

Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 8, 1897.

prayer.

THE WATER-MILL.

Summer winds revive no more Leaves strewn over earth and main, And the sickle ne'er can reap The gathered grain again ; And the rippling stream flows on, Tranquil, deep, and still, Never gliding back again To the water-mill. Truly speaks the proverb old, With a meaning vast. "The mill will never grind With the water that is past."

Oh, the wasted hours of life That have swiftly drifted by ! Oh, the good we might have done Gone, and lost without a sigh ! Love that we once might have saved. By a single kindly word ! Thoughts conceived but ne'er expressed, Perishing unpenned, unheard Take the proverb to the soul-Take and clasp it fast : "The mill will never grind With the water that is past."

Oh, love thy God and fellow-man, Thyself consider last : For come it will when thou Dark errors of the past And when the flight of life is o'er. And earth recedes from view, And heaven in all its glory shines, 'Most pure and good, and true. Then proverb deep and vast : "The mill will never grind With the water that is past.

Take the lesson to thyself. Loving hearts and true Golden hours are fleeting by, Youth is pa-sing, too : Learn to make the most of life, Lose no happy day ; Time will ne'er return sweet joys Neglected-thrown away. Leave no tender word unsaid. But love while love shall last "The mill will never grind With the water that is past.

Work while yet the sun doth shine, Man of strength and will : Never doth the streamlet glide Useless by the mill. Wait not till to-morrow's sun Beams brightly on the way ; All that thou canst call thine own Lies in the phrase "To-day !" Power, intellect, and blooming health May not, will not always last : "The mill will never grind With the water that is past."

SOMBRE.

-Anonymous.

Long golden beams from the setting sun swept over the plains of Andalusia, along the serpentine line of green willows which marks the course of the Rio Guadalquivir, and fell upon the Giralda Tower of the great cathedral of Sevilla, many miles in the background. In their path along the banks of the limpid river, those beams illumined a stretch of vast pastures, enclosed by whitened stone walls, and dotted with magnificent cattle. Finally, in a far corner of one of these enclosures, they sought out the figure of a young girl passing through an arched stone gateway. As she turned from closing the gate, she threw back from her head and shoulders a dark lace mantilla, and paused to gaze upon the scattered groups of grazing beasts, the level rays, meanwhile, playing in lights and shadows upon the waving masses of dark had existed there before only as a vague

dering toward her, with horns close to the ground ; then fear paralyzed her, and she be a ranchero, and Sombre will be the pariarch of our herds." ottered and fell forward, burying her face The man shook his head. "You do not in her hands, and moaning an incoherent

understand," he said gloomily. "I have tried that once and failed !" Far across the field a young herdsmen, in broad sombrero and short jacket, riding a strong horse hither and in brisk canters "Ah !" she said, gaily, "but you had neither Sombre nor Anita," and waving to round up straggling cattle in rear of the him a kiss, she ran off across the field, that herd, had seen the girl enter from the adportion of it being now free from cattle.

joining pasture, and had instantly realized her danger. Even before the maddened On Sunday afternoon, May 17th, 189bull had charged upon his intended victim, a small party of American sightseers left the horseman, with an agonized exclamathe Grand Hotel de Madrid in Sevilla, drove tion in English, had given his steed rein to the Plaza de Toros, and occupied a stall specially reserved for them. They eviand was riding at breakneck speed along dently constituted a fraction of New York's "Four Hundred," although the the flank of the advancing herd to throw himself between it and Anita. When the angry bull broke from the rest with his chaperon, an austere, aristocratic looking murderous intent, the horseman set his woman, had unmistakably Castilian features. She was dressed with the elegance beardless lips hard upon one another and lifted from the pommel of his saddle the and simplicity of wealth and good breeding, and had a nervous habit of raising a coils of a long lariat. The next moment. with a wild plunge between the infuriated lorgnette to her peculiarly careworn eyes whenever a stranger passed her, as if albull-a plunge before which the mass of moving forms swerved away in a tumbling ways hoping to see some one whom she had long sought. The gentlemen of the jostling mass, like baffled billows beaten party wore the uniform of the New York back from a cliff-the young man rode on till nearly abreast of the mad animal. Yacht Club. In fact, a handsome steam There was a quick sweep of the hand con-taining the coiled lariat, a straightening was now awaiting them at Cadiz. The party reached the Plaza late.

out of the coils as they swished through Ama the air, until a single remaining loop dor de Sevilla had killed several bulls, and seemed to float for a moment like a halo now there was a short intermission, during above the charging beast's head, then fell which elegant Spanish caballeros were makaround the spreading horns. Instantly the ing courtly bows among their neighbors, lariat tightened, the intelligent horse fell and handsome bespangled boys were hastback almost upon his haunches, sliding ening around the serried tiers of humanity many yards through the soft turf, the selling dulces and soft drinks. In the vast bull's lowered head swung abruptly arena itself the capeadores had thrown their red mantles carelessly upon the enunder his left forefoot, his long horns plowed deeply into the ground, and his circling board fence, and were smoothing body rolled onward in a sidewise somerthe earth here and there where it had been torn up in deadly combat. There was a sault, and flung itself out at full length, perfectly limp. So close was the beast to vast murmur from thousands of throats. his intended victim that clods of earth like the magnified hum of bees among apfrom his hoofs fell upon her dress. ple blosoms In a stall of the lowest tier, close beside

and stood between their steeds.

colored ribbons

'Sombre

The music ceased, the vast murmur of

The young man sprang from his horse, and lifted the almost fainting girl in his an entrada which led like a corrugated toarms, exclaiming in Spanish and with unboggan slide down through the terraces of mistakable terms of endearment :-seats to a masked exit from the ring (used

"Anita, are you hurt?" by *capeadores* to escape when hard pressed by a bull), sat Anita alone, for Don Alona suddenly discovered spar, trembled vio- zo, her father, had gone quite half way lently from head to foot, then slid to the around the plaza and was hanging over the ground unconscious. Dropping down be-side her, he raised her to a reclining posichair of a handsome matron, probably paying her exaggerated Castillion compliments. tion in his arms, tore away the mantilla Presently a band of music began a statefrom her head and shoulders, and fanned ly march, and under a high stone archway, her with his big, flexible sombrero. Meanat the far side of the ring, a long proces sion advanced. First, gaudily capari-soned picadores on blindfolded steeds dewhile his horse having inspected and snorted over the fallen bull, came forward and sniffed at the group in sympathy. bouched two by two, separated, and cir-Anita drew a long convulsive breath and opened her eyes. Faintly smiling up into cled in opposite directions until they came to a halt facing the center, with long lances at rest. Then red-coated torreadores her rescuer's she murmured some hardly carrying long barbs with brilliant streamaudible words of tender greeting, from ers of ribbon, grouped themselves near the heavy, closed doors of the bull pen. Fiwhich she broke off to struggle abruptly to her feet, crying in apprehension :-"Where is he?" nally, the capeadores, in yellow satin, car-"There ; dead and harmless." rying the flaming red capes on their arms, filed around like the mounted picadores

"Are you sure? How did you kill him ?'

"I broke his neck-one of my cowboy tricks learned on the plains at home. Don Alonzo will be furious, for it was El voices died away, and the gates of the bull pen were thrown open. At a quick trot a great black bull dashed in, receiving in his Sol, and he was advertised for the Plaza de Toros next Sunday.' shoulders, as he passed the torreadores two Anita clasped her hands and asked, with short barbs crowned with big rosettes of

bated breath, for her heart seemed to cease

beating :-Anita gripped her chair and gasped :-"And was-was Sombre advertised. Coming from a darkened pen, Sombre

too?" "Yes : haven't you seen the posters? There is one on the outer gateway ; but find himself once more in his loved pasthere I have one in my pocket." ures, but he paused in the great glare of light. What meant those tiers of people, which seemed to reach the sky? What

He drew from an inside pocket of his short jacket a bright-red sheet covered with black letters, and held it up before meant those horsemen facing him with her. Pressing one hand to her throat, and spears in such a sinister manner? What leaning eagerly forward. Anita read with meant those stinging pains in his should-

plains you love so to tell about ; you will other intently. Then came stealthy movements hither and thither, then thundering, desperate charges and graceful hairbreadth escapes. At last, in one great charge, Sombre's horns tore the scarlet mantl

from Lariato's arm, and, carrying it half around the ring as a streaming red banner, the bull ground and trampled it in the dirt. A slight hissing was noticeable in the audience, which turned to thundering applause when Lariato contemptuously refused a new mantle brought by a capeador The man alone was now the mad target, but Lariato had at last reached the

position of advantage for which he had so long maneuvered. He was standing in the great lune of shadow cast by the encirling wall, while Sombre, across the ring, was in the glaring sunlight. The audience understood the situation, and became breath-Sombre, dripping with blood and perspiration, his flanks swelling and falling n his great gasps for breath, his eyes half

blinded by the dust and glare, slowly realized that he was wasting his effort upon a mere textile fabric, while his real antagonist stood tauntingly before him. Throwing up his head, he gave the matador one brief glance, as if to measure his distance, then, with head low down, he charged upon him. Lariato's long, keen blade was lowered confidently to its death dealing slant. The whole audience arose en mass

and craned forward. Just as the murderous sword point seemed about to sink through the bull's shoulders into his very heart, a despairing woman's cry, unheeded by the onlookers, reached the matador's ears.

Then a mighty hiss, like the whistling of a great wind, interspersed with hoots and jeers, went up from the exasperated spectators, for the bull thundered on, with the sword, scarcely penetrating an inch into the tough muscles, standing upright between his shoulders and swaving from side to side, while Lariato, with a quick step aside, stood disarmed.

Coming to a standstill far beyond his antagonist. Sombre shook his vast body, and the sword spun high into the air and fell toward the center of the ring. Lariato took several steps toward it, tottered, and fell forward prone upon the ground in a swoon, for he had been grievously bruised. With a great exultant roar, the bull rushed back to complete its victory. The hissing and hooting was hushed, and groans of horror swelled through the air.

Suddenly, just as the animal had gathered full headway in his murderous charge a slight, white-gowned figure glided through the capeadores' exit into the ring, and a clear, ringing voice pronounced one word :-

"Sombre !"

At the sound of that voice the charging beast came strainingly to a halt, threw up its head and gazed eagerly about. Then there went up another cry of horror, as he turned and rushed toward the girl. Capeadores hurried forward, flaunting their red capas, but she waved them back. "Go back !" she cried, "you shall tor-

ture him no more, my poor, tortured, wounded Sombre !" In a moment the great beast was beside

her, and making unmistakable demonstrations of joy ; licking her dress, and arms, and hands. As she deftly extricated the barbs from his neck and shoulders, the thousands of throats around them shrieked had trotted eagerly forward, expecting to out a vast pandemonium of bravos. Blood was covering her hands and soiling her dress, but Anita was blind to it. Meanwhile, Lariato, after a dash of

water in his face, had struggled to his feet and hurried toward her. "God bless you," he was saying, but

she pushed past him with a glad smile, "Wait; I have something to say to

Conditions at Skagway.

The beach is low, and runs out several hundred yards, and then drops off into deep At low tide the whole beach is unwater. covered, so the steamers lie outside, and try to unload their freight at high tide. Our vessel was soon surrounded by a fleet of row-boats and large Siwash canoes, trying to pick up passengers. In crowds on the deck we stood gazing in wonder at the as this so accentuates the severe outlines. scene before us. We were yet too far off Dress the hair low down or else quite on ashore for a customs officer. Others were For a round face many for the former ashore for a custom officer. beast? eager to follow. No attempt is to be made to unload, though the weather is beautiful. neck. Few of us have the inclination to look at the truly grand scenery with which we are surrounded. Snow and glacier-capped mountains, rising thousands of feet up lofty heads in soft cottony clouds, are for round. other eyes than those of miners excited by the preparation for the real commencement of the journey. I went ashore with two -and such a scene as meets the eye ! others It is simply bewildering, it is all so strange. There are great crowds of men rowing in boats to the beach, then clambering out in rubber boots and packing the stuff, and setting it down in little piles out of reach dark blue. of the tide. Here are little groups of men resting with their outfits. Horses are tethered out singly and in groups. Tents there are of every size and kind, and men cooking over large sheet-iron stoves set up outside. The tents are pitched without any regularity, and behind these are more tents and men, and piles of merchandise, hay, bacon smoking, men loading bags and bales of hay upon horses and starting off, leading from one to three animals along a sort of lane-which seems much travelledin the direction of a grove of small cottonwoods, beyond which lies the trail toward White Pass. Everybody is on the move, excepting those just arrived, and each is intent upon his own business. There are some twenty-five hundred people here, stretched along the road between the bay and the summit. There are not over one hundred tents here at Skagway, but there might be more than five hundred persons actually in the town.

Rough frame buildings are going up as quickly as men can handle scantling, and as fast as they are finished they are turned into stores or ware-houses. There are three or four hotels or restaurants ; and a United States flag flying over a tent is evidence of the presence of a United States court commissioner-the only representative of government here, save that organized by the miners themselves. A large sign indicates the location of the correspondents of en-terprising newspapers, and the half a dozen newspaper men here gave us a hearty wel-Men and horses are traveling to and fro in a never-ending stream. There are a number of women ; such as I met being wives who are accompanying their hus-

bands thus far, and most of whom will return. Signs are out announcing "Outfits bought and sold." Discouraged men are coming down from the trail, and they have but one story to tell-of terrible hardship, horses falling right and left, seventeen in one place; the road, if it can be called a road, in terrible condition ; not one in

ten will get over. I talked with one or two determined fellows who came down to the boat, and who had their pack-trains in on the trail. From these I heard a different story. In all I have talked with five or six good men, and they all agree that there is plenty of trouble. 'The road is good for four or five miles

it is a regular cinch; after that hell begins."

We wondered if they would.

African Court Trials.

The accuser's witnesses swear, to anything

that his evidence told, and that he, by in-

ference, is a very clever fellow. If the same

poison bowl without an hour's delay.-

James Macdonald in Popular Science Monthly.

Eating Dogs in Havana.

The Starving Population Reduced to the Great-

"For eight days before I sailed,"

of the Havana hospitals-either by doctors,

-Harper's Weekly.

Some say that not one in ten will get over. These are the alarmists and the excited more col ervative mate is that only four out of ten will get through. One party of two were building

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

To suit a long, narrow face the hair should be dressed round, and it is always best to show a coil or so from the side be hind the ears ; also endeavor to fill up the nape of the neck as much as possible.

For a sharp-featured face always avoid dressing the hair right at the top of the

For a round face narrow dressings are becoming and can be taken well down th

For a broad face narrow dressings are preferable, but should be kept, somewhat

Exceedingly tall people should keep the from green sparkling water, burying their hair dressed rather low and decidedly

Very short women should have their hair dressed high, as it gives addition to their stature.

It is very rarely that we find purely white hair ; it is usually a gray white, and with this latter no colors are so suitable as dark greens, browns, ambers, purple tints, deep cream, dark reds and warm shades o

Make the back of the waist as narrow as possible and have room enough. Make the fronts as wide as possible over the bust without making them loose. Be certain that the waist is long enough and equally certain that it is not too long, says a writer in the Ladies' Home Companion.

In fitting, make corrections just where they are needed, but make them cautiously. If the back is just right and the side forms are wrong, do not make the latter look better by making that which was all right before look less well.

A bodice should always be put on and taken off with care. A glove pulled on and off in a careless, hurried way soon looks like a wrinkled bag, and the same result is brought about in a bodice treated in the same way. Never hem selvages ; ship them at inter-

vals, and turn them under or cut them off. No amount of pressing will prevent a hemmed selvage from puckering. Overcast sleeve seams separately, and over cast arm's-eye seams with edges together, and make this seam as narrow as possible to be strong

In handling velvet and all exquisite fabrics use a piece of clean cheese-cloth as a foil. Basting threads and pins thrust through mar velvet, and should be used only where their trail will afterward be covered. Do not be afraid of asking too many fittings so long as in the end your work justifies you in having done so.

Do not allow the person to be fitted to assume an unnaturally erect position, but fit the bodice to the normal figure, be that goor or bad, and cover defects in shape with trimming or supply deficiencies with padding if the result is an improvement. Be more afraid of basting too little rather than too much. Take great pains with the tout ensemble of any gown you are making, that is, the outlines and effect in general. Do not waste your energies in following hard and fast theories of systems, but instead study the figure to be fitted and turn out original effects and ideas. One of the features of good waist-fitting is to have it fit tight enough everywhere without having it too tight anywhere. Padding is only excusable in habit bodices where plainne is de rigeur. The woman who is so thin as to need padding to make a plain bodice presentable should affect a style less severe. The novice with a new pattern will be

safer if she uses some cheap material in making a dummy lining and fitting it carefully before cutting into good material. This lining can be saved as a foundation pattern, and makes fitting an easier matter.

chestnut hair, upon the richly heath-tinted young face and the creamy neck, and pene-trating deeply into the large, dark eyes. That their touch was not new to her, her olive-tanned skin bore witness, but never had they discovered such signs of distresss in the lustrous eyes, underscored darkly with emotional fatigue. and painfully dry, as if tears were exhausted.

She gazed but a moment from group to group, then took several quick steps toward a near one, crying out eagerly in tones which Juliet might have used to Romeo :--

"Sombre ! Sombre !"

A pair of long, gleaming horns rose ab-ruptly amid the browsing herd, and a mag-nificent bull came toward the young girl at a brisk trot. The sunbeams glinted upon his intensely dark coat as it swelled and sank under the play of powerful muscles. His neck and shoulders were leonine in their massive strength, his legs and hind quarters as sleek and symmetrical as those of a racehorse, but his ferociousness was for the moment held in check by that devoted love which, in their actions and expression, dumb animals show for those who love them.

In a moment the young girl's white arms were thrown around the animal's dusky neck as far as they would go, and her cheek was laid on the silken skin.

"O Sombre," do you know what they are going to do? Papa wants to send you to the *Plaza de Toros* ! I have begged him in vain to spare you, but he is a heartless papa. Does he think, after Anita has ought you up from a tiny little black calf to be such a beautiful toro, such a dear good toro, that she can give you to those cruel picadores, those maddening capeadores, and the heartless matador, to be tor-tured, and made crazy, and killed for the amusement of brutal men and women ?"

She was sobbing bitterly, and the devoted beast was striving vainly to turn his head far enough to lick the fair neck bending down upon his. Then the sobbing ceased, and she stroked the strong shoulders with her small hand.

"Never fear, Sombre," she said, "if they take you to Sevilla, Anita will find a way to save you. Now let me wipe your mouth so that you may say good night." With her delicate handkerchief, she

wiped the grass and earth stains from the big beast's mouth, then held out her hand. In deepest dumb brute devotion he thrust out his huge tongue and licked the little hand and arm. Then she bent forward and kissed him on the frowning, hairy forehead between his eyes, and departed, waving a last farewell with the handkerchief as she passed out through the gate-

Anita's path homeward lay through another field, which, when she had crossed it earlier, had been empty, but now a herd of cattle was moving through it in a restless, zigzag way which showed that it was being driven. Always fearless in the pres-ence of cattle, Anita scarcely heeded the me !" approach of this disgruntled herd, but hurried along holding her skirts up from time to time as she crossed damp places. In doing so she displayed not only a pair of well booted little feet, but part of an elaborately embroidered, red silk underskirt. Suddenly she heard a low bellow of animal

dread. No, there was no mistaking the import of those terse, abbreviated Spanish senten-PLAZA DE TOROS DE SEVILLA SUNDAY, THE SEVENTEENTH OF MAY, ANNIVERSARY OF THE KING'S BIRTHDAY,

SIX BULLS TO BE KILLED.

The two magnificent brother bulls SOL and SOMBRE, and others very ferocious, AGAINST THE INTREPID MATADORES. LARIATO, THE AMERICAN,

AND

AMADOR OF SEVILLA.

As her eager eyes flashed down the sheet the blood rushed to her forehead, her hands clenched and unclenched. "It is cruel of them, cruel," she mur

ten,"-entreatingly, -- "you will spare him ; you will spare my Sombre !" "They do not permit me to fight Don Alonzo's bulls," Orlando replied, "for I raise them, and they would not fight me.

Amador will fight Sombre." "No, no !" the young girl cried, with tense voice, her hand gripping his arm, "you must fight Sombre. That wicked Amador will kill him !" "But so would I Anita, or be killed by

him ! Anita was silent for a time, thinking

fast. Suddenly she exclaimed :--"Orlando, do you love me enough to put faith in a promise which will seem to you impossible of fulfillment?"

He took her in his arms impulsively. "God knows I do !" "Don't-don't !" she said, gently pull-

ing away ; "but listen ; I refused to be engaged to you until you were reconciled to those parents in New York from whom you ran away so foolishly--"

"Who drove me out without cause !" "Hush !" she said, don't interrupt me. take back that condition, and make one which will involve not your pride, but your faith in me. If Sombre goes to the Plaza de Toros, you must fight him, and must spare him, even if they hiss and jeer at you.

Orlando grew very white.

"I cannot bear their jeers," he said ; "death is easier ! Perhaps the manager will let me fight Sombre, for you raised him, and I can tell them that I have scarcely seen him. I will fight him, Anita, and for your sake I will let him kill

"No, Orlando, for this is my promise; even in the last extremity, Sombre shall not

harm you !" "And then, Anita?"

"Then I will leave my father's house and go to you. Don Alonzo will never for-give, and I shall become an outcast like ring. Orlando would never permit a hurage, and a rapid, heavy beating of hoofs yourself. We will buy Sombre with my man being to be within helping distance on the soft turf; in one swift backward money, and have enough left to take us to during his encounters. For a time the hands, which is to be given to St. Peter at glance she saw a great brindle bull thun- your dear America. We will go to those combatants stood motionless, eyeing each-

turned with nervous abruptness, and stood at gaze. Finally, he lowered his grand head and sniffed the earth, and there he smelled fresh, warm blood, the blood of his own kind ! In an instant Sombre realized that he was to be the victim of some dreadful tragedy prepared by human hands. With gathering rage he lowered his keen horns close to the ground, gave a deep bellow of defiance and flung clod after clod with his forefeet high above his back. Then there flaunted toward him a red object, at which he charged, but it swept aside, and a new sting of pain was felt in his neck. Something with long, bright streamers was hanging there and swinging about, gouging and tearing in his flesh as it swung, and warm blood was trickling down his neck. Again and again he charged, but each time the red things vanished and there was more pain; more tor-turing barbs hung in his neck and maddened him. Presently a horseman advanced with lowered spear. Surely horse and rider could not vanish. Ah, no ! Sombre found that it was not intended that they should.

Rushing upon them, he struck such a blow that they were forced backwards twenty feet, and both gave a scream of pain. The picador was dragged away with a broken leg despite his sheet iron leggings, and the horse, when beaten to make it rise, lay lifeless, for Sombre's horn had pierced its heart. Instantly a great cry went up from that vast crater of humanity. "Bravo !-Bravo, Toro !- Bravo, Som-

Sombre understood that he was applauded, and trotted around the ring looking up at his admirers. Perhaps, after all, he was expected to do the killing and not be killed; but why torture him with the maddening barbs?

More than once he earned that grand applause, then his tormentors disappeared and he stood alone looking at the archway through which they had departed, and longing to go, to.

And now through that archway there advanced a young man. tall and athletic, in green spangled jacket and knee breeches in ruffled shirt, flesh-colored stockings. and buckled shoes. On his left arm hung a scarlet mantle, and in his right hand he carried a long, keen sword. Unlike other matadors, he wore no wig, but his own hair curled in soft brown waves above a pale, classic, beardless face.

Up in her stall, the chaperon of the yachting party nervously raised her lorgnette, then turned pale and half arose from her seat, but sank back again, murmuring under her breath :-

"Impossible ! I am foolish, but it looks like him

She could have spoken the words aloud without being heard, for the whole audience was yelling like mad :-

"Lariato ! Lariato el Americano ! !" Pansing under the archway, the matador

swept his sword in military salute, bowing low his handsome head. Then, with lowered sword point, he stepped into the arena and faced his antagonist. Upon all fell an awful silence, for Lariato and Sombre were

Standing at the centre of the ring with one hand uplifted, Anita waited for silence. Quickly the audience understood that mute, graceful appeal. Delaying till not a sound was heard, Anita said, in such clear tones that they reached every ear :----"Jeer not at Lariato. He spared my pet, my Sombre, because he loved me." ing that they were bound for Dyea and Chilkoot Pass. They claimed the pass here is blocked, while men are moving No matador ever gained such applause as followed. Bravo Lariato! Bravo, la seno rita de toros ; Bravo, Sombre! Bravo, bra-visimo! rang out and reached over distant housetops. Bouquets, sombreros, scarfs, and full purses showered into the ring.

And as that strange group stood facing the ovation, the chaperon of the yachting water. There were sacks and boxes and two buggy-wheels, with which they mean party tremblingly seized a pair of opera to make a narrow push-cart. It is pitiful. glasses and scrutinized the matador's color Their last word was, "Well, boys, we will meet you on the other side of the moun-tains!" We wondered if they would. less upturned face. Then she sank back exclaiming :-

"God be thanked ! I have found him !" Three additional passengers joined the

vacht at Cadiz. Two of them may now be found in a fifth Avenue mansion in New York City, and the third may be seen every autumn at the Westchester county fair.—By John M. Ellicott, U. S. N., in the Black Cat.

New York's "Citizen.".

Seth Low, the Citizen's Nominee, Has a Reputation for Public Deeds.

required of them without the slightest The first mayor of Greater New York is compunction of conscience, and as the prosecutor must produce his evidence first an object of personal interest to the whole country the defendant's witnesses are ready to Seth Low, former president of Columbia

college, and one of the best known of has been said. Eastern philanthropists, has been nomina-ted by the Citizen's Union, which is supnothing said by the witnesses for the proseposed to represent the reform element as cution can be concealed from those that are opposed to bossism in both the Republican to follow. There are no affidavits, thus and Democratic camps. His record is as making contradiction at once simple and follows :

safe. If rebutting evidence were allowed, As mayor of Brooklyn he reduced the the most paltry trial would be intermi-nable. For a witness to be called a liar is city debt by \$7,000,000. He complety reformed the public school system, and put it in such a case a compliment. It proves

to the highest efficiency. As president of Columbia college he gave almost half his fortune of \$2,000,000, to build its library. He raised more than \$3,000,000 over and above the \$1,000,000 he poison bowl without an hour's delay. gave himself to provide the beautiful building that constitutes the new home of the university, adding 60 professors to the faculty and greatly increasing the number of students.

As a citizen of New York he was the most conspicious member of the Greater New York charter commission. He has and daughter, arrived from Havana recentbeen for years a favorite with labor organizations as an arbiter. He has been able to avert many threatened great strikes. in Havana. His most conspicious service in this regard was his adjudication of the differences

between the plumbers and steamfitters of New York city. His opponents fear that he may be too

nurses or patients. The supplies of the hospitals consist principally of pease, rice, cornmeal and jerked beef from South theoretical for the practical spending of Greater New York's \$70,000,000 annually America. The poor people are subsisting so the Platt Republicans have nominated upon dogs, as they have no money to pur-chase more costly food. Dog catching has Gen. Benjamin F. Tracy President Harrison secretary of navy. The silverites have nominated Henry George and Tammany become a fine art and dog raising and breeding for food purposes is now a recog-Judge Van Wyck.

-The primitive Russians place a certificate of character in the dead person's

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

a scow, and when I got back to the boat With silk and plaid wool shirt waists they loaded all their belongings on it and leather belts are worn. Some of these have the most gorgeous Russian buckles paddled over to the steamer, where they held a long talk with our men, announcimaginable.

·As to skirts, they will be much narrower as the season progresses. No more than five gores will be used. The front and over the Chilkoot, even if slowly. As they paddled away we admired their pluck sides pieces will be narrow and tight-fitting, and gave them a rousing cheer. They did while the back gores will be laid in tiny not look like strong men, but they smoked their pipes bravely. All their stuff was loaded on the scow, sinking it low in the plaits at the belt.

Either overskirts will be worn or skirts trimmed to simulate them. A pretty style for young girls has a double skirt, the upper one drawn up and back slightly

at the hips. Although skirts are so narrow, it is still necessary to have them stand out at the bottom. To secure the proper effect, a band of haircloth 12 inches wide is used and a stiff underskirt is always worn.

Of all central African customs trial by The newest walking and for winter ordeal, which is universal, is that which is rainy weather shoe of black French calfmost revolting to a European brought for skin, straight foxed and straight tipped, the first time into contact with savage life. with extension welted sole, military heel and modified bull-dog toe. These are al-ways laced with eyelet holes all the way When a man is accused of any crime-as theft, arson, murder, witchcraft or the like -evidence is brought against him in up, as the patent fasteners catch in a womthe way common throughout the whole continent. This, however, is never final. an's skirts and tear them.

There are no less than three of the wealthy widows of Washington society of whose existence the government takes cognizance, and whose names, because of the valor and standing of their husbands, swear, and do swear the opposite of all that have a place on the pension rolls of the na-tion. These are Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant, Trial is invariably in open court, and whose pension, dating from 1885, is \$416 a month. Mrs. Philip Sheridan's pension, dating from 1889, is \$268 a month, Mrs. John A. Logan, whose pension dates from 1888, is \$166 a month.

One of the best remedies for a sallow or "muddy" complexion is a generous diet of fruit. Many kinds of fruit possess won-derful powers of clearing the skin and givman were accused of bewitching, he would ing it a translucent appearance. A celebrated skin specialist once said that several sound, ripe apples eaten daily would beautify the skin when local applications had proved useless. As a matter of fact, a torpid liver is frequently the immediate cause of skin troubles, and the juice of ap-ples, containing, as it does, a valuable acid, acts upon the liver and helps the digestive organs to work properly. Among the most valuable fruits, the daily use of which A party, consisting of a Cuban, his wife ly on the Vigilancia. The Cuban arrival help to improve the complexion, may be mentioned oranges, tamarinds, nectarines, peaches, plums, blackberries, pears, med-lars, black currants, strawberries, goose-berries, red and white currants, lemons, stated that there was practically a famine he said "there had been no meat eaten in any limes, and-most valuable of all-apples

> An excellent antiseptic wash for the teeth, which also acts as an astringent if the gums are spongy and unhealthy, is composed of tannin, half a drachm; spirit of horseradish, two ounces ; tincture of tolu, two fluid drachms. Add a teaspoonful of this mixture to a tumblerful of cold or tepid water, and well brush the teeth afterwards thoroughly rinsing the mouth out with it. Another capital astringent and antiseptic mouth-wash is made by simply adding three drops of oil of eucalyptus to a tumblerful of water.

nized industry. "Cats also are eaten and in some cases especially among the Chinamen-rats are a staple article of food."

est Extremity.