

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., May 21, 1897.

GUARDING THE TONGUE.

If each of us, as we pass through life, would bridle and curb the tongue, and speak only the pleasant things to be said of every one, what a wonderful difference there would be between this world of ours and the paradise it might become! With all pathways strewn with flowers!

How surely a little reflection will show us as plain as the day. The mistakes we made when we hastily allowed our tongues full sway. When the day is done and we think it over, Ah, me! that it should be true—There are few of us who can honestly say There is nothing we would undo.

Too often the faults we clearly see In others are faults of our own—And those who dwell in houses of glass Should be wary in casting a stone. So, have charity, much charity, The loveliest virtue of all, And look well to the member unruly, For it's prone to slip and fall.

THE GREAT SPELLING BEE.

"I allus, held," said the Chronic Loafer, as he stretched his legs along the counter and rested his back comfortably against a pile of calicoes, "that they ain't no seech thing as a roarin' bull. I know some siss that is electric lights, but when I seen that big an' last night I said to my missus, an' I hol' I'm right, that et was nothin, but th' iron furnaces over th' m'outain. Fer, a'pose, ez th' teacher says, they is lights up et th' north pole, does you uns believe could see 'em all that distance? Well, now?"

He gazed impressively about the store at the close of this discourse. The Miller, the Shoemaker and the G. A. R. man were disposed to agree with him, but the School Teacher was sarcastic.

"If you had ever studied physical geography," he said, "you would know that the aurora borealis is not a light made upon terra firma, but a peculiar magnetic condition of the atmosphere for which there is no apparent accounting." He looked toward the Chronic Loafer. "And th' manner in which you pronounce it is exceedingly ludicrous. It is not a roarin' bull. It is spelled a-u-r-o-r-a-b-o-r-e-a-l-i-s."

The Tinsmith, who was seated upon a nail keg, rubbing his hands in the warm rays of the stove, chuckled softly. The Chronic Loafer noticed him and felt convinced that the correction of his own grammar had caused the other's mirth.

"What's you uns so tickled about now?" he asked gruffly.

"I was jest thinkin'," the Tinsmith replied, his countenance assuming its natural expression, "of the time my ole friend Quincy Muthershaugh spelled down John Jimison, who tot up to Happy Grove school. He done et on that very word, My, but that was a bee."

"Now, 'fore you get grindin' way—sence you've got on spellin'—I want ter tell a good un on—"

"Let him tell us about Quincy Muthershaugh," the School Teacher interposed, decisively. "You ought to know a heap."

Compelled to silence, the Chronic Loafer rolled over on his back and gazed dejectedly into the dim recesses of the ceiling, while the Tinsmith began:

"Some folks is nat'ral spellers, jest as others is nat'ral musicians. Ag'in, et's jest as hard ter make a good speller by citation as et is ter make a good bass horn player. Fer a feller that hain't the born idee of how many letters is needed ter make a world'll never spell no better than th' man that hain't a nat'ral sense of how much music's needed for a note'll play a bass horn."

"I cannot wholly agree with you," interrupted the school teacher. "Give a child first words of one syllable, then two, then drill them in words ending in tion until—"

"We won't discuss that, Teacher, fer et don't effect our case. You never seen th' like. John Jimison was a nat'ral speller. Give him a word of six or seven syllables an' he spell et out like et was on a blackboard right before him. When he was 20 he had spelled down all the scholars in Happy Grove, an' 'd' w' bout six years. Then he went to the Pilestown Normal school, when he come back you never knowed th' beat, he had studied Latin and algebra, but I guess he studied a spout considerable time a-brushin' up his spellin'."

"For there was only one fellow 'bout these parts who could keep up to him for any time at all. He was my friend Quincy Muthershaugh. You uns knows Quincy. He tot two winters up et Kishikoquillas school, and went west after he married. He was a powerful good feller—still—and a fine teacher, an' speller—but John Jimison had th' advantage of a normal school education, an' know'd it, fer you uns never seen th' like of th' way he spelled on when he was teachin' ter Happy Grove."

"That was th' winter we had so much snow. It had drifted in th' roads, so we drove through th' fields (ef you uns remember. What with church sossibles an' singin' school and spellin' bees they was a heap sight goin' on."

"Not a week passed but et was an' Quincy Muthershaugh went some'er, an' before I know'd et both him and John Jimison was keepin' company with Hannah Ciders. She was jest as pretty as a peach, plump an' rosy, with th' slickest nat'ral hair an' teeth you ever seen. She was powerful fond of education, so when them two teachers was after her she jest couldn't make up her mind. She favored both. But et seemer ter me like Quincy was her favorite without her knowin' it. He'd go to see her and set down an' never say nothin' much; but she kinder th' him pleasant company. He was good-lookin' an' a sure an' no fool. Jimison was amusin', tolerable in his looks an' hed th' advantage of a normal school education, and kinder dazzled her. Et allus 'peared ter me, still, as if he was a bit conceited, but then he took th' girls."

"Hannah Ciders didn't know which of them two to choose. Et seems she figured on et all an' well ter th' winter. She began ter get th' in 'lose all her color, an' both them fellers was near wild with anxiousness an' continual quarrelin'. Then what yer 'sposed they done?"

"She give out," continued the Tinsmith, not heeding the interruption, "that she'd take th' best educated. They tickled Jimison, who blowed round ter all his friends, how he was going ter win Hannah. Quincy jest grit his teeth an' said he was ready. He was goin', he put et, 'like th' male knights of old, ter tilt in th' turning months for his lady.' They agreed ter hev it out on th' quiet at th' big spellin' between their schools th' followin' week. I tot Quincy was gone. He jest went ter work, though, an' 'fer several days before th' bee I seen 'em nothin' of him. He was steyin' in the spellin' book."

"The night come, an' such a crowd as they was et th' Happy Grove school. They was sleighin' an' fer a quarter of a mile in front of th' buildin' they was nothin' but horses hitched ter the fences. Th' school room was all decorated with greens an' lighted with the lamps fer th' occasion, an' jest packed. All th' seats was filled with girls, and th' men was lined up four deep 'long th' walls an' backed up on top of one 'nother at th' back. On one side of th' platform, settin' on a bench 'long under the black-board, was th' sixteen best scholars of th' Happy Groveschool, led by John Jimison. He was smilin' an' confident, an' gazin' 'long in' at Hannah Ciders, who was on one side of th' front seats an' 'peared rather nervous. He was all togged out in a new Prince Albert coat fer her benefit. "I was standin' be th' stove meltin' th' snow off me boots, when I had a few words with Quincy Muthershaugh. He seemed jest a little excited, an' 'lowed et come out all right. Then he took his seat with his sixteen scholars on th' other side th' platform an' the procedin' began."

"Teacher Long from over in Lemon township, called out th' words from a speller, while me an' another feller kept tally. The first word given out was souper, an' Quincy missed et. He spelled it, s-u-p-e-r. I jest felt sick when I marked one down against his side. Jimison took her, spelled her all right, an' commenced ter smile. Muthershaugh looked solemn. The feller next on his side spelled supersede correct, while th' man next John Jimison missed superannuation, and then Happy Grove and Kishikoquillas was even. They kept 'thet up an hour an' a half, and I tell yer et was most excitin' ter see them trained spellers battlin' when they quit Happy Grove had two less misses than Kishikoquillas. Jimison commenced ter smile triumphant, but Quincy didn't do nothin' 'cept ter there quiet like."

"After a recess of ten minutes they began ter spell down. All the scholars lined up in a row and whenever one missed a word they hed to go set in th' audience. They spelled an' spelled, tell finally they was no one left but Quincy Muthershaugh an' John Jimison, jest standin' there glarin' et each other an' singin' out letters. "Et was a grand sight. Hannah Ciders was pale and tremblin', for she knowed the value of an ill word then. The audience was most stretchin' their necks out to join, they was so interested. Two lamps went out an' no one fixed 'em; the air was jest blue with th' steam made by the snow meltin' off the fella's boots, and the stove begin to smoke, and the room was suffocatin' but no one thot ter put up a winder, the excitement was so bad."

"Such words as penultimate, concatenation, pentateuch an' silhouette come dead easy ter them teachers. They kep' glarin' et each other and spellin' like their life depended on et. Poor Long's voice got weaker and weaker a givin' out words. I was jest nervous I could hardly see. They spelled all the ations and entions, and all the words endin' in sm, die and ness, tell et seemed they'd use up the book. Quincy was gettin' more excited; Jimison's knees was tremblin' visibly."

"Then Long give out Roryberry Allus. You could hear a pin drop in that room. Jimison he begin slow, as ef it was dead easy: 'A-u-r-o-r-a, Aurora; b-o-r, Aurora Bor; e-a-l-i-s, Aurora Borealis.' "They was a mumble went over the room, and he seen he was wrong an' yelled: 'A-u I mean!'"

"Too late," says Long. "Only one chance et a time tell one of the other spells et. Th' gentleman who gits et right first wins, accordin' ter rules."

"Jimison was white as a sheet an' his face and hands was a-twitchin' as he stood there glarin' et Quincy. Muthershaugh looked at the floor like he was cryin'. I seen Hannah Ciders lean for' and grip the desk with her hands, and then I know's she'd made up her mind which she favored. "He begin: 'A-u, au; r-o-r, Aur; a, Aurora; b-o-r, Aurora Borealis.' "They was a mumble went over the room, and he seen he was wrong an' yelled: 'A-u I mean!'"

"I jest stood up. I was thet excited, for I knowed what was wrong. I seen tell in Hannah Ciders' eyes as she leaned for'd, no breathin'; I seen Jimison grin and know'd he remembered he left out th' 's and 'ud spell et sure jest as th' qu' as he'd get a chance. I believed Quincy was goin' ter say a, and thet et was all up with him, an' thet Hannah Ciders know'd who she favored too late, fer she wasn't a girl ter break a greenen."

"Then sudden a feller run in th' door and yelled: 'Some uns run off with teacher Jimison's horse an' sleigh!'"

"You uns never seen sech a panic. Th' weemen jumped up and yelled, th' men jest piled out th' door. John Jimison climbed out th' winder, an' teacher Long dropped his spellin' book an' followed. Ter my surprise Quincy Muthershaugh never moved; he jest stood there lookin' at Hannah Ciders an' suilin', while she was gazin' back, as red as a beet. I was gettin' out th' winder among th' last an' turned 'round ter see ef Quincy was behind me; thet's how come ter notice et. I jest stopped et an' looked et both of 'em. For three minutes them two stared et each other an' I stared et them, not knowin' what ter make of et. Meantime the winder was clear. Outside we heard th' sleigh bells ringin' as th' fella's started off after th' thieves; we heard John Jimison and teacher Long callin' to ter go in this an' that direction; we heard th' weemen complainin' because they'd so many hev ter wait at home."

"Then th' rear winder, right back of where Quincy was standin', slid up an' his young brother Sam stuck his head in, an' when he seen th' coast was clear, whispered: 'I jest give th' 'arm in time, Quincy, didn't I? I've hitted teacher Jimison's horse right here behind th' school 'nother, an' you kin take her home jest as soon as th' last of these here fella's gits away.' "Quincy smiled an' said: 'I tot you was never comin' an' I'd hev ter spell et out.' "But th' winder was shet down an' his brother was gone."

"Then he steps down off th' platform an' walks up ter Hannah Ciders, an' says: 'Th' last syllable e-a-l-i-s.' "No," she says, quietlike, 'et's e-a-l-i-s. But thet ain't no difference.' "I slipped out th' winder an' started home. But ten minutes later John Jimison's horse and sleigh passed me on th' road, an' from what I seen I judged et would'n't a done him much good, anyway, ef he had a spelled down Quincy Muthershaugh."—New York Sun.

His Bluff was Called.

Reporter—That fellow who wanted his name kept out of the paper called in today. Oh, he was mad!

Editor—What about?

Reporter—It seems we kept it out.

The Democratic voters of Centre county will meet at the regular places for holding the general elections, in their respective election districts, on Saturday, June 5th, 1897, to elect delegates to the county convention. Under the rules of the party the election will be opened at 3 p. m. and closed at 7 p. m. The delegates chosen at the above stated time will meet in the court house, in Bellefonte, on Tuesday, June 8th, 1897, at 12 o'clock noon, and nominate one candidate for jury commissioner and one candidate for county surveyor; elect five delegates to the state convention to be held at Reading at the call of the executive committee of the state, central committee, and a chairman of the county committee to serve from January 1st, 1898, to January 1st, 1899; and, to transact such other business as may appear before the convention in the interest of the party.

APPORTIONMENT OF DELEGATES.

The number of delegates to which each election district is entitled, as approved and ratified by the Democratic county committee on the 3rd day of May, 1897, is as follows:

| ELECTION DISTRICT. | NO. OF DELEGATES. | NO. OF VOTERS. |
|-----------------------|-------------------|----------------|
| Bellefonte, N. W. | 2 | 128 |
| " " S. W. | 2 | 170 |
| Centre Hall Boro. | 1 | 81 |
| Howard Boro. | 1 | 36 |
| Millsburg Boro. | 1 | 112 |
| Philipsburg, 1st ward | 1 | 56 |
| " " 2nd " | 1 | 72 |
| State College Boro. | 1 | 25 |
| Unionville Boro. | 1 | 21 |
| Benner, N. P. | 1 | 67 |
| Boggs, N. P. | 1 | 26 |
| " " W. P. | 1 | 57 |
| Bureside | 1 | 31 |
| College | 1 | 107 |
| " " W. W. | 1 | 154 |
| Ferguson, N. P. | 1 | 33 |
| " " W. P. | 1 | 75 |
| Gregg, N. P. | 1 | 121 |
| " " W. P. | 1 | 139 |
| Haines, E. P. | 1 | 140 |
| " " W. P. | 1 | 140 |
| Half Moon | 1 | 43 |
| Howard | 1 | 69 |
| Huston | 1 | 81 |
| Marion | 1 | 84 |
| Miles, E. P. | 1 | 136 |
| " " W. P. | 1 | 72 |
| Patton | 1 | 59 |
| Pottersville | 1 | 123 |
| Rush, N. P. | 1 | 103 |
| " " W. P. | 1 | 87 |
| Snow Shoe, E. P. | 1 | 84 |
| " " W. P. | 1 | 55 |
| Spring N. P. | 1 | 114 |
| " " W. P. | 1 | 27 |
| Taylor | 1 | 56 |
| Walker | 1 | 62 |
| Worth | 1 | 61 |
| Total | 44 | 80 |

OFFICERS FOR HOLDING DELEGATE ELECTIONS.

- Bellefonte Boro.—John Trafford, Ch.; Bellefonte, N. W. W. Miles Walker, Sec.
- " " S. W. John Dunlap, Ch.; Ed. Brown, Jr., Ch.
- Centre Hall Boro.—John Dunlap, Ch.
- Howard Boro.—Jas. B. Noll, Ch.; George Noll, Sec.
- Millsburg Boro.—Sam'l Weiser, Jr., Ch.; E. F. Kister, Sec.
- Philipsburg, 1st W. P. J. Lukens, Ch.; 2nd W. P. John H. Wagner, Ch.
- State College Boro.—H. R. Greig, Ch.; 3rd E. C. Howe, Ch.
- Unionville Boro.—H. R. Greig, Ch.; Wm. Keatery, Sec.
| Benner, N. P. | John H. Wagner, Ch. |
| Boggs, N. P. | Henry Heaton, Ch.; E. F. Heaton, Sec. |
| " " W. P. | E. P. J. C. Condo, Ch.; E. P. J. C. Condo, Sec. |
| Bureside | W. D. F. Poorman, Ch.; Chas. Lucas, Sec. |
| College | Wm. Hipple, Ch.; J. A. Daugherty, Sec. |
| Ferguson, N. P. | J. A. Rupp, Ch.; Ed. Groves, Sec. |
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| Haines, E. P. | W. P. J. C. Condo, Ch.; E. P. J. C. Condo, Sec. |
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One of Man's Best Friends.

A recent decision of the Supreme court of Louisiana sustains the validity of an act of the Legislature of that State recognizing dogs as personal property when placed upon the assessment rolls. In the course of the opinion the court made the following remarks about dogs, as property:

The very fact that they are without protection of the criminal laws shows that property in dogs is of an imperfect or qualified nature, and that they stand, as it were, between animals ferre nature, in which, until subdued, there is no property, and domestic animals, in which the right of property is complete. They are not considered as being upon the same plane with horses, cattle, sheep and other domestic animals, but rather in the category of cats, monkeys, parrots, singing birds and similar animals kept for pleasure, curiosity or caprice. Unlike domestic animals, they are useful neither as beasts of burden, for draft nor for food.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

The sweet girl graduate bobs up serenely with the blossoming of the June roses, and not the least of her anxieties is what to wear on that memorable day when she feels she has left her school days behind her and life takes on a different character. Of course, the material must be white, and the more becoming and appropriate, though many India silks, challies and albatross will be worn with a view to utilizing them afterward for dressy house gown. A gown designed especially for this purpose. Has a sweet simplicity that makes it singularly appropriate. The material is white French organza, and has a most becoming bolero effect, arranged in broad tucks, slightly gathered, and the left side from the shoulder down, where it fastens over the full Spencer waist underneath. The fullness of the waist is gathered in at the waistline and held with a crushed belt of wide white satin ribbon, which hangs in long ends to the bottom of the skirt. The graceful and much-worn mousquetaire sleeve is finished at the shoulder with three ruffled caps of organza.

Some women never acquire the knack of tying a bow-knot. In fact, many women do not, judging from the strange, upside-down, wrong-side-out affairs one sees in ribbons and sashes and bonnet strings. The process is simplicity itself after it is once learned. Always to put the upper string over the under, and never the reverse, is the key to the matter. If this same upper string is again brought through the middle loop before pulling it smartly into place it will make the unloosable knot which is necessary in shoe laces, for instance.

It's a fad of the up-to-date woman to be, or to affect to be, tremendously busy, to every moment of the waking hours filled in busy from one engagement to another, and to condense in 24 hours a work of twice that number.

What is the object of all this? Heaven knows, unless it is that no woman shall boast that her social engagements exceed in number those of any other, for to confess that one is not in a mad rush from day to day is to acknowledge that one is not in the progressive woman of the end of the century.

And who pays the piper for this continuous round of occupations and preoccupations? Why, the woman herself and her family. Who does not know the oft-repeated story, the tired-out wife and mother the irritable, fault-finding mistress and the hypercritical friend—the result of the effort to accomplish a multiplicity of trifles in a given time or period. And then the air of martyrdom which the over-fatigued woman assumes is not the least trying part of the ordeal which the family of the too energetic one must bear. She rides for instance, 20 miles on her bicycle when common sense should limit her to half that number. She comes home physically exhausted, and for the remainder of the day her expression of patient fatigue rivals that of an early martyr.

Or during the house-cleaning period she condenses the labor of two days into one, and at night is so worn out and assumes so palpable an air of uncomplaining resignation that the very sight of her is irritating to the last degree, and instead of sympathy she usually gets what she really deserves—a wholesome letting alone or a good scolding for her foolish over-zealousness.

What women really need to learn is that the life of a truly dignified, useful woman is not given up to this mad rush from one occupation to another; that nothing good or lasting is done in haste, and that hurry is a fatal hindrance to the accomplishment of any work of real and permanent value. "Let us leave hurry to slaves," said the philosopher Emerson—a saying which should be blazoned in letters of gold over the door of the abode of every modern Martha whose soul is troubled with many things.

Miss Frances McHenry, who was admitted to the bar of Columbia county at Bloomsburg one day last week, is the first woman lawyer in Central Pennsylvania. Judge Ikeler, in his remarks at the time of Miss McHenry's admission, referred to this fact. Miss McHenry is 22 years of age and her tutelage in the law was had with Ikeler & Ikeler, in this town. She is a graduate of the Means school, is most intelligent, and is an enthusiastic horse-woman, having spent her girlhood on her father's farm at Exchange, Montour county.

The new summer sleeves are tucked in a variety of ways—some horizontally, others in fine tucks extending the entire length of the sleeve. Then there must be a full or puff, and an ample or fancy cuff to give the proper finish to the sleeve of silk or thin goods. Cloth sleeves have braid or button garniture. The untrimmed sleeve is slowly passing into that limbo to which the untrimmed skirt has been reluctantly consigned—the limbo reserved for passe fashions.

A student of dressmaking, at a famous school in New York city, has a method of seeking seams which is most ingenious. She has taken a rolling-pin, split it in half so as to make a flat surface, then covered it as one would an ironing board. It supplies just what is needed, a curving, smooth surface, but one which remains firm beneath the weight of the iron.

A daisy wedding is a singularly appropriate one, the daisy being a June blossom and its symbolic of the girl bride, being "pure white outside with a heart of gold." Besides nothing could be sweeter or daintier as a house or church decoration than huge loose bunches of this pretty flower and they are so easy to get; they are very inexpensive. Have the bridesmaids' bouquets of them also.

White organza is the wedding gown par excellence for a girl's June bride. It is not as heavy as satin and its airiness makes it most becoming. When prettily trimmed with lace it makes a charming wedding gown.

The shower bouquet is the latest. In this the flowers are arranged with streamers of ribbon or tulle to fall almost to the knees, there being a lot of pendant flowers below the bunch at the top.

Watered silk poplin is once more in fashion in its small checks in cream and brown, white and black, gray and white and in other colors, such as dark blue and red or mauve and cream, is extremely smart. It will furnish very natty dresses when trimmed with velvet and embroidery, or more novel still, with the metallic embroidery. It says its brilliant service at the war days, Virginia reels gown in its sheeny folds.

Florida's New Senator.

Stephen R. Mallory has been elected United States Senator from Florida, on the twenty-fifth Legislative ballot. Mr. Mallory, who has succeeded Wilkinson Call, was born in November, 1848. He served for a short time in the Confederate army, and afterward as a midshipman in the Confederate navy. He