein I took the remnints of our supper along in the basket for I thought I'd treat the byes, and we'd all drink to the health of our yound landlord. "Well, I went on gayly enough til I come to the hedge forenist the forest, an thin two of the byes jumped up from the ditch, with guns in their hands, and pinted thim at me. 'Give the password', says they, 'or you're a dead woman.' With that I threw one of 'em a hunk of mutton pie and the other a piece of plum puddin,

and they lowered their guns and let me pass. 'It's Molly Molly,'' says one. 'Whin is your cousin comin ? says the other. 'He's not far off.' says I, imitating me cousin's voice. 'Where are the byes?' '' 'They're in the crannach,' says one, and

I wint on, but I mistrusted now what kind of a frolic I'd fallen into, and purty soon I found meself amongst a dozen or twenty of them all talking amongst themselves What have you let that woman come here for ?, says the leader to one of the guards. 'Sure, she's the bearer of important

dispatches,' says he ; 'an,' he says in a whis-per,, 'it's only half witted Molly Molly, and she's that thick headed she'll niver understand nothing', says he.

"With that I dropped them a c'urt'sy and thanked the gintleman for their kindness and said that me brother who had hitherto.' come home from the fair with a broken

thimselves, and some one said, lowlike, if "Well, the gintleman, when he see the Donal had come he wouldn't have got off condition of the eggs, first he laughed, and that night, for there was work to be done, thin he said it was a pity, it was. But niver moind, Molly should have her rib-should have their mouths shut. Thin they should have their mouths shut. Thin they bon, and the best he could find at the fair. sint me away, but not till I had heard by honeymoons I've heard of were big sells." With that we rode on togither, an a right bits that there was an attack planned for pleasant spoken man I found him, barrin a that very night, come two hours, when all

that should not be of a welcome. Afther

She Knew William's Style:

A slender, pale-faced little woman in at the rooms of a Market street medium the other evening. Materializations had been advertised

and the little woman confidingly whispered to the medium that she would like to see the departed William. She was overjoyed to learn that William was on hand when wanted-the first time since she had known him—and, when a few minutes

"Is that you, William ?" she asked in

Put Out Your Tongue.

A female patient presented herself at a French hospital for a very rebellious hic-cough which had resisted all treatment for four days. She was asked to show her tongue, and it was noticed that with the putting out of the tongue the hiccough ceased. The same thing has since been tried and with success in other cases. All the same thing in suffocative cough, as whooping cough, and choking by irrespirable gases.

Improve Your Orchard.

"A new source of revenue is to be opened to the farmers of America, and especially to those of the eastern and middle states, in the European demand for apples, which is growing rapidly. Last year 35,000 bar-rels were exported, while the exports this year already amount to more than 600,000 barrels. The fruit brings good prices, but only the best of it can be sold in competition with the foreign product. It will pay eastern farmers to give more attention to their orchards, and learn to make the most of a fruit which they have rather neglected

Difference in Degree.

Tommy-"Uncle John, what's the difference between a honevcomb and a honevmoon ?'

Uncle John (a crabbed old bachelor) "Considerable. Honeycombs that I've seen are made up of little cells ; but some

-New York Times.

-Mrs. Rebecca Packard, of Tioga connty, Pa., who was 101 years old last week, possesses all her faculties unimpaired. She remembers when the Indians swarm-

phyl to make it so, just as a large propor-Atmospheric conditions only a little different from our own would keep it a permanent red.

Imagine the delicate red of spring foliage on Mars-such red as appears in our own oaks and maples, before the trees are sufficiently alive to produce chlorophyl. Imagine the expanded red leaves of summer, as seen in our own copper beech and Japan-

ese maple, which never grow green. Immourning attended a spiritualistic seance agine red blossoms appearing before any leaves at all, as in our own scarlet maple and Pyrus japonica. Imagine red fruit in abundance, like our own cherries, strawberries, raspberries, currants, apples, cranberries and pomegranates.

Let the chemical composition of the majority of our earthly plants be changed even a little, and our own fruit, flowers and leaves would always be red. Another later a shadowy form appeared in the change, and they would always be yellow, cabinet, she trembled with mingled fear as witness the early twigs of the water willow, the blossoms of the spice-bush and forsythia ; the leaves of the Japanese honeysuckle and the golden periwinkle; the

fruit of the pear and the apricot ; the autumnal foliage of the hickory, the walnut and the tulip tree.-by Margaret E. Harvey.

Some Good Lotteries.

Those people who are in the habit of condemning lotteries indiscriminately might not be so severe if they knew that Harvard and Dartmouth colleges, Leicester Academy, Rhode Island college, and many other great institutions of the kind in this country, owe their existence wholly and in part to this much abused lottery. It is also to be remembered that Benjamin Franklin was manager of the Philadelphia Steeple Lotthat is apparently necessary is to push the tongue strongly out and hold it so, for a minute or two. It is also suggested to try money it received from the Louisiana State Lottery ; that the original settlement of a large portion of the United States was due to the lottery grant given to "the Virginia Company," and even so great a patriot as Thomas Jefferson advocated the establishment of a public lottery that the ideas of the first Continental Congress might be carried out. It is also a fact that the celebrated preachers, Increase and Cotton Mather, lived and 1 in houses built

by lotteries, and the ev. Dr. Eliphalet Nott, of Union College, was the author of the best and most truthful defense of the lottery system ever written.

Two Strange Languages.

Among the queerest languages used by human kind throughout the world are those of the Gomeros, inhabitants of one of the Canary group of islands, and the Cameroons, of West Africa. The Gomero whistles what he has to say to his neighbor, using both fingers and lips so expertly as to express all the signals that are required to make the conversation intelligible. A Cameroon man uses a drum. The instrument is rather peculiar, its surface being divided into uneven halves so that when it

is struck it yields two different notes. With a code in character not unlike the taps of the telegraphic system, the people make this drum express every syllable of their language. A Cameroon chieftain can summon anyone of his subjects and at the same sub. Facetious Traveler-It is, eh? Well time intimate the purpose for which he is this is how far from where? Native-Half required by the mere use of the drum.

ver honored true worth and womanlin

There are hosts of new and dainty adjuncts to both street and house toilets for the beautification of woman.

In sleeves there is an endless variety of styles, all of which are more or less bewitchingly lovely and quite easily copied by one whose fingers are clever.

The body of all new sleeves is snug at least, and generally quite tight, with more or less wrinkles extending from the elbow to the shoulder decoration.

Occasionally we can see an entirely plain, tight sleeve, but they are ugly and unbecoming; it will be a matter of education with us before we grow sufficiently accustomed to them to like them. A draped sleeve is chic, if well handled. A stunning one, belonging to a gown of tobacco brown homespun, has the wrinkled sleeve reaching to the shoulder, over which is draped a full breadth of deep-toned brown velvet, caught up into a snug knot at the shoulder, with the ends falling in a soft jabot as the drapery is of the arm. This velvet drapery is faced with turquoise blue tafetta. while the wrist is finished in a deep net standing out at either side.

Another odd, smart sleeve, seen on a gown of black crepon, has a snug body, falling over the hand in a full flare, edged with a triple frill of black mouseline de soie. At the top are too pointed tabs of the crepon, stiffened and edged with frills of the mouseline de soie.

A great many women convinced that flesh is inimical to beauty—is the "deathblow of grace," as an arbitrary oritic puts it-injure health in the endeaver to reduce weight. They put themselves to great trouble and inconvenience, swallow all sorts of preventives and remedies in order to get thin, and then stand aghast at the spectacle of their wrinkled, flabby faces and throats, the result of falling away of flesh under the elastic skin. As a matter of fact, a number of the notable women of the world, famous not only for their beauty, but for the rarer charms of intellect and subtle fascination, women who have helped to make history and been a power in their day, were of distinctly generous proportions

Cleopatra, she whose "infinite variety of charm and temper could win sternhearted warriorers to forget their ambitions, was small and stout.

Marie Antoinette was of the plump order, though tall, and of fine bearing, and, to come down to the present day, view the widowed Victoria, sovereign of the "United Queendom ;" the increasing proportions of Queen Marguerita of Italy and the generous ontlines of Queen Isabella of Spain. It is worthy of note that most of the great interpreters of song are stout, or bordering on that condition, and there have been lights in the literary world decidedly fat. whether tall of stature or the reverse. Geo. Sand was fat and small, and likewise Mme. De Stael.

-Its Location-Facetious Traveler against the depot)-Paradise, Kentucky a mile from the distillery, suh.

and joy a faltering voice. "Yes, dear," was the hollow response.

"That's a fraud. I don't believe it," she exclaimed. "William would have said, 'Who in the dickens do you think it is ?' "