Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., August 12, 1898.

A CHILD'S EVENING THOUGHTS.

All day the happy butterflies
Have flown about in play,
The bees have sung their drowsy song
Among the poppies gay,
The trees were filled with birds, but now
So still is all around,
I cannot see a bird or bee—
I cannot hear a sound.

To fly and sing the whole day long
Must make them tired, I know;
So they have gone to sleep in trees
And in the green hedgerow.
The sun is growing weary, too,
For he has had to run
So fast from daybreak until eve,
To get his day's work done!

And now he's going to his rest,
Upon his crimson bed,
With fleecy curtains hung around,
And pillows gold and red,
He's sinking fast, and pretty stars
Are coming out to play;
They love to frolic in the night,
And sleep through all the day!

And they are looking down at me,
So friendly and so bright,
I wish I could sit up to watch
Their merry game to-night,
But nurse says I must go to bed,
'Tis time to shut my eyes.
Perhaps I'll wake before the sun,
And then I'll see him rise!

—*Julia Zitella Cook.*

A WELL KEPT SECRET.

"Oh, she's got money somewheres, mark my word, and she'd ought to have the doctor right away. But there she lays on the settle in the kitchen, jest as she was took down in the midst of her housework—she was setting there shellin' pease when the spell come on—in that old caliker wrapper that she al'ays wears around the house, an', all they can do, they can't coax her to let 'em take it off an' get her to bed. She ain't sick, she says, an' she ain't goin' to have no doctor fussin' over her. But the cur'ous thing about it is"—the newsteller lowered her voice to a whisper—"that she keeps a clutch on her pocket, as if she was afraid somebody was goin' to rob her, an' Nancy Potter thinks that's the reason she won't let 'em undress her. But if she don't get better purty soon, they'll have to, whether she wants 'em to or not."

And straightening her sun-bonnet, the neighbor who had called to give this bit of village news hurried away, saying that she'd 'got to stop an' tell Phrony Rogers about it.''

''Mis' Bland's a *leetle* given to gossip,'' remarked my hostess, "an I al'ays try to make allowance for it. But I do feel kind o' worried 'bout Seliny, an' soon as I finish my bakin' I'm goin' to run down there myself an' see how she is. I declare! there comes Dr. Hurd now, an' I'm goin' to stop him on my own responsibleness an' ask him if he won't step in an' see Seliny. 'Tain't Christian to let a body lay there an' die jes' cause she's so sot 'bout havin' a doctor. You jes keep an eye on them pies, will you?" And giving her floury hands a hasty wipe on the crash towel that hung on the roller behind the kitchen door, she caught up her knitting and hurried out to the gate to hail the doctor.

I was her summer boarder, and the morning being somewhat damp and chilly, I had very gladly availed myself of her permission to sit awhile by the kitchen fire. Hardacre had been recommended to me as a place where one tired of the turmoil of the city could find absolute quiet for body and mind, and thus far—I had been there three weeks—my experience had amply justified my expectations.

The little hamlet—it could hardly be called a village—was so remote from the centre of civilization that the people still adhered to the frugal style of living that their New England ancestors had inaugurated. Even in the households of those who had snug sums deposited in the savings-bank at "the Harbor" rigid economy prevailed, and these practical souls were as careful of time as of money. Mine host—a thrifty farmer, and one that wanted to keep his accounts square with the Lord as well as with the world—would hurry in to dinner, and spreading his hands over the table, ask "the blessing" while the "hired men" were finishing their toilets on the back porch. Taking time by the forelock in this way, he was ready to serve the food the instant the men were seated; and though he served them generously, he expected them to eat expeditiously and with no waste of words.

His wife, in her household affairs, showed the same economical fore-thought. There was always either a bunch of carpet rags or a piece of knitting to be picked up while waiting for the kettle to boil or the flat-irons to heat, and the amount of work she accomplished in these "odd minutes" made me heartily ashamed of my own improvidence. I had been idle all the morning, and as I stood at the window and watched her plying her needles while she waited, the doctor having been stopped by some one up the street, I resolved to keep at least a book on hand thereafter for the saving of the minutes. But an odor of scorching pastry made me fly to the oven.

"Mercy! I hope they ain't burnin'," cried the housekeeper, hurrying in and unceremoniously taking my place. "If there's anything spoils a pie to look at, it's havin' the edges all pared off. But I guess these ain't hurt," she added, on closer inspection. "Pa al'ays likes a purty good brown on 'em."

"And how about the doctor?" I asked, as she shut the oven door.

"Oh, he'll go, I guess. He says he don't feel called on to go to see folks that don't want him, but I guess he thinks the reason Seliny don't send for him is because she can't afford to pay him, an' he'll go through hail an' snow to help anybody that feels like that."

"Has she no relatives that could help her?" I inquired.

"Yes, she's got a brother livin' in the ol' homeste'd up on the hill. An' I s'pose by good rights she'd ought to be livin' there herself, for they say that her pa in his will left her everything. But the will couldn't be found, an' soon as the funeral was over, Seliny set down and wrote to her brother Dave to come home. She al'ays thought the sun riz an' set in Dave, he bein' the only brother she ever had, an' it most broke her heart when he took a notion to go out West. The ol' man wanted him to stay an' help work the farm, but Dave said the farm *prodoose* wasn't more'n enough for one family to live on, an' he wanted to start out for himself. The ol' man didn't like it very well, an' that I s'pose, was the reason, if he did make a will, that he left everything to Seliny; an' 'twouldn't ben anything but fair, either, seein' as she'd al'ays staid right there an' looked after things, when she might jest as well 'a' married an' had a home of her own if she'd wanted to. An' prob'ly she would if her ma hadn't died, 'cause Jim Bates was courtin' her for years. But be that as it may, she sent for Dave the first thing. He'd ben gone then 'bout six years, an', lo an' behold, he walked in one day with a wife an' three children. Seliny hadn't counted on anything o' that sort, but when Dave said he hadn't writ home about it for fear 'twould worry the ol' man, Seliny made 'em all welcome. An' findin' that he'd hardly a penny to show for the six years he'd been away, she told him the farm was his an' he must stay right there. Prob'ly she expected to stay too, but Dave's wife was one o' them sort o' women that want everything their own way, an' after a while Seliny told Dave that she thought she'd better go to housekeepin' by herself. There was a small house down in the village that belonged to the family, an' she persuaded Dave that she'd enjoy bein' there, 'cause 'twas so handy to meetin'.

"'For pity sakes, Seliny,' says I, stoppin' at the gate when she was movin' in, why didn't you send that woman an' her children down here an' stay where you belonged? You know well enough, if what folks say about your pa's will is true, you're the only one that's got any real right there.'

"'The will!' says Seliny. 'You don't know what you're talkin' 'bout, Mis' Baker. You don't s'pose my father'd ben so onfair as to leave it all to me, when Dave had spent the best part of his life helpin' to keep things up? Besides he's got a family to support now, an' I've nobody but myself. There's room enough down here for me, an' he's welcome to the farm. If there ever was such will, I hope It'll never be found—not while David's alive, anyway.'

"You see how she felt about it. She'd share her last penny with Dave. An' she must have some money laid away somewheres, for she's ben sellin' butter an' eggs an' wool socks right along year after year, an' it can't cost her much to live."

The pies, flaky and fragrant, stood in a row on the white pine table, and Mrs. Baker, putting her knitting-work in her pocket and taking her sun-bonnet from its nail behind the kitchen door, said that she was going down to see Seliny.

"Why don't you come along?" she added hospitably. "The walk'll do you good. Course you needn't see *her* if you don't want to."

The fog had lifted, showing the breakers tossing up their white crests between the sand dunes; and eager to be out in the sunshine, I accepted the invitation, thinking to go on to the beach after leaving Mrs. Baker.

But on coming inside of the house we saw Dr. Hurd's old roan standing at the hitching post, and before we fairly reached the gate the doctor himself came hurrying down the narrow path between the prim rows of box.

"We're too late," he said, shaking his grizzled head. "She's past help. But I'm glad you've come, for some in there is just bursting with curiosity, and nothing must be done till her brother comes. I'm going for him now." And springing into the buggy, he gathered up the reins and gave a lusty chirrup to his horse.

Mrs. Baker caught at my sleeve. "Come," she whispered. "You heard what he said, and I want you should stand by me." And mechanically I followed her in.

The women grouped about the settle started back as we entered. "Poor Seliny's gone," murmured one of them. "Dretful sudden, wasn't it?"

There were tears in Mrs. Baker's kind eyes.

"Yes," she responded; "a thief that comes in the daytime seems somehow even more sudden an' onexpected than one that comes in the night. But I guess Seliny was ready, Nancy."

"Oh, I don't doubt that," said Nancy. "Seliny was a good woman. An' I don't b'lieve she was so dretful poor, neither. I want you to look at the way she's holdin' on to that pocket."

The rigid figure on the narrow settle lay with the left hand—a thin, work-worn hand—resting under her chin, but the right clutched in a vice-like grip a fold of her scant calico skirt. Brown hair slightly touched with gray was brushed smoothly back from a white, peaceful forehead, and the whole face impressed me as that of a woman who, whatever the secret she carried, had a pure and loving heart.

"Funny she should do like that, ain't it?" said Nancy. "Somebody'd ought to get her hand loose, if they don't want to have to bury her that way."

"Tain't to be meddled with till her brother comes," said Mrs. Baker quietly. "Them's Dr. Hurd's orders."

"Then I s'pose it must wait," said Nancy, with ill-concealed disappointment. "Well, I guess Dave won't have no funeral expenses to pay. Seliny was al'ays given to savin', an' I shouldn't wonder if she'd get enough laid up to pay for her buryin' twice over."

"Sh—sh! Here comes Dave an' the doctor now," whispered one of the others. And all of them drew back from the lounge as the two men came in.

"Poor Seliny!" said the brother, presently, with a catch in his voice. "I never wanted her to come down here to live, but she said, as it was standin' empty, she might as well be usin' it, an' she al'ays seemed to take it for granted that father meant me to have the farm."

He had a kind, honest face, and we all felt that he had no intention of wronging his sister.

Meanwhile the doctor had loosened the stiffened hand that was clutching the pocket, and laid it across the other.

"Here's something that you'd better take in charge," he said, handing to David a long thin envelope, much creased and worn.

I was standing at the window, deep in thought on the weird mystery of death, when David crossing the room, without seeming to see me, laid the wrapper on the window sill and took out his glasses. I started, and involuntarily glancing down, I saw written, in small stiff characters, the inscription, "To be destroyed unopened in case I die before David."

Evidently David himself had not seen the words, and the next moment I heard a half-stifled exclamation.

"That's the sort of woman my sister Seliny was," he said, brokenly, handing the paper to the doctor. "This little place was all I really owned. Everything else was hers, as it should be."

It was old Luke Martin's will, leaving all that he possessed, with the exception of this little three-roomed cottage, to his beloved daughter Selina. He bore no ill-will toward his son David, the testator took pains to explain, but David was a man, and able to take care of himself, and as Selina had always staid at home and been a faithful daughter, it seemed only right that she should have the property.

There was a profound hush when the doctor came to a stop. And suddenly the little room was glorified, and the plain, pale face on the chintz-covered cushion seemed crowned with a saint's halo.—*Mary B. Sleight, in Harper's Bazar.*

A Short War.

The war which now is apparently drawing to a close promises to be the shortest in which the United States has ever engaged with a foreign foe. It is just 113 days today from the time when hostilities were declared on April 21st. Ten days after the latter date, on May 1st, the Spanish fleet in Manila bay was destroyed and the fate of the Philippines settled. Meanwhile the Cuban ports had been blockaded. On May 11th the first American loss of life occurred in the action at Cardenas between the torpedo boat Winslow and the gunboats Hudson and Wilmington and the Spanish shore batteries. June 10th the invasion of Cuba began by the landing of marines at Guantanamo, where they were attacked by the Spaniards the next day, six Americans being killed. It was not, however, until June 22nd that the advance of the American army under General Shafter landed at Baiquiri in Cuba, and the real invasion of that island was begun. Just two weeks later, on July 6th, General Toral sent a flag of truce to General Shafter asking three days' grace and cable operators to notify the Madrid authorities of his desire to surrender Santiago. This action had been hastened by the destruction three days before, on July 3rd, of Admiral Cervera's fleet, which event had been followed the same day by a demand for the surrender of the city. Subsequent to that date there was no fighting before Santiago, and on July 14th the city was surrendered and was occupied by the American troops three days later, on July 17th. The actual hostile operations of our army in Cuba may be said to have occupied not more than two weeks, and the days upon which our naval forces were compelled to do any fighting in Cuban waters would not make up a greater time. The advance of the American army invaded Porto Rico on July 25th, and has thus far taken possession of a considerable portion of the island without having a single man killed or mortally wounded. In the Philippines the Americans have not done any fighting since May 1st, the fleet maintaining the blockade. The first American troops were landed in the islands June 30th, but made no hostile move until two weeks ago. Thus far no fighting or losses by them have been reported.

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When the short time the American land and naval forces have been actively engaged in aggressive movements is considered, their achievements appear marvelous and far beyond anything accomplished in previous wars. Two fleets completely destroyed, an army of about 22,000 men taken with a strongly fortified city and other important points, together with about 6,000 miles of tributary territory in Cuba, the island of Porto Rico practically annexed and the fate of the Philippines placed in the hands of the United States, the capture of many Spanish merchantmen, the killing and wounding of about 10,000 Spanish soldiers and sailors, while the American loss has not succeeded 300 killed and about 1,700 wounded—this is the record of about two weeks of actual fighting, and is one which is unique in history.

The Revolutionary war began with the fight at Lexington on April 19th, 1775, and was actively continued until the surrendered of Cornwallis, October 19th, 1781, six years and a half later, and hostilities continued for some time even after that event. The war of 1812 began in June of that year, and the last battle was fought at New Orleans on January 8th, 1815, nearly two years and seven months later. The Mexican war witnessed the first fight in the latter part of April, 1846, and the City of Mexico surrendered September 16, 1847. The civil war began April 12th, 1861, and the last Confererate army surrendered May 26th 1865.

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Considering the other great wars of the century, the brief time occupied by our present conflict and the great results achieved do not suffer by comparison. Napoleon's famous campaign from Elba to Waterloo and the day of his final abdication, on June 28, 1815, occupied just 100 days, but the campaign was really but the culmination of nearly a quarter of a century of warfare. The Crimean war began March 27th, 1854, and terminated March 30th, 1856. The Italian-French and Austrian war lasted only from April 26th 1659 to July 11th, 1859, but during it the great battles were fought at Montebello, Pales.ro, Magenta and Solferino, with much loss of life on both sides. The German-Danish war began December 23rd, 1864. The Prussian-Austrian war commenced June 16th, 1866, and ended August 23rd, 1866. During its continuance the hostile forces were continually close together and several great battles were fought. The Franco-German war began July 19th 1870, and the Germans entered Paris March 1st, 1871. The Russian-Turkish war commenced April 24th, 1877, and ended January 31st, 1878. The war between Greece and Turkey began practically on April 9th, 1897, and the fighting was over by May 25th, 1897. In none of these wars was the fate of such large territories and of so many people decided in so few days of actual warfare and at such a small cost of life to the victor, compared with that of the vanquished, as has been the case in the present war.

Surrender of Ponce Was Demanded and Received by Ensign Roland Curtin.

More Honor for Bellefonte Boys—He Gave the Spaniards Half an Hour to Surrender the City—They Lit Out After Padding their Backs in View of Possible Fire in the Rear.—Received With Open Arms

According to a dispatch in the Sunday issue of the New York *Sun*, Ensign Roland Curtin, son of Gen. John I. Curtin, of this place, had the honor of receiving the surrender of Ponce, the first city in Porto Rico in respect of both population and commercial importance.

The following extract is taken from the account in the *Sun*:

The capture of the city began on Wednesday. Late in the afternoon the Wasp, Annapolis and Dixie started from Guanica Bay for Ponce. The Wasp was the first to arrive and the people were waiting for her. Nobody had worked since the news was received that the Wasp was coming. The Spanish garrison in the city, 350 strong were panic-stricken with fear and wanted to surrender or leave. The commander was in a quandary, but when the Wasp was sighted there was no quandary among the people.

When the Wasp came into port she saw a great crowd of Spanish troops. Lieut. Ward and Executive Officer Wells finally sent Ensign Roland Curtin with four men ashore bearing a flag of truce. They suspected treachery on the part of the Spaniards and the gunners of the Wasp stood ready to fire at a second's warning.

Ensign Curtin is a little man but he has plenty of sand. He put for the beach as though he had no suspicion of treachery.

As the boat approached the shore the people crowded around down to the water's edge, with their hands filled with cigars, tobacco, cigarettes, bananas and other articles, which they threw to the Americans when the boat came within range. The ensign's flag of truce consisted of a white handkerchief which was fastened to an oar.

As the ensign stepped out of the boat upon the beach, the people crowded around him, those nearest to him forcing cigars and other things upon him and his men. Then they gave three rousing cheers.

Ensign Curtin introduced himself and said that he had come to demand the surrender of the city and port. He asked to see the civil or military authorities. Some of the civil authorities were present but they said they could not surrender the city. That must be done by the military authorities who they said were in the city. Ensign Curtin then said that the military must surrender, and surrender at once. At this the crowd yelled "Vive los Americanos."

Someone in the crowd told the Ensign that the commanding officer of the military was in the city and that he must go and see him. Ensign Curtin said: "We will not go to the military. They must come to us."

He asked how long it would take to send word to the general. The people said about half an hour, but added that there was a telephone in the custom house, Ensign Curtin pulled his watch from his pocket and said to one of the spokesmen: "Go to the telephone and tell the general that I say to him that if he is not here and does not surrender within a half hour I will bombard the city of Ponce."

In the meantime there was great excitement in the city. The Spanish residents were scared and the soldiers were uncertain what to do. This was the state of affairs when Ensign Curtin's telephone message was received. They had no trouble then in deciding what to do, and a remarkable scene ensued.

Ensign Curtin after sending his telephone message to the Spanish commander entered his boat and returned to the Wasp for instructions.

The *Sun* account then goes on to say that in response to the demand made by Ensign Curtin the city was surrendered to Commander Davis, and the Americans landed in triumph.

Roland Curtin, who thus distinguished himself, was born in Bellefonte, and is 24 years of age. He is a son of Gen. John I. Curtin, who participated in most of the big battles of the civil war and is a grandnephew of the late war governor, Andrew G. Curtin. He graduated from Annapolis Naval Academy in 1896, and after a long cruise he attended the Queen's Jubilee as a cadet on the Brooklyn. After a two year's cruise he was promoted to ensign and transferred to the Wasp.

Will Be Discharged.

It has been announced that such of the members of the National guard as did not join the provisional guard will be discharged as soon as the provisional guard is in shape. Those who go into the provisional guard will be given transfers from their old commands and will be transferred back to them again when the war is over, thus keeping their service continuous and giving them full credit. Those receiving discharges will lose the benefit of their continuous service and will have to enlist over again if they re-enter their old commands when they return.

The Scarcity of Tin Ore.

The fact that tin, of all the metals in common use, is only sparingly distributed throughout the world is again called attention to by an Australian geologist, Mr. B. J. Skertchley, who has published a monograph upon the subject. While the known gold fields of the world cover more than 1,500,000 square miles, the tin fields have an area of less than 12,000 square miles. Thus, for every square mile of tin ground there are 132 square miles of gold-bearing country. There are seven tin districts in Europe, producing about 8,300 tons yearly, of which the Cornish mines yield about 8,000 tons. Asia has two tin areas—Hunan, in China, estimated by some of the best authorities to produce 10,000 to 20,000 tons a year, but proved by official figures to yield less than 2,500 tons, and the Straits Settlements and adjacent principalities, yielding 58,000 tons yearly, the richest yield in the world. Africa has no known tin mine; North America no payable mine; South America only one tin area Bolivia and Peru, yielding less than 4,000 tons a year, and Australaia, the youngest, contributes about 6,000 tons a year.

Bodies Floating.

Steamship Westernland Reports Sighting the Victims of the Burgogne.

The steamship Westerland arrived in New York last week and those on board report that when sixty miles off Sable Island, and within about one mile of the spot where La Burgogne went down on July 4th the bodies of twenty-six men and two women were seen floating in the water. It was a significant fact that almost all of the men whose bodies were floating with life belts on were sailors. Passengers seemed to have no life belts and therefore sunk.

The steamship Hiawatha, sent out from Halifax to recover and identify the dead of La Burgogne, was sighted by the Westernland in the neighborhood of this human wreckage and was engaged in the work for which it was sent out. As the Westernland passed the crew in one of the boats from the Hiawatha were removing the life belts from two bodies.

Making Corn Oil.

Some of the manufacturers of glucose in Chicago have turned their attention to the production of corn oil—an article extracted by pressure from the germ of the grain by methods similar to that used in the manufacture of linseed oil, leaving a residum not unlike in its character the oil cakes of commerce. It seems a matter of necessity first to extract the germ, this, for a long time, involving a waste. As against this, a company now turns out some 250 barrels of corn oil per day. Most of the oil goes to England for soap making. It is shipped in second-hand oil barrels, each of a weight when filled of 400 pounds, rated at the factory at 3 cents per pound. Some of the oil is used in this country principally in mixing cheap paint and for adulterating linseed oil. It is regarded as a rapid "drying" oil.

——The cost of broken stone for building roads is not so great as many suppose. It can be bought at the crushers for 40 cents per solid yard, and the railroad will freight it forty miles or less at about 50 cents per cubic yard, making a total of 90 cents; but suppose we call it $1. Then, if the roadbed is nine feet wide and the stone is piled on a foot deep, a cubic yard will cover three feet linear at a cost of $1, making one mile (1760 yards) cost as many dollars. But as only about nine inches are necessary, one-fourth of this amount, or $440, should be deducted, making the exact amount only $1320, which is cheap enough for a first-class road, the material for which must be brought forty miles by rail.

Peach Lore.

Decorative, Delicious Dishes Composed of Queen Fruit of Summer.

Never try to use green peaches or those which plucked green, have come to a faint ripeness afterward. No market peach can ripen on the tree. It would be unmarketable before it had gone 1,000 miles, says the Cincinnati *Commercial*.

It is the worst possible economy to buy poor peaches. For one thing, the waste is double—then what is eatable is never satisfactory.

Another thing, clingstone peaches are best for cooking, clearstone ones for serving raw. Somehow, that variety is far and away the more savory. If they are cooked on the seed they keep their flavor better. If that is impracticable cook plenty of seed with them.

Peach Junket—Bring a quart of rich new milk to a boil, sweeten it with four tablespoonfuls of sugar and flavor it to taste. When blood warm add to it two teaspoons of prepared rennet. Peel and halve a dozen clearstone peaches. Drop brandy on some lumps of sugar and put one in the place of each seed. Set the halves together in the bottom of a cup and fill the cup three parts with junket. Serve either with whipped cream or plain cream sweetened and flavored with peach seed syrup.

Peaches in Jelly—Prepare the fruit as in junket, but set it in clear glass nappies. Make a clear lemon jelly, using the fruit gelatine, and flavor it with ginger and the juice of two fresh lemons. Just as it begins to set pour enough around the peaches to half cover them. Set them on ice with the rest of the jelly. When it is hard break it up in pretty small blocks and heap them over top of the peaches. Serve with cream or sweet white wine.

Peach Cream—This has but one draw back. It must be prepared on the instant of serving. You need the ripest, juciest clearstone peaches. Put them on ice until ready to peel and crush. Have ready some ice broken the size of small marbles. Half fill deep, thin glasses with it and lay on top three lumps of sugar wet in brandy. Fill with crushed peaches and send to table with whipped cream on top. Another way is to leave out the brandy and pour claret over the fruit. Or a lemon may be squeezed over it, or it may be flooded with a creamy custard. In either of the last cases use powdered sugar plentifully on top of the peaches.

French Pyramid—Peel and halve ripe clearstone peaches. Lay enough of them on a flat dish with the hollows up to form a square. Put in each hollow a lump of sugar that has been rubbed on the yellow rind of a lemon until it is well flavored then add a small layer of peaches and fill the hollows likewise. Continue until you have a pyramid. Squeeze the juice of two lemons over it, dust thickly with powdered sugar and keep cold until served.

Compote of Peaches—Make a quart of strong ginger tea. Add to it 1½ pounds of sugar and the juice and yellow rind of three lemons. Boil and skim well, then throw in, a few at a time, ripe clingstone peaches, peeled, but on the seed. Let them cook till tender, skim and put in more peaches, taking care to keep them whole. When they are cooked, heap them on a handsome glass dish. Skim out the lemon peel and add to the syrup enough gelatine, dissolved in cold water, to make a firm jelly. Pour the jelly in a handsome dish, and, when hard, cut into shapes. Lay them over the peaches and put on top all the curls of lemon peel. Serve very cold. As good as it is pretty, for a high tea.

Baked Peaches—Indian peaches are the best. Peel, but leave them whole, and stick two cloves in each. Put them in a cooking dish, letting the sides touch, cover them with sugar, dot all the top with lumps of butter, and bake in a steady, but slow oven until done. Excellent cold or hot. The finest possible relish for game or fowl or roast pig, as well as a fine dessert.

Peach Dumplings—Roll good puff paste into rounds six inches across. Shape the rounds into cups by pinching up the edges. Set the cups in a baking pan and put in each a big ripe peach on the seed also a generous quantity of sugar and butter. If you like things very rich, use sweetcake dough instead of puff paste. Cook at the same heat as biscuit. When half done fill up the cups with butter and sugar. Do not require sauce, but may be served with it.

Peach and Tomato Salad—Take half a dozen firm white peaches and as many firm red tomatoes. Peel and quarter, now slice them, and set on ice. Put into a bowl a heaping teaspoonful of sugar, a salt spoon of celery salt, one quarter as much white pepper, a dust of cayenne pepper and five drops of tobasco. Add to this alternately a little at a time and all the while stirring, four tablespoonfuls of salad oil and the juice of two limes. If properly mixed it will be the consistency of cream. Line your salad bowl with leaves of heart lettuce. Pile the peaches and tomatoes in the middle, mixing them agreeably. At the very last minute pour over them the dressing. In serving put a spoonful of salad in the middle of a lettuce leaf.

Cautious Praise.

Mr. Orchardson, the famous English artist, has lately given the public an insight into his experiences with golf—that mysterious game, so fascinating to the initiated of which the charm is so incomprehensible to the outsider.

It is but recently that Mr. Orchardson, who is past middle life although in the prime of healthful vigor, has transferred his affections from hunting and tennis, his former favorite sports, to the national game of his country—for he is a Scotchman. He played his first game of golf at St. Andrews.

"I remember," he says, "I had the queerest, most solemn looking caddie imaginable. I made a fearful mess of it at first, and the little chap looked on without a word. At last, when I had finished the round, he looked up at me in the funniest way and said, 'It's nae use playin golf unless ye lairn it as a laddie.'

"But I must tell you that the next day I had this same caddie, and I got on much better. I was almost annoyed with him for not praising me, for he was as silent as on the day before. But when we finished, he turned to me and said, as if resuming our last conversation, 'Aweel, A'dinna ken.'"

Being a Scot himself, the artist was therefore satisfied with what he doubtless interpreted as a handsome apology and hearty encouragement.

——A Susquehanna woman cured her husband of staying out nights by going to the door when he came home and whispering through the key hole: "Is that you Willie?" Her husband's name is John, and he stays at home every night now and sleeps with one eye open and a revolver under the pillow.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Some of the prettiest organdie gowns have deep yokes of guipure or fine embroidery around the hips, and the lower part of the skirt, turned and hemmed, is gathered on to this. The bodice for this variety of skirt has a guimpe neck and sleeves of the lace or embroidery to match.

As fullness at the top of the sleeve diminishes in favor the popularity of the epaulette (circular, ruffled, pointed or square) increases. The epaulette cut in one with the bodice is an odd novelty.

One of the most striking features of the party gown at the season's summer resorts is the absence of the low-cut neck and short sleeved variety, says the New York *Herald*. While there will always be some who adhere strictly to the "full dress" par excellence, it is no exaggeration to say that at least three-quarters of the dresses worn at the Saturday night hops at the fashionable hotels, and at private home receptions as well, have long sleeves and high necks.

The sleeves of these gowns are mostly of some thin, fluffy material, shirred and fulled to the limit, while they extend way down over the hand, ending in some pretty finish of lace or chiffon, while the neck is finished with a fluffy stock of ribbon, lace or fluffy material. Even those gowns which are cut down are more modest than those worn a few seasons ago by even the young miss hardly out of her teens, whose entire vigilance was expended in keeping her dress from falling off both shoulders at the same time, one being the number fashion adhered to.

The low-necked gowns of this season are tastefully cut, and the shoulders are covered. It is difficult—almost impossible—to find reasons for fashion's caprices. Whether the athletic woman who now rules the social world has decreed that it is not healthy to dance in a decollete gown and then expose herself to the night air on open porch and draughty rooms, or whether it is only one of the changes and chances of this variable world, who can say?

Curls have come into style again, and fashion now decrees that the strictly modest maid or matron shall wear four curls of hair. These curls are unique because they are not very often seen, and one may not notice them. They are to go alongside of and just below the psyche knot, the loose knot of hair that is so much the vogue now. Whether a girls wears a "high psyche" or "low psyche" does not matter, she must appear with those four little curls, each a trifle over an inch in length, rather loose and dangling, two on each side of the head, the higher about half way up, the lower just touching the neck. It is just two years since curls came into fashion, and then they went out quickly. This new style seems likely to stick, however, for it is becoming and popular already. The hair nowadays among the very best persons is dressed to give it a wavy, loose appearance in the back, especially with the younger women of society. Even the straightest, stiffest, most obdurate locks stand this treatment well, and the "psyche," or some variation of it, suits most every girl. Whether it is worn high or low these curls look exceedingly well, and add much to the daintiness of the hair. The girl whose hair will not curl need not despair. She can easily keep in the fashion and at very little cost. These new curls can be bought for a very small sum. Pinned on in precisely the proper place they look natural, and could not be detected from the real.

The pompadour mode of coiffure is rapidly disappearing, and short, irregular curls are creeping down over the forehead. The hat that tilts well back from the face is responsible for this change. Evening coiffures are arranged high on the head, and two rosette bows, one on each side of the knot, are more fashionable than any other form of headdress. Another style of coiffure has a bunch of curls over the forehead, the hair about the temples and in the back drawn up into a high, curly pug, which is encircled by a black velvet ribbon tied on one side in a Louis XV. bow, passed through a fancy buckle.

The baby. Dear as he may be, mothers should not forget how delicate in every way a baby is. The very fact that he smiles and looks happy when talked to shows that he understands, and it is that which is the strain.

Of course, every mother will occasionally talk to her baby and play with him; the harm is done when the mother, with nothing else to do, talks to her baby every moment he is awake, tells him the name of everything, and insists upon him trying to repeat it. She will take care to feed him with the greatest exactness, and keep him daintily and comfortably clothed.

All very right and proper, but she must not forget that his brains are quite as weak and undeveloped as his body. If his brain is to properly develop, his mind must have rest, and when he is made to take too much notice, it is a tax on his mentality that is beyond his strength.

Keep babies as much as possible like little animals; let them sleep and eat. Keep them in cool, well-ventilated rooms. If a baby is too much talked to its brain is apt to be too active, and it will not be able to sleep as much as is necessary. If this be continued, by the time the child is five or six years old it has an old and drawn look upon its little face, which has no right to be there. Let the baby grow naturally; it is not advisable for him to be too sharp at an early age. A little dullness now gives him a better chance of being smart later on.

About the healthiest and best bed a baby can have is clean oat chaff. This should be put into a bag which can be easily emptied and refilled once a month. It is cheap, and if kept well aired will be always clean and sweet.

As it is not desirable that children should be sat upon the floor, it always becomes necessary to provide something soft to put under them, an old shawl or a piece of quilt. But a nicer thing than this is a rug for the purpose. To make one upon the most economical plan, tack two widths of dark gray Canton flannel, one and a half yards long, upon an old piece of carpet the proper size. The carpet must be well washed before being used for the purpose.

Now cut some figures of animals from brightly colored pieces of cloth, and stitch them with gaily-colored cotton or wool all around the edge so as to form a border. This will amuse the baby, as well as keep him from the old floor.

It is advisable to keep a heavy baby lying as long as possible. The head is apt to be too heavy a weight for the tiny little spine. As long as baby is content to keep a recumbent position do not try to urge him to sit up. He will gain in strength more rapidly while lying on his back; only see that he has plenty of room to kick his little legs about.