

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Dec. 4, 1896.

WHO'S AFRAID IN THE DARK?

"Not I," said the owl,
And he gave a groan,
And he wiped his eye,
And flitted his jowl,
"Tu who?"
Said the dog, "I bark out loud in the
dark,
Boo-oo!"
Said the cat, "mew-mew!
I'll scratch any who
Dare say that I do
Feel afraid, mew-mew!"
"Afraid," said the mouse,
Of the black in a house?
Hear me scatter
What ever's the matter,
Squeak!"
Then the owl in his hole,
And the bug in the ground,
They both shook their heads
And passed the word around,
And the bird in the tree,
The fish and the bee,
They declared all three,
That you never did see
One of them afraid!
In the dark!
But the little boy
Who had gone to bed,
Just raised his bed-clothes
And covered his head.

—The Commonwealth. J. T.

A FELINE FATE.

Because the night was bitterly cold, and sleet was falling in thin, sharp lines, Dick Eaton put on his heavy overcoat, in which every thing was far lined, even to the pockets, before starting for Mrs. Leighton's dinner.

He was not feeling particularly happy, although he was in general a happy hearted fellow enough. When he is 25 and has just received a severe snub from one of his lady-love, one does not contemplate a long dreary dinner with much satisfaction. Dick certainly did not. He would much rather have staid at home and nursed his woes over a bright fire, a volume of Dumas and a pipe. However, as this was not to be, he did not grumble, but only gave a sigh or two at the fate which allotted that his heart should have flown away before he was aware of it and without any prospect of its acceptance.

It cannot be denied that it was Dick's own fault. He had chosen to fall in love with a very superior young person, with a girl of wit as well as beauty, with a young lady who had seen and traveled much, who barely tolerated the average young man, and who, as she counted among her friends many prominent people, could afford to pick and choose. It was not to be expected that a Lillian Girtton, an honored guest in Upper Bohemia, privileged to act as hostess to scores of well known people, should have any time to waste on Dick Eaton. It was nothing to her that he persistently and furtively adored her, that he had done so from the first week of their meeting two weeks ago, and less than nothing that he was possessed of a considerable income.

The Girtton money made this latter fact of no consequence, and Dick himself—well Dick was not clever. He did not write nor sing nor act. He was not aesthetic, musical or socialistic. He was only a big, strong, tender hearted fellow, pure in soul and sunny in temper, from whose armor of proof the temptations of modern life rolled like water from a duck's back. He had never done a mean action, nor told a slanderous story. He was generous of heart, lavish of hand and had a weakness for animals. His habits were temperate, but not rigid. He drank a little, played poker—a little—and was not above making a bet. He was so straightforward and pure minded that some of his friends had called him "Sir Galahad"—beyond his back, of course. Dick would not have known what that meant. Indeed it is to be doubted if Dick ever heard of Sir Galahad. Dick's mental acquirements were rather slim, it must be confessed. He read Shakespeare and Macaulay and Thackeray and Dumas, and he was fond of Wilkie Collins. He had no taste for Buddhism, and thought theosophy was "tommy rot." He did not know anything about Isben and had never heard of George Meredith, from which it may be inferred that in Miss Girtton's eyes he was a highly commonplace and objectionable young man. Nevertheless, in spite of snubs, sarcasm and ill concealed indifference, Dick adored Miss Girtton, loved her with a single soulful passion which colored all his life and dominated all his thoughts, which made him her knight whether she would or no.

It is not quite certain whether Miss Girtton was aware of the fact. Certainly all of Dick's friends were, and they were for the most part very sympathetic and sang his praises all day long, much to her astonishment.

"I cannot understand," she said, "what it is that makes that young Eaton fellow so popular. He hasn't an ounce of brains, but to hear his friends talk one would think he had the mental powers of a Bismarck."

The state of affairs did not tend to make her any kinder to him. She was always out when he called, or else some celebrity came in, and Dick was left enshrined in outer darkness during the brilliancy of their conversation. So it happened that on this particular evening he was feeling downcast and for once discouraged.

It was cold and wet and slippery. The sleet was fine, with a penetrating quality, and it clung to doorposts or froze on window panes until there seemed no warmth or dryness anywhere. The wind was gusty. It blew the sleet into Dick's face. The streets were uncomfortably glassy on the pavements and mushy at the crossings. He stamped along, with the collar of his coat turned up about his ears, feeling that the wind and weather had conspired together against his comfort and growing less inclined for the chilly formality of a dinner at every step. Half the distance perhaps had been traversed and the last had crossing waded through successfully when he felt something brush against his foot and stick fine points into his trousers. At the same time there came a piteous mew. The night was dark as pitch, and the sleet dimmed the windy lamp at the corner, so Dick stopped and felt down his trousers leg until his gloved fingers came in contact with a ball of shivering wet fur, which offered no resistance when he raised it.

It was a kitten, a very weak, very wet and very miserable kitten, from no doubt, the hair on its little gray head to the tip of its shivering tail, the incarnation of helpless misery. It lay passively, sprawled over his hands and looking at him with blinking green eyes, far too cold and uncomfortable to be frightened.

"Hello, old man," said Dick, staring at it, at the dragged, helpless paws and the

thin, rough coat, "where do you belong?" The kitten naturally made no answer, but continued to blink at Dick and to shiver helplessly. It was so very small that it staggered and slipped about when it tried to stand, so it finally gave up trying and subsided into an indeterminate heap.

"Well, I'm awfully sorry, but I can't help it, you know," Dick said, half apologetically. "Run home to your mamma. You're far too little to be alone."

He set it down on the pavement again, but it only crouched there meowing, and when he moved away sprang feebly up his leg and clung there till he could bear it no longer. He was fond of cats, and this one was so very tiny and abject and wretched he could not abandon it. He lifted it again and rubbed the rough fur for dryness and then tickled it under the chin and behind the ears while the kitten sat on his arm and held its head first to one side and then to the other, as if it enjoyed the process. Then it backed down into the palm of his hand and there curled up, sticking its head into the fur cuff of his sleeve. There was evidently no use trying to get rid of it, and after all, Dick could not abandon the little creature which had fled so confidently to him for protection.

"Well, you are cool," he said, stroking the soft little head, "but I say, old man, what am I to do with you?"

The kitten offered no solution of this problem beyond an attempt to purr, to be sure, but an achievement of which it was evidently not a little proud. The purr settled it. Dick was soft hearted and half conquered already. As he looked about him in despair he caught sight of the red light swinging in front of Briggs' grocery store at the corner, and he remembered that Briggs kept a bulldog who liked kittens to play with, and who usually mangled one a week.

Meantime it was growing late, and Dick was freezing, two circumstances which added weight to the situation. There was nothing to be done for it but to take the kitten along. Abandon it he would not. Find it shelter he could not. The only course left was to take it with him. Once at the Leightons he could decide what to do with his troublesome charge. Meanwhile—

"Well," said Dick resignedly, striding on, "I suppose you have got to come. Only, old man, I must say I wish you had chosen to favor me on my way home!"

And the kitten gave a jubilant burst of purr, which sounded apologetic. Dick transferred it to his pocket, which, as it was a very small kitten, was very roomy quarters. The kitten smelled all over it carefully first and then tied itself into a tight bunch and proceeded to make its toilet, while Dick walked briskly on, chuckling to himself sometimes at the oddity of his position, and yet reflecting on his situation with some anxiety.

As he drew near the house he grew more and more perplexed. He simply could not produce the beast upon entering Mrs. Leighton's parlors. The effect would be too ridiculous, and Dick was foolish enough to be sensitive to ridicule. Miss Girtton was to be there, and he dreaded her laughter. He felt sure that such a proceeding would ruin him forever in her eyes. An albeheaded young man picking up a forlorn alley cat and bringing it with him to a dinner party—it was quite impossible! And yet what was to be done? If the animal would stay quietly in his pocket, it might not be so hard to conceal it during the meal, and he would excuse himself as easily as possible. The kitten seemed so abject and meek that he felt inclined to try the experiment, trusting to the novelty and warmth for due effect in keeping it still—yet at the same time he could not but acknowledge to himself that there are more risks than one. However, it really seemed the only course to take, and Dick resolved to trust to luck, which had rarely failed him in emergency.

"Now, old man," he said to the kitten as they stood on the doorsteps, "I have done you a good turn, you know, so I expect you to do me another by lying low and keeping dark. Don't give yourself away, old man, if you love me."

"I'll put my coat here," he said hastily as the butler offered to disencumber him of that garment. He could hear the hum of voices in the drawing room, and her butler laugh rippled over the maze of conversation. If he had entertained the idea of producing his prize, it vanished now. He hung his coat carefully in a dark corner away from the stony eyed butler and his assistants and tried to arrange the folds so as to hide the small gray head which peeped inquisitively out over the edge of his pocket. Meanwhile he petted his prize furtively and conjured it not to betray him.

The kitten appeared acquiescent. It was evidently sleepy, and Dick saw with joy that it had already prepared itself for a nap. He breathed a fervent prayer, gave it a farewell pat and strode nervously into the drawing room.

Never was dinner so interminably long. They had allotted him to a vivacious little girl in her first season, and he was far away from Miss Girtton's end of the table. That lady sat between the pianist and the newest writer of short stories, and Dick noticed with dull jealousy that she seemed on excellent terms with both. As for him, the speaker of his concealed crime rose up before him every moment. The girl who sat next him thought him very queer and absentminded, for he talked by fits and starts, while every now and then she caught him looking anxiously toward the door.

When the third course came a new torment—how to feed his incubus. That the kitten was starving Dick made no doubt, and the thought was sufficient to spoil his dinner for him. He felt exceedingly gaily at the thought that he had not provided for it before; also the thought that the smell of food might possibly attract the animal from his pocket and induce it to make its appearance in the dining room, filled him with apprehension. He looked about him for something to slip into his pocket and convey it to secretly, but the outlook was not promising. To say nothing of the difficulty of transportation, such viands as sweetbreads a la Marengo, chicken with truffles, or Roman punch, were hardly the diet any self respecting cat would select for her offspring, and Dick knew it. He passed three courses in endeavoring to manufacture some plausible excuse for leaving the table, but finally gave up in despair, resolving to wait until the ladies retired to the drawing room, when the greater freedom that prevailed might aid his purpose.

When cigars had been lighted and chairs pushed back, and when conversation was flowing gently and intermittently like the wine into the glasses, Dick felt his hour had come.

"Leighton," he said, addressing his host with elaborate indifference, "would you could I—ah, that is—would it be too much trouble to get me a glass of milk?"

An amazed silence fell upon the party at this singular request, and even old Grubbs

stopped short in the middle of his longest and most wearisome story.

"Milk?" said the host, forgetting to relight his cigar and staring at our hero in perplexity.

"Punch?" suggested the short story writer.

"No," said Dick, shaking his head, "just a plain glass of milk, please."

"Certainly, if you want it," said Leighton, "but won't champagne do?"

"Well, you see, the fact is," said Dick, writhing on his chair, "the doctor ordered me after every meal!"

"Oh, of course, if you like," said his host, and the butler brought a large tumbler of milk and placed it solemnly before Dick on the table during a rather chilly silence. Then they all began talking about something else, and only the short story writer, who sat opposite, kept looking at Dick quizzically now and then. There was no help for it. He was forced to gulp down at least half the glass, which he did with very bad grace indeed. Meanwhile how to get away unobserved?

"Leighton," he said, reaching out to straighten a candle shade, "did I hear you say that Gladstone had been criticized in the Times for that last speech of his?"

"Yes," said Leighton, quite unsuspectingly, "and of all the unwarrantable!"

The radical M. P. at the other end of the table had something to say on the subject, and the short story writer wanted to ask questions. The result was that the men pushed the bottles into the center of the table, squared their elbows and generally made ready for warfare, and in 10 minutes, as Dick had anticipated, were far too deep in politics to observe his movements. He felt quite proud of his finesse, but there was no time for self rejoicing. With the half finished glass of milk still in his hand, he rose and wandered over to the window, then to the buffet for a light, then, quite unobserved, out of the door and down the hall to where his overcoat hung.

The kitten was awake and seemed restless. Dick felt that he was just in time. He held it under one arm and carefully tilted the glass for it until every drop was gone.

"There, old man!" he said as the little thing rubbed his head caressingly against his sleeve. "You feel better, don't you? Have a cigar after your drink?" It amused him to treat his treasure trove like an acquaintance. The sound of chairs being pushed about in the dining room struck him with sudden panic. He spilled the kitten hastily into his pocket again, sped back with the empty glass and put it on the table with the air of a man who has done his whole duty.

"Humph!" said the short story writer, wheeling suddenly around and surveying him suspiciously. "You're a healthy specimen. Is all your medical regimen on that order, may I ask?"

"No," said Dick, with superb simplicity, "only a man must look after his health, you know, and I'm not in condition at all really."

"You look it," said the short story writer sarcastically. "I saw you at the club yesterday, boxing, and the amount of weakness you displayed there alarmed me. It really did. Milk indeed! Nervous prostration, complicated with heart-disease, is about your case, I fancy."

"I hope it's not as bad as all that," replied Dick, with the calmness of innocence, which would have done credit to Mr. Toole himself, "but there's no knowing what it may, turn out if I'm not careful."

The short story writer gave him a sharp look as they passed out of the dining room together, and then went over and spoke to the French tenor, who had been rather neglected during the political discussion.

Conversation in the drawing room was not exciting, and Dick grew nervous. Of course the tenor sang, and the pianist played, and the short story writer told some of the curious things which had fallen to his own or other people's experience, but Dick wanted to talk to Miss Girtton and found this rather harassing. The lady, however, was in her element, and, as when she was not discussing Isben with the critic, she was analyzing Wagner motifs with the pianist or exchanging French compliments with the tenor, he found very little chance to put in an ear. He tried to do his duty, but he eyed her from afar with a heavy heart. Why was it she would never say a word to him when she was talking so brightly to those other men? Why was it he couldn't play nor sing nor understand French? He drifted aimlessly about, longing to get away, and yet bound in her presence by the irresistible pleasure it gave him merely to look at her.

The drawing room was heated by a large wood fire, and it soon became unpleasantly warm, so the people wandered out by the two and threes, some into the music room, a few into the cool, softly lighted hall. Miss Girtton was one of these, and Dick, as a matter of course, joined the group of men gathered about her and hazarded a remark now and then when they gave him a chance. How lovely she looked, he thought, as she stood there, tall and graceful, in her fawn colored satin draperies, with her bright eyes and quick, animated movements of head and hand. The ribbon of her bouquet had become untied, and she held it in her fingers and trailed it to and fro over the shining wood floor as she talked.

"Isn't so much the humanity of Isben," she was saying. "It's his perception of our higher being, I think, which gives him so much power over things purely material."

Dick wondered, with a sickening sensation of ignorance, what was "a perception of our higher being." Suddenly a thrill of apprehension seized him. There was a stir among the overcoats in a dark corner of the hall, and as he gazed anxiously in that direction two bright spots met his eyes, two sparks of topaz fire fixed intently on the floor. Oh, that fascinating blue ribbon! How it curved and trailed about! What kitten—even the most staid—could have resisted the temptation?

Dick saw the danger at once. He made a sudden plunge and picked it up off the floor.

"Your ribbon is untied," he said, offering it to Miss Girtton with nervous politeness.

"Thank you," she said in some surprise. She let it dangle from her hand for a minute and then shook it out in a long, curved line on the dark wood. It was too much. No mortal kitten could withstand that.

There was a bound and a rush and the scamper of four soft little paws—and Dick's unfortunate wait lay on its back under Miss Girtton's feet kicking and clawing at the ribbon in an ecstasy of playful excitement.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Miss Girtton, stepping back, "where did that come from?"

"It's a cat, by Jove!" said somebody. Then Dick, feeling cold and weak all over, made a step forward.

"It's mine—I picked it up," he said distinctly. "It was so cold and wet, you know."

"Did you find it?" "Was it there all the time?" "Where did it come from?" cried everybody, crowding around, while the kitten made short charges at the ribbon, batted at it with its paws and kicked at it frantically with its hind legs.

Dick told the whole story with a sinking heart. What would she think of him? What would she say? She did not say anything, but nearly everybody else did. The pianist told a long story about his cat in Leipzig, and the short story writer clapped Dick on the shoulders. "Come Eaton, now confess," he cried laughingly, "I spotted something from the first. That milk!"

"Yes," said Dick, scarlet, but sturdy, "it was for the kitten."

There was a roar of laughter from the men, and then the joke had to be explained to the ladies, and Dick had to tell again how he had managed it.

"And why you did not produce the beast right away?" said Leighton. "I cannot understand exactly. By the way," he added, "there's a smart fox terrier of mine up stairs. Let's introduce them and have some fun."

Dick made a dash for his overcoat, who, by this time, had gotten the ribbon mixed up with its own tail and was trying to swallow both, and caught it up.

"No you don't," he said, holding the furry little head against his chin caressingly. "This little beast's had quite enough of that sort of thing, fancy. I'm going to take it home and make it comfortable."

"You don't mind living with me old man?"—this to the kitten. "We'll be pretty good chums so long as you don't smoke bad tobacco."

He got his overcoat and said goodby to his hostess amid a fire of good natured chaff. Then he looked around for Miss Girtton. She was standing alone by the fire place twisting the fatal ribbon absentmindedly in her fingers, and her face wore a curious expression. Dick, with his prize still cuddled up in his arms, came over to her.

"All that for a kitten," she said, somewhat irrelevantly. "Why was that?"

"Oh, well, it liked me!" said Dick simply, "and it was so beastly wet, you know."

She gave him her hand with a sudden, dazzling smile.

"Won't you come and see me tomorrow?" she said, "I shall be quite alone all the afternoon, and I do so want to hear about—the kitten!"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Campbell Saved Him.

Ohio's Ex-Governor's Determined Stand Prevented One Decapitation For Pernicious Activity

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—One of the many federal officials against whom charges were filed because of open and active support of the Democratic ticket in the late campaign, was Colonel Joseph J. Dowling, collector of internal revenue for the southern district of Ohio. The attack on Colonel Dowling came from Gold Democrats, and it was vigorous and determined. Those who made it declared their intention to the collector's scalp and boasted of their ability to do so.

There was a prospect that they would make good their threats, but at a critical moment ex-Governor Campbell, of Ohio, who is a friend of Colonel Dowling, took a hand in the fight. He came to Washington with fire in his eye, bent on giving the civil service commissioner and the department of justice the stiffest sort of a fight. Those familiar with Governor Campbell's record know that he can put up such a fight when he thinks it worth while.

The Governor sought an interview with Attorney-General Harmon, who, as an Ohio man, is in a position to know Governor Campbell's mettle. The latter told the attorney-general that he represented Mr. Dowling, who was under an attack, because he had exercised the right of every American citizen to support the candidate and the ticket that to him seemed best.

Mr. Dowling was a Democrat and gave the Democratic ticket in the late campaign loyal and effective support, as he always did. If he was to be punished for this, Governor Campbell said, he would undertake to demonstrate in the courts that it was a rank infringement of his rights as a citizen, and promised before he got done to file the civil service law so full of holes that its closest friends would not recognize it. As a result of Governor Campbell's visit and aggressive talk to the attorney-general, it is understood the charges against collector Dowling will be allowed to die.

Cold Weather in the West.

Suffering Is Intense and the Death Rate May Be Large.

ST. PAUL, Minn., November 29.—The intensely cold weather which prevails in the storm swept districts of the northwest has brought on intense suffering and death list is expected to be quite large. At Moorhead, Minn., Thomas Anderson, a young man, after helping a woman to her home, attempted to reach his home but perished and now lies buried in the drifts.

At Fargo, N. D., Frank Vach, of Chicago, was frozen on the prairie a mile from town.

At Churales Ferry, N. D., a trainman attempting to get help for a train load of cattle, was frozen stiff. Ten car loads of sheep destined for Chicago were frozen at Grand Harbor, Devil's Lake. The November which is just closing is the coldest known in the northwest for fifteen years.

Snow fell on the 4th of the month and has not since disappeared even for a day. There is great suffering on the stock ranges and thousands of cattle will be killed if the weather continues cold.

On the ranges west of the Missouri river the temperature is from five to twenty degrees below zero at all points in the Dakotas. Reports from the railways indicate that they are running nearly on time again to-night. Farmers coming from the ranges west of the Missouri say the loss to stockmen so far is not great, as when the storm broke the cattle found fair shelter in the valleys. The weather, however, is still very severe, zero temperatures being reported all over Minnesota and the Dakotas.

Unless there is a decided rise in temperature in the next few days the loss among sheep and cattle will be large, as the streams are freezing over so solidly that it will be hard for them to get water.

The charge that the tomato produces cancer is credited, but now Dr. W. T. English says that it acts as a heart poison and in aggravated cases it sets up an active fermentation in the entire elementary tract. The heart action is rendered irregular, the sufferer gasps for breath, and a steady use of the vegetable as a food is likely to produce organic as well as functional trouble. He admits that the symptoms of poisoning are not marked except in rare cases.

Museum Manager—"We'll have to look up a new freak or two." Agent—"I've got a corker for you. It's a Republican office-seeker who can prove that he has not yet visited or written to Canton."

Lessons and Warnings of the Election.

(Dr. Goldwin Smith, in the December Forum.)

That the free silver movement was largely an uprising of the poor against the rich appeared when the Populist Committee refused to accept the Democratic nominee for the Vice Presidency on the single ground that he was a rich man. At the same convention the belief propagated by Mr. Henry George, that poverty has increased with progress and that all the wealth produced has gone to the capitalist, was intoned in incendiary prose. Yet the name of Peter Cooper was received with honor. Wealth can no longer rest on a supposed ordinance of the Almighty distributing the lots of men. It can no longer rest on unquestioning belief in natural right. It is called upon to justify its existence on rational grounds. It must make itself felt in beneficence. It must avoid that ostentation of luxury which is galling to the hearts of the poor. It must remain at its post of social duty. If rich Americans in the hour of peril, instead of remaining at their posts of social duty and doing according to their measure what Peter Cooper did, continue to crowd in ever-increasing numbers to the pleasure cities and haunts of Europe, or spend their money at home in selfish luxury and insidious display, a crash will come, and ought to come. The French aristocracy before the Revolution left their posts of social duty in the country to live in luxury and frivolity at Versailles. The end was the burning of their chateaux. American plutocrats who leave their post of social duty for the pleasure cities of Europe will have no reason to complain if their chateaux some day are burnt. Unfortunately warnings are seldom taken by individuals and almost never by a class, each member of which looks to the other members to begin.

May not sympathy, to some extent, be claimed by the silver movement so far as it is a revolt against European influence and in favor of the complete emancipation of the New World? Any idea of severing the United States commercially from the rest of the nations by means of a separate standard of value would of course be absurd, while the outburst of anti-British feeling by which this aspiration is attended has its ignoble source in false prejudice and outworn tradition. Yet there is something not unwholesome, nor untimely, in the manifestation. To the intellectual influence of Europe the New World must always be indebted. But a certain jealousy of her social influence, as alien to the principles of American civilization, and in that sense of corrupting, may be without its use. Few things in social history are more unlovely or more likely to provoke righteous indignation among the people than the matrimonial alliances of upstart and sometimes ill-gotten wealth of New York with the needy aristocracy of Europe. What must an American workman feel when he sees the products of American labor to the extent of scores of millions sent across the Atlantic to buy property for the daughter of a millionaire? The thing is enhanced by the extravagant splendor of the nuptials. Nor are these marriages merely offences against feeling and taste. They are an avowal that American wealth is disloyal to the social principles of the Republic.

Telegraph in the Desert.

Poles Have a Hard Time Standing Up to Duty.

"Yes," said Joseph Donnes, superintendent of telegraph for the Southern Pacific railroad, "telegraph poles along the line have a hard time. Particularly in this so out west, where the poles are costly and stations are few and far between."

Now out in the Arizona desert the poles are played the deuce with generally. There is a sort of wood pecker that picks the post absolutely to pieces, thinking there may be insects inside of the wood. They hear the humming, and haven't sense enough to know what causes it. Then near the hills the black bears imagine each pole contains a swarm of bees, and they climb to the top and chop the glass insulators to pieces, but the sand-storms are the things that create the most havoc.

"When the winds blow strongly the sand is drifted at a rapid rate and the grains cut away the wood at a fearful rate. It was a common thing to have an oak pole worn to a shaving in a day's time, while I have seen poles ground to one surface by the earth during a single storm. Things got so bad out there that the company decided to substitute steel poles for those of the oak and cedar, but that didn't remedy the evil at all. The sand just wore at the metal on each side of the pole until the center was as sharp as a razor, and all the poles in the country used to shave themselves on the edge. We finally managed to fix things. Just painted the poles with soft pitch. The pitch caught the sand, and now every pole is about two feet thick and solid as a rock."

An Expensive Cow.

Ex-Senator Philatus Sawyer, of Wisconsin, told the following story recently: "When we were living on my farm in Rosendale it became necessary to sell a cow. The buyer wanted a certain cow or none at all. It happened to be the cow I had given to my wife. I went into the house and told my wife. She, the good soul, said: 'Sell her but I want the money.' I sold the cow, gave my wife a couple of dollars and said: 'Call on me when you want more.' When she wanted to buy a dress, bonnet or wedding present she would ask for some cow money. I had paid back several thousand dollars and was wondering when the demand would cease. A house was built. It had to be furnished. We figured up what the furnishing would cost. It amounted to several thousand dollars. I said: 'Wife I'll pay you the balance of that cow money and you can pay for furnishing the house with it.' It was a bargain and the cow deal was over. The \$20 cow cost the old senator nearly \$20,000, but he never complained at the price."

The reception given to Mr. Bryan in Denver, Colo., last week, is said to be the grandest ovation ever accorded a man in the west. What, it may be asked, does that signify? Is this the way a defeated candidate for the presidency is usually honored? Ovarious like that given Bryan in Denver show that the people there look upon him as the leader of a cause that has a great future before it. The advocates of bimetalism are not discouraged. They believe that the free silver issue is not dead and that the country will yet have William J. Bryan for president.

For the first time in the history of the Republican party the national committee has closed the campaign with all debts paid and a balance on hand. The committee had more money than Hanna could devise ways to spend.

The burning question of the hour is however; are those females entitled to be called ladies who persist in wearing four-story structures on their heads at theatre performances?

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Martha Hughes Cannon has been elected to the senate of Utah. She is the first woman senator in America. Mr. Cannon was her opponent. She is a Democrat, and she beat him by 4,000 votes. The first woman senator in America thinks that day is dawning now, that electricity is doing away with domestic drudgery, that women are growing wise, and that men are growing gentle, in short, she believes that the millennium is coming sooner than most people hope.

Sunshiny women, who bring a bright thought or word, or even a glad smile, with them, are always welcome as the flowers in May. Each heart knoweth its own bitterness, each soul has its own troubles and trials and vexations, and so we turn to the one who can lighten our sadness with the radiance of a cheerful spirit. Sunshine of the soul is largely a matter of cultivation, for there are but few so unfortunate as not to have some grief. The selfish sit down and brood over their sorrows. They give themselves up to fits of despondency and moodiness and are a kind of moral wet blanket on the pleasures of all with whom they come in contact. They tell you their sorrows and bedew you with their tears until it seems that there must be a kind of luxury of woe in which they rejoice. After all, the cheerful spirit is but an example of that brave attitude toward life, of which Stevenson wrote. It is a courageous bearing of the inevitable burdens, a determination not to fret and not to add to the sorrows of the world the grief of one's own heart.

A woman who had many sorrows and heavy burdens to bear, but who was noted for her cheerful spirits, once said in extempore: "You know I have had no money. I had nothing I could give but myself, and so I made the resolution that I would never sadden anyone else with my troubles. I have laughed and told jokes when I could have wept. I have always smiled in the face of every misfortune. I have tried never to let anyone see from my presence without a happy word or a bright thought to carry with them. And happiness makes happiness. I, myself, am happier than I would have been had I sat down and bemoaned my fate."

"This gospel of happiness is one that every woman should lay to her heart. What it means to a man to come home at night to a cheerful wife, no one but he who has had to fight the hard battle of life knows. If he is prosperous it is an added joy, but it is in misfortune that it shines like a star in the darkness. A complaining wife can kill the last bit of hope and courage in a sorely troubled heart, while a cheerful one gives new courage to begin the fight over again. The mother who lets her children grow up to be moody and discontented, subject to blues and sulks, is failing in her first duty. She is handicapping them in the race of life. Cheerfulness is one of the prime requisites to success and happiness. The sunny man or woman has every one for a friend, for this sad old earth must borrow its mirth; it has sorrow enough of its own."

To return to boleros. Everything that is usable from the scrap bag is converted into this garment; remnants are eagerly snatched for such, and dressmaking emporiums are filled with orders for the dashing Spanish wrap, that looks so oddly on a prim-faced matron or elderly maid.

The fitness of things seems to demand a well played fan, a pair of half-shaded eyes, and the indescribable sinuousness which endows the women of Castile. It is like one woman attaching another woman's trait to herself. One always sees the soldering line. Don't make the mistake of leaving your bolero with plain edges. The improvement of '96 over '92 lies in the gallow, the lace, the lace, that now dangle from the little affair.

It is a good thing for the housekeeper to know that the forshin or hock is good for soup; that the lower part of round, the brisket and "chuck" make good stew; that the rump, round and loin are good for steak; the rump, upper part of the neck, ribs and loin are the roasts, and the neck, brisket, thick flank and boneless flank are the best for corning.

It is a good thing to know that a roast, whether loin or rib, should not be put into a lukewarm oven in a pool of water, but in a pan on a rack, and a hot oven. That steak should not be sezzled in a lake of fat, but broiled with no grease and seasoned when done.

That corned or boiled beef should be cooked gently, not boiled at a gallop until like leather.

It is a good thing to know that brisket is one of the cheaper cuts of beef and that it comes from that part of the animal just above the front legs; but it is better to know that butchers never corn meat that can be kept any longer and that the corned beef already cut and rolled is the corned beef not to buy.

She is an unwise woman who hangs up her jacket by a loop at the back of the neck. It makes the coat sag where the strain comes, and gives it a dragged and droopy appearance. If loops are used at all they should be at the armholes, and so put on as to stand upright and are not stretched across an arm or so of space. This obviates the pulling of the cloth. But the best way to keep a coat fresh and in good shape is to keep it, when not in active service, on a wooden hanger.

To avoid being fat a tumblerful of hot water must be taken on waking in the morning. Rise early and have a tepid bath, with vigorous rubbing afterwards with a flesh brush. Avoid drinking at meals and only have three meals a