Bellefonte, Pa., Feb. 19, 1897.

CITY AND COUNTRY.

I'd ruther lay out here among the trees. With the singin birds and the bum'l bees, A-knowin that I can do as I please, Than to live what folks call a life of ease Up thar in the city.

For I really don't 'xactly understan Where the comfort is fer any man In walkin hot bricks and usin a fan An enjoyin himself as he says he can Up thar in the city.

It's kinder lonesome, mebbe you'll say, A-living out here day after day In this kinder easy, careless way, But an hour out here is better'n a day Up thar in the city.

As fer that, jus' look at the flowers aroun, A peepin their heads up all over the groun, An the fruit a-bendin the trees way down. You don't find such things as these in town, Or, ruther, in the city.

As I said afore, such things as these The flowers, the birds an the bum'l bees An a-livin out here among the trees Where you can take your ease and do as you

Makes it better'n the city Now, all the talk don't mount to snuff Bout this kinder life a-being rough, An I'm sure it's plenty good enough An 'tween you and me 'tain't half as tough

As livin in the city. -James Whitcomb Riley.

THE WHISPERING WIND.

On three sides of the little house the dry corn stalks stood close to the eaves; on the fourth was an open space, by courtesy titled "the yard." It was but a bare patch of black earth, so dry that it was cracked and fissured in a geometrical design. The low stable was opposite the house, and between them stood a farm wagon and a cultivator, under which a few chickens huddled, trying to find shelter from the sweep of the wind. Occasionally a hen gave an angry cluck as a gust ruffled her feathers. As the wind rushed through the dry stalks it made a sibilant whisper, now and then dying away, only to again rise to a shrill crescendo.

A woman stood in the door of the house, looking at a distant tendril of smoke that trailed in the sky—the smoke of the eastbound passenger train. She was young and rather pretty, but her red hair was twisted into a hard, defiant little knot, her face grew set and intent; she was always trying to catch the meaning of the wind's whisper. It seemed as if she would go mad, living in the house, day after day, with the wind always rushing through the corn-stalks. She wished that it was spring and the land was plowed-then she could at least see the main road and the "passing." But the long winter was between. What was the use of working from morning till night for a bare existence? It were better to be resting under the ground.

Then the wind whispered: "Go back, go back, Go back to a country where there are neighbors and trees; back where there are door yards and grass and flowers, where good to me and---' a woman is more than a drudge. Go back, go back," the wind insisted.

She thought now that it must have been telling her this for the past four yes she remembered that when she had come a bride to this Kansas farm she had laughed and told Rick that the wind said: "We're here, we're here, that's clear, that's clear." It seemed a long time since she had been able to laugh at the horrible wind and disregard its voice.

'Rick had no right to bring me to such a place" she though, forgetting how willingly she had come. "He will be late tonight but I will make up the fire and have the supper ready." As she turned to go in she glanced down the wagon track that led out through the corn to the main road. She could see the shiny top of a buggy and in another moment a sorrel horse driven by a man in a light overcoat. Probably the real estate agent coming to see Rick about the mortgage.

The man drove into the yard, tied his toward the house. "Don't you know me, he called loudly, to be heard above the wind.

"Why, George Gilbert, is it you?" she did you ever happen to get here? Come relieved to find that

The man followed her into the main room of the house which served the double purpose of parlor and kitchen. In one chair and a round table with a red cover made the parlor. On the window ledge were two spindling geraniums planted in tin cans; on the wall hung some crayons, framed in black walnut and having Kate's initials done in straggling letters in the almost the sacredness of relics, reminding her as they did of the easy, pleasant life of that you, Rick?" she called. her girlhood.

You see, I'm traveling for a grocery house," the man said, sitting down, "and I make Houstan now, and your folks said I must be sure and come out to see you. So when I got through with Bailey & Donohue I went to the livery, got a rig and here I am. Being a cousin I took the liberty to drop down without sending word -can only stay an hour or two, anyway. How are you doing?"

"Doing!" Kate cried, scornfully looking around the room. "Can't you see? Making just enough to keep soul and body together-corn 14 cents, and we're nine miles from market.

Why don't you come back home?" he asked, leaning forward in his chair and she came west.

I just long to go-sometimes it seems like I'd go wild staying here A man can get gets a decent living for his sweat and along better'n a woman."

"Yes, that' so," George assented. He looked very prosperous, sitting there in his dark business suit, his shining linen and "Why, sis, ain't you tickled?" he asked. dark business suit, his shining linen and new gloves. Her brown calico seemed to

marriages and deaths in the old neighbor- | you didn't care." hood, who had sold and moved away and who had come in their places. How she the corn stalks creaking and rustling with son to the agriculturists all over the Union, longed to go back to the common-place, a thousand whispers, but they said to for it goes that by proper management and prosperous life she had left !

searching regard. "Kate, I've been thinking that if you really want to go back home that I can lend you enough to cago News. do it and you can pay back when you please. I don't want to interfere between husband and wife, but I judge that you and Rick haven't been getting along first

rate by what you said." "We haven't had any open quarrels," any right to bring me out to such a Godforsaken country as this. I don't think, either, that I'd do wrong to leave him. I've never left my folks know how things were going, and last spring when ma talked about coming out I just prayed she wouldn't though I wanted awful to see her, too-I was ashamed for her to see how we lived.' "If you intend to go with me, you'd bet-

want to meet Rick. Can we go a road that we won't meet him?" Kate nodded. "Yes-the back roadit's rough, but we could take it."
"Are you coming?" he asked.

She stood a moment straightening the cover on the table. "Yes, I'll go," said decisively. "There are a few things I must take, but I can be ready in half an

She went into the other room of the house and knelt at a trunk whose cushioned top and frilled skirt tried to beguile the beholder into the belief that it was a divan. Opening the lid, she lifted out piles on the floor. Then she turned over the articles in the tray. She took some photograpps in her lap and looked them over. There was a picture of Rick's Uncle Ben—how they had laughed at his fierce frown, knowing so well that he was henpecked; then there was Mary Haines, her bridesmaid, and cousin Lou and Emery's twins. A card slipped from her lap to the floor and lay face downward. She picked it up. It was a photograph of himself that Rick had given her before they were married. It had been taken by a wandering artist and he was an awkward figure, clad in a queerly made suit, holding his hat tight in his hand, but his steadfast young eyes were looking straight into hers. She remembered the day he had given it to her and how she had praised it, meanwhile laughing at the presentation of Uncle Ben, though they were the work of the same "artist." She had tucked Rick's picture in at the edge of the mirror and one night Mary Haines had discovered it. How Mary teased her until she confessed that they were to be married in the spring and to go to Kansas.

"It's 4:30," George called. She dropped the photographs into the trunk and closed the lid with a crash. She laid her hat and cloak on the bed. "I'm mouth drooped at the corners, and her eyes were heavy and brooding. She listened to the harsh creaking of the corn, and her helpless about housework. I must leave the office, and he could positively find out everything that was going on, for he could go right through burglar safes and time some word of where I'm gone. I guess he has tried to be good to me, but he has no

right to keep me here."
She found a sheet of the thin blue-lined paper on which she had so often written to 'her folks." She sat down on the bed, with the ink bottle on a chair near by "Dear Rick," she wrote, then hastily crossed it out and began "Rick." Then she was motionless for a time, her eyes fixed on the ceiling. At last she wrote: George Gilbert is here and is going to lend me money to go home on. I cannot stand it here any longer. I hope you will forgive me, for I know you have tried to be

She threw down her pen and ran into the kitchen. George stood in the doorway, smoking and looking down the road. "Ready?" he asked without turning.

"Oh, I can't go!" she cried huskily. "I can't go-he has done his best. It would be wicked when he has worked so hardpoor Rick. She sat down and covered her face with her hands.

"All right," George answered. "I was willing to take you, but if you think you'd better not, that's all right. I don't want to interfere, as I said before."

"I shouldn't have said what I did," she sobbed, "but it seems like the wind has made me half crazy. I'll stay, though, now, if it kills me."

"Well, I guess I'd better be driving back to town," her cousin said. "If I could help you and by—" He fumbled in his pocket and she heard the rattle of loose change.

"No, George. There is only one thing you can do for me. Promise that you will horse to the wheel of the wagon and came never say a word about this to any living soul. Tell ma that you found me well and happy—be sure you remember—well and

happy."
"All right; I'll be mum as an oyster,"
"All right; I'll be mum as an oyster," exclaimed. She held out her hand. "How he answered. He was puzzled but rather she was not going right into the house. Rick's gone to town with him. He bid her good-by and drove out into the wheel track.

She watched him out of sight, then she went into the house and laid her clothing back in the trunk. Her letter lay on the corner stood the stove, above it a long shelf floor. She picked it up and threw it into covered with neatly scalloped papers on the fire, as if it had been something unwhich stood the lamps and tinware. A clean. She watched it blaze and turn to a safe with peforated tin doors was in another white ghost, which she crumbled with the corner. A bit of ingrain carpet, a rocking poker. When the house had taken on its ordinary look she put the tea kettle on the the proposed Cuban "reforms" will not stove and set the table for supper. As she cut one of her pies she smiled-she was to eat them after all.

The wind had gone with the sun, and it was dusk when she heard the sound of ful inquiry on these points, and finds even lower corners. These had come to have wheels. She took the lantern from the high the Spanish officers with no hope. It is shelf, lit it and set out to the barn. "Is also made apparent that Weyler's alleged watch and a few dollars in money.

"Yes-been expecting me long?" came from the other side of the team. "Cousin George has been here; he couldn't wait for you, but he left his re-

gards," she said. Yes, I met him the other side of Mark-We stopped to talk a little while: said he didn't have time to stay to supper or all night."

Kate held the lantern while her husband unhitched and fed his horses, then they walked together to the house. Through the open door a block of light fell on the ground and within the red table cloth and white dishes shone pleasant and cheerful. "I've got good news, sis," Rick said across the table, as he helped himself to a third cut of pie. "Old man Shultz wants noticing how much Kate had aged since to buy this farm; says he don't like the way my land gouges out the corner of his Rick never seems to think of it ; be- section. He will take up the mortgage and sides, I don't think we've got money give me \$600 clear. It ain't much, but we enough to take one of us, let alone both. can go back home and begin over again. Begin over again in a country where a man at the Ebbitt. "Their improved lot with-

"I did it because I thought this was no creamery has become firmly established as new gloves. Her brown calico seemed to grow older and limper and she felt as if she place for you."

'I am awful pleased," she answered,

In the night the wind came up and set dairy commissioner. Here is an object les-

The Temple of the Mysteries.

The Theosophists are going to build a Temple of the Mysteries out at San Diego, Cal., wherein is to be started a school for she answered, "but I don't think he had teaching, to those who are qualified for the reception of such knowledge, all the occult learning of the ancients and of the orient. They are to be taught the secret of all the mysteries of which we hear so much and see so little, and to rendered competent to perform all of the miracles worked by those mysterious beings, the adepts, who have strange to say, been exercising their powers for ages without attracting much attention outside of their fastnesses in the depths ter make up your mind," the man said, tion outside of their fastnesses in the depths looking at his watch. "You would not of Asia. That there has at length been started a movement to bring these mysteries out from their hiding and to confer the wonder-working powers of the adepts upon some of the people, at least, of this busy nation is pleasing as well as important information.

For these adepts are wonderful beings, indeed, according to the accounts we have of them. They can speak all languages without ever having studied them; they can read thoughts and divine intentions through their astral bodies they can transport themselves, in a moment, to any part of the world or universe and see what is gofolded garments, laying them into neat ing on. At this moment it is likely that one of them, who lives thousands of miles away on the lofty plains of Thibet, is watching the writing of this article, and with a keenness of sight surpassing the power of the X-rays looks into the mind of the writer and knows, better than he, what will be said. They can see what is hidden in the most secret places; they can read the contents of any document, however carefully guarded, and they can even transport light bodily substances instantly from diana county the affair caused quite a sensation here. It is for the above reasons that writer has never seen this done, but this is what those who claim to know about them assert, and they tell us that these powers may be acquired in a greater or lesser de-

> This being the case, it can be seen that the founding of this institution on the Pacific coast is a matter of great importance. One of the strangest things heretofore in connection with these wonderful beings is that they have apparently made no use of their marvelous powers. It is presumed sion, thought at once occurs, what admirable newspaper men they would make. Using their astral bodies, one of them could cover the whole city, without expense to the office, and he could positively find out locks after information, and could even tell

Tongue Like a Currycomb.

The tongues of some animals are very dangerous weapons. A lion could readily kill a man by merely licking him with his

The tougues of all the members of the cat family are covered with curious recurving spines, formed of rough cartilage. of them to the square inch. In the com- killed me!" Seeing that he was still livmon domestic cat these spines are very small, but are sufficiently well developed to give the tongue a feeling of roughness. Most people have noticed this curious grater like appearance of the tongues of their household pets without understanding its significance. In the fiercest animals, such as the loon or tiger, these spines are very found projecting up for an eighth of an inch or more, with very sharp points or

While the mouth is relaxed the tongue is soft and smooth, but when the animal is excited to the fighting pitch the spines become rigid. The tongue at such times resembles a fine steel currycomb.

No Hope for Spain.

Havana and all Cuba, generally, is of the same opinion as the United States, that help to bring peace to the island and could cessation of present hostilities could be secured. The Associated Press has made care-"pacification" is a ridiculous creation of his imagination. The province of Pinar del Rio is as full of insurgents as ever, and if possible, they are more active than they were before Weyler's visit. On this score the Spanish officers in Havana are as much discouraged as in regard to the proposed reforms, and a number of them intend returning to Spain, abandoning the field and presumably carrying to the home government their opinion that the struggle is hopeless. It may hoped that Spain will soon recognize the truth and abandon its brutal policy of laying waste the island and murdering the innecent non-combatants.

Why lowa Farmers Prosper.

"If the farmers of Iowa are paying off their mortgages and putting money in bank it is not because of the profits made in growing corn and wheat and oats," said Mr. S. B. Newton of the Hawkeye State, in the last decade is due to the fact that they have been subordinating the produc-Kate laid her head on the table and be- tion of the cereals to the dairy. The Iowa cow has proved of far more benefit as a revone of the institutions of the land.

"In the county of Jones the farmers He told her of their kinsfolk, of the but I was so tired and I thought mebbe have in bank deposits over \$3,000,000, according to the latest report of our State attention to the right things farmers can He went to the door. "Not much of an outlook, is it?" He wheeled and gave her by." Now the whisper of the wind was rowers.

sweet to her as she lay listening : "Years A Bit of Reminiscence-Centre County's Murderers and Their Executions.

esting to most readers. Particularly is of December, 1802, very shortly after the this so when the facts dealt with have formation of Centre county. Byers was made for the history of a locality with found guilty of murdering a mulatto named which the readers are acquainted.

Hangings in Centre county have not been John Dunlop, the offense having occurred so numerous that they can't be counted on the 15th of October, 1802. The fact on the fingers of one hand, yet there have that scarcely two months elapsed between been enough and not enough. Enough, the offense and the punishment shows how because it is not to the credit of any com- speedily justice was meted out to offenders munity to boast that debasing atmosphere in those early days. that makes murderers of men. Not enough, This murder took place in the neighborbecause within the memory of the present hood of Bellefonte, near Dunlop's, aftergeneration one murderer, who should have wards Valentine's, iren works. James been hanged, escaped from the county jail. Barrows, the victim, was a free mulatto, a sive puddings to which she has to impart 1890, and escaped from the county jail, readers to learn that at that time negro He wonders why this and that cannot be Wednesday morning, December 24th, 1890.

So perfect was his plan that the very earth vania, and that the murderer Daniel Byers.

So perfect was his plan that the very earth vania, and that the murderer Daniel Byers. seemed to have swallowed him up.

about the particulars of the second murder | hood. A woman was at the bottom of this of which there is record in this county: murder. Barrows was married to a white

P. GRAY MEEK, Esq., weeks a communication appeared in the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette in regard to some lady of your county who is now 107 years of age. Among other things it stated that she was at the county seat the day of James Monks' execution for the murder of some one, and it brought to mind my boyhood recollection of hearing of that murder and also of hearing those older than myself sing a sad and impressive song called "Monks' Confession." I think the murdered man's name was Reuben Guild. On account of Monks being somewhat known in this, Indiana country the officer of the country the the ground, and no doubt be interesting to readers in your county as well as to many in this county.
Whom did Monks murder, where, when,

whom did Monks murder, where, when, what for, and what the provocation or motive? Give particulars. Where and when his trial and conviction and particulars if you can? When and where his execution and did he make any confession?

If you remember the song "Monks' Confes-

their marvelous powers. It is presumed that the graduates of the new California institution will not be so modest. The this? If you could get it in this way from some one could you publish it in your paper?
Trusting that you may not regard this as too presuming, coming from an entire strang-

INDIANA, PA.

16, 1817, he met Guild, who was on horseback, on a lonely part of the road, in what West. The two men bid the time of day, clusion for the boisterous and meddlesome but after they had passed each other, according so Monk's statement, an uncontrolable impulse to kill the stranger overtook him, whereupon he turned around, raised leveled McCamant with a blow of his his gun and shot him through the body. ing, Monks, who had a hatchet with him, boy; go up now and be hung like a man." the head with that implement. He then concealed the body, after stripping it of its clothing, even to the shoes which he found too small to fit his feet. He then mounted well developed. They are frequently the dead man's horse and, with his plunder, continued his journey home. As he was under the influence of liquor when he committed the bloody deed, he was not in a condition to thoroughly cover the evidence of his crime. He dropped a song-book belonging to Guild at the place where the murder was committed, and this circumstance eventually led to his arrest on suspicion. Upon his arriving home and examining the spoils of his foul'crime he found written in his victim's pocket-book: "Reuben Guild's pocket-book. This pockhorse and articles of clothing, the paltry

The execution of Monks, which was publie and made near the intersection of what crowd and was conducted by sheriff John parting solemnity to the occasion, but which as Wm. Armor, a celebrated fifer of that period, played the dead march under the gallows before the culprit was swung off. Some time after the execution it was reported, and many people believed it, that Monks was seen alive, and for years he served as a spook with which to frighten children. His case furnished the subject of much doggerel verse.

In the trial, which excited intense intersented the commonwealth, and Norris, Burnside and Potter were Monks' counsel. Robert McGonigle, Anthony Klechner, Ephraim Lamborn, John Johnston, Fredick, William White, George Gramley, ninety years.

OTHER HANGINGS IN THE COUNTY. The first was that of a negro named History, if properly presented, is inter- Daniel Byers, which took place on the 13th James Barrows, who was in the employ of for Idaho.

We refer to the notorious "Billy Wilson," wagoner of John Dunlop, proprietor of the who shot Harry Waterhouse, Sept. 3rd, iron works. It may be of interest to our or Black Dan, as he was called, was a slave The following communication enquires owned by a Mr. Smith, of this neighbor-INDIANA, Pa., Feb. 5, 1897. woman by whom he had five children. Be- fact that soups have to be used up, that Dear Sir:—Within the past two or three sprung up, and about six weeks before the else, and so on. It is the routine, the utter account of a quarrel she had with him about Byers. The latter then determined to get Barrows out of the way on account of this woman, and did not hesitate to tell The night on which the murder took place him keenly awake and it is only when he Barrows was engaged in bringing a load of charcoal to the works. Byers, being acquainted with his movements, waylaid him about half a mile from the furnace and shot him with a rifle while he was sitting on ry as a mental stimulus and let us hope one of the horses, the ball penetrating his right breast and coming out near his right shoulder. When he fell the wagon wheels passed over the length of his body, which dress when women might be content with was supposed to have caused his death un- what they have, it is now; when fashion til the bullet hole in his breast was discovered by the coroner's jury.

of court, 1802. At his execution, on the to insure a pretty curve, while the new cluding many of the rough characters em- skirt are prophesied for the coming season. ployed at the iron works. In order to pre- the waist, and the skirt which is slightly serve order among this turbulent crowd a draped and moderately trimmed and cer-The second execution in this county, and company of horse, under the command of tainly the various possible modifications of when anybody was thinking about anything that was worth an item. He could not only do this for the city, but for the not only do this for the city, but for the last previous to that of Hopkins, was that of James Monks, which took place in the scaffold. When Byers was swung off the last skirts is carried well to the back country and even the world, and he could Bellefonte, on January 23rd, 1819, he have transmit his news without any expense for telegraph tolls. But fabulous as would continue to the murder of Reuben telegraph tolls. But fabulous as would continue to the murder of Reuben apparently unhart. The crowd, laboring sides: consequently they hang better than telegraph tolls. But fabulous as would be the salary that such a reporter could be the salary that such as the salary that such a reporter could be the salary that such as the sa be the salary that such a reporter could command, it would probably be impossible Judge Huston presiding. The Monks case case the prisoner was exonerated from out of place after short service, and when for any newspaper to hire him. Think was a celebrated one and excited intense what possibilities there would be for him interest throughout central and western is free," and, headed by two men named even at first. Think was a celebrated one and excited intense further punishment, set up the shout "Dan the material was heavy never hung well on playing "draw" or in doing business with a faro bank by reason of his ability to with a faro bank by reason of his ability to Pennsylvania. The offender was a native McSwords and McCamant, made a move to with a faro bank by reason of his ability to see through the backs of the cards. But greater still would be his chances on Wall confession which he made after his conviction, however, was prompt in counteracting and plain skirt can serve for many an ocstreet, since he would be on to every contemplated move in the market. This is home on Marsh Creek. Howard towntemplated move in the market. This is but a hint of some of the phenomena which but a hint of some of the phenomena which but a loaded but a loaded but a loaded by figure on the street parade; a quietly but a hint of some of the phenomena which we will behold when the Temple of the ship, on the evening of Sunday. November riding-whip. According to an ancient gowned worshiper at Sunday devoting the ship of the ship, on the evening of Sunday. chronicler of this occurrence, "McSwords a resplendent creature at the dinner table. scratched his head and said : "Mr. Dunis now a part of Clearfield county, travel- can, as you are a small man you may pass McSwords. Captain Potter's company also took a hand in restraining the would-be red and black plaid silk, a white "turnrescuers. William Irvin, one of the troop, sword, cutting his cap-rim through. The With a shriek the assassinated man fell disturbance being quieted, Wm. Petrikin They are so small that there are hundreds from his horse, said: "My friend, you have stepped up to the half-hung culprit and ruche, or her furs about the throat. Could said: "Dan, you have always been a good dispatched his victim by striking him in After this complimentary and encouraging advice Dan's head was again put through the noose and he was hanged without any further interruptions.

From our present point of view it is a curious circumstance connected with Black Dan's trial, that, in accordance with the law at that time, the jury in the verdict that consigned him to the gallows fixed his value as a slave at two hundred and fourteen dollars.

Seely Hopkins was the third man to be hanged in Centre county. Jealousy drove him to the murder of his wife and motherin-law, Mrs. Wighaman, in Philipsburg, Sunday morning, September 22nd, 1889. Having failed in his attempt to kill himself he was brought to jail here and connot form a basis of permanent peace, if a et-book is my property now, but I know I victed at the November term. He was wont' own it long." In addition to the hanged on Wednesday, Feb., 20th, 1890, the rope having broken he had to be carried proceeds of this bloody murder were a back onto the gallows and swung off the second time.

The fourth and last execution was that of Alfred Andrews, found guilty of having with high collar and white pique Ascot tie. is now High and Ridge streets—afterwards outraged and murdered Clara Price, on the known as Monks' alley-attracted a large lonely mountain road leading from Snow Shoe to Karthause, on Wednesday morning, Mitchell. Probably with the object of im- Nov. 25th, 1889. He was tried at the January term, 1890, and hanged on Wednesmust have had rather a comical appearance day, April 9th, 1890. His body was buried near the "Divide" on the mountain north of Milesburg.

The Monk's hanging was probably the most noted one ever made in the county. At the time there were numberless rhymes written about it and the confession and execution became a regular bogy scare for children about Bellefonte. There was a est, Etting, Bradford and Blanchard repre- | phamphlet published containing all the versions of the crime and a good bit of the doggerel written at the time, but unfortunately, none of them are in existence to-day.

Other murders have been committed in enue raiser than 10-cent corn, and the erick Schenck, Absolem Ligget, John Sher- Centre county, though the circumstances be sure of a warm welcome wherever we have been such that the criminals have Samuel Wilson, Henry Barnhart and Wm. either escaped hanging through their own Johnston, were the "twelve good and law- hands or lack of evidence to convict them ful men" who composed the jury, all of in the first degree. Two of the most recent whom have long since been as dead as the have been the notorious Woodward tragedy, prisoner whom their verdict consigned to last year, in which William Ettlinger murthe gallows, the last of them, Samuel Wildered constable James Barner then killed son, of Potter township, having died on the 18th of September, 1880, at the age of himself, and Fietta Weaver's murderous assault upon her aged father-in-law.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. Rebecca Mitchell, of Idaho Falls, president of the Idaho Woman's Christian Temperance Union, has been elected chaplain of the State Legislature, an unusual honor for a woman. She was largely instrumental in securing woman suffrage

If there is one "right" more than another which a woman is justified in demanding it most certainly is an annual holiday from catering for her family. The large bulk of housewives with husbands and children go on ordering three hundred and sixty-five dinners per annum, year in and year out. There is no change for her from the eternal joint, the everlasting salad, the same old fishes, the stews and hashes, and inexpensome appearance of novelty in order that her lord may not grumble too much. This thing in the world to order it. If Materfamilias complains that she is harassed to death to know what to choose day after day, he says. "Make a list and choose from it then you'll have practically nothing to do." tween her and Byers an illicit attachment it may not be convenient to get something murder occurred she left her husband on helpless, hopeless monotony of everyday existence, that makes women grow old be fore their time. Men-work as they may -do not realize what genuine drudgery is Actual toil is not the standard of mental depression. Sameness dulls and deadens; the change of scene and people that are his associates that such was his intention. The change of scene and people his associates that such was his intention, part and parcel of a business man's life keep part and parcel of a business man's life keep spends Sunday at home that he can form the slightest estimate of what existence means to his wife. Under these circumstances the necessity for a vacation from the monotony of domestic drudgery is necessathat women thus burdened will insist upon such relaxation.

If there was ever a time in the history of has reached perfection in all that goes to constitute graceful outline, harmonious coloring, becoming effect, and pretty contrasts. Byers was tried before Judge James Rid- The widely flaring skirt is a thing of the dle, in Bellefonte, at the November term past, and the present one is just full enough These are plain skirt, the skirt flounced to

The foundation is well laid in that the gown is of excellent ladies cloth, made over A Lion Could Kill a Man by One Lich with This ing from his home in New Jersey to the on," which was certainly a prudent containty of the variety. The curves are reliable and silk, the coat built over checked silk of a the stitched seams satisfactory. She is going shopping in the morning.

On goes the skirt, then a silk shirt waist of over" collar at the throat with white satin ribbon passed around twice and tied in a flat bow in front. Then goes on the coat, buttoned up. A tiny black toque, a pair of heavy walking gloves, if cold a heavy any one look more stylish or be better dressed for a shopping tour?

She lunches at home, or accepts an invitation, or meets a friend and they take a few oysters, a clear soup and a salad at some restaurant. She slips out of the coat and looks fresh and bright in her stylish skirt and nobby shirt waist.

She has two teas to make. Off comes the red shirt waist and its place is put on a heavy satin one-white with a wide purple stripe, the front covered with yellow lace, a purple satin belt and stock collar-A pair of light cream gloves, and the same toque, a pair of thinner shoes for the heavy ones, if the walking is good. If she pins a few violets or a bunch of clove pinks in her buttonhole so much the prettier.

When she arrives at the house she can unbutton her coat, throw it back and be entirely well gowned for any affair, no matter how formal.

If friends are invited in for dinner, or afterward the same costume will serve, with the coat off. If she is going to the theater, all that is needed is her capeeven that can be of heavy black cloth lined brilliantly-over the satin bodice with the same skirt and a pair of white gloves. When the days are warm she can wear the coat open over a dainty cotton shirt waist, or nobbier yet, a searlet vest with tiny black buttons and white chemisette, This is to be quite one of the favorite diversions of fashion for the Spring. Be sure of only this-that the est fits well. An ill fitting yest is a calamity!

None can ever claim that a black tailor gown is a cheap affair. If made satisfactorily it cannot be. That is, as to the actual outlay o. money. But if it serves the purpose of four gowns and lasts longer than two, each costing half as much, then it is economy in the final counting.

It is wise to cultivate cheerfulness as well as tactfulness. If there were only a sure and certain receipt for making ourselves cheerful it would sell better than any cosmetic ever put upon the market; for a cheerful face can never be unpleasant to

look upon. How glad we should all be to try the recipe; to have the power of cheering everybody up; to have the joy of seeing everyone's face brighten the minute we came in sight.

It would be such a satisfaction, too, to went: for the cheerful person is always given a warm greeting. It is only natural o desire sunshine in the house.

"The sight of you jist does me good, sure," I heard an old woman say one day, to have one of these sunshiny people. "I'd like to have you in a glass case, ma'am, that I might look at ye and keep my heart

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warm.'