

Bellefonte, Pa., Feb. 18, 1898.

EVERY-DAY HEROES.

No battered flags are in their trail, No garments drenched with blood, No manly muscle sweating the gale, To help their hardihood.

FRAGMENTS OF AN EVENING.

This is simply a fragment torn out of an evening. The reader will please unpear before his vision a bedroom, a gas jet burning 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.

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

"Now, you'll lose it again if you try to hold it in your hand. Let me pin it in a fold of your nightgown. There! Isn't that fine? You can't lose your money now."

"Go on with your prayers now. 'Grandma, and—'" "Papa did you fix my money so I can't lose it?" "Yes, you needn't be afraid any more."

"You good boy, papa! Let me kiss you." 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 wide awake eyes the parent in his heart forgives this little interruption of the holy function.

"Now papa's boy mustn't do anything at all but say his prayers and go to sleep. Go ahead at grandma." "And grandmamma and Auntie Ruth and—"

"And Auntie Alice." "Auntie Ruth brought me a chicken. Chickens with cany in it." "Third Voice (the voice of wisdom from the outer room)—If I were you'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, that was nice! Did you give Sister Rosie some of it?" "E—"

There is something drawn out and protracted 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'body. Watch me turn a summer."

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

Procured By Torture.

Tortoise Shell Should be Banned as Well as Bird's Plumes. 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.

In the '80's I happened to be down in Bluefields, on that awful mosquito coast and at the invitation of one Manuel Latorre, who was the owner and captain of a small schooner, went with him to the cay of Tortoise shell. This cay gets its name (which in English would be the snorer) from an exceedingly angry sun which can be heard from a long distance breaking over the reefs.

The turtle whose shell is valued in commerce is a small species known as the hawk's bill. This is a species of turtle which comes to the shore to spawn, but they are not mated. 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 then lay the eggs close together so that they are almost impossible for a novice to find them.

The tortoise shell of commerce is not, as generally believed the horny covering, or the scutes of the turtle, it is the scales which cover the scutes. There are about 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.

It is the method by which these scales are secured from the turtle, that is the repulsive part of the business. The scales are cut off as they would be by their extermination in a very few years. After capturing them the turtles are turned over again in their natural position and fastened firmly to the ground by means of ropes. 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.

Without Water 90 Days. A Steer Relieved by a Hen From a Long Imprisonment Under a Straw Stack. On October 20th last, James Houck, vice-president 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.

Delightful Breakfast Dishes. 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 an excellent dish for breakfast. They are best made of halibut, but any other fish may be used.

He Was Excused. The teacher of a city school received the following note explaining the absence of one of her pupils the day before. "Please excuse Henry for absents yesterday. 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 excuse."

Young George Pullman is besieged by maidens who desire to occupy the place of the fiancée who jilted him just after his father's death.

Merry Days for Trusts.

Prosperity has Arrived, but it's Only for Monopolies and Combines. Merrily the wheels of prosperity are humming, set in motion by the Dingley tariff. Merrily hum these wheels, grinding out the lives of the people.

But it 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 to 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 cheaper.

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.

The particular family jar was labeled "Economy," and everyone knows that that is the very worst kind. It came when she asked for some money for 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 rear like an angry bull at the mere suggestion of spending money far clothes.

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.

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.

The Model of the Angelus. The story goes that one day, while painting at Barbizon, the great Millet observed 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 bowing and putting in prayer as the Angelus bell pealed from the little Barbizon tower.

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 was preceded by a woman in the same position. 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.

Lucy Curtis is the mayor of Cimarron, Mo., runs one of the saws, conducts a general store and is the leader of the local Sorosis. And now begins the attack upon trained skirts by the doctors and the health people, who cry out about the microbe catcher and the unwholesomeness in general of the street sweeping jupe.

Hebrews in Europe.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, in discussing the anti-Semitic agitation 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 the latter to seek the ghetto. How thoroughly the utterances of the pontiff are in keeping with the views of his predecessor in the chair of St. Peter may be seen from the fact that the first member of the Hebrew race who 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.

Not that this is by any means the only strain of Semitic blood in the royal and imperial veins of to-day, for the great-grandmother of the King of Portugal, of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and of a number of other scions of reigning families was the daughter and heiress of the enormously wealthy Hungarian Hebrew Cohen, or Kohary, the leading financier of the Magyar kingdom in the eighteenth century and who permitted his daughter to marry Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg only on condition that the senior member of the house should invariably bear the name of "Kohary" or "Cohen" tacked to the Saxe-Coburg. The grandfather of the Princess 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, who was one of the favorite bureaucrats of Frederick the Great and a man of Hebrew parentage.

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 pointed ends, both extending from the same side and fastened with a jeweled silk or buckle.

For the street the hair is worn very low on the neck, while the evening coiffure mounts just as extremely high. The street 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 evening coiffure is made up of innumerable 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.

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Smart little bows have been, and still are, modish in evening coiffures. The regal looking girl usually wears the straight and ostrich tip. The coquettish girl tucks a rose into one side of her wavy coiffure. 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 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, about a foot above the hem, they end under a bow of green ribbon. The blouse is extremely full, and is held by a belt of green ribbon. For those who like a touch of the bizarre in an evening costume this description of a black and gold model may prove useful. The skirt is of black tulle dotted with gold, and made with a slight train which is draped up on one side by a bunch of red flowers with gold centers. The bodice has a fitted corset of cloth-of-gold, richly embroidered with colored stones and finished across the top by inserted Vs of yellow lace; the bag sleeves are of the black tulle, and at the left side of the bust against the sleeve is a second bunch of flowers.

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