

Bellefonte, Pa., July 2, 1897.

OLD BOOKS.

Old books are best-Like well tried friends who've stood the test Of time; in each familiar line Within the oft-turned pages I

Can find a charm divine That idlers heed not, glancing by. Ah! I love the books that long have stood Like watchful sentinels upon my shelf, Mindful, care-taking for my good.

Aud emblematic of my life's best self. Ah! when they speak my very heart and

soul grows young, Beyond the weak expressions that are strung

In words. Old faces greet My longing eyes within the calm retreat Where books are kept-books old and dear, Whose friendship grows the closer year

-Portland Transcript

A POTENT MEMORY.

They were all sitting on a board piazza. the wide blue sunlit sea washing the rocks below them, the wild green unspoiled Cape Ann country rolling away behind them. Some one had just mentioned the Philadelphia Centennial, appealing to the company to recall the heat of that summer all gave due assent, except Alice Andrews she, fair lady, only looked sweetly, slightly puzzled, and all but imperceptibly shook her head, as though she tried in vain to

call up a past too dim. "The Mayhews have just gone to Lenox," said Mr. Sam Merrill, from his seat on the steps; he made the announcement with the misplaced emphasis of one who interferes to change the subject of conversation.

"Old Judge Mayhew, Henry's grandfather, used to live in Lenox the year round. Fanny Kemble put him in her novel. I used to see her go horseback riding with Henry's father." It was old Mrs. Andrews, the hostess, who was talking. These sentences were delivered with vivacity; but suddenly the life died out of her tone, and she added, weakly, "Of course little children take notice of people they hear talked about.'

Mother, what was the name of that daughter of Mrs. Kemble's you met when you were visiting the Dalworthys?" Alice

The question was not answered. Mrs. Andrews only said, grumpily, and as if she were deaf, that she wished she had a foodstool, and Alice got one, and placed it ain't so. with a pretty air of affectionate solicitude. The old lady sat silent after this, looking gloomily out to sea.

'What is it you are making, Alice?" asked Mrs. Whitman. There were three visitors; Mr. James Fenton made third. Alice held up for inspection a beautiful trifle, a net of gold thread that over the water; but he said no more, made no efforts to confute his friend's view.

"It's for the hair," she said. "Of course they are not worn, but with some tea gowns or a picture dinner dress it would be lovely. It's meant to go like you see them in Greek statuary sometimes-this way," and she held it about her own lowcoiled bronze-brown hair.

"Well, you are really wonderful," said Mrs. Whitman, with conviction; "that's

an exquisite thing." 'It would be more becoming to you; say a word; you know it takes me no time at all to do such things. Just you and I shall have them, and no one else. I'll gracefully, easily, but more busily than

You ought to have a Greek gown to wear with yours, Miss Andrews. I've imagined how you'd look in one, one such as you see on some of those Tanagra figurines." This from Merrill, with simple, self-forgetful

"Why, thank you! How nice of you to think it out like that, and how wise to know it's the Tanagras I ought to copy!

There was no rectangular misfortunes and a tour on the Continent.

"Yes, yes, of course," Merrill interrupted Some of them are really fashionable-looking, don't you know, Mary?"

Mary did not respond to this appeal, and Jim Fenton's eyes, catching Alice's, were Mrs. Whitman was far too stout to wear

"It looks as if it were to be hoops again grown-up ladies ?"

'I never wore any," said Alice, gently, Soon the guests departed, the men accompanying Mrs. Whiteman to her own

"I'll send the net over in the morning," was Alice's last word to her.

chuckling laugh. absurd?" said Mrs. Whitman. "Alice is memory for dates nor much presence of certainly the sweetest thing in lots of ways, mind, so that she lived in pain for the and I say she has kept her looks wonderfully-really wonderfully; but this thing but Alice was always dragging her about till it looks serious to me-it's like lunacy. Of course she-My cousin Mildred Hope own age, and we are just about the same. Mrs. Whitman paused, panting a little for

of life from that poor old mother of hers. That old girl has known everybody from Webster down, and she's got to her anecdotage, yet she ain't allowed to go back of times any whipper-snapper of sixty could talk about. I call it cruelty to age. "She seems very devoted to her mother," said Sam Merrill, seriously.

Andrews to repress herself, and she tries so hard, and is so good about it, poor thing !' She ended with a little laugh; then added. with solemn, pious pity, "I really think she sacrifices a great deal of the pleasure she might get out of life reducing her age

After Mrs. Whitman entered her own door the men went down to the shore and seated themselves on the rocks.

Sam," said Fenton. "I'm ashamed of you, setting one woman on another like that for your own Machavelian amusement, and bringing such a hard knock on poor Alice."

gown. I bet Alice thinks your compliment costs more than it came to."

"Mrs. Whitman unintentionally stumbled into a very natural blunder. It was a blunder, as Miss Andrews feels the way she does. It's agreat pity she is not open about her age as Mrs. Williams is herself; it would be so much—"

"See here, I'm not sweet on the fair Alice and I guess you are, but I'll not hear her run down with a comparison like that. Don't the Whitman try to make out she and Alice are the same age—about the half a dozen of the other for lying, and Alice is the sillier and more amusing, and I'm grateful enough to like her for that."

Alice is certainly silly on that point" -Merrill discussed the matter very gravely-"but she seems wonderfully sweet and womanly on many others.'

"She certainly does; but you ought to notice and correct the way in which you express yourself on any of her moral merits. You always say 'seems' in a most doubting Thomasy, damning way."
"What do you think about it yourself?"

and Merrill turned on Jim his sad gray questioning eyes; the sadness was only their usual expression, and only part of his habitual air of meeting life with patient philosophy.

Jim's younger and rounder face lengthened now. He picked up a bit of rock and and threw it into the green curling break-

"Sam." he answered, after this exercise. "it's queer to see you took like this, and I want to be glad, but I ain't sure I am. You feel it yourself—that you can't tell anything about her, that she's such a wonderful work of art you can't guess at her inside works at all; she seems and she seems. I haven't any views different from your own, if you'll face the music and see what you do think yourself. I've no convictions, but I'm almighty uncertain whether she's got any heart at all. I'm sure she's not got a bad one, but has any kind of blood-pumping apparatus survived! She's been tribute-taking and conquest making through the longest reign I ever heard of, and that's a credit to her, and she date not only so good-looking, but so pretold-fashioned enough to see that being nice and sweet is a card, like a good complexion and keeps her springs and wires well oiled for the purpose-well, I ain't saying it

Fenton's speeches were apt to be shorter and clearer than this. Now he looked the discomfort and embarrassment that caused

his rhetorical deterioration. "It is horrible to have drawn you out to talk so about-about a gentle, attractive

Sam," the other answered, "and you've dolly just to see if sawdust-'

"Stop, Fenton, she is too accomplished, too clever in her own way to be called a doll; but she may be very artificial; she seems so, sometimes. With all that, sheshe has touched and interested me greatly. "It would be more becoming to you; there's nothing like black hair for it, and your odalisque type—Now look," and she your odalisque type—Now look," and she that's the sum of it; I don't understand there, are nothing like black hair for it, and warried; but I don't understand here, are girl was saying:

"I hear the villagers are going to do the way. The correlation of loces is a many like black hair for it, and warried; but I don't understand here, that's the sum of it; I don't understand there is a like the sum of it; I don't understand there is a like that it is dear, you must have it. No, now, don't half-hearted sentiment; it is half-hearted, Mr. Fenton?" but it might be a great bother."

"'He who fights and runs away'-I'm sure I hope you will live to fight another I guess." have it done to-day;" and she fell to work day. I suppose the matrimonial warfare would make you happier; but'--he stop ped and lowered his tone-"I'd be afraid here; anything for you but unadulterated waxworks '

"She has mind, though she-" "Though she conceals it as well as she

can—perhaps so. Why don't you go to Lenox yourself?"

There was no reference between Mrs. would have perished on the rack rather than come to any open communication on the subject of Alice's age and her desire to than that." conceal it. Mrs. Andrews was a simple, luminous with the effort to convey the ef- straightforward old lady, and had reached fect of a wink without the gross reality. a stage in life when to mildly boast of her years would have been for her a natural Greek gowns, and her weight was known form of vanity; but she had learned to to be the affliction of her life. She said comprehend with maternal sympathy some of the ins and outs of her more complex daughter. Alice's complexity largely rerather than Greek gowns. Don't you re- sulted from a still passionate determinamember, Alice, how we used to think the tion to recognize the reality of no disagreebigger our hoops the more we looked like able facts. She could make believe as well as when she was four, and in essentially the same way; it was for herself that she a faint touch of wonder on her lovely face. built up the assumption that she was still near her girlhood, playing it was so hay in and day out, year after year. The mother who had "played lady" with her when she was a baby understood and played on, though Mrs. Whitman was right, the game When the three had turned a curve of cut her off from most of the pleasures of the pine-shaded road, Fenton burst into a old age; not only must she not talk about the past that stretched behind a certain "Well, what a time! Isn't it too period (and, poor lady, she had not a good blunders she made and feared to make). about concealing her age is growing on her into new sets, to new cities, in her sleepless effort to find audiences ignorant of her Now when I spoke about hoops, I was so too victorious career. To make up for all sorry in a minute, but I never thought. this, Alice was the gentlest and most devoted of daughters; she had come into her knew her when they were children all in kingdom in a day when graciousness and hoops together. I'm so frank about my not arrogance was the stamp of social success, and her manners were as little influenced by time as her complexion. It was astonishing how pretty she was; and "The thing that breaks me all up" said though she looked like a piece of Dresden Fenton, "is the way she shuts off the joys china, there was nothing pinched or trivial in her style ; it surely seemed she might have been a beautiful woman had she not chosen the part of a pretty one. But the part of a pretty woman was what she had chosen and played unvaryingly; there was no doubt about that ; even her accomplishments-and she had some that suggested the possession of real talents-were all "Indeed she is, Mr. Merrill." Mrs. Whitman answered; "but it is hard for Mrs. kept within the prescribed limits; she sang her lovely old ballads and did her odd charming little recitations all as a pretty woman-though she was the only person of her land and time who could recite in a parlor without embarrassing her listeners. There was, you see, a fine consistency in her pose in life, and perhaps that helped to impress people, some people, with the notion that it was a pose, and she altogether a work of art.

inborn longing for distinction, for a career, reverence.

He laughed loudly at Merrill's bewilder- only this desire was far from taking a moded response, and explained: "The Whitman took it out on Alice for your pointed hint that she herself couldn't wear a Greek wrong place as well; France is the eight teenth century was her natural, rightful field; marriage in America did not mean a career, and it was altogether likely to mean the end of the only one she had found. Without much money, or anything very illustrious in her family background, she must keep to a somewhat antiquated phraseleology in talking of Alice); but to be a belle as an American married woman is a speech. For the second time Merrill into the second time Merrill in feat to be accomplished only under exceptional circumstances, and in any case there and Alice are the same age—about the same? Well, are you ass enough to swallow that. I know all about it, and she's a good seven years older. It's six of one and regarded marriage in general as a fate suitambition—cabinet ministers or foreign lords-very prosiac in themselves, and the attractive men painfully prosiac in their through the whole scene; now she turned circumstances; so altogether Alice had re- on one and another guest the same blank old, outwardly, really old; she would not

odious question like that; but stillof the afternoon, but Mrs. Andrews did much occupied with some fresh emotions note that Emma, Mrs. Whitman, was get- of his own for external observation; the ting fatter than ever, and said she was lazy others, less blind, could not manage their anjust, for Emma was walking herself to

death in vain.

"If ever this net looks fit to be seen on her," she added, rolling up the shining thing and sticking her needle through it. "I'll have to go over and do her hair for her myself:

her revenges usually took; she put her superior taste and skill at the other woman's service, and was content that they were superior.

ain't stuck up about it either. I think she's done herself proud to come down to date not only so good-looking, but so pretton said that Merrill's correct English bety-behaved. But now, old man, as to trayed his lack of early advantages. Merwhether she's pretty-behaved because she's rill was always correct, but he was singularly inoffensive about it.
Two days after his decision to leave the

Cape, Merrill paid a parting call on Miss Andrews. Fenton accompanied him, his solicitude for Merrill giving him, despite sprang close to her. himself, a touch of both the watch-dog and

the nursey-maid.

They found the ladies again entertaining boy and a girl who considered themselves the only "cottagers" young enough for little on his shoulder. love-making; the rest of the party looked "God bless you, the

plained. "Heavens, Miss Alice, you are not going vivid!"

to celebrate down here, are you? Here where we thought we'd gotten away from all that." manner from the boy.
"All what?" inquired Alice, softly,

I'm not going to upset my life with such a that dreadful day down here. Don't you,

even summer visitors are bound to respect,

"The natives are Americans." put in Alice. Her manner was a little odd, and her statement seemed to strike the others as irrelevant.

'Much good may it do 'em !" said Fen-"It don't seem to me a thing to celebrate these days." "The way Americans are looked upo abroad, and the kinds you do see—" the

(he who never interrupted); "that all may be; there are things at home worse

Alice had risen after her last sentence, and devoted some close attention to training a vine in the way it should go; now she turned-"turned on them," to be accurate-a new Alice, her dark eyes brilliant, one hand catching back the white flummery of her skirts as if to draw further away from the company, the other pressed against her breast.

"Don't," she cried to Merrill, like one hurt-"don't you too begin crying down my country. I can't bear it-every one all indifference and superciliousness, and not even grieved that we have such grave faults. Oh, I've heard the like before; I hear it more and more; but now for you all, you men, not to want to celebrate the Fourth, to think of nothing but the dust and noise-

Well, it is mainly dust and noise, now isn't it, Miss Alice?" said the boy, praiseworthily trying as a man of the world

to bring back the ordinary languor of social intercourse. "Is it for you?" said Alice. "It has died for this country, I remember"-she paused with a little gasp; then, flushing and paling, she caught her breath and went on to your grandmother. He was just a boy, and the best and bright-est in his class, and he died in batwoman to give such a son to the Union. And you can't be bothered to celebrate war-it makes a great difference-"

"Of '76?" whispered the girl to Fenton. He gave no sign of hearing. Alice did; she stopped and turned to her, and that girl grew quite pale, but it was most quietly that Alice said :

"My child, it is my logic and not my history that is at fault if I seem to confuse the war that made us with the war that saved us. But if you had ever lived through any time when rivers of blood and tears were flowing for America, you'd feel the tears began to roll down her cheeks, while she stood motionless and strong, Of course every body marvelled that she had not married, but I always thought it Merrill, sitting as usual on the steps, rose was an open secret; belles have been known to his feet and took off his hat-a figure a to pursue a similar course before. This is little funny if you had the heart to find it my theory: Alice really had ambition, an so, in its vague, undefined expression of

suddenly Alice's countenance changed. She whipped from her belt a bit of muslin, and burying her face in it with a sob, she choked out: "I didn't know I could re-remember it all so," and she swiftly fled into the house.

"God bless her !" murmured Merrill. "A child gets all the poetry out of a time like that—the passionate, patriotic side of things. If she'd been older—"Fenton, in his excited anxiety to do what he could for

terrupted. "I was older," he said, "old enough to able for commonplace women, but demanding from her a sad surrender. Then, doubting from her a sad surrender. less, as has happened to other ladies, she had found the lovers who gratified a poetic the meeting, Mrs. Andrews." (Exciteback to me again. Miss Alice has carried ment had altered his diction too, you see.) Mrs. Andrews had sat almost motionless

mained a maid until her younger and generally less successful rivals called her an old maid. Of course she had never asked directly, she arose, and her tragic expresherself what she would do when she was sion made the movement a dismissal.

"You tell Miss Alice I'm going to fire have been Alice had she ever faced an off pounds of crackers under her window,' said the boy, heartily, as a farewell. He

not to take more exercise; whereupon Alice replied, with a smile, that her mother was hostess quite as if some one lay dead in the When the two men were left alone, Fenton began; "Well, Merrill, what you don't know about women would make a

Sunday paper, wouldn't it? When I think of that little Joan of Arc this afternoon it And, indeed, it was some such form that makes me kinda sick to look at you.' "Don't talk about it now, James.

Wait," said the unresentful Merrill. Fenton and Merrill were old friends and about the rocks below the Andrews cotgreat friends, and, as you may have guess-cd, contrasted types. Fenton was a mod-saw a little dim white figure seated a few ern business-man, college-bred, and said to conceal some scholarly habits. Merrill dark, alone with the sea and the evening

Merrill, in as dovelike a voice as was possible, greeted her. "Miss Alice, don't be startled; I'm so glad to find you."

But Alice had risen, and was turning toward the house with only a very slight

"Alice, darling, forgive me ; but, Alice, give me the right to say it." He caught the small hand that held her silken shawl guests on the piazza; this time it was a about her. "Alice, be my wife," and some way Alice was in his arms and sniffling a

"God bless you, the big heart of you!" "Going away?" said Alice to Merrill, graciously sorrowful. "Why, I counted on you particularly to help me with murmured Merrill, and he kissed her-as

entrapped my youth. For two big men to be sitting here cutting into a pretty little elebration—for the Fourth." she exback when you were rery little, they are so

Then Merrill managed to lift her head thought we'd gotten away from and play his part properly. It was a fer-This in a well-gotten-up bored and play his part properly. It was a fer-vent and tender scene, was the love-making ered at the bedside waiting for Mrs. Flinn she has touched and interested me greatly. I dare say she would refuse me, she has refused so many. It's strange she has never married: but I don't understand her, girl was saying:

or these minute-aged people, and I may own notions as to how much its warmth owed to the afternoon's patriotic excitement. The correlation of forces is a fine colling from its cold touch, burst doed

neighbors it was as Merrill's betrothed. "Well, the natives have some rights that ly made things easier for her. By Viola Roseboro, in Harper's Bazar.

The Washington Monument.

On the east bank of the Potomac, and in the western section of the Mall, which extends through the city of Washington, D. ., overtowering the tallest buildings, surunded by walks, driveways, and beds of pretty flowers, making it inviting as well as convenient to the visitor, stands out in old review, the subject of this article, The Washington Monument.

The construction of this large statue of

masonry, the largest in the world, was begun, long before the conflict between the north and south took place to divide the country, which the one whom its purpose is to commemorate, struggled so valiantly free. The materials used in building this enormous structure, consists of granite and marble shipped from all the States in the Union, also some from foreign countries; and many orders, societies, and lodges contributed blocks of granite, some of which are carved in artistic designs with the work progressed.

On the fourth day of July, 1848, the corner stone was placed. On December 6th, 1884, the cap stone was set, and on February 22nd, 1885, the Washington Monu- didn't know you nuther. Then I went to it also effects the breath in the most unment was inaugurated. This huge mass of a newspaper shop and they sent me over marble, looming up into the sky to its extreme height of 555 feet, weighing 81,120 tons and costing, when completed, \$1,187,-710.00, is provided with an elevator and stairs to enable persons to reach the top platform, where windows allow an excellent view of the surrounding country. The door at the base is open and the elevator runs for the accommodation of visitors meant more than that to many a man in from 9 o'clock a. m. until 5 o'clock p. m. your family. Your uncle Harry Seabright It takes the elevator fifteen minutes to make the journey from the bottom to the top and fifteen minutes to descend again, making the time for leaving the door on in a stronger tone: "yes I remem- the hour and half hour. The limit to the ber when his body was brought home load that the car takes up with it at each trip is 30 people, and on days when an unusual number of visitors are on hand to make the ascent to the top of the monutle, and his mother said she was a proud ment, they are formed in a line and the first come first served rule is enforced by a uniformed officer, who is stationed at the your country's birthday! I remember the door to answer questions, keep each visitor in his proper place, and avoid mistakes and confusion.

The writer remembers on one occasion, while awaiting his turn for a position in the elevator to make the trip, of a rustic Virginian arriving at the door and nervously asking the officer if he had any objections to him walking the stairs to the top, 'help yourself," says the guide, and away the old gentleman started for his short (?) walk to the top. We did not remain to over Texas railroads says there will be at learn whether he ever reached his destinadifferently, or I misread your nature. When you've felt all the land throbbing with love and Lincoln died—'' Alice stopped short, and Lincoln died is a stopped short, and like the land throbbing walls about one half the distance to the last an is,000,000 bitself where the least and is a second of the least and is a second o SIBYL.

-When a girl is 16 she thinks most

M'Donald's Mighty Yawn

It Locked His Jaws Wide Open and It Took a Doctor a Day to Unlock Them.

McDonald, a well-to-do business and an early riser, but on the morning in question he woke up at 3 o'clock, mouth for a mighty yawn. The next instant there was a crack that frightened him, and he tried to shut his mouth and couldn't. He didn't suffer any pain, but his jaw was locked open and was as immovable as a rock. He tried to call for help, but found he could only gurgle, and when he did that his throat filled up with saliva and he was in danger of choking to

Mr. McDonald's wife was away. jumped up and ran to the room of his housekeeper and frightened her nearly to death with his wide-open mouth and his display of teeth. She thought he had gone crazy, and his frantic efforts to tell her what had happened only made her certain of it. Mr. McDonald finally made her understand that he wanted a doctor. She ran out of the room and across the street to the house of Dr. F. W. Bruce, and woke These ladies did not talk of the warfare was only going because the others were too him up. The doctor went back with her. Mr. McDonald was sitting in a chair, his mouth still wide open. He grunted out an unintelligible explanation. The doctor examined him and found the jaw bone on the left side had slipped out of its socket. The doctor went at it gently at first, and then with all his strength, but he couldn't budge the jaw. He tried at intervals for a day without any success. The muscles

were as tightly set as the jaw. Finally the doctor thought of the muscular relaxation that follows the administration of ether, and he decided to try the patient. Dr. S. L. Merrill was called in to most effective against china blue. Of tion of ether, and he decided to try the patient. Dr. S. L. Merrill was called in to assist, and the nature of the operation was course, only one sort of flower is used in That evening, as the twilight was deepening into dark, Merrill was wandering about the rocks below the Andrews cotand was administered. It looked for a and was administered. It looked for a and was administered to be released to release the rocks below the Andrews cotand was administered. It looked for a look without saying the released to release the rocks below the Andrews cotand was administered. It looked for a look without saying the released to release the rocks below the Andrews cotand was administered. time even then as if the experiment would be a failure. But after a half hour the high jars, and the short-stemmed species to drug had its effect, and the jaw was put back into place. Mr. McDonatd has given vase ever be so ornate as to attract the up the practice of yawning, and so has attention from what it holds any more everybody else in Carthage and West Car- than a frame should lure the eyes from a

Seemed Dead, But Lived.

A Woman Says She Heard Arrangements for Her Own Funeral. Revived While the Undertaker

According to a story told by relatives of Mrs. Julia Flinn, of 1809 Lincoln street, Wilmington, Del., she has undergone an experience which has befallen but few per-

Six weeks ago Mrs. Flinn was taken sick oped which puzzled the physicians and caused the family great alarm. The pa-

ing by her physicians, Drs. Chandler and linens, wash-silks, dimity or lawn. Palmer, until one evening about a week ago. About this time the family was gathof these middle-aged people, and I have to show some signs of regaining conscious-

probably dead Mrs. Flinn lay apparently lifeless; her flesh was cold and the pulsations of her heart, as far as the physician was able to ascertain, had ceased. She was finally given up for dead.

The next day an undertaker came to take the measurements of the body, and while cut long enough to form a frill over the he was thus engaged the supposed corpse showed slight signs of life. Soon she opened her eyes and looked about the room while the family rushed to the bedside.

Mrs. Flinn said she had been in a trance and had overheard all that had been said about her, even the details regarding the arrangements for the funeral. The case

has puzzled the physicians. The Arkansas Traveler.

The other day a tall, gaunt stranger from Arkansas cornered Opie Read at the Chicago Press Club, says the Times-Herald. He began fishing about in his pockets. "Got a letter of introduction to you

yerabouts, some'ere," he said. "Had the darndest time findin' you. afternoon and last night I started out to look you up. I thought probably, the folks at the telegraph office would know you but they didn't. And the hotel folks self but the teeth that are next to it, and

here. By this time the visitor had found the missing letter of introduction. It was written with a lead pencil in a school boy's cannot hope for good health, and where hand and the spelling was entirely phonet-ic. Opic scrutinized the signature closely. 'John Scruggins. I don't recall Mr.

Scruggins.' "That's my boy," said the visitor, Rock all winter, and so when I got ready a more than one tooth brush. while ago to come to Chicago I told him to write me a letter of introduction to you, hard and another should be rather soft. and he did it. What's the matter with

the letter? Ain't it writ all right?" "Oh, yes: it's all right," said the novelist. And it was, for the man from Arkansas spent a pleasant afternoon at the club.

-New York city now contains 360 square miles. It is twice as large as the District of Columbia, and about one-fourth of the area of the State of Rhode Island. The city, it will be perceived, is proportionately as big in territory as in population. The management of this great municipality is the most serious undertaking which has vet been ventured upon by the people of this continent.

A banker just returned from a trip foot higher.

-A wonderful natural soap has been about a man's hair and eyes; when she's discovered in some parts of California, and when she's 30 she thinks most about his be ready for the market. It is pronounced superior to the manufactured article.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. Eliza D. Stewart, who organized the first woman's temperance union in the west, celebrated her 81st birthday at Springfield, O., recently. "Mother Stewman of West Carthage, N. J., is just recovering from the effects of a yawn which he yawned on Wednesday of last 1873. Since then up to the recent years. which he yawned on Wednesday of last week. Mr. McDonald is a light sleeper she has employed her entire time in active crusade work

> Tailor-made costumes have a much shorter coat than those worn last year, and are more closely fitted to the figure, so it is an easy matter to bring a last season's jacket up to date.

> The following exercise is said to be excellent for correcting and straightening curved shoulders: Take a perfectly erect position. Place the heels together and the toes at an angle of 45 degrees, drop the arms at the side inflating and raising the chest to the full capacity, muscularly, keeping the chin well drawn in and the crown of the head feeling as if it were attached to a cord suspended to the ceiling above. Slowly rise to the balls of the feet to the greatest possible height, thereby exercising all the muscles of the legs and body, and then drop once more into the standing position without swaying the body backward out of the upright, straight, line. Repeat the exercise, standing first on one foot and then on the other. It is remarkable what a straightening out power it has upon round shoulders and crooked backs, and one will be surprised to note how soon the lungs begin to show the effect of such expansive development.

> In arranging flowers the vase should be considered an accessory to its contents. One of clear glass is lovely if the flower stems within are decorative. Pale blue low, shallow bowls. Neither should the

> French gray is one of this season's most swagger shades, but at the same time it is quite trying to many complexions. Pink accessories or a soft pink vest will very ofter obviate this difficulty, for either a fair or dark woman.

Yokes in front are coming more and more into vogue for shirt waists, either formed of tucks or plain pointed ones. The with the grip and other symptoms devel- sleeves are generally a modified leg-o'-mutton, with little or no fullness below the elbow, the entire sleeve being greatly retient lay in a comatose state for days at a time, accepting nourishment in limited almost indispensible adjuncts to a woman's quantities. Part of this nourishment was summer wardrobe has ceased to be a fad, Her condition was not considered alarm- outfit shall have at least a half-dozen in

Never were sleeves so varied as to cut and trimming. For a woman with a slender arm the wrinkled one with headings or cordings running up the centre of the top, while a puff above, is universally scream, saying that her sister was dead.

As neither of the regular physicians was at hand another doctor was sent for, and upon examining the hear said Mr. This wall sold was a reflect to the regular physicians was at hand another doctor was sent for, and upon examining the hear said Mr. This wall sold was a pint above, is universally becoming, while her plumper sister can adopt the sheath sleeve, with three tiny rules at the top, and feel she will look and the women all agreed that this certain- examining the body said Mrs. Flinn was well and yet have something new and stylish. Most of the French models have an inside and outside seam, and scarcely two have sleeves alike. pretty sleeve for thin material is finely tucked from wrist to several inches above the elbow. The puff is tucked or accordian pleated, and the bottom of the sleeve

If your dentist is honest-the most of them are-he will tell you that if people would only exercise ordinary care they would materially reduce his income and that of others in the same profession. It is astonishing, how many people, other-wise hard-headed and sensible, will leave their teeth to take care of themselves until violent toothache warns them that some mischief is at work in their mouth, and then they rush to their dentist to find that the damage is very extensive and will take both time and money to set right. As a matter of fact, the dentist should be visited about once every three months. In this way the teeth can be kept in good condition, because the dentist is able to detect the emblem of the donor, to be built in as he continued. "Got into town yesterday the first sign or trouble and may take measures to prevent its going too far.

It should be remembered that when a

> pleasant manner, so that you become a source of great annoyance to your neighbors. It also causes indigestion, as unless there is pain in eating the food is swallowed only half reduced to the proper consis-"John Scruggins," he said, musingly. tency that it should be. The best way to prevent this decay is to see that no food is allowed to lodge between the teeth. You should not only brush your teeth thrice a "He's been to school in Little day, but after each meal, and also use You should have three of these; one should be rather while the third should be small and round, with a curve in the handle, so as to get into every corner of the mouth.

Another point not to be forgotten is that water used in washing teeth must always be tepid and never quite cold, and you must rinse your mouth with the same. A drop or two of tineture or myrrh can be used in this water. The proper way to clean the teeth is to brush them from the gums to the crown of the tooth; in this way the particles of food that are lodged between the teeth will be dislodged. If the teeth are only brushed lengthwise, as is generally the case, the food instead of being brushed out, will be more firmly lodged than ever. You should keep a skein of dental silk always beside you to pass between the teeth and clean them effectively from anything that has gotten between them which the tooth brush cannot reach.

A delightful summer frock of pink pique has collar and belt of white moire ribbon

and changeable louisine silk.

Touches of black are ultra styrish for 20 she thinks most about his clothes; it has only to be taken from the ground to trimming frocks of mousseline or organdies. Narrow black satin or velvet ribbon and Valenciennes laces are very chic.