

Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 22, 1897.

FAREWELL TO THE OUTGROWN.

Good-by old legs! The days are gone When I might wander forth with thee Down pleasant lane, o'er dewy lawn. Sunset or rise of moon to see. I ne'er will run with springing knees What time I hear the dinner bell, Nor stretch thee out with blissful ease When I have sauntered long and well,

Good-by, old legs! Long years ago, When "prunes and prism" ruled our whims Vulgar it was to call thee so-We even blushed to call thee limbs But time's revenges come around And right all things sometime, somehow : Now lost to sight, as then to sound, Thou wert not then, thou art not now, Good-by, old twig.

Good-by, old pegs,

Good-by, old legs! Old limbs, adjeu! For buzzing trolley, flying wheel, Have broke the tie 'twixt me and you And rent thee from me, hip and heel. Shrink up, thou poor, untrousered things ! What boots it now what name you bear? Small need of legs hath one with wings, Go, join the tail I used to wear, Good-by, old legs.

A MALE FLIRT.

Jack Edson was a male flirt. There wasn't a girl in Dayton who hadn't received attentions from him, and just those attentions which, when a young lady receives them from a young gentleman, are generally considered to "mean some-

But the Dayton girls—or all of them but one at least-found out that such attentions, when they came from Jack Edson, instead of "meaning something," meant precisely nothing at all.

Lucy Brown couldn't believe that all Jack's pretty speeches and fine compliments meant nothing. He had walked with her more than with any other girl in Dayton, and she had begun to think a good deal of him. He was so devoted and kind, and all that sort of thing, that she had faith in him.

"Better be careful," said Maria Spooner warningly. "He's the biggest flirt in Christendom. He don't mean half what he says.

"I don't believe all I hear about him, said Lucy stoutly. "He's not a flirt."
"Yes, he is!" said Maria in a tone that indicated that no arguments would change her opinion on the subject. "Isn't he al ways paying attention to every girl that comes along, Lucy? Isn't he always ready to make love to a new face? You know

"No. I don't know any such thing, asserted Lucy. "He's genteel and polite, and if the girls will insist on taking the attentions which are prompted by polite-

ness for attentions of another nature, he isn't to blame, is he ?" "Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Maria in disgust. "Talk to me about its all being prompted by Jack Edson's politeness. Humph!' And Miss Spooner gave her

nose an upward turn, thereby expressing her opinion of Lucy's argument, if not adding very much to her beauty. When Jack came to London to live, he kissed Lucy after a very lover like fashion, and made her promise to write often,

which Lucy, putting implicit faith in him,

was quite ready to do.
She couldn't help feeling a little disappointed to think he hadn't "spoken out." He had known her a year, but never had said a word about time, and if he hadn't had the idea of marriage in his head, what had he been so

devoted and so loverlike for? 'Perhaps he wants to get started in business before he settles down," thought Lucy, and that thought comforted her. Jack hadn't been in London a week before he struck up an acquaintance with Miss Grant.

Miss Grant was tolerably good looking and had a rich father. Jack began to be serious in his atten-

tions at once. Those attentions Miss Grant received cordially. 'Business is business,'' thought Jack.

"A few thousands won't come amiss to me, and if I can get a good wife and a snug bank account at the same time I ought to think myself lucky. I say, Jack Edson, old fellow, go in and win."

And Jack Edson did "go in" accordingly, and for a month devoted himself wholly and unreservedly to Miss Grant. Then fate or accident or some other

means threw him into a dilemma by getting him acquainted with Belle Graham. Miss Belle Graham was a very pretty young lady, with bold black eyes and a mischief making disposition, and as Jack had not flirted for some time, he proceeded after his old fashion to lay his heart at Miss Graham's feet, metaphorically speaking, and for a month was her most devoted cavalier.

Miss Graham liked a flirtation as well as Jack did, and was in nowise backward in playing her part.

Jack was always looking for and expect-

ing sincerity in others, and concluded at once that Miss Graham had found his fascination irresistible and was ready to capitulate and surrender whenever he chose to speak the word.

By and by Miss Graham went out of

town on a visit, and then he packed up his devotions and necessaries of lovemaking and returned, like a prodigal son, to Miss

He had been so busy! Work had been unusually driving for the last month. He couldn't get away from the office. Jack invented a score of excuses to account for his absence, and Miss Grant graciously accepted them all and reinstated Jack in her good graces, and "Richard was himself

In August Miss Grant went out of town, and Jack had a sorry time of it for want of some one to pay attention to. While she was gone he thought over the matter

seriously.

Here he was, young, good looking and making a nice sum of money, but in need of a home. The first step toward securing a home was to secure a wife. Why didn't he get married? Sure enough, why didn't

The more he thought of it the more firmly he made up his mind to take the decisive step, and accordingly he cast about in his mind as to whom he should honor by giving the privilege of becoming Mrs. Jack

Jack knew of three who would be glad to have him-Miss Grant, Miss Graham and Lucy Brown. All he had to do to get one of them to be his "for better, for worse," was to give her half a chance to are open, and the educational movements

father isn't worth much, and I don't think I'll throw myself away on her. There's Miss Graham. She's smart and handsome, and her father's worth a great deal, but she's got too much temper for me. I'm afraid I don't want any of these high fliers. Miss Grant's the most desirable person, after all. Old Grant's bank account is one very satisfactory feature about the transaction. When she gets back, I'll speak to her about it and have the thing off my

Miss Grant came back the next week, and Jack wended his way to her home shortly after her return to inform her of the decision he had arrived at during her

Miss Grant was rather cool. She's miffed to think I haven't spoken on the important subject before," thought

A good chance presenting itself, Jack proceeded to offer his heart and hand to Miss Grant after the most genteel manner possible. He expected her to burst into a flood of

thankful tears or perform some other equally original feat to demonstrate the gladness of her emotions, but she did not do anything of the kind.

You do me a great deal of honor, suppose," said she in a tone which seemed to imply that she hardly considered that she was speaking truthfully, "but I don't feel like accepting it. I would refer you to Miss Graham. Jack was thunderstruck.

He had never dreamed of anything like this. It flustered his wits up terribly for a minute or two. Then he rallied them and tried to explain matters, but Miss Grant was obstinate as a woman ever was and would not listen to a word from him. "Go to Miss Graham," was all she said, and Jack at last withdrew from the field

"It's plain as the nose on my face that she's heard something about my flirting with Miss Graham, and she's mad about it. Confound Miss Graham !" But after sober second thought on the

matter he concluded to accept Miss Grant's advice and go to Miss Graham.

Accordingly he set off to inform Miss Graham that he had concluded to marry

Miss Graham was all smiles and pretty words, and Jack felt that he had but to say the word and the thing was settled. And by and by he proceeded to inform her of the honor he had decided to confer

upon her.
"Marry you!" exclaimed Miss Graham. "Why, I couldn't think of such a thing." And she laughed as if it was the best joke of the season.

Jack began to feel scared. "Why not?" he demanded. "Because I'm engaged to one man already, and the law objects to our marrying two, you know!" And thereupon

Miss Graham laughed again as if it were immensely funny. For the life of him Jack could not see the point. "How long have you been engaged?"

stammered Jack, feeling cold and hot. and, to use a handy old phrase which is very expressive if not strictly elegant, "decidedly streaked.' "For as much as-let me see"-cooly-

'as much as a year, I fancy. Yes. was in October that it happened. Just about a year ago.' "And you never told me!" groaned

"You never asked me," said Miss Gra-Poor Jack! He gathered up his lacerated heart and withdrew from his second

battlefield completely routed. "I won't give it up!" he decided. "There's Lucy Brown. She'll have me and jump at the chance, and she's worth 40 Miss Grants and a train load

Grahams! I'll write to her and ask her this very afternoon." And write to her he did. He had not answered her last letter, received three months before, but he put in a page of excuses for his negligence and smoothed the matter over to his satisfac-

tion, if not to Lucy's. The letter was sent, and he awaited a reply with considerable anxiety. At last it came.

"It's favorable, of course," he said as he tore open the letter. "Lucy's always thought her eyes of me." But his opinion as to its being favorable

changed something as he read it. MR. Jack Edson—I am very thankful for the honor, etc., but I don't take up with second hand articles when I can get them at first hand. John Smith says: "Tell him I have something to say about it now, and I'm not going to forego my claim on Lucy Brown for all the Jack Edsons in the world, and it isn't quite the thing down in Party. isn't quite the thing down in Dayton to propose to other men's wives."

Love to Miss Grant, also to Miss Graham.

Yours, LUCY BROWN SMITH.

"Good gracious! Lucy married!" Jack's eyes were like saucers when he read that name. Then he suddenly dropped into the near-

"Well, I've gone and done it this time!" he groaned. "Jack Edson, you're a fool!" Poor Jack! He is in the market yet. Who bids? - Spare Moments.

est chair.

The Sure Thing.

Three negroes not long ago made a bet among themselves that each could name a supper that would be better than the others could name. They put up \$1 each and the one that named the dishes that would constitute the best supper should take the \$3. They drew straws as to which ones should be the first and the last to make up the menu for the imaginary meal. The first man said he couldn't think of anything better than greens boiled with hog-jowl. For side dishes he would take corn bread, souse, black eyed peas and wash them down with buttermilk. The other two smacked their lips.

'Well, for me," said number two, 'I'd take fried chicken, hot biscuits buttered and spread over wid preserves-and den, 'n den-let's see-yes'n, 'simmon beer and ginger cakes "

The mouths of the other two spilled water, and it was apparent that they were hungry. It came number three's time.
"Wy youse niggers don't know what's good," said he. "Tell me fools, what's better'n possum baked wid sweet 'taters

scattered all 'round it, swimmin' in de gravy? Hey? 'N den after youse done nibbled de bones tell dey ain't no more meat on 'em, dere set de watermillyon starin' you in de face lik'. Hey ?"-and with that he started to pick up the money. "You leaves dat money alone," the other two yelled in chorus. "We warn't bettin' agin no sure thing .- Chicago-Times Herald.

----Well, all the schools and colleges say yes.

"I like Lucy," he soliloquized, "but she's a plain little country girl, and her she's a plain little country girl, and her she's have started to train." That Dear Nephew.

One Day With Him Was Enough for Uncle .-- A Four-year Fauntleroy Who Was a Terror—His Ice Diet-Stolen By Gypsies .- Crape on the Door-The Return of the Uncle and What Caused It.

To land in the old village after an absence of many years and find myself personally interested in a small nephew with fat legs came in the nature of a shock, though it was the most natural thing in the world. In a vague way I had heard of this nephew. I recalled the receipt in a letter some time previous of the photographic nude infant seated in a large bowl. The inscrip-

tion said the nude infant was my nephew. This I understand, is the popular method of starring a firstborn. Later on they take them in groups. I arrived in the village bent on a long season of peaceful rest and thinking only of this nephew in a casual

His mother, who was little more than a kid when I left home, received me and for at least ten seconds utterly refrained from saying anything about my nephew. He had soaked overnight in the bath tub, I afterward learned, in order to properly impress his uncle, and was still in the upper regions of the house. Presently I heard him falling down stairs, having repudiated the nurse after getting his clothes on, and the first view I had of him was a bright red epiglottis from which issued sounds that jarred me considerably.

ecret pleasure, a really handsome boy of 4 years, with soft brown eyes and hair. He wore a pink silk Fauntleroy waist, with ruffled front and cuffs, white linen knickerbockers creased in the latest style, black stockings and tan shoes with pointed toes. Taking him as he stood, my nephew quite eclipsed what I had expected, and I really felt proud of him. His mother seeing me beam upon her offspring, kissed the child and said :

"Come, darling! Here is your uncle. Won't you speak to him?" Fixing his bold brown eyes upon me, my

nephew spoke: two now, and I want to buy a popcorn

I shuddered. Hoboes who possessed one nickel and want another to round out a night's lodging often made similar requests the instincts of a Bowery bum, or is this only the ingenuous habit of extreme youth? I asked myself. But I yielded up the pennies.

'What do you say for that?'' his mamma whispered. "Thank you!"

"Thank you, what !" "Thank you, man !"

"Oh, no! Not 'man'. That's your un-cle, and he's fond of little boys. Call him Uncle Charlie, and he'll like you very

Again my nephew fixed those brown eyes upon me. A confident smile, super-induced by the three pennies, hovered about his mouth, and a little hand stole in-

"Uncle Charlie," he said, "open the uncle door for me. I want to go on the uncle street and play with my uncle I opened the door and slammed it when

the nephew had passed out to play with his uncle dog. My sister looked embarraserything in fact that is required to start sed at first. Then she laughed.

'uncle' and doesn't know how to use to do it. But I felt hurt to think that my nephew classified me with doors and streets and cences involving whooping cough, teeth,

measles and other things interested me but could see the lower part of the front steps child ever has as much pure enjoyment out from the window. Presently I noticed a of it as did her mother and aunts in the atpuddle of water on the concrete walk. It tie at "grandma's" when they rode for grew larger and larger, and I finally called miles in the stage coach made out of the my sister's attention to the phenomenon, discarded trundle bed, with the old spinfor a blistering August shone clear. We ning wheel hitched up for a mettlesome opened the door, and there sat my nephew steed? Does she get as much music out of on the top step, in the scorching heat, gnawing what had originally been a six

by a passing wagon. My nephew's ruffled bosom was full of sawdust, slivers and dirt; so were his lace almost that heart can wish and money buy cuffs. Two muddy streams of ice water flowed from his purple fists to his elbows, thence into his lap, then through the linen knickerbockers and down his dripping legs, until the rivulets joined the pools at the

base of the steps.
"Come here!" said my nephew's mother, escorting him into the house by the back of the neck. "You're a pretty sight I must say !"

"I wasn't doing nothing, mamma only eating my ice," he wailed.

I confess that I was brute enough to en-

joy the spanking. It sounded like beating a wet towel with a board, but was not very painful I reckon. At the end of an hour my nephew was wrung out and dressed again, but the excitement gave his mother a headache, with a touch of neuralgia on never wish for little children? Do staid, the side. Swathing her face in bandages, she rested on a divan and groaned dismal-

ly. "What makes you groan so, mamma?" "Oh, I'm sick, and you made me so. If

Twenty minutes later he returned. His mother had fallen asleep, and the logical mind of my nephew told that his parent had passed away because she no longer groaned. So he hunted up an old black veil, hung it on the knob of the front door and came to silently weep beside the ination than they had in their youth.

Tragic news travels swiftly in a country town. One rumor said that the reason never married was because I had been crossed in love. Being thus blighted, I came home and shot myself. Another had Heaven only knows what else would have the crape and called to investigate.

After that my sister said she hadn't yard to play while I sought surcease from I'll tell you, marster. You know when sorrow in sleep. But along toward even- you goes to a Mefodis' church, jes' as soon ing panic again reigned in the village. My nephew was lost-stolen by gypsies, somebody said, though none had been seen de 'Piskerful church it takes 'em too long thereabouts in 20 years. But my nephew's mother contined to swoon at intervals of ten minutes, while bands of armed men plunged wildly to and fro on the main street led by the constable.

To increase the horror of my home coming, a fearful thunder storm deluged the township, and in one of her lucid intervals my sister said the child would be drowned anyhow, even if the gypsies didn't kill

Just before dark and while the tumult still raged in the village I noticed my nephew's big straw hat at the lower end of

the back yard, where a high board fence The Confederate Challenge and Its Acceptance at was in progress of construction. With a griping pain at my heart and sobs in my throat I went out to fetch in the hat. As I lifted it from the ground a muffied wail floated up from the depths of a five foot

post hole that the hat had covered. "Oh, mamma, my feets is so wet," said the voice, and I recognized my nephew. The water was up to his chin and still rising, but I managed to fish him out by the hair. You see, he had walked into the hole, and his hat remained at the opening, thus bottling up my nephew and all the sounds he was able to emit from the bottom of the hole.

That same night I told my sister I had received an urgent telegram to come back to the city, but I lied. The sweet and holy calm of country life was too enervat-I yearned for murders, trolley cars, suicides and gas explosions. And now with 2,000 miley between us I sometimes vern Hill Gen. Lee's guns exchanged tons look at my nephew's photograph.-New York Journal.

School Girl Days.

The Play Houses Beneath the Beech Trees That Were Popular Before the Kindergarten Era.

The sight of the little school children on the streets these bright autumn days brings back to those who were school girls many years ago the happy days of childhood When the overture ended, I beheld, with Particularly do they recall the days spent under the trees by the old school house on the hillside, where many happy hours were spent deep in the mysteries of play house building. That was the chiefest delight of the school girl of long ago. To hunt up a snug little hollow under the beeches by the school house, and there to expend time and painstaking care on the fitting up of childhood's dearest retreat, "a truly play

Are there many of these old little girls who have forgotten when they use to make play houses? I think not says a writer in the Brockwayville Record. Fancy leads back again to the old, weather-beaten little "Say, gimme three pennies. I've got school house, then standing almost in the woods. One could not find the spot now, but memory points the way up the rugged pathway, where the beeches grew thickly together and leaned caressingly over the little dell where all the childish treasures them. They were moss cushioned seats, fern carpets, strings of "thorn apples" festooned from tree to tree, branches of brilliant hued autumn leaves and feathery milk weed pods. These with a few cracked dishes and bits of broken crockery comprised the outfit of a play house, but with what loving care and affection were these playthings regarded. They were the darlings of childhood and memory lingers long over the bright and bonny days when the play house was in order.

Play houses seem not to be in vogue at present. In fact how many little girls of the present day would know how to make one? And what would it be like if they did? Let the mothers of to-day cast their mind's eye over the playthings their children possess and imagine how they would fit up a play house. There would be small upholstered chairs, iron stoves in which a fire can be made, complete chamerything in fact that is required to start ousekeeping only on a smaller scale. "You must excuse the little dear," she The child simply keeps house as mamma said. "He is not accustomed to the word does, with everything necessary with which

Do children never play nowadays? That question often comes to my mind when I see what is required of them. The dogs, and for the next half hour reminis- little girl of to-day has her music, drawing, elocution and compositions, aside from her school studies, and for recreation her bicycle, physical culture and Delsarte fill up We were sitting in the parlor, where I her spare moments. But I wonder if the her piano as they did banging on the old "drop leaf" table? Does she love her pound lump of ice, left in my uncle street | bisque dolls with real hair and eyes that open and close any more fondly than they loved their rag babies? She has everything while they had nothing but the products of their fertile imaginations; but never a happier set of girls frolicked together

through careless, sunny childhood Children are taught to be useful in the present generation. The kindergartens take charge of the little ones at a very early age. There they are taught sewing, knitting, drawing and all sorts of pretty and useful accomplishments. In the guise of amusement they learn many necessary things, and almost before they know it they become quite expert housekeepers and seamstresses. Little bits of tots become as useful to their mothers as in the past girls three times their ages were expected to

This is all very well, but do mothers practical, diminutive housekeepers satisfy them? Does not the mother heart ever grow hungry for some real, old-fashioned playing about the house? Is every thing useful and nothing imaginative the only thing to teach children? Childhood is the I didn't groan, I'd die. Run away and time to play. There are enough hard, prosaic affairs to come later in life. Housekeeping and all such feminine pursuits come naturally to girls as they advance in life. The mind should be left free and un-

Why He Joined the Methodists.

The Rochester Post-Express tells a story of an old colored coachman who as a slave had attended his master's church, the Episthe boy drowned in the cistern, and still copal for 30 years. After the war the masanother rumor told how my sister fell dead ter gave up his carriage, and the coachman at the piano while practicing a new piece. shifted for himself. Taking advantage of his freedom he began visiting various happened had not a sensible neighbor seen churches and finally made a new connection. Meeting his old master one day he admitted with some embarrassment, that nephew, she sent him into the back and, when pinned down, told why. "Well, as you gits inside dey settle right down to business, a-preachin o' de gorspel, whilst in to read de percedins o' de las' meetin."

Preparing a Casus Belli.

Mamma—I don't want you to play with that Jones boy. He isn't fit company for

Johnny-All right! When he asks me to play with him I'll tell him you said he ain't fit company for me, and he'll tell his mother!

---Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Port Gibson-Singular Incident of the War.

"I witnessed the only duel that took place during the war," said a veteran wearing the badge of the Sixth Wisconsin artillery. "It was fought at Port Gibson, Miss., and was arranged with as much formality, if without seconds, as marks one of thos personal affairs of honor in France."

The Sixth Wisconsin man did not give his name, but said he lived in Sauk City. where he conducted a hotel. He said he had fought through the war with the old Sixth, and a little red badge fastened to his vest by a safety pin and inscribed with the names of a dozen battlefields bore testi-mony to the truthfulness of his claim. It was a mark of honor bestowed on him by Congress and went bond for the story.

"There were a good many artillery fights during the war," he continued. "At Malof solid shot, shells and canister with Mc-Clellan's artillery, and at Gettysburg 100 Confederate guns, stationed on Seminary Ridge, thundered at 80 of our pieces on Cemetery Ridge, in command of Gen. H.
J. Hunt, Gen. Meade's chief of artillery. But these were parts of great battles, not duels, although I see they are called duels with a basque and folded belt. It is cut by these fellows who write history. The out at the neck, forming a yoke effect in artillery fight at Port Gibson was a duel—nothing more and nothing less—and was witnessed by the greater part of two armies who did nothing but watch the gunners and two more finishing the top of the and shout when the fur flew.

Mississippi at Bruinsburg. Port Gibson is across the front.
10 or 12 miles east of Bruinsburg, and at that point the Confederates were in force. At dawn on May 1, 1863, the two armies were face to face.

"When we reached Port Gibson," the Sauk City innkeeper continued, "both armies halted to take breath. Way off toward the Confederate line was a solitary house, and near this was the rebel artillery. While we stood there a battery of Confederate artillery left the line, trotted out as if on parade, swung around into line and unlimbered. It was all done with the precision and nicety of a parade at West Point. Every man was in his place, we could see, although the distance was three quarters of a mile. There the men stood, ike so many statues in gray. Everybody asked what it meant, but no one could say. "By Jove, it's a challenge!' someone finally ejaculated. And sure enough it

'There was no move in our line for a minute or two; then the bugle of the First Wisconsin sounded, and out went the six guns, swung into line, and unlimbered. In 30 seconds the Johnny rebs saw that the challenge was accepted, and both batteries opened fire.

"While the singular duel was in progress from 22 to 20 shots were fired from each gun. The First Wisconsin was commanded by Capt. Jake Foster, an old Ozaukee county boy who went out to Minneso-ta and enlisted at La Crosse. He was a good soldier himself, and his gunners were crack-a-jacks, and those percussion shells made the Johnnies jump. It wasn't five minutes before the Confederates had enough and started to withdraw the bat-

Our boys disabled three guns, blew up caisson or two, if I remember right, killed a rebel captain and wounded three or four gunners. Every shot that told was greeted by a loud cheer from our boys."— Milwaukee Sentinel.

Neck Fixings.

Lovely Affairs Now Created in Pelisse Mull, Feathers and Ribbon. necessary, because the big hat—and the full. The front and top of the hat is ento complete the picturesque and artistic

There are muslin and lace bows for everyday wear; velvet ruches, feather boas and crisp bows of ribbon. The velvet ruche, which is really the latest thing, is becoming to young and old, and is made narrow for the neck that is short and wide

for the neck that is long. Thick boas of pelisse mull have little rings of small ostrich tips encircling them at intervals, with long, full ends, that reach to the waist-line, where they are fastened by a brooch, such as have been used, and are still, to fasten the tips of ostrich boas.

The boas and ruches worn with the Gainsborough and other large hats are wide, coming out over the shoulders in a fashion that is daring, it is so extreme. The extremely wide boas of gauzy materials, however, are reserved for evening wear, the mode of the moment being to wear with low-cut gowns fluffy boas and large hats.

An extremely fine evening boa is made of narrow black lace, put on to tiny ruf-fles of white mousseline de soie. These ruffles are so many, so full and set so close together that they make a boa quite as round as those of ostrich feathers. The ends of the mousseline boa are long, of the gauzy stuff, accordion-pleated.

The silken mousseline in delicate colors and trimmed with white lace or frills of the narrowest and finest "footing" are very charming adjuncts of toilet for the debutante.

The New York Sun.

Most Remarkable Exhibition of Audacity in Modern

There is a pardonable curiosity to know who is on deck in the New York Sun office at present. The extraordinary course of that newspaper in the present municipal campaign has become the wonder of It is not only waving the gonfalon of Mr. Platt in its own editorial columns, but it has assumed the remarkable role of a dictator of Republican journalism throughtime to suffer with the headache. Placing a broad rimmed straw hat on the head of Mefodis." He said he "liked 'em bettah out the country, and it is calling the Boston a broad rimmed straw hat on the head of Mefodis." He said he "liked 'em bettah ton Advertiser, the Chicago Tribune, the Hartford Courant and the Philadelphia Press to account for their course with reference to the municipal campaign now in progress in Greater New York.

It is undoubtedly speaking within bounds to say that a more remarkable exhibition of audacity has not been witnessed in journalism since its beginning.

Knew What It Was.

"Every man has his vice," said Tenspot to Tenterhook, who was fond of offering unsought counsel to his acquaintances.
"What is my vice, pray?" asked Tenterhook.

"Advice," replied Tenspot, unhesitatingly .- Detroit Free Press.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Any house gowns this season are made with a little train which will doubtless be popular with short women, who rely upon it and their Louis Quinze heels to give them the envied dignity of added inches. The style of the lavender glace silk gown is especially adapted for a train which emphasizes the graceful outlines.

The gown is all one scheme in color and material, except the high straight collar and white mousseline chemizette and ruffles at the wrist. The folded belt and sash are of the glace silk, and also the trimming on bodice, which is put on in surplice effect, and at the shoulder with six little ruffles, tapering down to three, in a point in front, and finished with a large bow. The ruffle on the collar in the back is also of the glace silk.

An inexpensive frock is of old-fashioned delaine of pearl gray, with embroidered silk dot. The skirt is made with three deep vandyke points in front, over separate petticoat of pearl glace silk. And while the vandykes are not particularly new, they ing season. The body is full all around, sleeve at the shoulder. These ruffled ep-In the spring of 1863 Gen. Grant was maneuvering about Vicksburg in an effort deem a perfectly plain sleeve, as in the to get near enough to the fortified city to present instance, from positive ugliness. strike an effective blow. Troops below Vicksburg crossed to the east bank of the lace vandykes

> A pretty figured striped taffeta is of pink glace silk, with a fine, lacelike pattern in black; this is divided with a satin stripe. The skirt is 4½ yards wide and is trimmed on the bottom with an accordian-plaited ruffle edged with narrow Chantilly lace. The body is a blouse front of rose pink taffeta, with a double ruffle of pink glace with pinked edges down the front. Over this is worn a bolero of the figured silk, with a pelisse all around. The sleeve is tight, its scant outlines at the shoulder being concealed by a very full ruffle of the figured silk, with plain silk and lace trimmings. Two little ruchings of black Chantilly lace finish the wrist. There are two folded belts, the bottom one of pink and the top of black satin ribbon, made with a stunning bow on the left side. The collar is a reproduction of the belt. This gown has a separate petticoat of pink and black shot taffeta.

> Jet is again in vogue. You can brighten up old pieces by sponging with a flannel dipped in alcohol.

To renew ribbons bathe in gasoline and hang up to dry. Be careful to keep away from fire or flame.

White fabrics, stained with tea, coffee or cocoa, may be rubbed in javelle water. Allow half a pint of javelle water to a quart of clear water, soak the stained portion for several hours, rinse well in three waters and dry.

Vaseline removes mud and stains from shoes and makes the leather soft and plia-

An excellent cement for mending crockery is made of equal parts of litharge and glycerine mixed together till the cosistency

A charming hat has made its appearance. It is of medium size, made of soft "Neck fixings" are elaborate. This is the tulle rather pale in tint and put on that ruffs and not flat collars shall be worn in shaded pink. It is finished at the back, to complete the picturesque and artistic effect, which is what the new millinery is tistic black velvet ribbon bow with a large and very elaborate cut steel buckle.

Plaid hosiery is attractively displayed in the shop windows, and every conceivable mixture of colors is represented in this article of dress. There are silk and wool, silk and lisle, all wool, silk, and cotton to suit every shade of temperature.

Brilliant colored gloves are among the novelties of the season, but it is doubtful if they will be taken to by people of good

Handkerchiefs for those who have dainty tastes and a desire to be fashionable in all the little accessories of dress are very plain. beautifully fine and sheer in quality, and finished with one, two or three rows of hemstitching and the finest of embroidered initials in the corner.

The officials at the head of the national public land bureau do not advise women to take up government land with the idea of living and establishing homes thereon, both of which conditions are imposed by the homestead act. The public lands are parceled out at from \$1.20 to \$2.50 per acre in tracts of from 40 to 160 acres. The good, well-located farm land has, however, all been taken up, and of the millions of acres remaining to be disposed of, but a small portion can be made productive, except through the aid of expensive irriga-

Here are some hints worth heeding: To restore lace that has become yellow with age, first make a suds of warm water and white soap and with it fill an openmonthed glass jar. Drop the lace in gently and stand in the sun, turning occasionally from side to side.

Instead of pressing silk with a warm iron, a process that destroys the natural stiffness and that is in many ways undesirable, it is better to sponge carefully, roll tightly on a smooth round stick and let stand till dry.

Grease spots from the machine should be removed without a moment's delay. Soak spotted cotton goods in cold water and use gasoline or magnesia on silken materials. To wash lace apply with an old black kid glove a mixture consisting of a pint of warm water and a teaspoonful of borax.

To remove iron mold from white goods rub over with sulphuret of potash, bathe well in lemon-juice and then wash thoroughly in water.

On mildew spots rub equal parts of chalk and soap, well mixed, then place in