

Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. 19, 1897.

SYMPATHY.

I might have said a word of cheer Before I let him go: His weary visage haunts me vet, But how could I foreknow.

The slightest chance would be the last To me in mercy given? My utmost yearnings cannot send That word from earth to heaven.

I might have looked the love I felt My brother had sore need Of that for which, too shy and proud He lacked the speech to plead. But self is near and self is strong,

And I was blind that day : He sought within my careless eyes, And went, athirst, away. I might have held in closer clasp The hand he laid in mine :

The pulsing warmth of my rich life Had been as dangerous wine, Swelling a stream that even then Was ebbing faint and slow. Mine might have been (God knows) the art To stay the fatal flow.

Oh, word and look and clasp withheld! Oh, brother-heart, now stilled! Dear life forever out of reach I might have warmed and filled! Talents m!sused and seasons lost, O'er which I mourn in vain,

A waste as barren to me tears As desert sands to rain! Ah, friend, whose eyes to-day may look Love into living eyes; Whose tone and touch, perchance, may thrill Sad hearts with sweet surprise,

Be instant, like your Lord, in love, And lavish as his grace, With light and dew and manna-fall. For night comes on apace. -Marion Harland in the Congregationalist.

A MISUNDERSTOOD DOG

Satan's master was somewhat disappointed in him. The dog did not show any signs of that ferocity which he had been led to expecte; yet his appearance was savage enough to make him an excellent guardian of his master's house and property. And that was the irony of the situation, that the huckster's neighbors gave him a wide berth, and even admired, at a poor fellow, looked wistfully at them, and felt weary of life, he so much longed for sympathy and affection.

Satan's stay with his master was brief. The huckster, in a few weeks, sold out his business and left town; and since the dog had cost him nothing, and he had no affection for the animal, he left him behind, homeless and forsaken.

Satan was now without any human ties whatever; and to be without such helps to upright conduct is as dangerous for dogs as for men; at such times the steps downward to disreputable ways are very easily entered upon; vice beckons most persuasively when virtuous influences are absent; and a living, hoping, loving soul, whether in a man's body or in a dog's, must have companionship and sympathy as a safeguard.

So it came about that Satan made friends of various degenerate specimens of doghood; or, rather, he allowed them to make friends of him; and together they foraged in alleys and backyards, and led a precarious existence in the lower streets of the town. Often he thought of his old home, with its merry group of playmates; and gladly and quickly would he have sped love, had he not recollected, with sadness and pain, the sharp words of dismissal

which had sent him forth. So he shut his great grief within his breast, and tried to find some new friend among the crowds of the street : but although each day he hoped for some passeras the cold weather came on food, even of the dog's remarkable prowess, and felt sure the worst kind, became scarcer and scarcer, that he was a wonderful fighter. as the cold weather came on food, even of and poor Satan knew, for the first time in his life, what real, gnawing hunger was the two had stood in the parsonage porch,

One day he was searching among the refuse barrels and waste heaps of a vacant lot for some scraps of food. He was searching in desperation. Suddenly he caught He spoke sharply to Satan, and once even sight of a few morsels of meat, as they tried to kick him. were thrown out into the lot from the rear door of a restaurant; in an instant he leaped forward; in those morsels there was a respite from starvation for some poor fourfooted creature. Satan sprang toward the food, seized it, and was about to carry it away when he heard a savage growl behind him, and turned, barely in time to avoid the spring of another larger dog, who also ed meal. Then came a louder and more threatening growl from the larger dog, as he recovered himself and made straight at flection; Satan had no desire to fight, but here was an unjust attack. The scraps of meat belonged to him by all laws of prior seizure ; yet this larger dog, trusting to his superior strength, was bent upon taking them from him. For a moment, only, Satan reflected and hesitated; he must could keep it, which seemed unlikely.

The big hungry dog again sprang forward, and Satan dropped his morsel and met him with open mouth. The greater weight of the would-be robber rolled Satan over upon his back; but, by a lucky snap of his strong jaws, as he rolled, he seized the other dog firmly by the throat. There he hung. The big dog growled, and swept him from side to side over the ground, raising a cloud of dust; and then, lifting him fairly from the earth, shook him savagely in the air; but, all the time. Satan, by the instinct of self-preservation, more than by any definite plan of battle, held silently by his throat, and resolved

that there he would stick. Of course the noise and the sight of the struggle drew idle spectators, like flies, to the scene. Some of them expressed delight. and some horror; but all showed profound interest in the proceedings. Satan had his eyes shut, and could not see them, but he heard them, and he hoped each minute not let go his grip, for he knew that the kill him, if it were once brought to bear

fully upon him. But the big dog was now the more frightened of the two; and his growls had become subdued to a whine, and his efforts became less and less vigorous. Presently a big blacksmith mustered courage to seize clutch the other dog; and as soon as Satan saw that his foe was likely to be held back he loosened his jaws and gladly retreated from the struggle.

The big dog was in no condition of mind

away; Satan, hardly less frightened, yet pressed by hunger, at once bethought himself of the scraps of meat, and quickly took possession of them, his hunger soon ban-blood flowed from both dogs. possession of them, his hunger soon ban-ishing his fright. The crowd of idlers, some of whom had seen him before, were unanimous in his praise; they had not the words to fully express their satisfaction at the "gameness" of "the little un." His feelings of fright and his instinct of desperate self-preservation they interpreted as an innate love of bloodythirsty strife; and they one and all agreed that such pluck had not been seen in that town since the remarkable day when "Bill Reynolds's

red setter." This episode in Satan's life brought him into the ownership of a new master; and the new master was no other than the tramp who presented himself, with the dog beside him, at the parsonage porch. It happened in this wise:

After the conflict was over, most of the idlers lounged back to their haunts around the stables and saloons. But one of them went over near Satan, as he enjoyed his hardly earned meal, and talked to him in a friendlier tone than he had heard for yet conquer. many a day. It may be that the two glasses of whiskey which had very recently passed down the man's throat had something to do with this friendly expression; but, whatever the cause, the kind words were very grateful to Satan. And he even paused, half-famished as he was, to return the friendly advances with a brief, spas-

modic vibration of his tail. hand that patted him, and gave several snuffles and sighs of deep content, and felt that perhaps the world was not so cold and heartless as he had supposed.

The dog's history, from this point on, was told me by various police officers, and it runs as follows:

drunken and disreputable enough to dampen the enthusiasm of even the most zeal-ous "slum-worker." He was a tailor by trade, and had given up regular work long before, having learned (that most dangerous and demoralizing fact) that in this country a man can obtain bread without working for it. He had, withal, a certain attractive good-nature, which, with his ready tongue, made it especially easy for him to cajole thrifty householders out of the desired bread and coffee.

So the two faced the world together; distance, his threatening aspect; while he, poor fellow, looked wistfully at them, and persuasive ways he shared with his dog; and the two became devoted friends. tan was at first puzzled by the long periods of rest and profound sleep in which his master indulged, on occasions, at the most unexpected times and in the most uncomfortable corners of public parks and alleys; indeed, he never fully understood the reason for them; but he learned to stand guard at such times over the prostrate form; and, as the police told me, woe to the man-brass buttons or no brass buttons-who then tried to lay hand on the drunken tailor.

Thus weeks and months passed by, and Satan's life was not an unhappy one. He grew more and more dirty and unkempt, but the dog had what he most longed for, affection. The one redeeming virtue in the disreputable tailor was that he really was of Satan. Other better-kept dogs looked scornfully at him, but he only glanced up confidingly at his master, and

When the tailor was sober he was kindly; and when he was quite filled with liquid and intelligence. quor he was soon stupid and helpless. It across the country to his shelter and its desired more, that he was inconsiderate body; he gazed into the half-clos and cross. At such times he was inclined but no soulful, eloquent glance, as of old, and often tried to urge him into quarrels with other dogs; but he urged in vain-Satan had only good-will toward both man and beast. He could not understand why he should attack any creature who had not by to give him a friendly word, yet each day the hope grew more dim. Harsh words and unkind looks were his portion; and appointed in him; for he had witnessed

Late in the afternoon of the day when a great thirst for liquor came over the man: and the one glass of whiskey which he was able to beg from an old crony only whetted his appetite and made him cross.

Then an evil combination of circumstances gathered about the two companions. The owner of a bar-room where the thirsty tailor was lounging, hoping for a "treat," had recently bought a dog; and he offered to bet Satan's master that his

new dog could whip Satan in a fair fight. The tailor declared, in the high hope of unlimited drinks, that he could not; had set eyes of hungry intent on the covet- several of the bystanders supported his declaration, and dropped sundry remarks was that an agreement was then and there Satan's throat. There was no time for re- made to set the dogs at each other, and have a trial of their respective merits.

When the new dog was brought out he proved to be nearly a third larger than Satan, and much heavier, and the scars on his breast and shoulders showed that he was no stranger to the dog-pit. The tailor was just enough excited by the whiskey have what belonged to him, if, indeed, he already within him, and stimulated by the hope of the larger quantity which he hoped to add to it, to be blind to the impending

As for Satan, as soon as he saw the other dog, he wagged his stump of a tail in the friendliest possible way, and would have entered at once upon a frolic; but a re-straining hand held him, and the new dog uttered a forbidding growl. After a few more drinks the crowd adjourned to a yard in the rear of an empty house, and disposed themselves on barrels and boxes and on the fence. Then the dogs were brought near each other, poor Satan wondering what it

all meant, and looking for an explanation. A practiced hand now pushed the aninals roughly up against each other, and although Satan only took this to be an accident, and hoped it would not be repeated, the trained pit-dog knew it, of old, as the signal for conflict, and broke from the hand than held him, and flew at his antagonist.

Now it must not be understood that Sathat somebody would interfere. He dared tan was a coward, for he was not; and when this ferocious animal sprang at him, big dog had strength and weight enough to great as the odds were against him, he defended himself. He was not as heavy as the pit-dog, but he was quicker; and like a flash he leaped aside, and, as the other passed him, he seized him by the throat. The pit-dog, thus impeded in his leap, rolled head-long upon the ground, and Satan fell with him. At once from the bar-Satan, and a stout wagoner ventured to rels and boxes and the fence went up a chorus of yells at this masterly defence. All expressed great confidence in Satan's powers, heavy as the odds were against

The next instant Satan felt the powerful or body to renew his attack, and slunk jaws of his enemy shut into the side of his he presently asked, with a pitiful repres-

away ; Satan, hardly less frightened, yet neck. His own hold prevented those jaws sion of eagerness that was very touching,

For a few moments there was a pause. On the part of the trained pit-dog this was only a feint; on Satan's part it was in the hope that this was the end of the matter, and that now kind human hands would stop the savage struggle. But the halfdrunken tailor only shouted to his dog,

urging him on ; and no help came.
Suddenly the pit-dog let go his grip, and by his greater strength bent his head forward and seized poor Satan's right paw in terrier choked the life out of Sam Baker's his strong jaws. Instantly there was heard a cracking sound. The bone was broken like a pipe-stem. That was the method of warfare to which he had been trained by savage human instructors.

Satan felt the horrible pain shoot through his whole body, and his own slenderer jaws shut more desperately on his foe's tough throat. But what could the poor fellow do, thus maimed and weakened! He could only hold on, in a frantic, hopeless way, while his drunken master loudly cursed him, and declared that he would

But not so. He was not a fighter, either by nature or training; all his reputation for ferocity was not justified by his instincts or by his past actions. And while the pitdog, hardy, savage, relentless, felt only irritation at the grip upon his throat, Satan's strength and courage were fast eb-

bing. There was another violent struggle, con-When the food had been eaten, a slice of fused and blood-curdling, and then the pitbuttered bread from the rear pocket of his dog tore himself from Satan's weakened visitor's greasy frock-coat completed the grip, his blood flowing freely, but his mutual confidences; and Satan licked the strength unimpaired, and his savage nature roused to fury. One quick movement, and he had Satan by the throat and shook him like a rat.

A deathly silence fell on the crowd those who were at all sober saw that the smaller dog was doomed. The drunken tailor fairly foamed, in his obstinate wrath This man, Satan's next master, was at his unhappy dog. His drunken madrunken and disreputable enough to damness swallowed up the affection which he really had for his four-footed companion. Poor, desperate, dying Satan looked pleadingly, piteously at him, but that look of entreaty met no response. The brute instincts of his master had supplanted the human sympathies.

Then there was a sickening scene as the maddened pit-dog shook his helpless antagonist, and set his jaws more firmly in the unresisting throat. Deeper and deeper he thrust his glistening teeth, now dyed red with the blood of his victim, until finally there came a great gush of the red stream of life, and he crouched like a tiger over the quivering body, and the struggle

Poor Satan, misunderstood through all his life, would be misunderstood no longer. Then the crowd of idle, brutal loafers, following the instincts which always govern such natures, deserted the scene, and in a shambling, shamefaced way, struggled, in twos and threes, back to the saloons and stables.

The barkeeper, with great difficulty, pulled his maddened animal away from the unresisting body; and the tailor, now deserted, and partially sobered by the dreadful scene. stood fixed in a stupid, frightened stare. He stood thus several minutes, as if expecting the inanimate form to rise and come toward him, as of old. Then he spoke, weakly, hesitatingly: "Satan Satan! come-here!"

But there was no response. Faithful Satan gave no sign of recognition; the trotted along with great content in his stumpy tail and the ragged ears, always so expressive of the owner's hopes and fears and sympathies, now gave no token of life

The wretched tailor started forward : was when he had drank a little only, and he leaned over his faithful companion's to speak sharply to his faithful companion, now met him. He laid his trembling hand on the discolored body, and it grew colder and colder under his touch.

Then, for the first time, the truth seemed to penetrate into his drink-obscured mind. The full extent of his loss came over his brutish nature. He groaned aloud; he looked about him, but his careless, selfish companions were gone; he knew that he was alone in the world; his one faithful friend was dead.

Then he took off his coat, and laid the lifeless body upon it; and, gathering the disordered bundle into his arms, he walked -with weak, trembling steps, though not now with the gait of a drunken manstraight over to the parsonage; and there on the porch I met him ; I met them both, amid the shadows of evening, as I had met them in the sunshine of the morning.

The poor, unhappy man seemed to trust me, as if confident of my sympathy; and, as his eye met mine, the stolid, fierce expression left his face, and great tears rolled down his cheeks; with a groan he laid his

burden at my feet. I was moved, deeply moved. I know something about men and a good deal about dogs; and I knew that these two had been loving, devoted friends; more in praise of Satan's prowess. The result truly sympathetic than are many a man and wife. Never was a loving response lacking from this faithful dumb companion. The very quality which a man values most in the wife of his bosom, unfailing love, always leaped out and up from this

poor creature to his master. I laid my hand on the man's shoulder. and said, tenderly, "My man, you have lost a dear friend. Tell me about it! Come in and sit here!" And then, as he hesitated, I caught his feeling, and I added, "Certainly, bring in his poor body ! We won't leave it lying there alone."

So the broken-hearted man came in, and laid his burden beside a chair, and, seating himself, confided his troubles to methough I was the younger of the two-as a child might confide in its father.

When the sad story was told, with sobs and tears, I had never a chiding word to add ; the man's grief was great ; and to gether we gave the poor, torn body burial, peace, and rest, under the shade of a cherry tree, at the end of the garden.

Then I was able to talk more quietly with the poor, broken-hearted fellow; I tried to turn the current of his feelings into other channels; but he constantly reverted to his great sorrow. After a moment or two of deep, silent reflection he suddenly exclaimed, with touching eagerness, "Does dogs have sowls. Yer Riverence?'

I assured him that they had, and the thought seemed to give comfort ; then, after another pause, "An' bees there dogs after another pause, in hiven, Yer Riverence? Good dogs, av coorse, I mane."

"Yes, Michael, I certainly believe that there are.' Bliss Gard! bliss Gard! and the howly mither av Gard !" he ejaculated.

However, the sense of "things seen and temporal" was strong upon him; it is strong upon all of us, far too strong; and he could not divest himself of the feeling that his faithful friend Satan, was some-where there in the ground, soul with body.

did it faithfully. And afterward I set him about some important changes in the flow-er-beds; and the result—well, we shall

never know the full results of any of our actions until the Great Day-but the result at the present time is that Michael, with never a relapse, with never a sign of regret for "the road," still potters about the grounds and my dear old church ; and, each year, he renews the plants and vines upon the little mound beside the now mouldering trunk of the cherry tree. Sometimes Michael and I talk over the

past; though the true-hearted, singleminded old man never speaks with any directness of the sad episode which brought us together; but from casual allusions dropped by him I am sure that the years have done for him, what they should do for us all: they have cleared away many mistakes and false fancies; and I know, with entire certainty, that poor, dear Sa tan is no longer "a misunderstood dog." -Bradley Gilman in Scribner's Magazine.

How the Greeks Were Defeated.

In the current number of the Forum Frederick Palmer, who was so fortunate as to witness every emportant engagement of the main army of the Greeks during the recent thirty-one days war with Turkey, tries to tell how it was that they were so easily and thoroughly defeated.

He succeeds in fully explaining their defeat by showing an almost incredible folly and incompetence in both officers and men, and the wonder only is that this state of things was not recognized before the war began. The facts that many of the Greek officers had been educated in France, that the troops were well uniformed and fairly well armed and equipped diverted atten-tion from the glaring faults and weaknesses which assured the terrible national disaster. The greatest of these faults seem to have been an utter lack of discipline, and a fatal contempt for the enemy which soon gave place to undue dread. From generals to lieutenants the Greek officers seem to have been utterly unfit to command. On millionaire display have an adequate imthe verge of hos.ilities there was no drilling of even the raw levies. "They lined up their men in the morning and left them to their own devices for the rest of the Colonel Smolenski is named as almost the only exception to the prevailing worthlessness of the officers, and it is stated, by the way, that this Greek-hero is a pure Slav. "It was sad to see how few of the Greek officers realized what defeat meant. They rather seemed to enjoy having so fine a piece of news, as a great downfall, to chatter about in their little cafes." As for the private, "having been taught that the Turk was a ragged fellow, who would run at the first shot. it was in his nature, when he saw the Turk advance so bravely, to fly to the other extreme. The body wounds of the Greeks were usually in

On the other hand this observer credits the Turks with their traditional bravery, but denies that they showed military skill. Edhem Pasha "was most fortunate in his opponents." The Greek army, organized by a French officer upon as good lines as Greek politics would allow, was nominally under the direction of ten colonels, who quarrelled with one another. When it was seen that a head of some sort was necessary the Crown Prince Constantine, to whose personal courage Mr. Palmer strongly testifies, but whom he charges with an oriental dislike of rapid and decisive action, and a tendency to be easily discouraged, was sent to the front to prove that "in no sense did

he possess the qualities of a general." This critic does not hesitate to assert that which would have been fatal to it against a more worthy foe. "The blunders of the Turks succeeded only because the blunders of the Greeks were greater and more numerous," and chief among these Turkish blunders was slowness. Not until after blunders was slowness. breakfast at ten in the morning is the Turkish officer ready to say to his men "If you love Allah, advance!" It is comforting to read this well informed opinion that "a continental army equal in number to that of the Greeks would have sent the Turks back up the pass after they had debouched into the plain at Mati," and that, to the Turkish officers military science, is a pro-

found mystery.

It may not be pleasant to look for lesons to Americans in this explanation of the defeat of the Greeks, but they are there all the same. We may justly flatter ourselves upon being courageous as a people, and amendable to discipline in spite of our love of personal liberty, for upon these points we were fearfully tried and not found wanting in our great war; but the war also developed difficulties in the selection and support of commanders in the field similar to those that helped to ruin Greece. Polit ical influences put weak men in places of the gravest responsibility, and the same in-fluences withheld adequate support from able generals at critical moments. As that tremendous conflict progressed these faults, in a measure, cured themselves; but a way should be found to avoid them in any future trouble.

Never Thought of Her.

The best joke of the honeymoon season is told by a Southern hotel keeper. The male half of the new partnership registered like this : "August Buerger and wife." He remained one day, and when he stepped up to ask the amount of his bill the clerk said it would be \$4. "Four dollars !" Mr. Buerger said.

"Why your rates are rather high, aren't they? "No, I guess not. That's only \$2 a

"But I have been here only one day." "I know, but it's \$4," the clerk re-

"How do you figure that?" the newly wedded man asked, as he leaned over the counter with a frown of perplexity on his otherwise blissful features. "Well. there's yourself, one day, \$2, and there's your wife, one day, \$2; two and two make four."

The fellow slammed his fist down on the register, while a crimson flush of blood suffused his cheeks. "Well, I'll swear," he cried, "if I didn't forget all about her, I'll eat my hat! Here take this V, keep the change and say nothing about it, please."
But the clerk didn't keep the change, so he didn't think there was any reason why he shouldn't tell the story.

Dr. Talbot Elected Bishop

The convention of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Central Pennsylvania, session at Bethlem for the purpose of electing a bishop to fill the place made vacant by the death of the late Nelson Somerville Rulison, D. D., elected the Rt. Rev. Ethelbert Talbot, D. D., LL. D., four ballots being necessary to a choice. Dr. Talbot is So I understood and sympathized when at present missionary bishop of Wyoming for Mary had ridden on her wheel and be presently asked, with a pitiful repres- and Idaho.

Mrs. Nack's Confession.

Mrs. Augusta Nack, who had been accused, together with Martin Thorn, of the murder of William Guldensuppe, turned state's evidence, testified that her male accomplice took a leading part in procuring Guldensuppe's death, and also admitted that she was connected with the horrible crime. The action which she took will probably result in saving her life. It will also have the effect of sending Thorn to the electric chair. In the history of criminal women, in the records of fallen man, it would be difficult to find one who possessed more thoroughly the characteristics of a fiend than Mrs. Nack. We do not see how any person, masculine or feminine, could be more wicked than she has shown herself to be. She is both an adulteress and a murderess. Her own husband she deserted to live with Guldensuppe. She tired of the latter and then took Thorn and, we have reason to believe, instigated the latter to kill her former paramour. Now, to save her own life, she betrays her accomplice in murder and gives convincting evidence against him, thereby practically ensuring his death, while, if she had not turned informer, his conviction might not have been secured.

There is no doubt that both Thorn and his counsel had some reason for the confidence with which they announced that a verdict of acquittal would be rendered. Such an outcome previous to the confession of Mrs. Nack would not have been unwarranted. Of course, justice loses nothing by the developments that have taken place in this case. Thorn richly deserves the death penalty that will be meted out to him, and the sending of Mrs. Naek to the penetentiary for life will be about as much of a punishment as can be awarded to her, after revealing the full details of the horrible crime.

Cost of Solomon's Temple. A noted statistician and investigator who has lots of time for such work has been doing some figuring on the cost of the Temple of Solomon, and says few people, even in these days of palmy extravagance and pression of the enormous cost of the great temple. According to Villalpandus. the "talents" of gold, silver and brass were equal to the enormous sum of 6,879,822,000 pounds sterling. The worth of the jewels is placed at a figure equally as high. vessels of gold, according to Josephus, were valued at 140,000 talents, which, remore valuable, being set down as worth 646,344,000 pounds. Priests' vestments and the robes of singers, 2,010,000 and the and light materials trumpets, 200,000 pounds. To this add the expense of the building material, labor, etc., and some wonderful figures result. 3300 overseers, all of whom were employed for seven years, and upon whom, besides their wages, Solomon bestowed 6,733.970 pounds. If their daily food was worth 50 cents each, the sum total for all was 63, 877,088 pounds during the time of building. The materials in the rough are estimated as having been worth 2,545,337,000 pounds. This gives a total, just for this much of the expense, which by no means expresses the whole cost, of 10,719,860,261 pounds, or about \$52,117,034,867.46.

Fluctuations of Wheat

Its Value Has Gone Up and Down for Two Hus dred Year.

A London statistician has been looking in spite of his victories the Turkish army plainly showed an oriental lack of energy showing the annual variation in the price of wheat since 1641. The most remarkable fact disclosed by his investigations is that the prices rises and falls with great regularity every four years and he explains that the phenomenon is due to the fact that when the market has been good farmers have planted an increased quantity, thus making a larger supply and forcing prices down again. The average price in 1895 was 23 shillings 1 pence a quarter or 70 cents a bushel, and in 1896 26 shillings 2 pence or 88 cents a bushel. The highest price ever known for wheat occurred in 1812, when it sold for 126 shillings 6 pence a quarter, or about \$3.85 a bushel lowest price was in 1743, when it fell to 22 shillings 1 pence, or 60 cents a bushel, although it should be remembered that the value of money was very much greater in those days than now. Wars in any part of the earth have invariably increas price of wheat. The most rapid advance ever noted was in 1799, when the career of Napoleon was at its height. Wheat went from \$2 to \$3.50 a bushel in a few months.

Stories of the Day.

Thankful That the Warm Place Was at Last Full

James G. Blaine is said to have related the following story to a coterie of friends while crossing from America to Europe "A few years ago I attended a performance of 'Faust' at a Dublin theater. In the third act, 'Faust,' the lost, is dragged down into the infernal regions in a glare of fire. On this occasion the actor impersonating 'Faust was an abnormally large man, and the trap door of the stage an unusually small one. At the proper time the door separated and a volume of blue and red smoke burst forth. 'Faust' was seen dragged by a hidden power, struggling through the opening. His legs went first, and he proceeded as far as his waist. Here he stuck. Those underneath tried to pull him through, while he endeavored to touch or just escape the hem of the garment pull him through, while he endeavored to get out. He could move neither way, his the other hang a trifle above it. portly body completely filling the aperture. There was an embarrassing pause. audience was as silent as the tomb. Then an old Irishman back in the gallery arose and, with his eyes fixed on the scene, raised his hand and fervently exclaimed: "I thank God, hell's full."

Must Eat All You Shoot.

Hunters will do well to bear in mind that they are not "pot hunters," and that they cannot dispose of any surplus that they have. Therefore when you shoot all that your family and friends can consume -quit. The season is now open for all game. As many persons labor under the mistaken impression that they can sell the game to the consumers, it will be well to disabuse them of that notion. No game in the bust and short on the hips. can be sold with in the State and no game taken out of the State under any pretext al and in consequence the fashionable figwhatever.-Ex.

Mary and Her Goat.

Mary has a Billy goat, its tail is sort of bent, and everywhere that Mary goes the dumpy. Especially after we have so aclamb is sure to went. He followed her to customed ourselves to the extremely long school one day, which made her hot as fire, English figure (imagine an English wom-

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Helen Gould, who is worth \$25,000,000 her own right, has entered the law school of the Columbia University with the intention of qualifying herself for the active practice of law.

Any woman who studies effects will soon see that the color which itensifies the color of her eyes is the one which is most becoming every time. Pale blue and pink should e carefully avoided by women with red hair, as they exaggerate rather than soften the natural coloring; but they will never make any mistake with any of the dark shades of brown, especially the red brown. Brown is also the color for a brown-eyed woman, as it will bring out the beauty of her eyes as no other color can if she but chooses the right shade. Gray is becoming to women with gray hair, and to young women who have gray eyes and lovely complexions, while white is becoming to almost every one, providing she selects the right tint. The blonde can wear the pure white without a tinge of yellow or pink in it, but the brunette must be careful to wear the soft cream shades, and if she wears black at all, it must be very glossy, while the pronounced blonde can safely deck herself in the dull black which is used for mourning. Green is the color which is pretty sure to be suitable to every complexion, providing one is fortunate enough to discover the particular shade which harmonizes best with her coloring.

The effect of all the new skirts is to flare considerably from the knees and sides; at the same time they fit the hips and front of the figure smoothly. These skirts to be thoroughly stylish, should set out well in the back, the back being accentuated by using reeds or haircloth in the petticoat worn beneath, but under no circumstances in the skirt itself, the use of any stiffening or other mode of extension invariably spoiling the graceful set, as it tends to break the line from belt to hem in the

Grav is certainly the favorite color and appears in all shades from the faintest pearly tinge to the darker slate. The tint looks well with almost everything. It is seen much with purple and yellow and is often adorned with heavy cream lace about the neck and shoulders. A popular trimming for these gowns consists of bands of the dress goods or of velvet of the same color, duced to English money, was equal to 575,296,203 pounds. The vessels of silver, according to the same authority, were still parts an air of quiet elegance to an otherwise very plain dress. Tucks are fashionable and appear repeatedly in both heavy

Purples and dark reds are prevailing colors. They seem especially to invite a combination of beautiful velvet and fur. Ten thousand men hewing cedars, 60,000 Blue is not popular just now, but neverthebearers of burdens, 80,000 hewers of stone, less has its own devotees, who regard it as too old and tried a friend to be slightly cast aside and far too durable and attractive ever to be entirely discarded.

Skirts are scant in front, fitting smoothover the hips with a very little fullness directly in the back. They are generally one with the lining and descend into quite perceptible demitrain behind.

Bodices are made loose in a scant blouse like fashion and are belted into the waist by a girdle of ribbon. If they develop they develop below the waist line, the skirt of the bodice being extremely tiny, being scarcely one inch and a half in length. Every gown, almost without exception. of guimpe of some description over which the dress is built. These guimpes are either very simple, hooking to the inner line of the waist, or elaborate enough to be worn as separate blouses, everything being determined by the size and cut of the bodice. They are generally of heavy yellow lace over white silk with a long jabot-like stock, or they are made of chiffon puffed and tucked into an intricate mass with a soft dropping bow at the throat.

Poultices are valuable aids, not so much on account of the material of which they are made, but because they retain the heat for a long time. There is a right and wrong way of making a poultice. Heat and moisture are the two requisites. Whatever be used, whether flaxseed, oatmeal, or what, it should be cooked well with water, and if it be soft some thickening substance may be added. It should be spread on a piece of linen and not too thin. It may be from half an inch to an inch thick Cheesecloth, muslin or other substances hold a poultice better than linen, but the latter is smoother and more agreeable to the skin. The material should be laid out and the poultice spread over in it in a thick layer, and then another layer on the linen. or whatever is used should cover the poultice and the edges be folded over so that none of the flaxseed comes in contact with the skin. Two poultices should be made, so that one should be hot while the other is in use, or when a poultice begins to cool off it should be changed. As poultices have a certain amount of weight they should never be laid on the chest or abdomen of a child, as they impede the breathing and do more harm than good.

Sashes will be worn extensively this winter but it must not be imagined that they are anything like the sash from the past, far from it. They are an altogether glorified reproduction. Their ends are trimmed with tiny ruching of chiffon, bands of pas-sementrie, frills of lace and netted fringe, and they are either drawn through a buckle in the back or on the left side, or knotted

Close fitting jackets with short basques elaborately braided and bordered with narrow band of Astrakhan, are now the height of the fashion-that is the first fashion; in the second grade come the Russian coats made in plain cloth, braided cloth or velvet with more or less elaborate trimmings. Red jackets. Russian and all other kinds. seem to have taken the public mind mightily, and our old friend the cape remains with us, made fuller than ever, with high collars in all colors, rows of stitching at the edge. The mess jacket has superseded the Eton jacket especially the Astrakhan and Persian lamb

All the corsets this year are short, short "French waist" now aims to be naturure has wide and abrupt hips flat stomach and low bust. This is as it should be, and for once we can thank fortune for a sensi-

ble turn. To be sure the general effect is somewhat an in one of the new corsets!) but what does a little thing like that matter.