Bellefonte, Pa., Feb. 18, 1898.

EVERY-DAY HEROES.

No battered flags are in their trail, No garments drenched with blood. No martial music swells the gale. To help their hardihood.

Yet firmly in the post of right, To do or die, they stand, And never think to shirk or slight The living trust in hand.

No stern command, no trumpet call, These inborn heroes need; Wherever death and danger fall.

Instinctively they speed. No royalty of creed or birth, No outward sign is theirs; Unknown, unguessed, the hero's worth

Yet countless sons the land may claim, In hamlet and in hall. Who quick would rise in

And sacrifice their all. Another's risk, another's pain,

Till some great deed he dares

Is all the spur they need; To save the helpless is their gain, No other thought they heed A fine unselfishness inspires

Their bravery and power; Their soul the cry of danger fires-That is the hero's hour ! Their courage is not born of wrath

Or thought of glory won; No gravestones mark their modest path Unless perchance their own.

For life to such is but a throw Of dice where odds are great, A hope, a chance, is all they know, And so they challenge fate. -Thomas Wistar in City and State

FRAGMENTS OF AN EVENING.

This is simply a fragment torn out of an evening. The reader will please uprear before his vision a bedroom, a gas jet burn-ing at what might be called the middle register of illumination, a bed upon which a small, white figure reclines, if burrowing and writhing may be brought under that head, and a man bending over the ensemble of night-gown, twinkling feet, brownie

doll and copper cent.

(Note. The copper cent has been given as a bribe to induce a willingness to go

to bed.]
First Voice(small, piping, but extremely cheerful)—Let's play circus, papa. Second Voice (firm. but gentle)—No, Pop's boy must say his prayers and go to

First Voice (adding nothing whatever to the original proposition further than a little stronger tincture of persuasion)-Let's play circus, papa. Second Voice (its proprietor evidently

determining quietly to ignore the suggestion)—Begin now, sweetheart. Put your hands together that way. "God bless mamma'

"Gaw bless mamma"-'And papa' "-

"And papa" "
"An' papa. * * * If I say 'Gaw bless papa' will you play circus?"
"Maybe so. Now, honey musn't talk about anything else when he is saying his

prayers. 'And Sister Ros' —
A sudden ejaculation of delight as one of the wee feet, plunging upward at a right angle with the bed's surface carries with it Rosie bless ev'body—an'—n—n'. " the counterpane and sheet, forming there-

covering. "C-o-o-o! Circus tent! Papa be elephant !" Sternness on the part of the senior.

quick leveling of the pyramid by simple process of extracting the center pole and straightening out the architect to his proper length of two feet three inches. Now, go on. 'God bless Sister Rosie

"O-! Papa's a bad boy. Spoiled my circus.

'Sister Rosie and grandmamma and' Silence.

"Don't you know what becomes of little boys that won't say their prayers?"
'The reluctant one looks defiantly out into the adjoining room, from which a celebrated and fiendish frog is supposed to come when called upon for the purpose of

'You b'oke my circus "

"All right. I'll turn down the lamp. Then we'll see what happens.' The rebel manifests a disposition to hedge, provided he can do so with dignity untarnished honor. "Gaw bless Sister Rosie and'-am I a good boy, papa?"

'And grandmamma.' " But this skimming over and neglecting a vital proposition is not to be permitted.

'Am I a good boy, papa?" "Yes, I guess so. Go on, now, little 'God bless Sister' "-

'If the frog comes to earry away your good boy will you whip him?" The elder of the couple concludes that by making a vehement declaration and will be able to lead the devout one back to

his supplications, even unknown to him. "Well, I should say so. A nasty, big frog that would come to carry away my boy when he was just saying his prayers as nice as anything—I should think I would whip him. And so would grandmamma punish him, too, and drive him away, because grandmamma is good to her little man and loves him—and so let's say: 'God bless grandmamma.' "

'Gaw bless-would you whip him with

With a stick and a switch and-and curtain-rod."

'An' throw stones at him?" First Voice-(its owner awaking to the fact that the doctrine of physical force is in danger of overshadowing the matter of orisons)-Now, my boy musn't talk so much about other things. Go on with your prayers. Now-

Second Voice-O-a-i-u-e-a-o-i-a-e This is not the name of a Hawaiian lady. It is the chronicler's poor, futile effort to make the very accommodating Roman alphabet cover and describe the ejaculation and wail of dismay, sorrow, despair, gloom dolor and lugubriousness which rose when the supplicato discovered the awful truth hat his cent had disappeared.

First Voice — Sh! sh! What's the

trouble! Second Voice-My-cent-all-gone!

First Voice Your what? Third Voice (by the sound feminine, by

the words, maternal)—He's lost his copper cent in the bedelothes—mamma's darling!
The small bunch of melancholy repeats
another Hawaiian name—this time it is
that of some island—and joins his progenitor in delving into the bed linen in search of the faraway Klondike where treasure

nestles. At length the money is found. The head of the house is impressed by

"Now, you'll lose it again if you try to hold it in your hand. Let me pin it in a fold of your nightie. There! Isn't that You can't lose your money now." He had formed a very bunchy wen upon the front of the garment, the core thereof being the copper.

"Go on with your prayers now. Grandma, and-'Papa did you fix my money so I can't

"Yes, you needn't be afraid any more." "You good boy, papa! Let me kiss

The little arms are extended after the manner of a letter v, and at the sight of the honest admiration which beams out of the bright and very wideawake eyes the parent in his heart forgives this little interruption of the holy function. His boy will be too big even to want to kiss him some time, and it is best to accept the sweet fruit of child love while one may. But austerity follows affection, and order proclaims itself.

all but say his prayers and go to sleep. Go ahead at 'grandma.''' And grandmamma and Aun-

'Now papa's boy musn't do anything at

tie Ruth and * * * Aunty Ruth brought me a shicken." "And Auntie Alice." "Auntie Ruth brought me a shicken. Shicken with cany in it."

Third Voice (the voice of wisdom from the outer room)—If I were you I'd notice his chicken, or you'll never get past it. That's the way I managed Rosie, and she's asleep now.

"Notice it? How-oh, yes; so Auntie Ruth bought you a chicken full of candy, my, that was nice! Did you give Sister Rosie some of it?" There is something drawn out and pro-

tracted and sleepy about the response, and the man at the bed looks closely. "He's about gone. Dear, little old chap!
Well, I'll rush it through and not keep
him awake too long. I'll bunch it. Sweetheart, say 'God bless everybody.'

The sweetheart revives with an alacrity evidently born of the belief that emancipation is to be cheaply purchased.
"Gaw bless ev'bodp. Watch me turn a summerset."

"Why, you little possum! No sir. No omersaults till you have finished. You must say: 'And make Rosie a good girl and Ted a good boy,' before there are any somersaults.'

Silence. One foot kicks upward over the edge of the covering, where it is discovered like a new country, and a joyous "land-ho" of delight if uttered. "Look at my foot, papa."

"Now, sir, I insist that you finish your prayers. This has gone far enough. og will come and so will the big dog. And besides," as a heaping up of sorrows, "God doesn't like little boys who turn somersaults in the middle of their prayers. No sir. Not the least bit. So, amazing severity, considering the size of the adversary on whom he was "picking," "Make Rosie a good girl and Ted a good boy.'"
"I'm too tard."

"Too tired! Oh," in an excess of grief and sorrow, addressing the brass ball at the head of the bedstead, "was there ever such a sinful little boy? Breaking his poor old papa's heart by his wickedness! Won't say his prayers! Poor, poor old papa, who loves him so much—"

Second Voice (from far, far, far away)-Silence!

heart bends over and notes the sealed eyes, the little face nestling into the depths of the pillow and the tranquil, regular breathing. "Amen!" he says, very gently.—Chicago

Who are Repudiators?

In the course of savage denunciation of the Stanley Matthews, or Teller, resolution the New York Evening Post asserts that the "only novelty in this clumsy congressional performance is the fact that the resolution now applies as well to \$262,000,000 bonds, sold in good faith for gold since 1893."

If these bonds were sold in good faith for gold, and reference is made to the Cleveland issues, how comes it that Presicarrying away little boys who do not say dent Cleveland in a message to Congress urged that they be made specifically paya-ble in "gold" instead of "coin" declaring that if this were done the treasury would save \$16,000,000, as in that case the bonds would be three per cents. instead of four per cents. The President's proposition was thoughly debated, and rejected in a House of Representatives in which the Republicans had more than two-thirds majority by a vote of 120 ayes to 167 nays. By this vote the House declared the bonds should be "coin" bonds, payable in gold or silver, at the option of the government. In his annual message submitted to Congress December 3rd, 1895, referring to the contract with the Morgan syndicate for over \$62,000,000 gold, President Cleveland

"On the day this contract was made its continuing it on through many words he terms were communicated to Congress by a special executive message, in which it was stated that more than \$16,000,000 would be saved to the government if gold bonds bearing 3 per cent. interest were authorized to be submitted for those mentioned in the

contract."

The bonds "mentioned in the contract" were "coin" bonds. President Cleveland says the syndicate offered to pay \$16,000, 000 more for them if they were "gold" bonds. This Congress refused to do, and the syndicate got the bonds \$16,000,000 cheaper because they were "coin" bonds.

These are the indisputable facts of record. Yet it is denounced as a purpose of dishonesty and repudiation that the Teller resolution pending in the Senate declares these bonds are payable according to the implied and express words of the contract, in

gold or silver coin, at the option of the government. Who are the repudiators? We put it to the integrity and common sense Are they not the bondholders, reader. who, three years ago, taking \$62,000,000 of "coin" bonds at \$16,000,000 cheaper than if they were made "gold" bonds, now insisted that they must be paid in gold. and that payment according to the contract is dishonest? Why did they take them \$16.000,000 cheaper than if they were not "coin" bonds? Why did they offer \$16. 000,000 more for them if they were made

payable in gold? No such propositions of open and direct repudiation has been made in the financial history of the Federal Government. And it comes from those who arrogantly and impudently claim to be the exclusive guardians of the public honor and credit. Pittsburg Post.

---Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Procured By Torture.

There are many articles of daily and hourly use constantly passing before our eyes and through our hands, about the production of which we know comparatively little or nothing. An interesting example of this is tortoise shell, from which combs and hair pins are made, beside a multitude of trinkets for the dressing table, the desk and the pocket. Fierce crusades have been instituted in recent years against the slaughter of birds for the procurement of their plumage for hat trimmings and yet I venture to say that the process of procuring tortoise shell is cruelty to animal life which far exceeds that to which birds are subjected.

In the '80's I happened to be down in Bluefields, on that awful mosquito coast and at the invitation of one Manuel Latona, who was the owner and captain of a small schooner, went with him to the cay El Roncador for tortoise shell. This cay gets its name (which in English would be the snorer) from an exceeding angry surf which can be heard from a long distance breaking over the reefs. This is the cay on which, a couple of years back, the historic old ship, Kearsage, was wrecked and battered to pieces. El Roncador is nothing more or less than a typical coral island, such as is found throughout the southern seas, three-quarters of a mile long, perhaps and not more than a quarter of a mile across its widest part. Surrounding the island is a reef, inside of which the water is smooth and rather shallow, and at the bottom of this shallow water there grows a peculiar kind of sea grass, which is a dainty food for the turtle tribe. There is also found on top of the water, inside the reef. a sort of small blubber fish, called the Spanish dedales, or thimble fish, which is, perhaps the greatest delicacy of the entire

turtle menu. The turtle whose shell is valued in commerce is a small species known as the hawk's bill. There are other varieties which come to El Roncador to spawn, but they are not molested. During the night the turtles crawl up on the shore to lay their eggs, each female depositing on an average about seventy. To do this they dig holes in the sand about two feet deep, and after laying the eggs cover them over so deftly that it is almost impossible for a novice to find them. These eggs are really delicious when roasted, but the turtle fishers are careful not to destroy these they do not take for food, so as to promote as much as possible, the increase of this valuable sea reptile. At night the fishers conceal themselves along the shore as well as possible, and when the turtles come up out of the water on the beach they turn them over on their backs with iron hooks,

leaving them secured in that position until The tortoise shell of commerce is not, as generally believed the horny covering, or hell proper of the turtle, it is the scales which cover the shield. These scales are thirteen in number, eight of them being flat and the other five somewhat curved. Four of these that are flat are quite large, sometimes being as much as twenty inches long and seven inches broad, nearly transparent and beautifully variegated in color with red, yellow white and dark brown clouds which give the effects so fully brought out when the shell is properly polished. A turtle of average size nish about eight pounds of these laminae. or scales, each piece being from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in thickness.

It is the method by which these scales are loosened which is the repulsive part of the business. The turtles are not killed, as that would lead to their extermination The self-described one of the broken in a very few years. After capturing them the fishers wait for daylight to complete the work. The turtles are turned over again in their natural position and fastened firmly to the ground by means of pegs; then a bunch of dried leaves or sea grass is spread evenly over the back of the turtle and set afire. The heat is not great enough to injure the shell, merely causing it to separate at the joints. A large blade. very similar in shape to a chemist's spatula, is then inserted horizontally between the laminae, which are gently pried from the back. Great care must be taken not to injure the shell by too much heat, and it is not forced off until it is fully prepared

for separation by a sufficient amount of warmth. The operation, as one may readily imagine, is the extreme of cruelty and many turtles do not survive it. Most of them do live, however, and thrive, and in time grow a new covering, just as a man will grow a new finger-nail in place of one he might lose. The peculiarity of the sec-ond growth of shell, though, is that instead of producing the original number of egments, it is restored in one solid piece. To see the operation of taking the shell from the living turtle once, is about all a man of Northern breeding wants of it; and if the helpless reptiles had the power of voicing their sufferings under it,

Dainty Breakfast Dishes

business as man has yet engaged in.

their cries would tell of as heartless a

Few cooks are accomplished enough to prepare dainty and inviting dishes for breakfast. An experienced housewife furnishes a number of delicious dishes which may prove of value. Fish rolls are which near excellent dish for breakfast. They are ated. but is doing very well now, being fed best made of halibut, but any other fish may be used. Chop very finely two pounds of uncooked fish, then put it in an earthen dish, and with a wooden potato masher rub the fish to a paste. Add the whites of three eggs, putting in one at a time, and rubbing it well into the fish before adding the next egg. Then stir in half a cup of warm cream and season the mixture lightly with salt. Mix very thoroughly. Make the mixture into small rolls about 2 1-2 inches in length. When all the material has been used take one of the rolls first made and and brush it it with sifted stale bread crumbs that have been salted. Drop the rolls carefully into hot fat and cook them to a nice brown. Drain them upon brown paper until all are cooked, and then place upon a hot plat-ter. Serve them with a Bechamel or cream sauce poured around them. To make codfish and poached eggs for breakfast, pick into fine shreds one cupful of codfish, put it in a saucepan, cover it with cold water, put it over the fire, and let it scald. Then drain off the water and mix with the fish one and one half cups of mashed potatoes. Add a tablespoonful of butter and season with pepper. Beat the ingredients thoroughly together and roll the mixture out upon a molding board to a thickness of about half an inch and cut into circles with a large-sized biscuit cutter. Place the disks upon a buttered biscuit tin and nish with parsley and serve

Merry Days for Trusts.

Tortoise Snell Should be Banned as Well as Bird's Prosperity has Arrived, but it's Only for Monopolies Noble Families That Have the Blood of the Race and Combines.

Merrily the wheels of prosperity are humming, set in motion by the Dingley tariff. Merrily hum these wheels, grind-

ing out the lives of the people. But is not prosperity a good thing and did not the spellbinders of the Republican party promise prosperity while seeking votes for McKinley? Assuredly. However, the same eloquent gentlemen forgot the latter to seek the Ghetto. How thorto state that the prosperity they proposed to establish was a prosperity for trusts, monopolies and combines, a prosperity that should make the necessities of life dearer and the wages of the workers

Merrily hum the electric wires bearing news of more combines, more trusts, more monopolies. Among the recent organizations of capital to corner products are recorded

Wire Nail trust, capital \$70,000,000. Machinery trust, capital \$60,0000,000. Enameled Ironware trust, capital \$25, 000,000.

Beer trust, capital \$60,000,000. English Thread trust, capital \$25,000, Cotton Hose trust, capital \$25,000,

Biscuit trust, capital \$30,000,000. Tinware Stamping trust, capital \$25, Rubber Goods trust, capital \$50,000.

There are more to follow. Standard Oil and Sugar are no longer the only combines in the field. The price of nails, of thread, of hose, of tinware, of rubber, of beer, of enameled iron kitchen utensils, of machinery, of bread, will soon be advanced. Pros-

perity is on the way.

Congress is worried over the currency, it has trouble with civil service, Hawaiian annexation annoys it, but legislation to control trusts lingers. And the Dingley law which promotes, fosters and makes possible these trusts, is to be let alone.-Chicago Dispatch.

The Sugar Beet.

Excellent Results Obtained From Its Growth.

The government distribution of sugar beet seed last year in almost every state in the Union, seems to be bearing good fruit. Excellent results from all over the country. Nowhere was a more favorable impression made than in our own state. From a dozen counties high grade beets were forwarded for analysis, and they nearly all proved to be exceptionally rich in saccharine juices, quite as good, on an average, as those of Europe. Farmers are coming forward to express their desire and intention to grow beets whenever there shall be a demand for them from the sugar factories and there is no doubt that the latter will be erected as soon as the assurances are given that sufficient beets will be grown to justify their establishment. Ten tons of beets to an acre is regarded as a low yield on our lands, and more likely twelve or fifteen would be grown by careful farming. The price commonly paid is \$4 per ton. or from \$40 to \$60 per acre. Now, beet growing is not more expensive than corn or potato growing, and at the above prices, will make better returns than wheat grow ing, and quite as good as most other crops. Why, therefore, should not farmers raise sugar beets as well as any other crop, especially when they can sell their crop in advance, and know exactly how much they can realize out of it. In all other farm products they are wholly dependent on the state of the market at the time they harvest the crop, but in this case they would be advantage. Of course, there is much to be learned in this new kind of farming, but our farmers are intelligent and quick to learn, and with a few years' experience would turn their knowledge to good account.

Without Water 99 Days

A Steer Relieved by a Hen From a Long Imprisonment Under a Straw Stack.

On October 20th last, James Houck, vicepresident of the Franklin Savings bank of Frederick, Md., advertised that a young steer had strayed away from his farm, tenanted by Harlan Ramsburg, near Frederick. Nothing was heard of the animal and it was given up for lost, until Friday one of the colored men noticed several hens frequently going in a hole in a straw stack in the barnyard. Thinking they had a nest he crawled in about fifteen feet in search of the eggs. He came out much quicker than he had gone in, declaring the stack was haunted, as something had kicked him. Another man was sent in to investigate and he came out exclaiming that something was alive in there as he felt a hairy leg, and it had also kicked his hand. An investigation was then made and a large hole cut in the straw stack, when the missing steer was actually found under the straw, where it had been imprisoned for ninety-nine days without food or water excepting the straw which he had subsisted on, as it had made a hole about ten feet square in the stack. The hands on the place now recalled the fact that on the second day's threshing they observed the steer standing against the stack which had been made the first day and saw the straw falling over the animal, but thought it had moved away. on boiled bran.

His Charm. "It is not a man's good looks, brains, position or wealth that wins a woman's love," said the woman of the world. "It is his capacity for love making. His tenderness, ardor, tact, consideration, and, above all, perseverance, will make her his more surely than anything else in the world. And if he possesses these qualities and wield them well he can triumph over the men who lack them, even though he be over with a beaten egg, and then sprinkle poor as a church mouse, ugly as Vulcan paintings. She is still alive, and has been poor as a church mouse, ugly as Vulcan paintings. and stupid as an owl."

He Was Excused.

The teacher of a city school received the following note explaining the absence of one of her pupils the day before:

"Plese oxcoose Henry for absents terday. Him an me got a chance to ride to a funeral in a carriage, an I let him stay to home, as he had never rode in a carriage and never went to a funeral, nor had many other pleasures. So please excooze."—Harper's Round Table.

father's death. This may be an evidence

Hebrews in Europe

in Their Veins -Bismarch's Record.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, in discussing the anti-Semitic agita-tion in Europe, says: The pope has often pointed out that the Hebrews at Rome from time immemorial have enjoyed the special protection of the popes, who invariably stood between them and the populace whenever any attempt was made by oughly the utterances of the pontiff are in eeping with the views of his predecessor in the chair of St. Peter may be seen from the fact that the first member of the He-brew race whoever obtained a European title of nobility received it at the hands of a pope. He took the name of Perleoni, and was ennobled in the year 1116. Before his death he filled the high office of prefect of Rome. One of his sons who had become converted to the Roman Catholic church ascended the papal throne toward the middle of the twelfth century under the title of Anacletus II, while a sister of this pontiff named Alberia married King Roger of Sicily, to whom almost everyone of the now reigning houses of Europe can trace its ancestry. Not that this is by any means the only

strain of Semitic blood in the royal and in perial veins of to-day, for the great-grandmother of the King of Portugal, of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and of a number of daughter and heiress of the enormously wealthy Hungarian Hebrew Cohen, or Ko-hary, the leading financier of the Magyar hary, the leading financier of the Magyar in the cighteenth century and contains a contain the cighteenth century and con kingdom in the eighteenth century and "Kohary" or "Cohen" tacked to the Saxe-Coburg. The grandfather of the Princess as she is beautiful to look upon! of Battenberg was a converted Hebrew. and few people are aware that Prince Bismarck himself has a strong strain of Hebrew blood in his veins derived from his maternal grandfather, Anastasius Menken, cloth. who was one of the favorite bureaucrats of Frederick the Great and a man of Hebrew parentage. Although during the course of his political career it occasionally appeared politic to the prince to countenance the anti-Semitic movement in Germany and Austria, yet on the whole, he invariably showed himself a good friend to the Hebrew nation, and chose the Hebrew banker Baron von Bleichroeder as his most trusted confident. Indeed, he has often expressed himself in favor of marrying his sons to Jewesses, on the ground that it would bring money into the family again, and likewis "improve both normally and physically the Bismarck breed."

Her Disquieting Question. Economy Was All Right in Its Way, But She Had

No Chance to Practice It. This particular family jar was labeled

"Economy," and everyone knows that that is the very worst kind. It came when she asked for some money to buy a new gown. That is when they usually come, and the strange features of it all is that a man who is most particular in all matters relating to the subject of modesty in women will roar like an angry

a woman can go out and find such things growing on trees, as Eve did, forgetful of the fact that he would be the first to find fault with the costume. If you don't believe it, ask any woman who is married.
"I should think," he said in this instance, "that one gown a month ought to

bull at the mere suggestion of spending money far clothes. He seems to think that

be enough for the wife of a man in my position." "It would be too much," she replied coldly. "I haven't had one in nearly six

He was about to dispute her assertion, but, after a rapid mental calculation, he mounts just as extremely high. The street decided that perhaps it was not advisable. "It costs a small fortune to run this house," he asserted, intent upon making it interesting for her in some way.
"You pay the bills." she said "and do

most of the ordering." He winced a little, but returned to the

attack. "The trouble is," he said. "that you don't know the value of money. "Do you know why?" she asked with a

suddenness that startled him. "Why-why-what-" "Don't you know why ?" she demanded

"Now, Mrs. Marblehead," he said, recovering his self-possession. "I don't want any of your worn-out excuses." 'Do you know why?" she replied, re

fusing to be turned from the original quest-

ion.
"This foolishness must end," he ex-"Do you know why I don't know the value of money?" she persisted, at the same time opening her purse and taking out a solitary quarter and toying with it

suggestively. In another minute she was alone. He had retired, vanquisked, and inside of twenty-four hours he had suggested that it would be better all round if he made her a regular allowance for household and per-sonal expenses, which was what she had been trying to convince him for two or three years .- Chicago Post.

The Model of the Angelus The story goes that one day, while paint-

a young peasant girl at work in the fields with her father, and made several sketches of her in his sketch book. Just as he was putting up his traps to go home to supper he saw the father and daughter bow their heads in prayer as the Angelus bell pealed from the little Barbizon tower. It was at that moment that he conceived the idea for the painting which made its reputation. The young peasant girl later went to live at his home as a domestic, and became the famous model who figured so largely in his painted. sketched, photographed and modeled by a great many different painters and students. Quite recently Mr. Brooks, of Boston, made a half life-size bust of her in wax, which is soon to be reproduced in bronze and marble. It was only after long persuasion that he was enabled to get her to pose for him. "Ah, Mr. Brooks," she said over and over again, "this will be my last posing. I'm too old for this business now. It was all light when I was a girl tremely full, and is held by a belt of green remember of the said over the hem, they end under a bow of green ribbon. The blouse is extremely full, and is held by a belt of green and young and pretty, so they said; its a ribbon. For those who like a touch of the young woman that an artist wants, not a bizarre in an evening costume this descripworn and worked out old woman like me.

My day is gone; its upward of 35 years since the good Mr. Millet painted me, and many things have happened to age me since then." The good soul is quite unconscious that the very beauty for which millet chose her has become intensified with gold, and made with a single train, which is drapped up on one side by a bunch of red flowers with gold centers. The bodice has a fitted corselet of cloth-of-gold, millet chose her has become intensified bake in a hot oven. While the cakes are baking poach as many eggs as there are cakes. Put the baked fish cakes upon a hot platter and put an egg on each. Garbie with perslev and sorve each. Garbie baking poach as many eggs as there are derived that a large number of young women regard \$3,000 a year as enough for two people to live upon, or testimony to the wide advertisement of the fact that the will has been set aside.

This may be an evidence with age—the beauty of resignation, tenderness and steadfastness in her expression. Which bespeaks a life of honest toil supported by undying faith.—Chicago Interdigence in the second bunch of flowers.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Miss Emeline E. Woodbury, who died recently, was for fifty years, the book-keeper in a Boston business house and she preceded by a woman in the same posi-

The Russian blouse, which expects to be condemned to die before Spring, as an article of woman's apparel, has found a refuge as a fashionable garment for small boys. They have sailor collars, and are given a blouse effect by means of leather belts and carry out the leather scheme. Tam O'Shanters to wear with them are also made of leather.

The newest coats imported from Paris are plain, doubled-breasted, and tightfitting. Perhaps three may be a reaction from the over-trimming which is emptying purses and driving dressmakers to the lunatic asylum.

A pretty dress was of smooth dark blue cloth, with nine rows of narrow green ribbon about the skirt; each band finished its circle under a little flat cravat bow at the left side of the front. A Russian blouse jacket of the dress material was trimmed with green also. The lady wore a dark blue hat, trimmed with black and green.

Lucy Curtis is the mayor of Cimarron. Mo., runs the towns, conducts a general store and is the leader of the local Sorosis

And now begins the attack upon trained other scions of reigning families was the skirts by the doctors and the health people, who cry out about the microbe catcher and wealthy Hungarian Hebrew Cohen, or Ko- the unwholesomeness in general of the

who permitted his daughter to marry but it has no effect on the fashionable wom-Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg only on condition that the senior member of the trailing lengths of cloth make her look tall, house should invariably bear the name of graceful, charming, and what does she care how much the health cranks cry out so long

And so the trained skirts get gradually larger and longer, and by spring we shall see women of fashion sweeping up the filth of the pavements with a foot or two of

Of course a skirt that clears the pavement can never be as beautiful and graceful in its lines as one that rests on the ground a few inches. The lines are drawn away from the figure by it and the stuff sweeps down beauti ully from the belt.

There is not a single gown sent out by fashionable Paris establishments at present that does not have its skirt made with a dip or train, excepting, of course, tailor gowns for traveling and shopping, and these invariably have the skirt clearing the ground. These short trains are made fuller than those of five years ago, for then the bell skirts were in vogue, and were made scant

and skimpy. This year the back breadths sweep out full and generous and float off from the figure over slender reeds of featherhone set in the lining, yet not large enough to appear as if anything was there, giving only an effect. The newest sleeves are perfectly plain, and are finished at the top with epaulettes of silk or chiffon, which are held in place by thin wires. Ruffles also are employed to cap the sleeves, and these, too, are thickly shirred over a silk-covered wire. The very latest idea in collars is to have a high crush stock of silk or velvet fastened at the left side and finished with two small point-

A black bow. made of two-inch velvet ribbon, is now considered the correct finish at the top of the coil of hair, twisted in the form of the figure 8. to the head is particularly fashionable just now. This style goes well with the small toque that will be much worn by the woman of fashion from now till summer time. For the street the hair is worn very low on the neck, while the evening coiffure

ed ends, both extending from the same side

and fastened with a jeweled slide or buckle.

coiffure is very simple; the evening coiffure is very elaborate.
Plain, straight hair is decidedly out of fashion. The hair may be rolled back from the face, but every bit of it is waved

or puffed.

The "waterfall" has really come back to us, but it is not the huge and ugly thing of the past.

The saucy side part may be adopted by the very young only. The side part has always been objected to as undignified, and and yet the bit of a school girl who affects it, tossing to one side the curls that were once "bands" and fastening the bunch with fancy pins or combs, looks undeniably bewitching.

The evening coiffure is made up of in-

numerable puffs, and is decorated with

many fancy pins, combs and bands.

For a small and shapely head there is an evening coiffure that is very fascinating. To build this coiffure the hair is done in large waves from the neck up and from the brow back, then bunched in a small coil just at the back of the head with long, jeweled bangs, confining the coil all around in Grecian fashion. This is a particularly

satisfactory and artistic arrangement for the woman whose "crowning glory" is none too abundant. A heavy suit of hair cannot be so successfully arranged in this way, the long "eight" loop at the back and high tucking comb being the best, showing the beauty of the heavy coil to great advantage. Smart little bows have been, and still are, modish in evening coiffures. The regal looking girl usually wears the aigrette

and ostrich tip. The coquettish girl tucks a rose into one side of her wavy coiffure. ing at Barbizon, the great Millet observed The daily waving of the hair with hot irons—and this is really the only entirely satisfactory way—makes it necessary to give particular attention to the brushing and shampooing to keep locks healthy and glossy. A hundred strokes a day are none too many. If the hair is falling out the application to the scalp twice a week of a solution of brandy and salt will prove a remedy. If not, consult your hairdresser. A weekly egg shampoo, if the hair is quite oily, or one every two weeks, if the hair is inclined to be dry, is to be recommended. Use both yolk and white of the egg. This will strengthen the hair if used faithfully.

A pretty arrangement of deep red roses is shown in a dancing frock of white tulle; the flowers, with some foliage, make the left shoulder-strap, fall over the blouse and cross to the right side of the skirt, where,