Democratic Watchman

### Bellefonte, Pa., July 29, 1898.

#### A SUGGESTION TO THE WAR DE-PARTMENT.

What shall we do with poor old Cerv, The Don who never lost his nerve, But fought with a great display of verve Off Santiago Bay ? Shall we keep him in jail, Where his nerve will fail? In a dungeon deep Where things that creen In the Spanish way Let's rather say ; "See here, old chap, Your late mishap Fills us with glee. But sympathy For a chap like you, A sailor gallant, a foen an true. So, instead of a dungeon deep and dank And chains that clatter and chains that clank, We'll give you the merriest kind of prank. Come down to town And do it brown-Mayhap instead You'll color it red Come up to the gardens on the roof And see how we manage our opera-boutfe, Come into our clubs, O foeman true. And let us jollily jolly you. Come into our cafes on every hand And fatten yourself on the fat of the land. Come into our swellest of swell hotels ; Whatever you wish just ring the bells, In short, although you're under restraint, Just make up your mind that you really ain't And while you're in town pretend that you Are not naught but a jolly old Yankee, too." -Harpers Baza

#### AN UNPRODUCTIVE ROMANCE.

If the man had only spoken-had only explained-the whole affair would have had a different ending. But he refused to say why this was so, and why that wasn't so—and a summer romance was spoiled, and a man and a woman hid their hurts and the world jogged on.

It all came about over a philopena debt and of having time to kill, and hills to climb, and of reading Tennyson to the tune of splashing mountain cascades. For she was merely a woman and he was merely a man, and the blue haze on the mountains and the tender gleam of the sun in the valley, and the song of birds and the pungent smell of pines and rhododendronsall these are to blame.

After they'd eaten philopena, she asked Ashton what he wanted ; for her part she'd take a pair of silver embroidery scissors. No she wouldn't want that-scissors cut friendship, she said. "Friendship isn't the dearest thing in

the world, Miss Ames," said Ashton quietly, and his eyes shot a challenge. 'No?" she queried. "Well, I've never

found anything quite so dear." "Nor I," he answered ; "yet I know it exists."

And then they both were busy with their thoughts. After a space she said : "Well, what

must I give you ?" "Suppose we make it anything I ask for."

"But it might be something awfully extravagant, and I am terribly poor just

now. "Well, suppose I say it won't cost you much.

"All right," she answered, after a mo-

ment's hesitation ; "I'm agreed." And ten minutes later he had passed her

his book and shouted "philopena." "Well what do you want?" she asked. "Pray, don't think of it," he answered

easily. And as they walked to the hotel he was very careful to speak of impersonal topics —the bracing air—the glint of the sun on a patch of green firs-the shape of a cloud that hung over a nearby mountain.

The next day she went to town-a telegram from her mother, who was seriously

"I'll be back in a couple of weeks,' she said—"will I find you here?" "I'll wait until you come back," he answered. "May I hope for a letter from

you?' "Yes," she answered. "I'll write and let you know how mamma is." And so she went away.

And right here the story should end, for then the reader thinks that all good things would come aright, and like the nice folks in the fairy tales, "they married and lived happily thereafter." But fairy tales are relegated to back closets when we grow up and so this story must go on in a grown-up

Two days after Miss Ames returned to town Ashton received a letter. Its brevity was its consoling feature.

MR. ASHTON ce returning home I have learned of so Since returning home I have learned of some-thing that makes it imperative our friendship should cease. I am deeply obliged for the cour-tesy you have shown me. Please try and for-get that we ever have met. (Thursday.) ANITA AMES.

Ashton sat down with a very white face and penned the following

Miss Ames: There are two sides to every story. Mine has never been told, nor will it ever be. I thank you for your very great promptness in JAMES ASHTON.

Three more days elapsed and then an-other letter came from Miss Ames. It was onger than the first.

MY DEAR MR. ASHTON :

MY DEAR MR. ASHTON: I cannot let your note, just received, go unan-swered. I did not want to hurt your feelings, for you have been careful of mine, but under the un-fortunate circumstances there was nothing left for me to do but to write the note I did. I wish you every success in life—and somehow I feel that you will achieve success. (Sunday.) ANITA AMES. (Sunday.) ANITA AMES.

Ashton did not reply to this note-it needed no answer. And for the remaining three weeks of his stay he lazied it through the long days and slept fitfully through the

nights. The day before he was to go away the hotel coach drove up to the door and Miss Ames and her mother alighted. He put his book closer to his eyes and pretended to see nothing. Ten minutes later Miss Ames came on

the porch. She looked around quickly-Ashton and herself were the only persons there. She walked up to him and held out her hand. "I am glad to see you again," she said, simply. He feigned not to see her hand and dropped his book, so as to give her time. When he had picked the book up her hand was still outstretched. "I trust your mother is better," he

said. "I am waiting for you to shake hands," she said.

"Oh, pardon me, I didn't see your hand." "You did see it," she said.

He made no answer, but shook her hand in a perfunctory way. Then he stood facing her. For fully a minute the man and the woman stood there silent. He was very cool, very self-possessed-she was em-

barrassed, restive. "Why don't you say something?" she said, petulantly. "What shall I say?"

"Anything-say you're glad to see me again.'

Opening the Dark Continent.

It is just 21 years since Henry M. Stanley, greatest of African explorers, surprised the world by emerging from the western side of Africa, at the mouth of the Congo He had been sent on an exploring expedi-tion by the New York *Herald* and London *Telegraph*. Entering Africa in 1874, at Zanzibar, he had been heard from at intervals for awhile, and then all traces of him were lost. It was supposed he had per-ished; that he had either been stricken with disease, massacred by his retinue or had fallen a victim to some unknown savage tribe in the vast interior of the continent. When the world had pretty gen-erally settled down to this belief, the news came that, with the remnant of his band, he had emerged from the west coast and had apparently accomplished the feat of crossing equatorial Africa, something that

had never been done before. When he had recovered from the fatigues of his journey he had a marvelous story to relate. He had gone where white men had never been seen before, where all of their arts and traditions were unknown, where men had lived thousands of years unknowu and unknowing of all the history of the world around them, where nothing of all the stirring history of the human race, from the time of Abraham to the time of Lincoln, had ever penetrated. Pushing on and on he came to countries and to peoples where the last vestiges of the great world without disappeared. He explored the great lakes—Victoria Nyanza, Albert Ny-anza and Tanganyika—he reached the hitherto unknown kingdom of Uganda. and dwelt there for a time as the guest of its king, in peace and amity. He through other kingdoms that were hostile and where he had to fight his way. He cut his way through vast forests that seemed endless in their gloom and that threatened to hold him and his band until they should be worn out with fatigue and privation, and he crossed vast, fertile and cultivated plains, where he found the people living, surrounded by plenty, and par-

## ticipated in their prosperity.

He finally came to the head of a great river called by the natives the Lualaba, and which he was convinced found its outlet in the Atlantic. He resolved to follow this and to stake all on reaching the western coast. Building canoes, he embarked his party and they floated down the river for weeks and months, engaging in battles at times with fierce tribes of natives, in war canoes, and halting sometimes, to par-tially explore some of the great affluents of the river or to make excursions into the The lowest orders smell with their mouths, country bordering its banks.

At last he began to see here and there mong the natives an implement that had smell in dogs and in savages is well known. come from civilization ; that in the course of perhaps a century, by means of barter, had found its way into the interior. He concluded from this that his surmises had been correct, and that he was approaching the coast. Finally, after three years of journeying, his band, weakened and worn to the point of almost utter exhaustion, reached a point where they could open up communication with the coast, and the civilized world soon knew that the feat of crossing the dark continent had been accomplished. Then Stanley went to Europe and wrote a wonderful book entitled "Across the Dark Continent," in which he told the story of his journeyings. It was read with absorbing interest in all parts of the civilized world. His adventures were so startling and the value of his discoverlenge belief.

He found that the Lualaba of the interior was the Congo of the coast; that it was subtler ones.

## Mystery of Smell.

Problems Awaiting the Attention of Scientific Men. Some of the Remarkable Things Noticeable About Various Odors.-Evidences of the Remarkable Development of the Sense of Smell.

One subject which in this scientific age has not been made the matter of thorough scientific investigation is the sense of smell. Our knowledge of the science of odors remains about where it was 50 years ago, although we have learned so much about light, heat and sound. The old imperfect classification of smells into "pungent, sa-line and saccharine" still remains. Indeed, about all that most of us know is that some smells are agreeable and some decidedly the reverse. There is no standard of smell, no unit odor established as a base of comparison. We do not know when one smell is twice as strong as another. As a famous chemist said, "Quantitative analy sis has not yet been applied to the skunk." A writer in the *Independent* does, indeed, say than on an examination of several thousand flowers he found that there was a

connection between color and perfume. He finds that of white flowers 14 per cent. gave out agreeable odors ; of gray ones, 11 per cent ; of red, a little over 8 per cent ; of yellow, a little over 6 per cent; of blue, 5 per cent, and of green, only 2 per cent. But, further, yellow flowers contain the largest number with a disagreeable odor, and the white the next largest. But this analysis is vitiated by the fact that a perfume agreeable to one person may be sickening to another.

There is no æsthetic standard of smells and there are few which all declare to be delightful. An English manufacturer of perfume asserts that he is able to combine odors so as to produce a certain effect and talks of a perfume scale, but this seems rather commercial than scientific. If he could really produce an odor which everybody would recognize by the combination of different smell elements, the foundation of a science of smell would be laid.

One remarkable thing about odor is that the emission of it does not appreciably diminish the mass of the body from which it is given off. A grain of musk may fill a

room with odor for years and weigh as much at the end of the time as it did at the beginning. Its weight must have been diminished, for it is impossible to believe that an effect on our organs of sense can be produced without an impact of material particles from a source of energy, but the amount of matter dissipated is infinitesimal in the case of an odorous body.

The sense of smell is apparently univer-sal, but stronger in animals than in men.

insects smell with their hairs, fishes smell in water, and the acuteness of the power of Humboldt says that Peruvian Indians could tell in the darkest night whether the person approaching was a European, a negro or an American Indian. In those deprived of the other senses the power of analyzing odors is sometimes abnormally de-

veloped. The Scotch boy James Mitchell, a blind, deaf mute, could distinguish the individuals in a room into which he was led. John Mossman, a deaf mute at Parkersburg, W. Va., was able to locate oil wells with the certainty that a setter finds partridges. His nose brought him a fortune of \$500,-000 as fees for professional smelling. It is strange that no one has trained a dog to point petroleum. Possibly a dog might be taught to "stand" a nugget of gold in the frozen soil of Alaska, as pigs find truffles in ies apparently so great as to almost chal- Perigorg, for metals have a characteristic smell. It is probable that everything gives off a characteristic effluvium, though our

We are all familiar, perhaps, with the thermometer as it stands on our desks or hangs on our walls in its silver case or hand-painted stand; but I wonder how many know that the name they see on the scale-Fahrenheit-is the man to whom they owe this useful instrument.

The Thermometer.

One hundred and fifty years ago very few people in America had ever seen a thermometer. At that time there were probably about six of these instruments in this ountry, Franklin owning one.

If we could not feel the cold or heat the mercury in the little round tube would show whether the temperature was high or

The winter of 1709 was very cold in Dantzic, Fahrenheit's native home, and in ex-perimenting he found that by mixing salt and snow a degree of cold could be reached equal to that of the coldest day, and called it, when he made the scale of his thermometer, zero. The boiling point he made 212 degrees above it. This thermometer Fahrenheit made when he was still a young man, and not long after he became so interested in the study of natural science that he gave up his business and traveled in Germany, France, and England to study under the learned men of those countries At last he settled in Amsterdam as a maker of philosophical instruments.

He was not content to follow in the footsteps of those who had already made inventions, but wished to improve upon them. The thermometer, as made at this time, 1720, was merely a glass tube from which the air had been expelled, and then filled with spirits of wine.

Fahrenheit made two changes in his thermometer-instead of wine he filled the bulb and tube with mercury, and second he arranged the scale which we still see on our thermometers and which bears his name. This scale has been accepted by three countries-Great Britain, Holland and the United States.

· Our knowledge has been greatly enhanced by the use of the thermometer. The low-est degree of artificial cold that has been produced is 187 below zero, it is said, and the hardest thing to freeze is carbonic acid. Salt water freezes at fourteen above zero. These are nly a very few of the facts that have been brought to light by the use of the thermometer, and as its usefulness has increased it has made it an almost indispensable instrument.

Besides improving the thermometer Fahrenheit was an untiring worker and inventor. He died at the age of fifty. with a great many projects incomplete.

### A Standard of Wealth in Russian Armenia.

In arid and semi-desert regions the question of fuel is one that taxes the re-sources and ingenuity of the inhabitants. The people who live in Russian Armenia have solved the question in a way that forms a very striking feature in the views of all the villages of the plateau. After the grain has been threshed, the remaining straw is piled up in great stacks on the low, flat roofs of the houses and stables, where it will be convenient for use as bedding for the stock. Much of the straw, however, is mixed with the fresh manure as that is taken from the stables from day to day. The mixing is usually done in round beds made by raising a low ridge of earth, using an implement like a hoe for the work. Then square or round cakes of the mixture are made with the hands and plastered on a wall to dry. When dry, these cakes are piled up in conical or pyramidal heaps, which are frequently ten or fifteen feet in height. These piles seem sense is not delicate enough to detect the subtler ones.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Few people can successfully massage themselves, even if they try conscientious ly. It is best to exchange treatment with a friend, one who has nice, strong fingers would be preferable, three evenings a week if possible, but even one treatment of an hour's duration each week will bring about good results.

First clean the face thoroughly with a good cleaning cream, kneading it down well into the flesh. Be careful not to loosen the skin from the underlying tissues or stretch it. A skin that does not fit closely soon gets baggy, and falls in folds or wrink les. Press it firmly with the fleshy cushions at the tips of the fingers until there is a decided glow, and the oil, mixed with dirt and dust, oozes out on the surface. In doing this, remember not to rub in any way that would make extra lines appear on the face. Now take a coarse towel, wrap it around the fingers and wipe out well. If powder has been used, there will be a brown layer on the cloth, particularly if the powder contains lead. Rub back from the center of the face and on the cheeks toward the ear, always working up except under the eye. Do not touch the eye until you have had a great deal of experience in ssaging.

Now a word about the nose. For those who have blackheads, I would say, rub hard. Bring plenty of blood to the surface. Press the sides firmly together a great many times, causing the blood to circulate freely and it will dissolve and carry away the hardened matter in the glands. The dull red or purple hue noticed in many noses is generally caused by sluggishness of the blood, and will entirely disappear on being

well massaged every evening. After the face has been cleaned and rubbed bathe in hot water, rinsing contin-

uously for about five minutes. Use no soap in the water. If this treatment is followed carefully you will retire with a decided glow all over the face and neck.

In the morning just wipe with a cloth dipped in cold water, and afterward if the skin has an oily shiny appearance, rub on a dilute solution of salt and water.

You will notice the horizontal lines. Now remember that the skin alone is not responsible for this condition. The muscle under it, from long practice, has become habitually contracted, so that it is necessary, not only to efface the wrinkles from the skin, but also to stretch and draw the muscle to its original length. The large muscle of the forehead, the occipito-front-alis, is attached along the level of the eyebrows, its fibres running up and back to the hair on the head. When it contracts or shortens, the skin, remaining the same, is larger, and, therefore, lies in folds. If the muscle remained in a semi-contracted state, the lines would be permanent. Sometimes the contraction is so great that deep cuts are always to be seen across the fore-

head. To take out these lines and lengthen the muscle, stroke up, pressing the fingers in firmly in order to reach the inner fibres. Begin nearest the center of the face and work along on the line, rubbing up well the whole length of the wrinkle. Smooth the skin up, leaving no part untouched. A hot oil brushed on the lines while you are working them hastens the cure. When you have gone over all the lines in this way, begin again at the first and massage them all again continuing the treatment for half an hour. You will be quite surprised at the result. If the lines are not very deep they will have entirely disappeared and even if they are deep ruts in the flesh, still the improvement is so well marked that one is encouraged to go on with the work. Now the perpendiclar lines between the eyes. These are caused by scowling. Examine in the glass, and you can easily see how they are brought to the face. You will generally find two lines. They are caused by the contraction of the corrugator supercilli muscles, which extend on either side from the space between the eyes to the highest portion of the eyebrow arch. In eradicating the lines caused by these muscles, rub-not up, as in the case of the horizontal lines, but crosswise-holding the skin firmly with the fingers of the other hand to prevent undue stretching. Rub out from the center of the face, beginning below and working up on the line. To take out frowning lines requires more care and patience than the forehead lines, but if the subject on which you are working tries very hard not to bring them back, they will disappear in a short time. It is well, even after the lines are gone, to rub the forehead a little each night, and leave a small particle of oil in the place where the lines used to be.

'A kiss.'

Of course, she got indignant then-only mildly so, of course-but it is the first law in social ethics that a woman should grow indiguant when a man asks her for a kiss. It isn't becoming, nor maidenly, for a woman to yield at once-and Miss Ames knew what was correct and what was not.

And so for fifteen minutes they argued pro and con, she parrying with consum-mate skill and plying the eternal question of women—"What in the world would he think of her if she would allow him to kiss her?'

"But if you don't," he persisted, "you break your word." "But if I do," she answered, "I lose my

self respect."

"Nonsense." he answered fallaciously

your self respect." "Is keeping your word such a great thing with you?" she asked.

"It is my one virtue," he answered very clously. "I have never broken it in my seriously. life. Once upon a time, merely because kept my word, I got into trouble of a very serious kind-and social ostracism followed But I kept my word, and I'm content.'

and he brought his lips closely together. "You socially ostracised !" she said in-credulously. "Why, what are you saying ?"

"Nothing," he answered curtly ; "my lips are sealed. But," and his mood changed. "are you going to keep your word ?

She hesitated. "You said you'd ask me for something that wouldn't cost much ?" "Well ?" he queried.

"Well, this would cost me a great deal," she answered slowly. "Then you refuse ?" he asked quietly.

She was plainly distressed. "I'd like to keep my word, you know, seeing you put such a great store by that. I'd like to keep my word, indeed, I would ; but don't you see how hard you make it for me?"

"I told you before that it is hard at times to keep one's word, but that shouldn't deter one from keeping it."

"Oh, it's easy enough for a man to keep his word "

"Just as easy for a woman," he answered.

"Oh, no," she said quickly, "women are different."

"How different?"

She flustered about helplessly trying to find an answer. "Oh, they're just differ-ent," she said finally.

"Which means you break your word ?" She kept silent for a long time. Then in a voice so low it was almost a whisper she said, her eyes on the ground, her face

scarlet : "I will keep my word. "Thank you," he said, as he rose to his feet, "that was all I wished you to do. You have kept your word by signifying your intention to do what you promised. I don't want a kiss that is in payment of a debt—when you're ready to give me one of your own free will, then I shall be very glad-it will be a different sort of a kiss then. I wanted you to keep your wordand you've done so. Now, one'd better be getting back to the hotel-it's the dinner hour.

"That wouldn't be true," he answered, quietly. "You wrote me that I was to forget we had ever met." "But, I want you to say something," she persisted, "I want you to tell me your side of the story." "I never break my word," he answered.

"But you must in this case," she said, quickly.

"Must?" he said, coldly-sneeringly, she thought. "Yes-must-" and her lips were a-tremble and her breath came in little

gasps. "I've heard horrible things-ter-

rible things—and you must tell me your side of them. I'll believe you," she added quickly, "I'll believe you. You must tell world.

"And why must I tell you?" he asked "if you keep your word you can't lose in the same even tone that was habitual with him.

'Because you've hurt my pride-without saying it you've made me feel that I'm in the wrong—I don't know why I feel that way, but I do. You've made me feel like a child that is being punished for something—and you've hurt my pride." She was almost on the verge of crying.

"And I have too much pride to tell you," he said, his head high in the air. 'Let people say what they want of melet them believe what they wish. I won't contradict or even modify any story that you or anyone may choose to hear of me. I made that promise and I won't break my the opening to the facilities of trade of a great and rich region of the earth that 21 word."

"To whom did you make the promise?"

years ago was less known than the terri-"Myself," he said. She looked at him critically, and there tory of the moon. From the western coast almost to the shores of Nyanza there is was something in her eyes then that should have made him speak—that should have made him tell her, if not that which she now a transportation system in a measure comparable with that of our own Mississhad asked, another story that men have told women since the day that man and woman were born and will tell until the woman were born and will tell until the

woman were born and will terr their supper, will you tell me?" He hesitated, and in that second she

saw her advantage. She put her hand on his arm, and looked up into his eyes—a strange light there—"the light that is nevare used as the symbol of rank and comer seen on land or sea."

And a mighty struggle took place in the man then. And he found it hard to swallow the lump that was in his throat, and to clear away the mist that was in his "If you see me after supper I will tell

you," he said, steadily. She tried to say something, but could not. Instead, she ran quickly from him and up the stairs.

But he never told her, because he did flag not see her after supper, nor she him. He hot see her atter supper, hor she him. He had said : "If you see me after supper I will tell you—" and he had made it im-possible for her to see him, because he left the hotel within ten minutes of the time often used by revolutionists. In our service it is the mark of danger and shows a vessel to be receiving or discharging her powder she had left him.

Which was very sad, possibly-and possibly not. All stories can't end happily any more so than can all lives. And fairy tales are only for children.

A large lumber deal was consummated at Clearfield last week by the sale of He helped her to her feet and she stood the timber on the John Irvin estate, near salute a vessel or fort. up close to him and looked squarely into his eyes. "Do you know," she said un-steadily, "you have made me very, very happy by your generous behavior?" In the transfer of the sound for the office of the office of the bound of

one of the great rivers of the world ; that it drained an immense territory of wonder-Hartford gas company, have a very pre-ceptible one. There is a general idea that ful richness, and that in the interior it and its affluents furnished thousands of miles of navigable water, though it was not a body must possess a molecular weight 15 times as great as that of hydrogen before it navigable to the sea, owing to a series of can effect the olfactory nerves of human berapids in the lower part of its course. Subsequent explorations by himself and others ings, but even that needs confirmation. not only confirmed what he had said about We frequently confound taste and smell and it is said that no one can distinguish the region, but added to the wonders which it contained. Such was the impres-sion made by his discoveries that a few an onion from an apple by taste alone.

of the continents, it is an insignificant af-

fair, yet its inauguration is an event of

more than passing interest, since it marks

Language of Flags.

A "flag of truce" is a white flag displayed

The red flag is a sign of defiance and is

The black flag is the sign of piracy. The

to an enemy to indicate a desire for a par-

ley or consultation.

Some odors cling to the surface of things, years subsequently, under the auspices of as the odor of game, which rarely arise the king of the Belgians and others, the much above the ground ; others are rapidly Congo Free State was founded, having for diffused through the air. Why is this its object the development of the empire which Stanley had made known to the No one knows. One of the most singular things about the sense of smell is that it is

not subject to illusions. Sight may be de-Accordingly, trading stations and settle-ments were established on the upper Con-go and its branches, and trade began to ceived. One may imagine he sees things which are not before him ; he may hear a roaring in his ears when there is no sound, spring up between this hitherto unknown but it is said that even the insane are not subject to olfactory delusions. There are no ghost smells. If this is true, what is region and the rest of the world. Owing to the falls on the Congo, however, the question of transportation was very diffithe reason, what is the explanation, of the cult, as there was a stretch of nearly 100 miles between the lower and upper navigable waters that had to be covered by caravan. To fill this gap a railway was projected. This railway has now been comcreased by heat? pleted, and is about to be formally opened

'make a bluff'' at some of these problems. of perception of the utmost refinement, older, probably than the sense of sight, a power for the exercise of which we use a complicated mechanical and nervous mechanism, the nature and modus operandi of which are as much a matter of conjecture as were those of the senses of sight and smell 1,000 years ago. Evidently science has not discovered everything yet.

How to Make Whitewash

The whitewash used by the United States government for painting lighthouses, etc., consists of three parts of fresh Rosendale cement and two parts of fine sand mixed thoroughly with fresh water. In applying it the wall must be wet with clean, fresh water, to be followed immediately with an application of this cement wash. During the application the wash must be kept well stirred and be made as thick as can be applied conveniently with a whitewash brush.

Though not directly in the line of bread, these crullers form a welcome accompani-ment to the hot breakfast coffee. Two cup-fulls of buttermilk, half a cupful of butter or lard, three eggs, one cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of soda, and flour to make a soft dough. Roll out, cut in any shape and fry in hot lard. Sour milk may be substituted for the buttermilk.

True to his Trust.

yellow flag shows a vessel to be at quaran-"Dear Harry," wrote his chum, who tine and is the sign of contagious disease. was in camp at Key West, "I have had only one letter from my girl since I came A flag at half mast means mourning. Fishing and other vessels return with a flag at down here. Are you looking after her as half-mast to announce the loss or death of you promised ?'

some of the men. Dipping a flag is lower-ing it slightly and then hoisting it again to "Dear Jerry," wrote his friend in re-onse. "I am—six evenings in the sponse. week."

s there is a small opening at the bottom of the stack to allow of its being used as a kennel or chicken house or something else of that sort. These dried cakes of dung mixed with straw are almost the sole dependency of the country people for fuel, and, as a consequence, in the semidesert, the man who possesses a large quantity of this material is considered wealthy and his daughters are desirable matches.

A Welsh Sermon

The Welsh are noted for their fondness for sermons and music. The annual Eistedfod, the national bardic congress, is attended by thousands, who, on the great day of festival, "chair" the fortunate bard, the winner of the prize.

A similar enthusiasm greets the Welsh preacher who is eloquent in speech and practical in expounding the Scriptures, The following story of a Welsh preacher told in the "Journals of Walter White," illustrates the graphic, simple exposition, which commanded the attention of the congregation : "Noe worked at the Ark, driving in nails

plump, plump, plump. The haythen came and said, 'Noe, there's good hunting in the woods here, hares and foxes, leave your work and come and hunt.' But Noe kept on hammering, plump, plump, plump. "The haythen came again : 'Noe, there's good beer at the Red Lion, leave your work and come and drink.' But Noe kept on hammering, plump, plump; and then the rain came, and the flood lifted up the Ark, and carried Noe away, and left the hay-then all screaming and squabbling in the water.

Urges a Trained Navy.

#### Admiral Dewey Comments on the Destructions of Cervera's Fleet.

On board the United States flagship Olympia, Manilla Bay, July 17, via Hong Kong, July 21.—The good news of Admiral Sampson's great victory is most welcome. While I might suggest that the results may cause me to look to my own laurels. I gladly express my sincere gratification at the destruction of the Spanish fleet in Cuban waters, which with their loss in Manila bay must end the Spanish sea power in this war, if not forever.

From the telegrams just at hand I note the remarkable similarity of the Spanish fighting off Santiago to that in Manila bay. In both battles their firing was ineffective. They fought their ships to the least advantage and finally scuttled or burned them to cover their defeat. The small loss of life on the American side there is, indeed, ex-traordinary and rivals our deathless record here

In view of the ships engaged, I trust that the results of these two battles, as well as lesser incidents, may prove to the American people the value of a strong and well trained navy. GEORGE DEWEY.

When She Takes Her Time.

"Is your wife a rapid reader ?" "Yes, unless I am waiting for the pa-

It is true that high collars work the ruin of pretty throats. The woman who through the spring and early summer months fol-lowed fashion and wore close, neat-looking linen collars or stocks of velvet or ribbon, now, as the sultry midsummer days are approaching, wisely casts about for a be-coming finish for a low neck. With the new freedom that will be given the long closely confined neck it is to be hoped that before the season of decollete gowns comes around again naturally pretty throats will grow round and full again.

It is the fashion this warm season to be comfortable and as comfortable gowns have been designed with new beauties added, the most careful follower of fashion's ruling smiles with approval upon the collarless frocks.

The surplice form is an old favorite revived, and is becoming to any woman. young or old, provided her neck is not ex-tremely thin, when, of course, a collar built up tolerably high should always be worn. The original was a dainty thing of sheer white lawn, the skirt ruffled, and the bodice simply fulled at the shoulder in front, with wide fine lace pieces set in. The fronts crossed and finished a little at one side with a wheel bow. The back, with lace strips set in, was shirred at the shoulders. to correspond with the fronts, the fullness. drawn down narrow to the center back seam. A little frill of lace went all around the neck and down the fronts. The tops. of the sleeves had lace bands set in rounding points, and the fullness was bunched up close at the sleeve seams.

In cutting this bodice for a slender figure only shoulder and under-arm seams are necessary, but to fit a stout figure well. shaped under-arm pieces will be required. For a colored lawn or gingham this simple model is equally suitable, and a grass linen gown with bands of ecru and white or colored embroidery set in would be very smart.

Wide, square yokes are having a great vogue. A pretty little frock that the maker of called a "creation" when she showed it to me was of pale yellow organdie, with sleeves and yoke of alternating rows of finely tucked white organdie and lace. A wide frill of lace outlined the yoke. The collar was composed of tucking and lace and was sewn to the round neck, turning

# Buttermilk Crullers.

The white flag is the sign of peace. After a battle parties from both sides go out to the field to rescue the wounded or bury the dead under the protection of a white

tional colors in token of submission. Flags

To "strike the flag" is to lower the na-

mand, the officers using them being called flag officers. Such flags are square, to dis-tinguish them from other banners.

and fields so much more fragrant in the morning than at noon, when, on the other hand, the strength of most odors is in-The scientific men ought at least to with elaborate ceremonies; and though compared with the great railway systems

As it is, here is an original sense of power

# phenomenon? Again, why are the earth