# Denvocratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Aug. 27, 1897.

### OH, LET ME DIE AT HOME:

Though I might travel all the earth Or sail the ocean o'er, Should fate decree that I must sail To that celestial shore, Oh, guide me to my native land, Wherever I might roam ! When death shall come and call for me. Oh, let me die at home !

Though I might gather all the sweets From out earth's fairest bowers, The moments steeped in ecstasy. And golden winged the hours, Though richest treasures should be mine, Wherever I might roam, When death shall come and call for me,

Oh, let me die at home! Through fields of art and ancient love.

Through castle and through hall, In vineyards fair, where golden fruits In rich abundance fall By sunny stream or babbling brook, Wherever I may roam, Whenever death shall call for me Oh, let me die at home !

Then guide me to my humble home In my dear, native land, Where I can feel the tender touch Of a familiar hand. That I may rest at last in peace When I shall cease to roam And death shall come and call for me, Oh. let me die at home ! -Carrie E. Emery in Boston Idee

AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART.

When a woman is thirty and unmarried it is fair, if she be neither deformed nor deficient, for her neighbors to speculate whether she is single from necessity, having never been "asked," or whether she has had "an affair "

Almost never, by any chance, is she given the benefit of the doubt and credited with the choice of single blessedness. In most minds it stands to reason that if she hasn't she couldn't." How the advent of the new woman may effect this I am not prepared to say, but with the old woman it has always been as I describe.

Miss Sarah Burdick was known to have had "an affair." Even those who were sure of the fact and time of it were not possessed of many details. With the nature of such things, it had been variously reported in Miss Sarah's circle, during the last ten years, that her lover had been discovered to be a drunkard, and she had tearfully cast him off; that he, the shadowy man in the case, had jilted her for a girl with money ; that he was a Papist, and her father had forbidden the union ; that she was his social inferior, and his parents had whisked him off to Europe; and lastly, that he was now, in this very day of grace, an inmate of an insane asylum, and that Miss Sarah went regularly, and under cover of secrecy, to see

This last report obtained with eminent satisfactoriness among the more dramatically inclined, as the jilt theory pleased those who had any reason to dislike Miss Sarah, and the drunkard story came into periodical favor with such as loved to dwell on the blight of drink. For unusual and unforeseen necessities there were left the theological and, least interesting of all, the social explanations of the tragedy. Once upon a time it had occurred to a timid little woman, at the missionary tea, to venture the surmise that "he died." The just for one," and Miss Sarah would tell as to have no further need for any of the might have been, but from fooling they herself that it was the dark and the lone- graces of delicacy and shyness, made bold drifted into banter, and by easy stages into someness that made her feel bad, and, so to ask Miss Sarah, "as innocent as could argument, with relapses into banter again, saying, would begin to hum a tune as she be," if her young man had gone, and Miss and then they fell to talking about their water on to boil. Sarah, looking straight at her with her

intimate terms with the Vanderbiltsto keep other engagements." Emmaline said "Miss Sarah Burdick couldn't fool her with her baby face and her baby ways." But Emmaline, in comcame down to Plumpton and took board

with the widow Tripp. He was having a picture painted by Miss Burdick, he said. That was all the information he offered. mon with the rest of Plumpton, recognized Plumpton had its opinion of a man who that the late sitter was no more to be dis-cussed with the mistress of the old manse had no more to do than to go off for three weeks to have a little picture painted, esthan was that mysterious he of long ago pecially when the painter was in town who figured in Miss Sarah's historical "afwith him for six months of the year. fair." This same "he" was become more Presently Plumpton solved the problem to interesting than ever now, and Plumpton its entire satisfaction-he was in love with was exercised, from foundation to circum-

ference, to know what manner of man it could be for whom Miss Sarah refused an "I mean that The painting went on, for the most part, under a strip of awning-cloth which Miss Sarah had stretched from the high brick elegant personage who looked like a Vanderbilt.

wall, in the corner of her garden, to two The summer was quite gone when Miss slim poles about six feet away. The red wall at the back and one side was covered with a luxuriant growth of Virginia-creepare lit and a downy blanket feels so good er, and a very old lilac-bush shaded the at night, and out-of-doors is full of that other side, so that this improvised bower glorious crispness which makes the blood tingle and labor seem a delight. looked deliciously green and cool and fit for a studio. The sun was away from that Miss Sarah knew he was coming. He had written and told her so, and she had spot in the morning, and there in the hours betwixt ten o'clock and noon all Plumpwired him back, "Always welcome," and ton might see, if it wished, Miss Sarah at then sat her down to think. She was used to all sorts of strange freaks

She was quite large, was Miss Sarah, and just the kind of a woman any one would call "fair," in preference to all other adday he had come to her in the summer of her bliss, and told her in a straightforward jectives. Her hair was of that soft, light brown which has been gold in early youth, and besides a huge fluffy braid of it at the besides a huge fluffy braid of it at the back of her head, Miss Sarah had witching didn't she think it would be sensible to by her side, holding both of her hands. green crests above the earth all that reforget those foolish boy and girl dreams of which blew about her forehead in a fashion love in a cottage, and try the world a bit? Miss Sarah was twenty then, and the which was the distraction of every Plumpton woman under forty. Miss Sarah's eyes were blue-not deep blue, but the color of years' duration. He was a young Senior the sky on a bright, warm day in summer, in college when they began, a penniless youth, but rich in hope; and she was in and her skin was fair and beautifully clear and soft, while her hands, although she the second year in the seminary in the and has got to come out. I am thirty-five periment, to get all the use from his plant same town, and equally penniless, though and my life is done.' cinating things imaginable, so white and rich in faith and love. slim and graceful: Not a woman to dazzle

was Miss Sarah ; not a woman for satin and diamonds, a woman to breathlessly worship; but a woman to enchant, a clear eye, and there came a night, in his woman for soft mulls and pearls and cashmere and tea-rose buds, a woman one ached to touch and enfold and adore.

Courtlandt Taylor thought so, as he sat flame until the features were burned to a for the miniature which was to be "a charred tissue. At Christmas he went birthday gift to his mother." He could down to the college town just before the find so little time for sitting in town, he holiday break-up. He sought Sarah out explained, and as the fly-fishing near and told her, and came away. Plumpton was celebrated (Miss Sarah had The next mail brought Sarah a packet of never heard this before), he thought he letters, and she locked them away. in a would kill two birds with one stone durdaze of distress. Afterward, when she

ing vacation. thought of them, she had an impulse to If Miss Sarah thought that Mr. Taylor could have had a dozen pictures painted in the hours he had sat at her five-o'clock-tea table, or if he had begged to drive her to And for ten years those letters lay in Miss Sarah's desk. Love never died. any of the four corners of the earth behind his Kentucky thoroughbreds, she did not When school was done, destiny took Miss Sarah to New York. Every now and say so, of course. So the picture went on, although the fly-fishing must have been then destiny crossed her path and Joe Hastings, and he told her he was doing poor, for what time Mr. Courtlandt Taylor should have devoted to it, he spent either splendidly. He did not say, "See how much better off we both are than if I were a strug-

in reading Shelley or talking music with Miss Sarah, or in fretting about by himself and wishing that he were with her.

Miss Sarah, of course !

her work.

Presently the picture was done. "Miss Sarah," said her sitter, falling un-consciously into the title he had heard so manner towards her always implied it; and the hard times in Miss Sarah's battle with her heart were nor when she was away much from the villagers-"Miss Sarah, my from Joe Hastings, but when she was near mother died when I was a little boy." Miss Sarah said nothing, and the contrite look on her sitter's face began to give way to a look of anxiousness. It was hard to

go on. "If she were alive, though," he finally said, "I know she'd like that picture very and that some day he would taste of the much. Don't think I don't reverence my mother, please. I do; and I wouldn't have brought her name into this only I had no sister and no male relative that I could think of who would value a miniature of

One summer Plumpton had a delicious excitement. A man from New York—a man who looked as if he might be on very intimate terms with the Vardachilte verted. His mind was evidently on this matter, and to a feverish degree, and Miss Sarah felt a queer little tugging at her heart as she wondered if the reason of his coming was about to be explained.

"I've made a queer mess of all my work mess of me," he said, abruptly, as a man plunges into a critical subject, and bitterly as strong men acknowledge defeat. "Why, what do you mean"?

If he had come looking for sympathy, Miss Sarah's face and tone must have been

"I mean that I've got to leave New York for good inside of a month, and that gers. the rest of my life, however much it may be, I've got to live in Colorado. Sarah !" Sarah's next visitor came, and it was that delightful time of year when the first fires I look like a man who is going to die of There are twelve other branches above

His eyes rested appealingly on her face while he waited for an answer, but none came, and presently two great tears chased rapidly down Miss Sarah's face. 'Sarah ! What have I ever done to de-

serve that you should cry over me?"

was standing by her, forgetful of his imon the part of Joe Hastings ever since the pending fate and mindful only of his unworthiness of those tears. How little a man knows of good woman-

practical way that he found it was going to hood unless he knows that women were hamper him seriously to marry ; and while not made to be just, but to be generous? "Physician that I am, I did not know until a week ago. I suspected something for months, but tried to make myself believe boy and girl dreams" had been of three that it was the fantasy of a morbid brain. Lately I began to know better, and consulted specialists to make sure. There is no mistake. The taint is in my blood,

It was too much for him and he bowed shoulders, and with the other was softly boarding-house room, when he took the caressing his hair, as she had done long picture of Sarah Burdick out and looked long and hard at it, then held it in the gas

and "stiff exams." "Not 'done,' Joe dear," she said.

"Why, you can live years and years in Colorado! Lots of people do, and people who are far worse when they go than you are. And think how you can help themthere are so many like you there, and you, with your medical skill and your sympathy born of like suffering, can do so much "I'll wait. When I'm willing to burn them it will be a sign that love is dead." Joe Hastings did not raise his head

few moments. Then he looked up at the sweet face bending over him, and kept his hungry eyes on it while he said : "Sarah, I half hate myself for what is in my heart now. I can't imagine how

I came to have the cheek, I'm sure, but I came down here to tell you this, and to ask you if you would go to Colorado with me. I deserve to be kicked for my pains, I know, I'm a selfish brute for a man that's got to die and face another world, but I just had to come to you in my trouble, and if you don't feel like throwing yourself away to so that I had to knock the roof out of the help a consumptive die, I shan't blame you one little bit. I\_''

short-sightedness. Then she could tell her- per's Bazar.

Century Plant in Bloom. When the Flowers Die Many Uses Will be Made

Nearly three months ago a century plant in a greenhouse in New York sent forth a flower shoot. The plant, with many others of Mexico, had been lying untended Miss Agne

in a corner of the greenhouse, and when one of the employees told the proprietor that it was behaving in an unusual manner Mr. Conden supposed at first that it was merely developing a new leaf shoot. and plans, or rather they've made a queer After three days, during which time the pale green point had ascended one foot, he changed his mind, and had the century

fifteen years can be counted on one's fin-Now the plant is in full bloom. It has reached a height of twenty-five feet, and this. Each branch is decorated with corncolored flowers hanging in clusters like the familiar begonia rubra. These flowers are more curious than beautiful, their pale hue unfitting them for an ornamental flower. For a month the flowers remain ; then they fall, and when they alight hun-In an instant he had left his chair and ras standing by her, forgetful of his im-up. With the falling of the flowers and e consequent propagation of the species, the plant, which has lived perhaps seventy or eighty years to this end and purpose, dies. First its leaves swell enormously, then they wither away, and almost before the tiny cententarians have probed their mains of the mother plant is the round, spike-like stem, hardened to a stony con-

In Mexico, where this species of century plant flourishes-it is called scientifically Agave Mexicana-the plant is put to many that he can. The Mexicans use it fo the Three years in New York, in a profes-sion, killed or blighted all the romance in Joe Hastings. He saw the future with a thatching, though they form an excellent thatch, impervious to rain. From the leaves he will experiment at making a flour much esteemed in Mexico. The juice he will ferment into the insiduous pulque or distill into the fiery vino mezcal, both of distribution in the hery vino mezcal, both of which are highly esteemed drinks in Mexico, and aid largely in keeping the population down, both by doing their own killing and by inspiring their victims to murder. The owner of this plant will deal cautiously with this particular product. Besides this he will use as soap a sort of waxy substance which exhudes from the leaves, and plait the fibre into rope. Also he will get ice from this extraordinary plant by splitting the leaves lengthwise and laping them flat in the sun. Evaporation is so swift from the leaf that thin strips of ice form on it. Finally he will split the stony stems down the centre and have the best razor strop known to man. "I have been particularly fortunate in century plants," said Mr. Condon "for this is the second one that has bloomed in my greenhouses. The other was in 1892, and people came from all over the country to see it. That one grew greenhouse to give it room. How old this plant is I have no means of knowing. It

after twenty or twenty-five years of growth while other specimens will require seventy or eighty years. I have a number of other century plants about, but I am not looking for any of them to sprout, as it is very rarely that one of these plants blooms in this climate, and two in a lifetime is as much good fortune as any horticulturalist has a right to expect."

## FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Some women apparently consider that hey are not looking their best unless their collar is so tight it makes a deep red mark

Miss Agnes Slack, secretary of the World's W. C. T. U., who is now in this country, said in a recent speech in Boston that the women of England and America will yet bring about the passage of an arbitration treaty.

Biting the lips is a very bad habit, and changed his mind, and had the century plant moved out into a sunny spot. It was carefully tended and watched, for the blossoming of one of these plants is so rare in this climate that the occasion on which girl has pale, colorless lips she tries to it has happened in New York within the remedy the defect by an occasional pressure of the teeth to bring the blood to the

surface. This, however, is likely to de-velope into a habit of nibbling at the lips unconsciously, till by and by they get a cracked, parched look, and the mouth loses all its pretty curves through the constant distortions it has undergone.

A pretty combination for mid-summer is black chantilly and white muslin. An effective design shows a full skirt and blouse waist, hooped about the hem, bust and half-way up the skirt with narrow black insertion. The small sleeves of white are finished with epaulets of black lace, and for a slender figure a sash of lace will make a pretty finish. The hat to be worn with this gown is of white straw, the crown almost covered with white and pink tulle, and the brim faced with black velvet. This is turned up on the left side, and on the bandeau is fastened a large white bird.

At the present day the charm of a woman is the sense of cleanliness about herthe bloom on her sweet skin, the luster in her hair, the sparkle of her teeth. This cleanliness is her wise effort to maintain and if the least particle of what is known as "making up" should become apparent about her she knows her charm is

The rouge pot, the hare's foot, the pencil of the eyebrows, if there is a suspicion of the use of any of these, there will be left a hint, a suggestion of uncleanliness in the beholder's mind. which utterly destroys anything accomplished by skill in the pictorial line ; for no one who is not virtually an artist can use these articles so that she will not be discovered and she who is discovered bears not only the stigma of having failed in her purpose of the vanity of caring too much for her personal appearance, but of having tried to cheat. and having been unsuccessful in that also

For the woman who "makes up" in her dressing room never knows exactly what the effect is going to be in the full sunshine of outdoors, and she who powders and paints and pencils by daylight has no notion of the effect of her work by candle light, and she who puts on her bismuth and her antimony and goes to the ball or theatre does not know at what moment the gas from the chandelier or from other sources is to streak her with moldy green and bister brown and blue. The good grooming of the bath, the brisk

rubbing of the brush, are really all sufficient wherever there is any good degree of health. Those whom that does not make lovely will never look lovely in false colors, and it will make anyone who is at all healthy and wholesome look more so ; and in the long run, the wholesome look is the greatest attraction of all, for when the beauty of early years has faded, the perfectly healthy woman who never had any beauty is bound to be more attractive than she who has neither beauty nor health, health itself being a beauty, and continuing a beauty into old age. And then the "well groomed" woman knows not only what sort of clothes to buy, but how to wear them. She is aware that style is not a matter of money, not yet exactly of brains, but of taste. No matter what the fashions decree, a 'well groomed'' woman always discovers something which is becoming to her. Every year wider scope is allowed for individual fancy. Red will be much worn this fall but the girl who can afford only one dress should not invest in a red one as it is rather conspicuous. One worn lately by a girl who filled all the requirements called for is worthy of mention. It is red striped pique and red chiffon. The skirt is made without a lining, with hem eight inches deep. It is trimmed with folds of the same mate rial. The body is of red chiffon shirred over cords. A double pleating of red taffeta is placed down the side. The sleeves have three groups of shirring inside the top, forming a puff. Fantail of red taffeta. over sleeve and a fall of the same at the wrist. Shirred stock and belt are finished with pointed bias pieces of taffeta. A black hat and patent leather ties, with sol the same shade, do much in toning down and softening the effect. The sailor hat holds its own. Nothing has been found that will take its place, cacious, and common-sense method. It is high and low, are worn with all outing to pool all east-bound coal and appoint a costumes. There is a notable decrease in the size of the sleeves of jackets and shirtwaists. Duck stocks have taken the place of stiff collars for golf players. The newest patterns have the band part of white and and the tie or ends of colored duck. Maidens devoted to their golf clubs wear the club colors not only on their hat bands but in the ends of their stocks. The recent tennis tournament has made that game popular among the women. The favorite stume worn for the sport has been the white duck skirt and colored shirwaist. Cool evenings also bring forth the dainty and alluring neck ruches. Colored chiffor in all tones is converted into decorations for the neck, but the black and white ruches are the most popular. Feathers, or rather short tips. are nestled in the full puffs of the thin fabric . The Marie Antoinette style of wrap is now seen worn over charming frocks of muslin and silk. dainty affair of pale gray mousseline de soie, plaited, has one of the old fashioned Maltese lace scarfs draped hood-fashion at the back, the long ends extending around the full ruched collar and fastened in front with a jeweled clasp. The latest capes are either only sufficiently long to reach to the elbows, or much longer. almost touching "This is too much !" he exclaimed when the knees. A blouse wrap has a bodice of plain black satin, pouching over at the waist, where it is held in place by a curiously enameled belt. Old-fashioned black capes and collarettes are being converted into shoulder wraps. They are made to reach nearly to the waist line. If the lace cape is too short it is made longer by plaited chiffon or additional lace ruffled and put onto a net foundation. They are built over black, white or colored silk.

# of the Plant.

vehemence with which this uninteresting theory was frowned down, and the great number of reasons put forth to show why it could not be tenable, prevented its ever being raised again in Plumpton.

To remain true to a living but errant lover, however, was considered very fine. The particular errancy of the lover was of minor moment ; it was the faithfulness of the waiting one that Plumrton took a pride in. Pertinacity is a quality in high favor with Puritan blood, and Plumpton was Puritan to a degree.

Midway of Plumpton's main street was Miss Sarah's cottage. The best key to the position of Miss Sarah, and the subtle difference between her house and others like it to all outward seeming, was that the lonely occupant was always called "Miss." No one ever ventured upon the gross fa-miliarity of "Sarah Burdick," and "Sally" would have seemed like calling the preacher "Bill."

Miss Sarah was an artist. She painted miniatures of the most exquisite type, and it was understood in Plumpton that she put annually several thousand dollars into the bank, or wherever persons of opulence deposit their fortunes. It was even whispered in Plumpton that in New York, where Miss Sarah spent her winters, she was considered quite a personage. Now success in New York was identified, in the Plumpton mind, with the Vanderbilts, and when Plumpton tried to picture Miss Sarah as a personage in New York, the Vanderbilts always figured in the picture.

But if Miss Sarah knew the Vanderbilts, she had never been heard to say as much, and somehow she fitted so admirably into the little cottage where she had been born and raised, and into the life of Plumpton her native heath that for the most part, no one thought much about her probable existence from November to May. Anything might readily be believed of a young woman who bought the old manse after her father's death, and in exchange for it gave a new one, much better, to the young man who succeeded him.

The young man was delighted, and Miss Sarah was gratified, and Plumpton looked on and admired while it marvelled. With all her reputed wealth, Miss Sarah made few changes ; and it soon became a part of Plumpton's existence that the minister's daughter, who had been away studying so much of her girlhood, came back in her young womanhood with the May blossoms of each year, and lived quietly on in the old home until the first flurries of snow began to fly ; then hied her back to her mysterious town life again, only to reappear with the flowers next spring. In Plumpton she did her house-work,

and painted, and read, and played the piano, and sang softly, and sewed and vis- had promised to take him to some really ited with her neighbors, and went to church to hear the young man preach crude discourses with the stamp of seminary saying that she was not well enough to go learning and world ignorance on every sentence. None of these things savored of a broken heart, but Plumpton drew its own her pew in the little old church. For up to replenish the cake-plate.

Miss Sarah knew all about these conclu-the hope of discovering some indication of sions, and often smiled over them to her- what she had gone through had no more of hot muffins and a hurried word about and she owned cows.

me. So I said it was for mother, and if it hadn't been that I thought mother would be with me in the undertaking I wouldn't derness and pity. have said so. Miss Sarah I'd like to give And now Joe was actually coming. you to mother instead of the picture. She never had a daughter, and I'm sure she'd know and be glad."

A proposal of marriage might have been funnier than this and not seemed to Miss Sarah a thing to be smiled at. Her eyes were wet when her lover finished. Miss Sarah was not one of the women who would will it that men should love them hopelessly. It seemed a reproach to her that she had let such a thing come to pass. Then she looked, through the mist of her anshed tears, at the big, loving man across

from her. He looked ridiculous, on the small camp-chair, leaning forward in an agony of expectancy to catch her word or look. But Miss Sarah saw only that he was bonny and that he loved her. Why should it be a reproach to her instead of a crown?

Probably only women can imagine all that Miss Sarah saw in her mental vision in those few breathless moments while her lover waited for her reply. The whole of her lonely life arose before her, the memory of all her hunger for love and care and the clinging caress of baby fingers on her own.

She put out her hand, and it was on her tongue to say, "Let me make her glad, then," when another vision completely shut out all sight of the man before her, and there was a fair-faced boy in his place, and a sunny-haired girl in hers, and all the heavens and earth seemed full of the glory of plighted love.

"I'll wait and be true," she said to herself, for the ten-thousandth time, and raising the the hand that had clasped hers to her lips, she kissed it once, and murmured, "I'm so very sorry," and fled within doors where the pillows of her little white bed held out their embrace to her as they had since she was a child with a broken toy,

and Miss Sarah went all through the battle of her life again ; and the fight had not been harder at twenty, when it was first fought, than it was now, after ten years of fighting.

If she had stabbed Courtlandt Taylor he could have stood the pain, but the burn of that benediction kiss drove him frantic. II

Plumpton knew that Miss Sarah had "given her young man the mitten" as well as if he had told it. He left very abruptly that very night, although Farmer Wiggins good fishing the next morning. And Miss Sarah sent a note to the minister's wife to tea as she had expected

conclusions about a woman who was thirty once she was unconscious of the interest and pretty and had money, and was a per- her affairs had excited, and those who and would have piled it away until he had the West five cents a barrel and in the

Sometimes she cried, too-cried all satisfaction than if they had looked for boy," he said. night almost, and then in the morning the love-lorn symptoms in fat Serena Gibbs, sun would be shining and the flowers smil- who was known to have married her equaling and a neighbor would run in with a plate | ly fat husband because he owned a pasture | then Miss Sarah drew two chairs to the fire

self that Joe's folly was the folly of emptiness of wordly things alone, and then mayhap he would come back to her. "And he shall find me waiting," said Miss Sarah to herself, with no thought of making him suffer for his folly, no thought of the dignity due her slighted love, no thought of any kind save ten-

> True, he had not said what for, but he evidently needed her in some way, else he would not have sought her out, and Miss

gling practitioner and you were cooking

my meals and tending children !" but his

Sarah's pride in the fact was beautiful. After many hesitations and fluctuation between several plans, Miss Sarah decided to ask Widow Blodgett to house her guest, and she herself would feed and entertain him. This was somewhat in defiance of Plumpton opinion, but Miss Sarah had long since learned to do what she thought best and leave public opinion to do as it would.

So the round table was spread for tea in Miss Sarah's dining-room, and the old fire-place of this one-time kitchen was full of blazing hickory logs. Miss Sarah had lit her lamps and replenished the fire and taken five unnecessary peeps at her biscuits in the oven, besides nervously re-arranging the chrysanthemums on her tea table and twice changing the location of the pickled pears, and still no sound of footsteps from that five-thirty train. Then Miss Sarah did a queer thing for her. She lit a candle in one of her dainty china candlesticks and went into her bed-room, holding it close to the mirror in her dressing-case to see how she looked. Half an hour ago she made a careful toilet, and felt a sweet pride that was far from vanity in the result. Joe had seen her in elegant array, and it was not a sense of how well she could look that she longed to give to-night. Her heart told her that it was not for an elegant woman that Joe had left New York and come to Plumpton, so it was a gray dress she chose o greet him in-a pale, soft cashmere, very plain, with a big Marie Antoinette fichu of white mull, fine and filmy and feminine, such as men love to see on the women who reign on their hearths. She had a sheer white apron on, had Miss Sarah, and pretty white cuffs at her prettier wrists, and she had fastened two chrysanthemums into her bodics, but instinct told her they were a jarring element, suggestive of being 'fixed up." and she removed them. This

was hardly accomplished when the knock came, and in a moment Miss Sarah had welcomed her visitor, and taken him in to the warmth of her hearth and her love. After the first moment of constraint

was a pleasant meeting. Joe was full of spirits, and Miss Sarah fell readily into his mood. They laughed and talked like children at a play party, and Miss Sarah half hoped it was only for a visit he had come. He praised the biscuits and the sal-ad and the ham, asked for a third helping of preserves and a third cup of tea, and

Sunday, however, found Miss Sarah in Miss Sarah laughed merrily when she got

gone for the night, but he begged that she wash it and let him "wipe." "I used to for mother, when I was a all markets.

And they cleared everything away, only wishing the dishes were not so few, and

"thinking you wouldn't be makin' 'em Emmaline Hitt, so hopelessly a spinster Not a word said either one of things that

The Value of Her Time.

She didn't like housekeeping ; she preferred to have a place in the world of business, she said. "I want to earn something," she fre-

quently proclaimed. "I know I have the ousiness instinct, and that I would be a success if I only had a place in some "Well," returned the old gentleman

thoughtfully, "I'll take you into my office, if you wish." 'Will you really ?'' she cried delighted-"And how much will you pay me?" "Whatever your time is worth.

"But how will you decide that?" she lemanded. "Oh, it is very easy done," he ans-

wered. "Let's find the valuation you put on it

first.' "I'd value it at about one dollar a min-

ute," she returned promptly. 'You never have shown any indications of doing anything like that yet," he said. 'We'll just figure it out. Now, yesterday you and your mother went down town didn't you?"

"Yes. We went down to get some cloth for a gown. But what has that to do with it ?

"I heard you say that you found just exactly what you wanted at the first place you stopped, but that they asked too much for it," he continued, ignoring her question.

"That was right," she admitted. "They wanted 90 cents a yard for it, and both mamma and I knew that we could get it for less."

"Did you ?" "Of course we did. I guess we know

enough not to be cheated on ordinary dress goods. We had to go pretty nearly all over town, but we finally got the same thing precisely for 87 cents a yard." "How long did it take you?" he asked

next. "Well, we went downtown before luncheon and never got home until dinner time. One can't get a bargain in a hurry, von know.'

"Of course not," he admitted. "And how many yards did you get?" "Six," she answered.

"Saving altogether the magnificent sum

of eighteen cents," he suggested. "The problem is very simple now. Two of you worked nearly one whole day for eighteen cents, or nine cents apiece. Making a liberal estimate for the time you spent at home in the morning I should say that you and your mother value your services at about twelve cents a day each. Now. shall be very glad to pay you—'' But he never finished. Then both of

them declared that he was a mean thing, and there was nothing for him to do but take refuge in flight.

Price of Salt Advanced.

The Michigan Salt Association has ad-

home markets eight cents a barrel, which brings the price up relatively the same in

Salt is moving fairly and is in good demand and it was thought advisable to adyance the price because the amount on

Coal is Too Cheap.

We have spoken with some of the largest employers in the coal districts respecting their present difficulties with their men, and without an exception they agree

that the pay is too small. They all be-lieve in higher wages, but point to the prices of coal at the seaboard and elsewhere as an insuperable barrier to improved wages.

Competition among themselves has brought coal to an unprofitable level, and the wage scale has followed it steadily downward. They cannot raise the price of coal, because their competition is of such a nature that they cannot maintain an agreement as to either production or price. They must submit to being howled at and abused for not paying their men more money or agree to be stoned for demanding a better price from consumers. The coal operator's lot is an unhappy one. Between inability to keep his men at work and inability to get a living price for his very delicate cream yellow gloves and paracoal he is likely to be crushed out, to the advantage of none.

He wants to pay higher wages. The prosperity of his employees is reflected in his own condition. How is he to do it? There is only one way ; one sound, effi-

ngle sales agency to distribute it on the basis of a rational apportionment and at a price which will provide wages for the miner, profit for the owner of the coal, and compensation for the railroad and the boat that carry it.

How grinding is the reckless competition that starves the miner, impoverishes the employer, and ruins the railroad, when, were the business tactics of the humble miners adopted, there would be instantly a sufficiency for all! The miners are a unit against the aggression of their employers ; they are banded together in one earnest and vigilant association to maintain the price of their labor, whereas their employers are all at war with each other to see who can mine the cheapest, and so un-

dersell all his competitors. The labor trust has the better of it this time. It is winning, as it ought to win ; and that by the sheer moral merit of its case. Now let the masters follow the men and betake themselves to common sense for the obvious and handy remedy for all their troubles.-New York Sun.

his wife appeared in her new bathing suit for his inspection. "Do you think so ?" she asked. "Well, I'll take off six inches more of the skirt."

### Defined.

"What's the meanin' of 'responserbility,' Billy ?"

"Oh, well, suppose as yer 'ad two buthand is much less than at this time last tons on yer trousers an' one cum orf ; year, and the prospects for the future are w'y, all the responserbility 'ud be on the other !"

Grass stains may be removed by cream tartar and water.

Willing to Please.