Bellefonte, Pa., Dec. 18, 1896.

### THE SMILE OF A LITTLE CHILD.

There is nothing more pure in Heaven, And nothing on earth more mild More full of the light that is divine Than the smile of a little child.

The sinless lips, half parted With breath as sweet as the air. And the light that seems so glad to shine In the gold of the sunny hair.

O. little one smile and bless me! For somehow-I know not why-I feel in my soul, when children smile. That angels are passing by.

I feel that the gates of heaven Are nearer than I knew. That the light of hope of that sweet world.

Like the dawn is breaking through.

#### "A GENTLEMAN BY THE GRACE OF GOD.

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD. As Mrs. Alexander Powers entered she bossed her muff on the table and seated herself in my rocking-chair. One graygloved hand held a note-book, and the other she waved dramatically toward me, half in protestation.

'Now, I know just what you are going to say, Lalaye: that you can't afford it, or haven't time, or something of the sort! But you must!"

In vain I protested that I had eschewed church fairs early in life; that nothing could induce me to have anything to do be a fair in the usual sense of the word, although the proceeds were to furnish a new organ and lectern for St. Blasius' church. It was to be something new and unique in the way of a bazaar. "You can choose your own committee, you know, just of the people with whom you would rather work"—Mrs. Powers twirled the leaves of the note-book, and I begged her to believe that I would go miles to keep off a committee; that I loved my fellowmen about as well as the average woman did. but not well enough to put on a cap and do an eternal treadmill with a waiter in my hand; or to stand smiling for hours in a flower-booth, importuning long-suffering men to buy bouquets and get no change Or to break my back over an impossible lemonade-well! Or to-

But Mrs. Powers went off in a gale of laughter.

"Oh, you poor benighten soul! Do you suppose we do such things now? Why, that belongs to the past age of our extreme vouth !"

Here she sat up and opened the notebook. "Seriously, though, it's to be the greatest society event of the season—that is, of its sort. Jack Sherrard designed it. He has charge of the pictures in the Art Loan. Beatrice has the Oriental booth. She's gotten lots of things, and her gown is a perfect dream! The art needlework from the Ladies' Industrial Exchange will be in that. Then we've got the junk !"

"The what?" "Junk! Japanese, you know, Sort of ship. Everybody goes on board to drink tea, and its perfectly lovely! We got it from Keno & Co. They brought it over as an advertisement. All the girls who took part in our "Mikado" last year are going to serve tea in costume. Bertie Bartoe was. Nanki Poo and Sallye Lunn was Yum Yum, and they are just too sweet for anything! Oh, I wish I had time to tell you all! India is the cafe, and its a dream! Greek art comes in on tableau night, and Italy has all the music. I have plause. Then the singer, a tall but slight that bloody field every minute recorded charge of that. It is kept for the grand It's the one you are going to help me with, and it's the hardest of all!'

Then she laughed at my expression "Oh, I know how you feel! But no one would take it; there's so much preliminary work. I have just shoals of flowers promised; and above all, my dear, I've secured Stani !"

She clasped her hands enthusiastically on the note-book and gazed at me. "Oh, now, you surely know who Sta-

"But I don't," I protested. "Well, you ought to, you know. He's the great boy-tenor and the very latest musical craze—and you know how hard it is to secure anything instantaneous! Every craze treads on the one ahead of it! Well, Pinkney Thorpe heard him in Boston, and says that the furore he created was something extraordinary! He sings divinely, s very young and extremely swell and all that; and, my dear, he's coming for our last night! The tickets are going already like wildfire. How many can you sell? Fifty?"

In vain I assured Mrs. Powers that only stout nerves and heroic hearts sold tickets. She flew to her muff and drew forth a package. Pausing beside my desk, she took up a picture of Shelley. 'Really, he looks a little like Bartley,"

"Bartley? Which one was he?" I asked. 'Now, that sounds like Alexander! When he wants to dampen my ardor he re-

minds me of Bartley. Well, I cannot blame him, for Bartley was certainly a dead failure. The ungrateful little wretch! Don't you remember? He was the adopted son of Mrs. Mimms, the old woman who was charwoman once for St. Blasius' church ?" I cast around in my mental museum

among a heap of Mrs. Power's past experiments and came upon Bartley, an angelfaced boy, with a voice leading the choristers in soprano and mischief.

"Yes!" said Mrs. Powers, "that very boy! Whom I rescued about six years ago from Mrs. Mimms! He was the loveliest thing I ever looked at, and a perfect little savage. He led us the most awful life, if you remember! Why, he took all the works out of the piano, and-I will never forget it !-climbed up the back balcony at three in the morning and was arrested for a burglar. I had to appear in court! Alexander was away from home, but when he returned he thrashed Bartley well! I really did not think Alexander was capable of such a display of wrath. We sent him to the House of Correction the next day, I've never heard of him since, and never want to! Oh, I'll never forgive Bartleynever! He's a trump card to this day for Alexander to wave over my head! Well" she was rapidly counting out tickets-

"here are thirty !" She straightway proceeded to write me down a patroness, to call me a goose, to to kiss me good-by, and to return to tell me that the musical committee had a meeting on Thursday at three ; and the art com- | sing. mittee, date unrecalled, and several other committees ditto, and that I must not fail

to attend them all. It is needless to say that I proved no ex-

Two weeks later the bazaar for St. Bla-

there. Scarce a Pharisee went by on the

Day after day a host of intrepid spinsters repaired the wreckage made at night. Night after night the gilded youth, and the youth who wanted to be gilded, promenaded with the chrysalis belle. The se-ductive strains of Benjamin's orehestra were wafted from a height which was swathed in the combined colors of the nations represented beneath. We walked nntil we were faint, because every one else did, We bought Indian baskets from an Egyptian booth and carried them around all the evening (and we do hate to carry a basket.) We bought Chinese trays from the Japanese junk, and kept them for Christmas gifts, and we took cold eating ices in the dreamful and draughty cafe, under perilous palm boughs. And for the climax, we fairly swarmed on the last night

to hear the Stanising. Mrs. Power's party filled the lower right proscenium. The orchestra had descended to the regulation chairs beneath the stage, and the balcony was a patch of brown made by the gowns and hats of St. Blasius' Orphanage-which was to share the proceeds with the organ if there was anything left. The front row of the auditorium was reserved as an especial treat for the chorister boys, who were out in full force.

The curtain fell on the first half of the program, ending with a scene which was more than resplendent, and again our Mercury bows bobbed hither and thither, and our lorgnettes were raised, and our programs fluttering — programs on which the name of the illustrious Stani appeared in staring type.

Mrs. Powers settled herself comfortable in the corner of the box facing the stage. 'I am delighted now that I took the music and that it's all professional," she with one. She argued that this was not to said. "I wouldn't be back there grouping all those people for anything !"

"Jack Sherrard is tearing his hair now and vowing he'll never be caught in anything of the sort again!" spoke Pinkney Thorpe from the back of the box, where he stood dressed for the Spanish dance 'Wouldn't it be simply horrible if Stani

didn't come !" said Mrs. Powers. "Stage waits!" said her husband, entering suddenly, while Pinkney Thorpe caught up his mandolin and fled.

'Stani has just arrived,' said Mr. Granby from the background. "He wished to keep us in suspense. These people who become the fad know the value of being

"They say he is in great vogue!" said a pretty girl in the front of the box. "Every one is perfectly crazy about him, and he could fill double his time with drawingroom engagements if he only would. But they say he's one of those painfully-artistic people who are extremely exclusive about

A white-haired woman beside her spoke. "I noticed in the paper that he went down in a wretched neighborhood in Boston and sung for some newsboys, though." "Oh, well," said the pretty girl, "that sort of thing is a tremendous advertise-

ment, you know." Here the curtain went up in the flies. The lights went down. The stage burst forth in gorgeous color. The dancers laughed in each other's eyes; the senora peeped from her lattice, dropping a rose to Pink-ney Thorpe, who gazed upward from among a group of troubadours. Little murmurs broke from the house like butterflies as the curtain fell on the Intermezzo from "Cavelleria Rusticana."

"And now Stani is coming!" cried the pretty girl in the front box. "I never wanted to see any one so much in my life." The lights burst forth, the stage was the two sides were about equal. Taking cleared, and the piano rolled out from the tweny-four hours as the time actually ocwings. A smart accompanist with a roll of cupied in fighting, and counting the casualmusic caused a preliminary ripple of ap- ties in both armies, it will be found that on

his coat and a sheet of music in his whitegloved hands, advanced to the footlights. As the house resounded with applause, the white-haired woman, leaned forward quickly and put up her glass. At the same moment her husband, in the background, sprang to his feet and leaned forward, star-

ing at the stage.
"By George!" he muttered.

"Alexander!" Mrs. Powers spoke in a helpless sort of way, staring at the stage. The burst of applause from the house seemed intensified by a sudden crescendo of shrill boy voices on the front row, which was immediately quelled by the choir-

master. Then as Stani bowed left, then right, his eves swept our box for an instant : and in the clear, poetic face, the waving hair and irreproachable grace, I recognized Bartley, the adopted son of the old ex-charwoman of St. Blesius'. Bartley, who sung like a seraph among the choir-boys, who played havoc with Mrs. Power's domestic peace, who was sent to the House of Correction, and whom Mr. Alexander Powers had ignominiously thrashed.

and Mrs. Powers turned to her husband. "Is it actually?" "It is certainly Bartley," he said in an

The accompanist was playing the prelude

Mrs. Power's eyes flashed. "Just like him! His audacity would carry him

through anything !" "Hold on, now," said her husband, give him a chance. Although, if it's a The words were stopped by a voice. Such a voice! we might easily forget the Italian aria and the English ballad following it, but we shall never forget the

voice which sang them. After the first, the house was fairly breathless with amazement for one instant-then it stormed, and after the second it rose to its feet, and there was a cry of "Brava."

"By George, the fellow can sing!" cried Pinkney Thorpe, bursting into our box; 'never heard anything like it before in my life! Bring him out again.'

The little choir boys were doubled up in a frantic effort to be heard, and Mrs. Powers was fanning herself rapidly, a burning flush on her face. The pretty girl in the front of the box was exclaiming rapturously over the beauty of the singer and the wonder of his voice, when suddenly there was a hush. Stani advanced to the front of the stage, and stood looking, not at the fluttering, rainbow house, but at the row of little choir-boys down in front. Their faces were uplifted expectantly, and one little fellow, utterly unable to restrain himself, began aloud: "Hey, Bart-" But a hand was promptly clapped over his mouth by the choirmaster.

Stani gazed at them for a full minute, doubtless with a tide of recollection sweeping him toward them. He then turned and spoke to the accompanist; then, still looking at the row of eager, upturned faces, began as simply as if a little boy to

A suppressed rustle stirred the house. Mrs. Powers leaned forward quickly and

put up her glass. The illustrious Stani was singing "Jerusception to the many with whom Mrs. Pow- alem the Golden." They had sung it together probably oftener than any other hymn, he and the little choir boys. Often sius' was in full blast, and we were all had he led the soprano soaring on the high come of about \$30,000 a day from his wells.

notes when he was Bartley, the boy who went to the House of Correction.

Suddenly, at the fifth line, he made a motion with his hand. It must have been an old and well known motion, for every boy began to sing.

I know not, oh, I know not!

ly left the stage.

The voices burst out with the words until the light quivered, the soprano of Bartley thrilling above them all. The audience knew he was not singing to them, for he was looking far beyond.

That may have been the reason the house forgot to applaud. It was quite still for a minute as the sound ceased, and he quick-

Then everybody began to talk to every one else, while a few touched their eyes with their handkerchiefs. Mrs. Powers laid her hand on mine and said nothing. Mr. Powers sprang up and left the box. A moment later I saw him standing in the wings holding Stani by the arm and talking. The pretty girl fluttered outward, exclaiming with the others over the charming uniqueness of the strange finale.

Then we gathered up our wraps and met the crowd with vivid color, and Mr. Powers was making his way to where we had drawn aside. Behind him was Signor Stani. He bowed low before us, but Mrs. Powers put out her hand impulsively. "Bartley, come home with us!" she

said. "Thank you," he answered, smiling, but I go early in the morning. I sail again Monday, and must spend to-night with-my mother."

We then saw, clinging to his arm, a bent figure, in a black bonnet. It was the old ex-charwoman of St. Blasius'. "She's very pleased," he added, "but

I'm afraid she's tired, so I'll not stop, if you'll excuse me. Thank you for everything, Mrs. Powers, and I hope you didn't mind about the hymn. I didn't intend to do it. But it—they—the boys seemed like -home. Good.by !"

He turned abruptly and was closed upon by the crowd, all eager for a closer view of the famous singer. A moment later we had a glimpse of Stani's beautiful face, bent over the black bonnet of the old woman. Then they were swept out the door.
"Oh, look at this!" Mrs. Powers was

gazing at a slip of paper which the singer had put in her hand: For one night's services to St. Blasius' Church.

Received payment in full, (Signed) STANI. "Little Bartley! Well, I can't get over t!" Mr. Powers was still staring through the crowd to where the singer had disappeared. "And he says that he got out of that place in a week, and some one discovered his voice, and sent him abroad, and he's come back to make a home for that old woman, who wasn't any relation to him at all. I tell you that fellow's a"he paused to adjust his wife's cloak, and I heard the white-haired woman say softly:

"A gentleman by the grace of God!"-The Illustrated American.

### Battle of the Wilderness. There Were Features that Have Never been Matched

in the Annals of Warfare-The Scene Was One of Unutterable Horror. The losses found to be; killed, 2,246; wounded, 12,037; missing, 3,383; total, 17,666. The damage inflicted upon the enemy is not known, but as he was the as-

saulting party as often as the Union army, there is reason to believe that the losses on and boyish figure, with a white flower on the loss of twenty five men.

As the staff-officers threw themselves upon the ground that night, sleep came to them without coaxing, they had been on Mrs. Powers, who had been talking with the move since dawn, galloping over bad roads, struggling through forest openings, jumping rivulets, wading swamps, helping to rally troops dodging bullets, searching for commanding officers in all sorts of unknown places. Their horses had been crippled, and they themselves were well-nigh exhausted. For the small part I had been able to perform in the engagement, the general recommended me for the brevet rank of major in the regular army "for gallant and meritorous services." His recommendation was afterward approved by the President. This promotion was especially gratifying for the reason that it was conferred for conduct in the first battle in which I had served under the command of the general-in-chief.

There were features of the battle which have never been matched in the annals of warfare. For two days nearly 200,000 veteran troops had struggled in a deathgrapple, confronted at each step with almost every obstacle by which nature could bar their path, and groping their way through a tangled forest the impenetrable gloom of which could be likened only to the shadow of death. The undergrowth stayed their progress, the upper growth shut out the light of heaven. Officers could rarely see their troops for any considerable distance, for smoke clouded the vision, and a heavy sky obscured the sun. Directions were ascertained and lines estab lished by means of the pocket compass, and a change of position often presented an operation more like a problem of ocean navigation than a question of military manquivers. It was the sense of sound and of touch rather than the sense of the sight which guided the movements. It was a battle fought with the ear, and not with the eve.

All circumstances seemed to combine to make the scene one of unutterable horror. At times the wind howled through the tree tops, mingling its moans with the groans of the dving, and heavy branches were cut off by the fire of the artillery, and fell crashing upon the men, adding a new terror to battle. Forest, fires raged; ammunition-trains exploded; the dead were roasted in the conflagration; the wounded, roused by its hot breath; dragged themselves along with their torn and mangled limbs, in the mad energy of despair, to escape the ravages of the flames; and every bush seemed hung with shreds of bloodstained clothing. It was as though Christ-ian men had turned to fiends, and hell itself had usurped the place of earth. "Campaigning with Grant," by General Horace Porter in the December Century.

# Good for the Health.

Jenks (who has taken to horseback riding and b unces about ten inches at every step)-"Ah, howdy-do, Blinks? I think horseback riding is good for the health, Blinks—"Yes, indeed! All who see you

will be benefited. 'Laugh and grow fat,' you know."

A Russian land owner at Batoum during the big oil strike there had an inMeeting of the State Grange.

Worthy Master Rhone Re-elected.-He Will Continue at the Head of the Pennsylvania Branch of the Patrons of Husbandry-A Series of Resolutions on the Subject of an Export Bounty of Agricultural Products Considered and Adopted.-Great Adulteration of Food Shown.

At the meeting of the State Grange which convened in Altoona last week. Hon. F. N. Moore, deputy dairy and food commistalk on food adulterations, showing samand proved adulterated. Some of these regard to 'oleo,' one year ago there were 500 dealers in Pennsylvania who had paid a government tax for the permission to sell, as a whole, and particularly of the great but to-day these are all wiped out but a staples, are so reduced as to be often befew in Allegheny county, who in the near low cost of production, and that in no case future will pay for their violation of the do they suffer a guarantee of profit.

He presented in conclusion with his adthe crowd in the corridors. A breath of snowy air stung our faces. Carriages were the crowd in the corridors. A breath of snowy air stung our faces. Carriages were the more of a saleratus taken from a store liberal mode and higher cost of them one of a saleratus taken from a store liberal mode and higher cost of them one of a saleratus taken from a store liberal mode and higher cost of them one of a saleratus taken from a store liberal mode and higher cost of them one of a saleratus taken from a store liberal mode and higher cost of the more liberal mode and highe being called. Figures in character marked in this city, containing 80 per cent. of plaster of Paris. He told his audience not to civilization. be frightened, as he had such samples from all parts of the state. With the heteropepper, which, when analyzed, showed the tural populations of the world is reached, a contents to be 50 per cent. red oak bark, 25 per cent. hickory nut shells and the lyzed and showed the same deleterious substances in their make up. A specimen of analyzed honey showed 95 per cent. of glucose and 5 per cent. of honey. Even "That we realize that by the introducbeen shown to contain everything from tartaric acid and other adulterations equally injurious to good health. His discourse was exceedingly interesting. He claimed that there was not over 10 per cent. of the amount of adulterated foods sold in Pennsylvania to-day that was sold one year ago. objects of our concern as rivals. Mr. Moore concluded with strong plea for

pure food. During the year 1896 the safe of 'oleo' At this juncture the finance committee

reported, showing a balance of over \$9,000 in the treasury. Hon. Gerard C. Brown, chairman of the resolutions, based on the principles of the ever yet reached. Lubin proposition, which resolutions are

given below. The reports of the committees on reso-

The afternoon session was devoted main- to be disposed of. ly to the election of officers, which result is ter, who is among the re-elected, has served in that capacity for over twenty years, and land. it is mainly due to his instrumentality that to its present influence and affluence.

LIST OF OFFICERS. Worthy master, \*Leonard Rhone, Centre county : overseer, A. C. Barrett, Susquehanna county; lecturer, \*W. T. Hill, Crawford county; steward, \*J. P. Whipple, Bradford county; assistant steward, \*E. J. Tuttle, Tioga county; chaplain, \*Rev. W. T. Everson, Erie county; treasurer, \*Hon. S. E. Nevin, Chester county; scribe, \*Jerome T. Ailman, Juniata county; gate keeper, \*Wallace Chase, Tioga county; ceres, \*Mrs. Helen S. Johnson, Erie county; pomona, \*Mrs. S. J. Logan, Crawford county; flora, Miss Hill, Westmoreland county; lady assistant stewart, Laura A. Litchard, Montour county; executive committee (three to be elected), S. Walker, Allegheny county; \*J. B. Kirkbride, Philadelphia county; \*I. M. McHenry, Indiana county; finance com-

mittee (one member to be elected), \*S. S. Blyholder, Armstrong county. After the opening of the evening session the announcements of the officers elected were made, between which numbers the executive committee and the committee on the good of the order reported several good recommendations, on which action was taken. In due recognition of the unprecedented action on the part of the citizens of Altoona, which action is embodied, the following preamble and resolutions were

unanimously adopted by a standing vote: WHEREAS, The city of Altoona having learned that the Patrons of Husbandry were to hold their annual session of the Pennsylvania State Grange in their city,

WHEREAS, They have raised by popu lar subscription the sum of \$100 to defray the expenses incurred by the State Grange in renting a hall; therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to the city of Altoona our hearty thanks for its generous donation and hearty co-operation. The following preamble and resolution

were also unanimously adopted WHEREAS, Brother J. Metzger, chairman of the Blair county Pomona Grange committee of arrangements, and his associates have made ample provisions wherein our people have been entertained and enabled to hold this meeting of the Pennsylvania State Grange. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be extended to Brother Metzger, his associates and members of the Blair county Pamona Grange for their zeal and fidelity to our officers, representatives and members of the Pennsylvania State Grange.

On the adoption of these resolutions the session adjourned to meet Friday morning at 9 o'clock, at which session the final report were made and salaries fixed.

The following preamble and resolutions were submitted to the Pennsylvania State Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, by the legislative committee of the the State Grange at the session held Friday morning, and were unanimously adopted. They are a forcible recognition of a new condition of thought and action throughout the world. The rapid development of hitherto uncultivated lands in countries with a comparatively low standard of civilization and consequent cost of maintenance has created such a forcible competitor to the farmer of the United States that, with the latter's much more costly mode of living, the world's price of agricultural staples has reached a point at which under existing conditions, he finds himself unable to cope with his opponent. This fact has given rise to the question "What will the American farmer do to make his occupation yield more than the absolute necessities of life?" After due consideration of all conditions appertaining thereto the American agriculturist has come to the conclusion that, if it is necessary for the manufacturer to be protected by law from the invasion of foreign competition he is in equity and -Cleveland Plain Dealer.

justice entitled to the same consideration.

There seems to be logic in the proposition he submits that since he has to pay a tariff rate on almost everything he uses, and if there be any good reason for so doing, he for the same reason is entitled to similar consideration. He believes that if it be right to sustain one factor of our civilization another factor equally deserving

should not suffer. "Your committee, in view of the continsioner, gave the Grange an entertaining | ued depression in the prices of agricultural staples, which in the price of wheat is only ples which had been collected, analyzed partially and temporarily relieved by the well. Buckles are beginning to appear in demand for export caused by the accident adulterated samples had been collected of a shortage in the crops of our principal these come in steel and paste, in slender from stores in this city. He exhibited 35 competitors, have given attention to the shapes and in length of six to ten inches, samples, one sample each, including a proposed policy of a bounty on agricultural For the back of a ribbon belt there is a sample of filled cheese. These samples exports which has been so forcibly advocawere all adulterated, or compounds. In ted by David Lubin, of California, and we accept as established these facts:

"That the prices of agricultural products | idea sure to take here.

"That this situation is not confined to this country, although intensified here by them one of a saleratus, taken from a store living of our people; in short, by their progress in education and advancement in "That, unless remedied, this condition must inevitably gravitate downward until genous mass was a specimen of Cayenne the level of the lower and debased agricul-

condition incompatible with the mainte-

nance of our higher civilization, and even balance was supposed to be red pepper. A sample of black pepper analyzed by Mr. our self government. Moore revealed 40 per cent. buckwheat hulls, though he said the latter component tion' arising from the wonderful facilities is very often displaced by cocoanut shells. Coffee and allspice were taken up, ananow bring together 'as in a scroll' the very ends of the earth; which outstrip even

foods for babes, he said, dissected, have tion of modern automatic machinery the superior efficiency of intelligent agriculturists is in a great degree discounted, and the educated farmers of our land are brought into sharper competition with those who but for the advantage given by their use of such machinery could never have become

'That we are aware of the additional menace which threatens us from the approaching completion of the Siberian railhad fallen off 3,000,000 pounds in this state. mous contiguous arable tract on the planet, which, when stocked with the latest farm machinery now manufactured in continental Europe, will ultimately crowd all legislative committee, next read a series of cereals and staples to a point lower than

"That we cannot deceive ourselves with the idea that any measure of protection to our industries offered by a tariff on imports lutions and education were next read and can avail in the slightest degree to benefit discussed. A number of resolutions sup- the grower of those crops, of which he proplementary to the report of the committee duces a surplus for export, and whose on resolutions were also read and disposed prices are necessarily made in the world's market, where they are and must continue

"That we have a right to demand that given below. Those marked with an the same proportion of advantage shall be asterisk were re-elected. The worthy mas- given to the agricultural industry that is accorded by law to any other in this broad

"That while protection countries which the Pennsylvania State Grange has risen are importers of agricultural products may in a measure remedy the evil of low prices by increasing the duties of agricultural imports, it is manifestly impossible for those which produce a surplus for export to give the least particle of relief to the interest of their farmers by a high tariff on these products.

these farm staples, so as to bring them within the limit of our own home consumption, is no remedy, as it is an economic impossibility, and, in any event, could only injure by lessening the opportunities of employment to our people and reducing the actual resources and wealth of our country.

"Again, that diversification of our production can afford no certain nor permanent relief, as experience has proved that largely increased production, such as dairy products, truck, berries, fruit, etc., only tends to eventually lower these things, as well as the staples, below the profit point. 'At a time when the American farmer

had almost a world monopoly in the production of staples, when with cheaper lands he was the almost exclusive user of improved agricultural machinery, he was then able to pay the ultimate net cost of a high protective tariff and still live; but when as now the world's prices are down to one-half their former rates, ir the face of this to attempt to even maintain, let alone still raise higher, the protective tariff, would be economic suicide

"What then is the remedy? It is clear that we must either lower the price of things which the agricultural producer must buy to the world-level of value, through free trade, or artificially enhance in the home market the price of his products to the protection level by a genuine and real protection policy. "This, we have seen, it is utterly im-

how high upon the staple crops, whereas a bounty on exports could not fail to raise the price of such products in the home market to the extent of that export bounty. "This would be securing to the American producer of these staples directly, and

to all farmers of this country indirectly, the same measure of protection or advantage that the tariff now gives to manufacturers. And just as long as our manufacturers are protected on their productions by a tar-

a bounty on exports. After the newly elected officers were in- better. stalled on Friday morning by Mr. J. C. Kennedy, of Erie county, assisted by Mr. S. J. Logan, of Crawford county, and Mrs. Kate Hutton, of Cumberland, the meeting adjourded.

Before introducing the newly elected officer, Mr. McClure made a brief, but vigorous address on the importance of faithfully carrying out the provisions of the constitution and laws. The officers in turn made brief addresses pledging faithful services cle around each arm; but others are longer during their incumbency. The adjourn-ment service was conducted by Worthy figure, and others have revers, collars of Master Rhone. The delegates from Centre fancy facings. county who stopped in town on their way home all express their appreciation of the

# Decidedly Unfair.

Altoona.

Bobbie-Tommie Crumps is a mean little Bobbie's Mamma-What has Tommie

done? Bobbie-Why, me an him was practicing high kickin, an he got mad an kicked

me right in the stummick. Bobbie's Mamma-And what had you done to Tommie? Bobbie-I just kicked him in the neck.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

The granddaughter of the late Baron Hirsch is heir to \$100,000,000, which is about \$10,000 a day income.

With the wide use of corselets and girdles, buckles and fancy buttons are becoming more popular than ever before. The latest buttons are square and are rather large-in steel, enamel, paste pearls of every color set in cut steel and a new composition that imitates mother of-pearl very the front of the wide corselet belt, and a steel buckle six inches wide and bent to the figure, with loops of ribbon above and below the centre of the buckle-a Parisian

Bodices for every day street wear may be

said to be unknown quantities.

A skirt and jacket constitute a failor suit nowadays, and instead of the fitted body once worn under the coat a winter shirt waist is now the proper caper. Time has proven the usefulness and comfort of this admirable garment and one marvels to find that the shirt waist character is not lost through winter materials. Think of silk, velvet and corduroy being made into

shirt waists! But strange as it may seem such is the case and very dashing they are, too, especially when made at the men's furnishing

shops, as the best of them are.

Very nice ones, though, may be found at all of the large general shops, which show besides the corduroy and plain velvet waists very useful and inexpensive ones of changeable silk in all colors, and really magnificent affairs in plaid and shot

A stand-up or turn-down linen collar to button on generally accompanies these at the general shops, but at the furnishing places the winter shirt waists are all sold without collars.

These are bought separate, costing from 13 to 25 cents apiece.

No other article of dress takes on the individuality of a person as does a hat. One that we have seen often on its owner's head, wherever we note, whether lying on the table in the area entry, or hanging in the orthodox horns in the front hall, will seem to be framing the professor's face in indelible photography: "How like Amy that looks," or "Uncle Samuel," or Miss Smith"-as the case may be-is continually

reiterated. While we are willing to concede that any hat frequently worn will in time get to look like us, we often neglect to consider that there are certain head coverings so unsuited to our style, that, when they become a part of us, personality seems to have been pulled awry, as it were. Only naturally natty girls should wear distinctly

jaunty hats. Demure ones should affect those that farther carry out the notion of quaint simplicity, but they have nothing whatever to do with a chapeau that in the faintest degree suggests masculinity. Vogue should not be allowed to settle these matters absolutely, as there is no more attractive possession than a distinct individuality in all that bears on personal appearance. Any inviolable rule in that direction is most absurd. For instance, one frequently sees advice to women which asserts that a small, thin face should never be crowned by a large hat, and that a stont woman should not wear a diminutive one. Whereas, the fact remains that a small bonnet, if trimmed to relieve what some wit calls that "grapeskin on an orange look," may be much more becoming than a headpiece of such dimensions as to suggest everything of one kind. And a thin woman if her face is saucy and piquant, never looks better than in a broad rimmed or high crowned

hat, surmounted with nodding plumes. Of course, if the features are emaciated through illness, or of a serious, saintly or student type, nothing is more ghastly and inappropriate than a dashing head cover-The universal popularity of the sailor hat for several years, proves how becoming simplicity is to the maturity of young faces. In selecting a hat more should be taken into consideration than merely what is modish, and our average size. We should consider well our characteristics and decide whether we come under the sprightly or the demure head, as well as the exact use we will be likely to put our new purchase to.

A skilled New York dentist has formulated the following rules for the care of the teeth: Use a soft brush, and water the temperature of the mouth. Brush teeth up and down in the morning, before going to bed and after eating whether it is three or six times a day. Use a good tooth powder twice a week, not oftener, except in cases of sickness, when the acids from a disordered stomach are apt to have an unwholesome effect upon the dentine. Avoid all pastes and dentrifices that foam possible to affect by any tariff no matter in the mouth; the latter is a sure sign of soap, and soap injures the gums, without in any way cleansing the teeth. best powder is of precipitated chalk; it is absolutely harmless and will clean the enamel without affecting the gums. Orris root or a little evergreen added gives a pleasant flavor but in no way improves the chalk. A teaspoonful of listerine in half a glass of water used as a wash and gargle after meals is excellent; it is good for sore or loose gums ; it sweetens the mouth iff on imports, every consideration of jus-tice, equity and expediency demands as an all odors that arise from the diseased gums offset an equal protection to agriculture by and teeth. Use a quill pick if necessary after eating, but a piece of waxed floss is

> The lady whose wardrobe holds no figaro is decidedly behind the times this winter, for, from street costumes to ball gowns they are in vogue. They are made indifferently of every thing that comes to hand-silk, velvet' satin, cloth, lace, fur, and in open passementerie. Some of these dainty little garments are small, scarcely more than a cirfigure, and others have revers, collars or

There are also figaros in black crape worked closely with fine dull black beads convention and the pleasant hospitality of These are for mourning. Black broadcloth, braided with black soutache and fine gold braid, make a very handsome figaro, and one that can be worn with any kind of a gown. Those of shaped silk passementeric are susceptible to many changes, according to the color of the lining, which can be lightly basted in to suit the different gown. Some of these are left unlined and worn just as they are over any kind of a dress. The best made, however, is to have a figaro to every gown when one can afford it. These are of the dress material

and trimmed to suit the colors. Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.