Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. 17, 1897.

FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN.

He grubbed away on a patch of ground. Waiting for something to happen"; Year after year the same old round, "Waiting for something to hannen" .

The moments he had to spare he spent "In "waiting for something to happen" His hair grew gray, his shoulders bent, Yet he grubbed and he loafed, and was content To "wait for something to happen."

His tools wore out and his ground grew poor, "Waiting for something to happen," But he grubbed and he loafed and he still w.

men.

away.

me it is very good."

rassed.

no one here to see her."

That "something would some day happen, And many a chance he let go past, "Waiting for something to happen," Until there came a day, at last, When clods above his head were cast-Something had finally happened ! __...Cleveland Leader."

A DAY AT LONE ISLAND.

The long curve of Irish Point stretched away into the Atlantic Ocean under the sun of an August day. It was more like an Italian landscape than a New England one ; and yet these rocks of pink granite. whose deep color shone through the clear, green water and snowy foam of the great breakers that dashed against them, as the tide rose, with an over coming and joyous sweep, where the last sentinels, the outermost pickets, of the islanded coast of Maine. Pink boulders and a yellowish from New York." gray pebbled beach at the foot ; low pink cliffs above, a grayish green down upon their top, stretching inland, carpeted with short grass and linchen, and strewn with shells of the sea urchin dropped by satiated gulls, bits of drift and timber flung by the winter waves with all their roaring strength, high and far, as a defiant challenge to the land ; a blue sky without a cloud over-arching all, and two white sails. and. far out to sea, half lost in the multitudinous sparkle of the ocean-these were the elements of the picture which the two persons seated on the lower rocks of the Point had come to see, and which had drawn before, though. them there, across the stony paths of the little island, often before. Anne had spoiled many sheets of paper in attempt-ing water colors of the Point before she had renounced the effort to do more than absorb its color and atmosphere in restful appreciation. To-day she was sitting idly gazing into a rock pool, and exclaiming over its riches.

"I never saw such a fascinating collection ! Here is a pink starfish, and a yellow one, and a lovely white one, and a perfect rainbow of little shells, and two sea urchins. Cousin Lydia, don't you think it would be a good idea for Tommy to have an aquarium? That old tub behind the back porch would do."

"Perhaps so, dear." Cousin Lydia's sweet elderly face looked a triffe troubled at the prospect. "Mrs. Caruthers' boys tried it last year. They had twenty hermit-crabs and some star-fish. But the hermit-crabs walked round and round the tub all day, in a sort of hurried gallop, like a procession ; it was very strange-Jamie Caruthers called it a 'cake walk ;' of course a boy is apt to see things in a careless light for I am sure Jamie was not really a cruel boy ; and the star-fish, being in the path, were trampled on all the time ; and so one day, after half the hermit-crabs had eaten the others up, Mrs. Caruthers and I persuaded the boys to empty the tub back into the cove. If you r ly want an aquarium, though Anne"-and Miss Lawrence's voice had a deprecating sweetness-"of course vou can have it " She did not entirely understand her beautiful, clever young cousin, but she always admired her, it being cousin Lydia's very life to admire and follow. A gentle, timid spinster, she had all her life been 'under the heels of one or another of her family," as her energetic friend Mrs. Caruthers expressed it. And now, late in life, with all her tyrants dead and buried. and a small income of her own, she hardly knew how to enjoy it. Last year' she had been introduced to Lone Island by Mrs. Caruthers, and had liked it so much, in its primitive solitude, that this summer, her friend having gone abroad, she had rented the cottage, the only one upon the island besides the houses of the natives, for herself ; and having found two orphan cousins who needed a vacation and had nowhere to go, in the persons of Anne and her young brother, she was enjoying the part of host ess very much. In her heart of hearts I am not sure but that Tommy was Cousin Lydia's favorite, because he was masterful and she loved to obey; whereas Anne though the bread-winner, and a most capable young woman, was as considerate, spite of her cleverness, as Cousin Lydia herself. "Oh, no, Cousin Lydia, Tommy musn't have anything that would be cruel to the crabs and starfish. I'll bring him down, and we'll explore these pools together, instead. I only wish I knew more about zoology and all that, so as to tell him things." Anne shook her head, with its crown of bronze gold, pensively, and her blue eyes were perplexed. "I don't see how I am to manage Tommy, Cousin Lydia. The problem grows every year, faster even than he does. If I had money-oh, von don't know how I fairly long for money !-I could send him to a first rate school, instead of a crowded public one. and then put him through college, and give him a thorough, real chance in the "My dear ?" said Miss Lawrence, in a

or strives for it-they wouldn't know what to do with it if they got it. I asked Captain Ben Staples, down at the store, the other day, why he did't have another piece of turkey-red calico in the store-you know we used up all the last at the cottage -and he said, 'Wal, it's a trouble rememberin' to git it, 'nd then it all sells out, soon ez it's on the shelf.' If I could only of life; and most people, after all, are struggling for mistaken things." could need ! And Anne wanted all this, and appreciated it; she had said so. see life that way !" She straightened up as she spoke,

Miss Lawrence gazed at her with mild admiration. Anne Lawrence certainly was a beautiful girl-not merely pretty, which means so little, or handsome, which sug-gests severity ; but with that harmonious said mischievously : magic of lovely color and form which is a rare gift of gods to the daughters of men.

Dazzlingly fair, tall, graceful, sweet-voiced starry-eyed, she seemed like a nymph risen from the woods to rejoice the eyes of "Such a beautiful creature," Cousin Lydia murmured to herself. "and By "no one"

Miss Lawrence meant the lords of creation: for the dear old lady belonged to a past generation, and was romantic enough to love was the fulfilling of a great clearness, a bit of talk he had heard luminous and soft in the pale sky. It was woman's life. Once, in her girlhood, Cousin Lydia had had a lover; but being 'under the heels" at that time of a domineering father and a selfish invalid sister, the little romance had faded helplessly

A quick step behind them, a surprised man suddenly. Here in this primitive not lessened by the lingering farewells of exclamation from Anne, and a tall and ex- paradise of sky and sea, where love could Mr. Willis, as the yacht at last touched ently fallen from the skies. He was not however an angelic visitant, for Anne introduced him, with a suspicious deepening of color, as "Mr. Wharton, Cousin Lydia-

"I came on Captain Staple's boat this morning," he volunteered, "and called at "Was Anne's blush simply the result of him ! I only wish I'd had the sense to stay away !" muttered George to himself.) your cottage, and they directed me here. tune arrival, or"-the alternative thought I have been sketching over at Mount Deswas too painful to be framed. ert, and thought I would try a week or so

here, and have some fishing. They tell fied eyes of Cousin Lydia as she reached cy readily imagined. Yes, they would "I am afraid you will not get anything but codfish," said Cousin Lydia, apologet-ically, as if she was responsible for the isl-There have been no herring or mackerel this season. But perhaps, vaguely, "you like flounders. Tommy often fishes for them off the wharf. I never heard of any one coming for the fishing to the parlor to welcome her unexpected Mr. Wharton looked decidedly embar-

dinner in this primitive paradise for a pair "You might make a haul of codfish," said Anne, reflectively, "and have it dried to take back with you. They split it here and pile it up like cordwood behind the kitchen door after it is dried. Two solutions to of wealthy persons who came in a yacht! Cousin Lydia's menu was restricted at the best of times by the fact that the Lone Isl-anders, living exclusively upon codfish and their affections at the same time, "You might make a haul of codfish." kitchen door, after it is dried. Two or three hundred weight could be easily had no conception of a wider diet. Capcaught in a week, if you gave your mind to it, and it would last you all winter. port for her a barrel of onions and one of You chop off some with an ax, you know, whenever you need it, and boil it in milk." sort of a man that is easily discomfited by Lobster, canned peas, canned tomatoesraillery-a serious, hard-working young she ran over the possibilities of lunch, as great spirits, for the three. fellow, whose one object in life, for the last Anne introduced to her a very handsome two years, had been to adore Anne Law- and stylish woman and a middle-aged genrence without letting her know it-a hope- tleman who, with his six feet of stature, less impossibility, by the way, since no his iron-gray hair, and his eye-glass, was girl with a pair of ordinary eyes could fail to read the constant language of true love in that sincer and expressive face of his. In that sincer and expressive face of his. If Anne knew it, however, she gave no Fifth Avenue; but they were none the less

sign ; and he worshipped on in silence, for as cordial as possible. being a penniless artist, he was much too being a pennitess artist, he was much too proud to offer his poverty and himself to any woman, At present, however, having just been left a handsome legacy by an un-cle, and having sold several of his pictures, Halfax to-morrow ; but just for this after-the seven and the breakfast, for Lone Island servants were kittle cattle to drive at the best of Halfax to-morrow ; but just for this after-times. Anne still in an expressive mood, he six his way clear to a moderate—a very moderate—competence, and had posted, at once, up to Lone Island to ask Anne to share it with him. This light reception,

as the islanders," said Cousin Lydia, ear- California, the West Indies (Mrs. Withernestly. "They have all the natural hu-man feelings—the best ones. religion for summers abroad, or on this floating palace, Some Things That Make Him Contemplate Matri-monu. instance, and neighborly kindness, and- or at Newport, Lenox or the Adirondacks love" (she said this last word so reverent- to have every opportunity, every luxury, ly that the young man's heart was hers from that moment), "and it seems to me that that is all that is necessary—the best

ruggling for mistaken things." and appreciated it; she had said so. "I entirely agree with you, Miss Lawrence," cried George, enthusiastically. As for Anne, having taken the position of were her choice for Anne, and an equally a mammon-worshiper, she only smiled and strong enjoyment of Mrs. Witherbee's conversation (which seemed to her loyal soul

"Codfish and content !—it certainly makes a good motto !" Then, as they came in sight of the cottage, "Cousin Lyd-A wonderful sunset displayed itself upon the glowing horizon, all rose and gold and ia, isn't that some one on the porch? ia, isn't that some one on the porch? Why—oh, look at the wharf; it must be—" She hesitated, bit her lip, and flushed per-ceptibly. "It must be Mr. Willis and his sister. She told me they might be at Bar Harbor this summer. This conveyed no especial impression to Miss Lawrence's mind; but George Whar-ton remembered at that moment with

ton remembered at that moment, with and saffron and lilac, and the moon rose. most a terror of fate, possessed the young self into the ocean. His sufferings were

tremely good-looking young man, dressed speak, it seemed, without the hand of Captain Ben's rickety what again. "Good-by, Miss Lawrence. My sister shoulder, the omnipresent power of money had appeared before he could even tell his errand. He followed gloomily as the two Wharburton'' (Mr. Willis was always a and I owe you thanks for honoring our litladies hastened forward to the house, re- trifle hazy about names), "we are so glad volving in his mind the vital question : you were able to come, too !" ("Confound

"Good-by, Miss Anne," in a lower tone, which the young man A scene of confusion greeted the morti- could not hear, but which his jealous fan-

the steps. Tommy, the irrepressible, had come back in the yacht from Halifax, and left a heap of fishing-tackle, boots, clam carry Anne away to Bar Harbor, to luxury come back in the yacht from Halifax, and bait of a most evil odor, and a dead crab or and happiness : and he-well, he would be two, in the middle of the porch floor. His striped bathing-suit also, he had thoughtfully hung upon the railing by the front door to dry in the sun. Miss Law- fame but ashes and dust, after to-day? rence's embarrassment, as she hastened in- With the shawls on his arm, the young man trudged wearily beside the two ladies guests, was still further complicated by the up the wooded lane which led from the haunting thought of dinner-a suitable wharf past Captain Staples' store, the church, and few scattered habitations, to

was just over, and the couples were straying leisurely along the lane toward their homes, generally hand in hand, as was the Lone Island custom between sweethearts. pears, but she was dismally conscious that Cousin Lydia sighed gently as they passed the pears had just given out, and that on- each pair; her tender heart was bleeding George Wharton flushed. He was the ions were hardly a dish for such visitors. for the devoted but hapless lover at her side. As for Anne, she chatted away in ways longed to see the moonlight here from the sea, instead of always from the land

In

side, and never had the chance before. Wasn't it wonderful-the mystery of it,

The moon beamed approval of her enthusiasm, but no one else responded. "My brother is very anxious. Miss Law- They reached the house, and Cousin Lydia

muttered George to himself.) y, Miss Anne," then something

The Man Who Boards.

The trouble of a man who boards begin with A and end with Z and between is a pandora box all of difficulties.

Now there is a question of towels. Jones is decent enough to take a bath at irregular intervals of some 24 hours and has some fine, large "altogether" bath towels which he intends shall cheer but not irritate after he rises, dripping like a mermaid or a half drowned cat, from the chill morning tub. But they disappear and in their place he finds some heavy pocket handkerchiefs, with large holes in them, which he ascertained are sufficient to dry him down to the third floating rib

tion. When a man comes in tired, puts on slippers and gets out the lightest novel great clearness, a bit of talk he had heard that spring in the city. "Miss Anne Law-rence? yes, beautiful girl; and Willis is in love with her, they say—Willis, the sugar broker, ten millions or so, you know !" A great sense of helplessness, alemnly and goes down three flights of stairs for matches, but he finds the box is empty

and the landlady gone to bed. In the darkness of the lower hall, alone with some dozen vicious rocking chairs clustered around his unprotected ankles, he murmurs a blessing on the lady and her assistant and laboriously ascends to search the bathroom. Foiled there he prowls into another's room, which he finds has a new and feminine occupant and precipitately retires, feeling that worst of anguishhumiliation. He cusses the pipe and throws the book into a corner, and the lamp then

displays a fading tendency. Grim, haggard, furious, he stands watching the glow turn a sickly pallor and flicker, then burn in a ring of smudgy fire at the wick. He remembers that he has asked the chambermaid at four different and fervid times to keep that lamp full of oil and even slipped a quarter into her hand hoping it would effect a change. Again is he in the darkness and all the evil that is in his nature (or has been instilled there by having to eat warmed-over rare roast beef under the guise of steak seethes in his chest.

Some of the troubles are small, like the piece of chicken at the Sunday dinner, and there are others which are great and vast like the Monadnock block. With Jones one of these latter is a difference of opinion respecting the most convenient, desirable

and alogether choice place for the stand. He has certain preferences which in his timid, hesitating way he exhibits by putting the stand where he wants it. takes a proud, complacent survey of his domestic domain as he leaves in the morning. At night he returns to find that the washstand is occupying another site. He puts dry. "Such marvelous moonlight ! I have al- it back and continues doing it for three

successive nights and then comes a time when flesh can bear no more and he tramps downstairs and demands to see the chambermaid.

She is out and he forgets it in the morning, but that night his furniture is in the prim, maddening regularity which he de-tests and the maid is arraigned. She could not open the wardrobe door, she explains, with the washstand where it was. Open the wardrobe door ! What was that girl going into that place every day for and getting his coats white with lint from her

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. S. J. Field, wife of the justice of the supreme court, and Mrs. George Hearst of Washington. have been very very active in raising money for a life size statue of Washington, which is to be presented to France in 1900. Up to the pres-ent time about \$21,000 has been collected. The total cost is to be \$35,000.

The change in sleeves is coming very gradually. So far few of the real sheathlike kind have appeared. Sudden transitions are difficult to accomplish, and, in spite of its doom, the full sleeve will die hard. The favorite is certainly the tiny leg-of-mutton fitting close well above the elbow, and showing a small puff at the shoulder. The extensive use of epaulettes shows the tendency to keep the shoulders broad. As a matter of course, cloaks and jackets follow, and their sleeves, the general shape of which is little changed show diminution in size. The very severe round waist has had its day, and the first place will undoubtedly be given to the blouse Basque additions too, are certain, both plain circular pieces and round and square tabs being in vogue. Most of the narrow vests in new models are of chiffor, made quite full; mousseline or frilled silk. Plain vests are of cream or white cloth, or satin.

The sailor of autumn is of black straw trimmed with black feathers that are put on each side so as to form "Prince" Wales" garnitures. In front there is a Thinestone buckle, long and showy. Many of the autumn sailors turn up but for those who like the sailor shape the little flat hat with its spreading trimming is recommended. The jacket of autumn will be the milita-

y coat, rather loose in front and longer in front than in the back. The most brilliant red cloth is used and the braiding is a shiny black, to set off the brilliancy of the scarlet goods.

Coat buttons will be pearl, large and clear and expensive. The main cost of the coat in many cases is the buttons, which are the fine imported ones.

To make these little coats it is necessary to purchase a pattern and cut exactly as directed. Home-made coats are not pretty unless the utmost neatness in finish is observed. Sew every seam as though it were a delicate bit of tracery, strong but accurate, and then trust to your art as fitter to make the coat "tailor made.

No art can cook a stale fish to perfection. The appearance is always flabby and dull. The fre sher the fish the whiter it will fry and the whiter it will become with boiling. The fat in which fish is fried should be of sufficient heat to brown a piece of bread when dipped in it, and the fish before being put in the pan should be perfectly

A new skirt is trimmed with six narrow flounces placed at equal distances from the hem to the belt. These flounces are aranged in a novel way, however ; they dip low in front, rising at each side in a graceful curve, and then dipping in the back again to the bottom of the hem in the back

The clever mistress of an inexpensive, old-fashioned farm-house, now used as a summer cottage, made its dining room de-lightful by staining the floor olive-green and enameling the wood-work ivory-white. says the Ladies Home Companion. A three foot dado is made of olive-green and straw colored fiber carpet of Eastern design, fin. ished at the top with a four-inch deep wood moulding; the side walls are covered to the ceiling with a lighter olive ground havscroll ornament in fainter self-tones and dull gold. Half an inch (just far enough to admit a picture hook) below the angle an ivory and gold picture molding placed. At the windows are holland shades, white on the outside and olive-green inside and over these are long curtains of fancyweave cream net shirred over brass-tipped enameled poles. One pair of portieres is of figured denim in self-tones of olivegreen, and the others are of old pink lattice cloth. A large Japanese center rug has olive and vellow as the dominant colors, relieved by old rose. Antique oak furniture with cane seats and backs to the chairs, handsome dull-black wrought iron bracket lamps and several appropriate pic-tures complete the furnishing of a room that would be charming all the year round.

shocked tone.

"Yes, I know it sounds mercenary. But "Yes, I know it sounds mercenary. But I can't help it sometimes, down in New years old. It reminds one of Victor Hu-York, when I am working away at my designing, and Tommy is with those rough boys at the school, or fretting for a place to play in because I try to keep him off of the street; and when I see all the luxury around me, and other women making extravagant or foolish use of it, why, I just crave it for myself. If I had a fortune, Cousin Lydia, I know of so many lovely things to do ! Money means power, nowadays, and influence, and-oh, it is the key to everything !"

Miss Lawrence looked gently embar rassed. "In my girlhood, Anne,', she said with a certain meek stateliness, "it was their own, but not in the profane language of civilization. They have the three R's, of course, and the three C's-codfish, cronot considered that money meant everything. The Lawrences have never quet and chewing-gum-and the ocean money. but they have always been the best bounds the rest of their horizon." people, and stood for the best things, you know. There is so much more talk about after all," said George, looking out medimoney, nowadays ; nobody seems to think tatively over the broad, sparkling sweep of it is vulgar to talk about it, as I was the sea. taught when I was a girl. I never can get satisfying thing any man can know." accustomed to it."

Anne smiled. "I am a child of the world The girl looked up at her with amused myself. But the islanders-and Cousin appreciation.

Thank you, Cousin Lydia. I suppose Lydia, too-are infinitely removed from I deserve it. You are like all the rest of any of the questions which we fret about Lone Island-a beautiful rebuke to the in the city. modern spirit. Nobody here wants money

meeting his tension of purpose, was natur- to come over to Bar Harbor and visit me; ally confusing. but to-day was so fine that we did not wish "If I cannot get any fish," he said, ad- to neglect this opportunity either. Don't

dressing himself with much deference to disappoint us-we have quite set our hearts out upon that silver sea, with no soul above Cousin Lydia, as a possible ally, "I may upon it you know." perhaps be able to carry away some sketch-Cousin Lydia's heart "leaped up" as if es of your beautiful island instead."

like Wordsworth in his youth, she had "You must come and stay with us, at "beheld a rainbow in the sky" as she saw any rate," said Miss Lawrence on hospita- the lunch problem thus eliminated. ble thoughts intent. "I have two extra her relief at this, the acceptance of the inrooms, and Captain Ben can bring your vitation was a foregone conclusion. Go? things up this afternoon. I would send of course they would gladly go, all three for them, but you see, Captain Ben owns of them; she would only gather a few shawls and wraps together, and they could

"Yes," said Anne, gravely. "When be off in a quarter of an hour. It was not Captain Ben takes his drives abroad, and until Miss Lawrence was heaping the happens to go down to the other end of the shawls across her arm, upstairs, that it occurred to her that Mr. Willis-yes, and Mr. Wharton, too-dear me ! how suddenisland, eight miles away-he doesn't get that far once in a year, for the horse is kept as a sort of sacred animal-the teache ly it had all come about, and just when she had been grieving, that morning, that Anne had no lovers at all ! And which at the school-house there excuses the children from their lessons to go out and see the horse pass, just as they might for a dozen would Anne-oh, Mr. Wharton, of course, elephants anywhere else, as a sort of lesson in natural history !" Cousin Lydia decided, with only a little sigh for poor Mr. Willis, who, at his age,

The three started back toward the cot would find it so hard to forget !

Three hours afterward she was not so tage, not without many a lingering look backward at the glory they were leaving. It was high noon, and the tide was almost up to the cliffs, throwing the sparkling sure. In that time a sight of the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, had dazzled Miss Lawrence's unsophisticated soul. They had had a lunch so elegant spray saucily against their glowing sides. that she blushed even to remember her A few gulls dipped and screamed over the eternal restlessness of the waves, and a school of porpoises passed by in the offing, own poor little larder. A stately steward had hovered around the snowy table laden with exquisite silver, and china and glass for which Mrs. Witherbee apologized, saysporting joyously in the Atlantic swell. Not a cloud, or a shadow ; only the wide ing carelessly that it was only good enough half-circle of sky and sea, out of which the cool salt wind blew gently upon their faces. "It is perfect life here." said Anne, as to break, but which had, to her, seemed priceless. The talk had been clever and pleasant, Mr. Willis showing himself they walked slowly along the stony road a man of real culture and kindly nature. that led across the down to the cottage. "Just nature, pure and simple. Did you notice Captain Ben's face ?—what a kind, though a trifle formal. Then they had been taken over the yacht and seen the daintiest and most luxurious of decorations weather-beaten, placid simplicity there is about it? And his six sons all look like him—big, simple-natured fellows. Do everywhere—carved mahogany panels, silk-en hangings exquisitely embroidered, wellfilled bookcases, paintings on the walls-a you know, after they have been out in floating nest of magnificence, but nowhere their fishing boats, in all the dangers of a beyond the limits of perfect good taste. long cruise, they come home here and Everywhere, at every turn, Anne had been play croquet down on the little green by the wharf, over behind that hill-you flatteringly referred to, her opinion asked, her lightest speech listened to admiringly. can't see it from here-hour after hour. as Her beauty, harmonious, on the island rocks, with the sea and sky, was just as harmonious here with the luxurious splengo's old fisherman knitting-do you redor of silk and gold. "She ought to have member? And they all chew gum-tuttiit," groaned George Wharton, despairing-ly, within himself; "she is like a jewel in frutti chewing-gum-the boat brings over a case of it whenever it comes, and every the right setting among it all. And I can't man, woman and child buys it continually give it to her-and he can !" It is the one luxury of Lone Island." Poor George ! he had come because he "It is a very bad habit," said Cousin

Lydia, in an apologetic tone, "but not so could not help following Anne, and now bad as tobacco, after all, said Anne. he was fiercely unhappy because he "The Lone Islanders do not know what couldn't get away. He sank down upon a bad habit really is," said Anne, laugh- one of the steamer chairs so invitingly aring ; "they do not drink or smoke or-yes ranged upon the after-deck, beside Cousin Lydia and Mrs. Witherbee, and relapsed they do swear occasionally in a dialect of

into the profoundest melancholy, while Mr. Willis showed Anne the naptha launch the engines, and all the points of the yacht. Meanwhile, Mrs. Witherbee chatted away in her pleasant voice to Miss Lawrence. "That makes a wide horizon, though, She was a charming woman, and knew it warm-hearted, a trifle inconsequent. but with an abundance of mother-wit, cultiva-"Nature is the widest and most ted by education, observation, and travel, so as to render her conversation justly ad-'You show the true Lone Island spirit." mired. "Such a friend for Anne! Such a sphere for Anne ! Such opportunities for Anne !" Poor Cousin Lydia kept form-

ing these phrases in her mind, as the posof life for Mr. Willis' bride sibilities n the city. "I only wish I was as simple and good the winters in New York, or in Egypt,

the moonlit ocean. "Oh, isn't it glorious !" she cried.

"And to think that you are going to start codfish, to-morrow ! Whom are you going out with? Captain Ben ?"

"I am going back to-morrow to New York," said George, with a trifling difficulty in controlling his voice, but with

great dignity. "Going back !" echoed Anne, incredu-lously. "Why, what do you mean ?" She turned and looked full at him, and the moonlight upon her face was too much for his fortitude, though he had determined to remain heroically silent as to his feelings. "I mean that I came here to tell you that I loved you, and that my picturesmy uncle-that I had a chance to make a home for you. But after seeing Willis today and his yacht-and you like him !there's only one thing to do, and that is to

go away like a man and let a happier fellow win the prize !" Anne lifted her beautiful head high. "Yes," she said, "a man can always—go

away ! But don't you think it's a little hard for a woman to have no choice in the matter ?"

"Choice !" cried George, blindly pursuing his own thought, head down; "that's just it. What choice is there between Wilis and me? And he's a good fellow, too, if he hadn't a cent-that's the worst of it I don't blame you for choosing him ?"

Anne gave a little breethless laugh 'Oh, you don't understand !" she said. 'You're not leaving me any choice at all I know just what you've been thinking all d you-you ought to be ashamed of day, an yourself! You're choosing for me, and-I don't agree with you at all! I want to choose for myself, if you please ! You think I am worldly and luxurious and ambitious and all that, and so I am sometimes -this morning, for instance. But I know the best things, after all, just as well as you and Cousin Lydia and the Lone Islanders do, and this evening I understand myself better. I'd rather be one of those girls

yacht and ten millions !"

George put his hand over hers, where it rested on the railing, with a firm clasp. 'Do you mean you would choose a fellow like me, Anne, with nothing to bring you -with nothing to offer you-rather than Willis and all his possessions? Oh, Anne, but he can't love you as I do, after all. Don't you know that I have loved you for years? "You never told me so before," said

Anne, with another tremulous little laugh. 'Do you think it is fair to expect me to decide on such short notice? But, leave me my choice, sir, and see ! Perhaps-"

She never ended the sentence, for just then Cousin Lydia came to the door, and George Wharton, with a surprising gayety cheerfulness in his voice, turned toand ward her.

"Miss Lawrence, the moonlight is too beautiful to miss, so Miss Anne and I are going to take a little walk down the lane to the rocks, if you will let us. We've all had a very luxurious and pleasant time of it among the pomps and vanities of life to-day, but Lone Island in the moonlight is my ideal of perfect happiness, after all !' -By Priscilla Leonard in The Lookout.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Elkin Ordered Out.

The Deputy Secretary of the Comm Resigns by Request of His Chief.

John P. Elkin, chairman of the Republican State committee, is no longer Deputy Attorney General of Pennsylvania, having severed his connection with the office for a reason similar to that which impelled Gen. Frank Reeder to resign as Secretary of the Commonwealth, Mr. Elkin was not surprised at Attorney General McCormick asking for his resignation, although the chief had not given him the least intimation of an intention to make the request. The letter removing State Chairman Elkin is as follows :

John P. Elkin, Harrisburg : Dear Sir-I herewith request your res ignation from the office of Deputy Attorney General. Respectfully yours, HENRY C. MCCORMICK.

While Mr. Elkin expected that he would soon follow in the footsteps of Gen. Reeder. many of his friends were surprised that he should be asked to surrender his of fice in view of his prominent political position in the Republican party. The Deputy Attorney General promptly replied to the Attorney General's request by writing a letter to him resigning his position. Mr. Elkin insists upon his removal and that of General Reeder as signifying a fight on Senator Quay and his friends, He pretends to take no stock in the story that the requested resignations were inspired by the State treasury bond transaction and says : "As no reasons are given by the Attorney General for his action, I propose to ask for them to set me right before the

public I simply claim the right of a plain American citizen. There will be no byplay so far as I am concerned in this matter, and the public will be kept in my confidence.' Mr. Elkin sent his letter of resignation

to McCormick at the executive mansion. After it had been delivered a copy was given out for publication. It is as follows : Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 10.

going down the lane than sell myself for a To Henry C. McCormick. Attorney General.

My Dear Sir-I am in receipt of your communication of the 9th inst. requesting my resignation as Deputy Attorney Gen- Have just enough-not a piece too eral, and I hereby tender the same. I much. desire to return my thanks for the many kindnesses and courtesies received at your hands while officially connected with your department. Inasmuch as we have never had any differences, so far as I am aware, except those of political nature. I feel that I am entitled to know the reason which

actuated you in making your request. I ask this not only for myself, but for the information of the public. Very respectfully yours,

JOHN P. ELKIN. Attorney General McCormick appointed as the successor of Deputy Attomey General Elkin, Col. W. F. Reeder, of Bellefonte.

'I am going to have my name put on my wheel.

your good name if you have it on that ice wagon.'

One Thing to Be Learned.

There's one thing needful to be learned In this rude world-to wait, Before you fish for compliments, To dig the proper bait.

For peanut cookies shell sufficient peanuts to give one pint of the meats. Rub off all the inner skin and chop very fine, or put through a meat cutter. Cream to-gether two tablespoonfuls of butter and one cup of sugar; add three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of milk, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, the chopped peanuts, and flour enough to make a soft dough. Roll out, cut in circles and bake in a moderate oven.

Economy and wise forethought, not niggardliness, stand as the first of domestic duties. Poverty does not prevent skill in the preparation of food. All food should have proper flavoring, the individual ingredients needed for its proper preparation. These flavorings are given by using the lit-tle left overs of vegetables and spices that are too often thrown away, says Mrs. Rorer in the Ladies Home Journal.

Marketing economically does not mean purchasing things at the cheapest rate. It really involves the higher talent of selecting wisely and well. Small quantities and no waste is one good rule to remember.

Never purchase the same sort of fowl for a fricasse that you would for roasting. The former may be a year and a half old. It will cost much less than the one year old, which will be repaired for roast-

Save every bone, whether beef, mutton. veal, poultry or game, as well as all juices in the meat dishes, for the stock-pot. Into this storehouse of wealth, for such the stockpot is, put the tough ends from the rib roasts, which would only become tasteless and dry if roasted ; also the fat ends from mutton chops, the bone left from the sirloin steak, and the carcasses from either poultry or game, as well as the bones from the roasting pieces.

"Excellent idea. No one will steal of all articles of food. Consequently, save every bit and work it over.

The so called interior pieces of meat make the best soups and stews. Where a sauce is to hide the inferiority and ugliness of the dish there is no occasion to spend money on good looks.

Soup meat, tasteless as it is, may be nicely seasoned and made into pressed meat, giving a nice cold dish for luncheon.