

Bellefonte, Pa., Feb. 16. 1900.

KING HEROD'S SON.

The rose-red sunlight faded unto dun, And gleamed in mists of gold Jerusalem When through the gates their three white

camels swung
With weary hoofs all rust with desert sand.
Hard by the pillared porch of Herod. king,
The mounted Magi drew the fringed rein For rest at last: just as a certain Star Wakens with arrowy argent the dusk air— Friend of their pious hope, its light had led Their wanderings on, yea, far midst stranger And barren places where the jackal laughed:

And now perchance the longed-for goal was

Herod within his cedern closet sits, Drunk with the poisoned draught of suller

That feed upon his soul. Around him hangs Rich arras picturing frantic lures of lust— A mocking woof to his diseased veins; While drooping from a curious beam of gold A globe of alabaster casts its ray
Upon a rusted blot of memoried gore—
The blood of Marianne his dead queen
Whose spectral lips lean ever to his ear
Crying a madness on his tyrant brain; In haggard trance there have his eyes bee

tread
Do homage to his brooding. Lo, what power
Wafts to his senses through his chamber walls
Strange words to shake him from his haunted dream;
"Where is the new born babe, King of the

Four days and nights, while fear and muffled

Jews—— And we his star have seen within the east For hither are we come to worship him?"

The Magi pause outside the brazen gates, Where smoking torches blur the starry nigh 'Mid wagging of centurian tongues. Pale

In samite wrought with strange device And breathing odors of an Eastern clime Their beards bleached wondrous with weight of years.
The story they repeat; while in the dusk

The freighted camels drowse upon their knees. And Herod hidden by a pillar hears, Clutching the marble with his withered

hands, Weak with his fear and hate. Then forth he with hail of welcome to his kingly guests, Bidding them enter in the palace halls, And brimming goblets with his precious wine As at his board he gives them honored place; And while they tarry o'er their heads the

Star, Brightening within the violet voids of night vers the cradle of another king. Now Herod's favorite son felt Herod's hate On hearing of the new born rival king, As, noted not, he stood beside his sire, With frowning face while feasted the wis

Three.
And so it was, when in the wide white night Mounting their camels they set forth again, Along the way that led to Bethlehem, Secret he followed in his curious youth, Telling no person in his father's house And cloaking with precocious craft the grab That prated of his princely birth. Behold, The strange Star swam before them in the

Out through the sentry-guarded city gate, Which at a glint of Herod's signet-ring Yields grudging egress to the caravan-The bold boy lurking where the shadows flit, They journey 'neath the heaven's solemn

Always the Magi's aged eyes upraised Unto the lustre in the calm mid-air, And on their lips a holy murmuring Of hymns in alien tongue, while the night

breeze Blows burdened with the incense rich they take, With gold and divers costly offering, before an infant's swarthed feet

Like forms of dream they thread the olive Whose stirring leaves seem little lips that

nail
The pious purpose of their hearts, and now
The open sky and wattled shepherd huts
With ghostly fleeces huddled in the fold And drowsy guardians bending on their

crooks; And so, 'mid dew-wet ways of quietness, Where Love beyond the meaner love of men Poises with wide spread wings invisible Under the pulsing stars; and thus at last,
The hills crowned by the humble hamlet

Of Bethlehem, where o'er one straw thatch ed roof, The wretched outhouse of the hostelry,

A happy beacon pours its silver beams! At the frail door faith knocks with trembling hand, Full of the wonder of such lowliness-The child of Heaven mid the crowding kine And with the Three enters King Herod's sor

To mock the monarch cradled in a byre! The while, confusion reigned in Herod'

house At knowledge of the prince's secret flight, And soldiers sought through all the city streets With torch and spear, but got no bruit of him

And so came dawn and noon and eve again When rose the cry, the prince was at the Tearful, the queen cast arms about his neck, Thinking no thought save joy of his return But Herod, wroth, bade him declare the

thing
That held him thus in hiding from their ker
And put unwonted light within his eyes; For as in some rich wonder did he walk, Smiling upon them speechless. Then

He broke his silence to the sullen king, Reporting all the marvel of the love Which changed his hate to homage of the child. And at his words Herod had slain his son

The while his fury raged, but love prevailed Because he deemed a spell was on his soul. Bidding his slave raise up the prostrate youth And keep him prisoned till the madness cease.
Thus bound he put him questions of the babe

Thinking to send his messengers of death
To take him where he lay; but vain his wit; othing would he affirm but happy love For him the lord of Jewry newly-born. Then Herod bided full of bitter craft The coming of the Magi back again, According to their pledge, but they came not; For had the boy his father's hate revealed, Whereat they turned their steps another way.

Then fourth went Herod's edict on the land That babes of ten ler years be foully slain, And at the news wild grief assailed the boy, Until the queen for pity of his tears In secret loosened his bonds, thinking per-

chance
To move him to his olden filial mind. Instant he fled the palace as before,
Passionate to warn the parents of the child And lo, he learned how they had left the

And hastened into Egypt; at the news He turned rejoicing; near the palace gate. The hirelings found and bore him to the king Then did he cry; Put by thy sword, O Sire For hath the babe escaped. On hearing him The wrath of Herod frothed his livid lips, And through a mist of blood he bade them

strike; But when he saw that he had slain his son, Upon his lips the Christ-born smile of love, Madness o'ercame him, and he reeled and

Thus was he borne into his golden house And on his couch 'mid spectral shapes of fear Raving aloud he lay until he died. —Edward A. U. Valentine in December Dixie.

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A LITTLE MOTHER.

The hot sweltering weather had come and the city gasped and choked for breath in the blistering heat. It was undeniably the hottest summer known for years. In the papers were daily pitiful tales of deaths and prostrations and unpopular indeed was the office in Park row that did not maintain some kind of a fund, free ice, fresh air, fresh milk, or what not. But in the very heart of the east side the suffering was as great as ever before, and the roofs and fire escapes and sidewalks told a tale of many hot nights, when the people, stifling for a breath in the close little room, crawled out and slept in perilous places, and were still unrefreshed and parched when the snn rose and gilded the islands in the

Those were hard times for 'Steenth street. It was low and malarial and the breeze that came up from the East river blew fetid breaths in the day and tantalizing hopes of coolness that were never realized in the night. There was scarcely a home which the Destroyer had not visited to carry away in his arms some weak, gasping little one, worn out with the struggle of warring against the heat. By day the sun shone with a fierce, pitiless glare that drove the children into alleys and areas and cellars, and by night the stones of the houses and the iron work of the fire escapes gave forth the heat which had been storing all

day.

The Pure in Heart could do little to relieve the distress. Within its little rooms there was as much discomfort as in the other tenement houses. There was but one class kept going, the Saturday morning sewing class, and that was small enough. Attendance had been dwindling since May. At first the weekly May walks of the various institutions about the neighborhood had decreased the roll, and then the children grew restless in the heat and could not bear to sit still even for a few minutes. The night classes had long been given up. Who could bear the heat of a gas jet when all the blue heavens without beckoned and breathed faint whiffs of coolness? Mrs. Morton went from house to house from which the little ones had been taken and offered kindly sympathy and what little help the mission could give, for it was as yet poor, and stood still, fairly helpless at the great wretchedness it had to face in its in-

experience. It was one particularly hot Saturday morning and the little class of sewers sat clustered about their tired teacher in varying attitudes of inattention. A hot breath came in now and then through the two open windows and lazily fluttered the dusty curtains. The teacher's voice rose and fell, occasionally sounding above the insistent noises of the streets without. The chatter of women on the stoops and the hoarse laughter of men; the voices of children and the loud rancous cries of hucksters advertising their wares and haggling with shrill voiced women. It was a task to hear in the general racket and the children dozed and nodded because they could not know what was going on within the

Annie Berkeley shifted the weight of year-old Little Brother from one arm to the peered down into his sleeping face.

Mrs. Morton looked up from her work

tic endeavors to still the restlessness of her little sister Viola. "We shall have an outing for these little

folks," she said quietly to the teacher, "and the 'little mothers. especially, and we shall see that it is a day of rest for

original than a May walk. Despite the heat and the general feeling of lassitude prevailing, certain members of "de gang" egan to loiter around the doors of 322, although there were no reasons for their being about. Scrappy Franks and Dobson were to be seen attending Mrs. Morton to her car with suspicious gallantry, carrying her parcels and holding her umbrella tightly in their arms, especially when the sun was hottest and the need for a shade great-

But, somehow, it may have been that Dobson made specific inquiries; it may have had talked the matter over, but it soon became known that this special excursion was for the small folks alone, and small folks who wore dresses, and had to mind baby brothers and sisters. When these tidings were borne to the "de gang" searching for a cool place under the "L! station, a disgusted and disgrunted, "Ah. now, wouldn't it kill yer" went up from the assembled throats. And then and there, as befits nasculinity, the subject was dropped and forgotten, save when occassion presented itself to twit the little sewers about their excursion, and to tease them by an occaional reference to "de kids an' dey ocean

Among the little girls there was much excitement, which vented itself by violent whisperings in class and much running in and out of each other's rooms, and many small groups gathered in important conclave on the sidewalks. Comments, chiefly on the desirability of such a trip, were made and wise remarks offered as to the final outcome. On the day before the great event a cluster of little skirts were in front of 322, and now and then an anxious head peered furtively in the doorway, as if expecting developments thus early. Just then Mary McMahon came up and surveyed the group with an assumption of care-less indifference which sat ill upon her, ecause there were tear stains upon her

"Mary's ma ain't gointer let her go," said Ada Middleton, with a little hop of triumph. Between her and Mary there violent but tacit dislike, caused by certain marks of favoritism shown the lat-

ter in school. "Aw. I don't care," said Mary, bravely, "I wouldn't go to de ol' beach. Ain't nuttin' dere. My pa's gointer to take me to Coney Island."

She tossed her head and sniffed contemptuously, and for a minute there was an awed silence in the group. In the face of such fortune as this there was nothing to be said. Annie Berkeley drew a long sigh of bliss-

full contentment, and patted her baby brother's head.
"Aw, well, de beach will do fu' me Mis' Morton won't let no babies go, an'

we'll be to ourselves. A sympathetic murmer went up from other little baby-burdened ones and the chat-ter ran high and keen about the morrow. Only Annie became strangely silent and crooned absently to little brother, rocking her charge rhythmically to and fro as she peered into his face now and then to see if

he still slept. It was a starched and shining faced crowd o'clock and marched in solemn file to the ferry which runs to North Beach. Annie Berkeley's hair was braided in a stiff and glossy pigtail, and her shoes had been carefully polished until the cracked and worn birth strength of the health. Only 25 cents per box. Sold by F. P. Green, druggist.

places were practically invisible. High above the rest her voice chattered and laughed in a gay, almost hysterical volubility. For so long had her arms been baby burdened, for so long had her days been as one to the other, until the prospect of a holiday was as strong drink to her. Little Brother, in the arms of his mother, who had given up this day to his care, waved a pudgy and solemn farewell to her from the orner, and Annie called back shrilly, kissing her hand. But even at the moment, a something gulped up in her throat and her eyes filled for an instant.

It was very gay on the boat. The waters sparkled cool and gleaming in the sun, and when the rocky dangers of Hell Gate were being passed with its cost health. being passed with its great bowlders, foamrested and gurgling merrily, the joy of the children knew no bounds. Annie Berkeley was the first in the crowd who discovered the new sights. She clapped her hands at the green shores, and the islands with their fortresslike buildings. She pointed out the big houses on the water side, and stood iptoe craning her neck across Manhattan isand to catch a faint, far glimpse of Grant's tomb, white in the distance. Then, with an unconscious movement, she swayed her thin little form to and fro and glanced down

at her empty arms.

There was an Italian orchestra on the boat, whose harps and violins sounded weirdly sweet to the children, above the rush of the waters and the chug-chug of the boat's machinery. Some other passengers, taking pleasure in the children's delight, contributed pennies to keep the mu-sic going. Annie and Ada Middleton whirled dizzily around in ever increasing time to popular waltz tune. Annie gasped joyously as the music ceased and for a momen serious little shade crossed her pinched face, as she cried unconsciously to Ada.

"Oh, wouldn't Little Brother laugh?" Ada regarded her in silent scorn for an instant, and walked away in disgust. By the time the boat had landed at the each, a vague sense of the incompleteness of human pleasures was beginning to dawn upon Annie, and it was with a rather sober mien that she regarded the wonders all about them as they walked in asylum file over the pier. Such wonderful things there were to do and such things to see and to eat that she soon recovered her spirits. She climbed on the merry-go-round and cheerily clucked to the wooden horse whose reins she held, and who rocked dizzily up and down in a breath holding way. But she looked longingly at the gilded chariots, and dreamed of a pudgy baby sitting therein, held tight in her arms. Holding tight to Elsie Dix's hand, she flew in terrified glee over the scenic railway, and although the wind snatched off her hat, and she had to gasp again for breath, she felt a fierce thrill at the thought of holding Little Brother up

tight with the joy of protection and care. When the time came for dinner, and they all sat around on the grass, and munched sandwiches and chicken and cake and pie, and potato salad, Annie was silent, and ate abstractedly. Mrs. Morton paused by her side long enough to ask gently: "Aren't you having a good time, An-

The small pigtail bobbed violently up and down, but there was no audible reply. other, and sighed a tired little sigh as she Just then the sewing teacher came by with a plate of ice cream and a great slice of pink and white cake. Annie took it from her and then glanced at Susie Thompson's fran- hand silently and gazed at it with slowly filling eyes. It was the culmination of months of hopes unspoken, of dreams untold, and yet—and yet—she raised her eyes, and found Mrs Morton's gaze still

> After this audible expression of discontent Annie gave herself up to her loneliness and home sickness. The minstrel at the music hall who cracked time honored jokes and strummed on his banjo provoked but a smile from her, and even the gorgeous lady in the short pink silk slip and the huge picture hat, who kissed her hand to the children after pleading with "her tried, and baby" to come back, only caused a momentary widening of a pair of tear-laden eyes How Little Brother would have crowed at

the music! At last the long day came to an end, and been that the little girls of the sewing class the little asylum file trotted demurely on hoard the hoat, tired and a wee bit cross, perhaps, sticky as to faces and fingers and wind blown as to hair. The sun sent long, red bars about the green shores and white foaming water, and athwart the boat and the children danced in its red glow to the twinkling of the harp and violins. One little girl sat apart from the rest on the forward deck, straining her eyes for the first hand. He said to me : glimpse of the ferryhouse, her head resting on the rail, her little form rocking to and fro in rhythm to an unconscious crooning

The tired little file streamed into 'Steenth The tired little file streamed into 'Steenth street. The boys waited on the corner of and settle my books, as you know more about them than anyone else; and let Mr. shouts, to which the little girls, complacent in the consciousness of superiority, vouchsafed no reply. They were to go to the mission and after roll call to be dismissed. This rule was strict; no one was to break

ranks. On the other corner a group of women stood talking. One of them held a pudgy baby in her arms. Annie looked up quickly, then with a glad cry she dropped her companion's hand and rushed across the

street to the group. "Annie!" cried Mrs. Morton, reproachfully.

But Annie did not hear. Her arms were folded about something warm and cooing as she stood rapturously on the corner rocking to and fro and crooning softly to Little Brother. —Mrs. Paul Lawrence Dunbar in Chicago News.

Why He Came.

Augustus Lackcash (to tailor)-"My on tells me that you have allowed him to run a bill for three years. I have, there ore, come--Tailor-"Oh! pray, sir, there is really

no hurry." Augustus Lackcash-"I know that, and, therefore, I have come to tell you that in future I want to get my clothes from you

A Foolish Question

Mamma-My dear, where have you been all this time? Daughter-Sitting up with a sick friend. Mamma-Nonsense. I believe you've been in the parlor all the time with that

Mr. Softleigh. Daughter-Well, ma, he's lovesick.

WORKING NIGHT AND DAY .- The busipills change weakness into strength, listWashington's Last Hours.

Graphic Description of the Final Illness and Deat of the Father of His Country.

The following description of the death of Washington, was condensed by the Brooklyn "Eagle" from Irving's "Life of Washington:"

About 10 o'clock on the morning of De cember 12th, 1799. General Washington mounted his horse and rode out as usual to make the rounds of his estate. The ominous ring round the moon, which he had observed on the preceding night, proved a fatal portent. About 1 o'clock it be gan to snow, soon after to hail and then turned to a settled cold rain. Having on an overcoat, he continued to ride without regarding the weather, and did not return to the hopse until after 3. His secretary approached him with letters to be franked that they might be taken to the postoffic in the evening. Washington franked the letters, but observed that the weather was too bad to send a servant out with them. Mr. Lear (the secretary) perceived that snow was hanging from his hair, and ex-pressed fears that he had got wet; but he replied, "No, his great coat had kept him dry." As dinner had been waiting for him he sat down to the table without changing his dress. "In the evening," writes his secretary, "he appeared as well as usual.

On the following morning the snow was three inches deep and still falling, which prevented him from taking his usual ride. He complained of a sore throat and had evidently taken cold the day before. In the afternoon the weather cleared up and he went out on the grounds between the house and the river to mark some trees which were to be cut down. A hoarseness which had hung about him through the day, grew worse toward night, but he made light of it. He was very cheerful in the evening, as he sat in the parlor with Mrs. Washington and Mr. Lear, amusing him self with the papers which had been brought from the postoffice. When he met with anything interesting or entertaining he would read it aloud as well as his hoarse ness would permit, or he listened and made occasional comments while Mr. Lear read the debate of the Virginia Assembly. On retiring to bed Mr. Lear suggested that he should take something to relieve his cold. "No," replied he, "you know I never take anything for a cold. Let it go as it

In the night he was taken extremely ill with ague and difficulty in breathing. Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning he awoke Mrs. Washington, who would have risen to call a servant, but he would not permit her, lest she should take cold. At daybreak, when the servant woman entered to make a fire, she was sent to call Mr. Lear. He found the general breathing with difficulty and hardly able to utter a word intelligibly. Washington desired that Dr. Craik, who lived in Alexandria, should be sent for, and that in the meantime Rawlins, one of the overseers, should be summoned to bleed him before the doc tor could arrive.

A gargle was prepared for his throat, but whenever he attempted to swallow any of it he was convulsed and almost suffocated. Rawlins made his appearance soon after sunrise, but when the general's arm was

ready for the operation, became agitated. "Don't be afraid," said the general, as well as he could speak. Rawlins made an incision. "The orifice is not large enough, said Washington. The blood, bent upon her wonderingly. With a quick ran pretty freely and Mrs. Washington, impulsive movement she pushed the plate away from her and then buried her face in er, and fearful that too much blood might Them."

It did not take long for the rumor to be abroad that an excursion of some sort was abroad that an excursion of some sort was tele sob: "Little brother—I wish he was the general put up his hand to stop him."

The did not take long for the rumor to be Mrs. Morton's skirts with a choking little be taken, begged Mr. Lear to stop it. When the string was about to be tied, the general put up his hand to stop him. the general put up his hand to stop him and as soon as he could speak, murmured:
"More—more," but Mrs. Washington's been taken. His old friend, Dr. Craik, arrived between 8 and 9, and two other physicians, Drs. Dick and Brown, were tried, and additional bleeding, but all of no avail.

"About half-past four," writes Mr. Lear, "he desired me to call Mrs. Washington to his bedside, when he requested her to go into his room and take from his desk two wills which she would find there and bring them to him, which she did. Upon looking at them he gave her one. which he observed was useless, as being superseded by the other, and desired her to burn it, which she did, and put the other into her closet. After this was done, I returned to his bedside and took his

"'I find I am going; my breath cannot last long. I believed from the first that the disorder would prove fatal. Do you arrange and record all my late military letters and papers. Arrange my accounts Rawlins finish recording my other letters, which he has begun.'

"I told him this should be done. He then asked if I recollected anything which it was essential for him to do, as he had but a very short time to continue with us. I told him I could recollect nothing; but that I hoped he was not so near his end. He observed, smiling, that he certainly was, and that, as it was a debt which we all must pay, he looked to the event with perfect resignation."

In the course of the afternoon he appear ed to be in great pain and distress from the difficulty of breathing and frequently changed his posture in bed. Mr. Lear endeavored to raise him and to turn him with as much ease as possible. "I am afraid I fatigue you too much," the general would say. Upon being assured to the contrary, "Well," he observed, "it is a debt we must all pay to each other, and I. hope when you want aid of this kind you will find it." His servant, Christopher, had been in the room during the day, and almost the whole time on his feet. The general noticed it in the afternoon, and kindly told him to sit down. About 5 o'clock his old friend, Dr. Craik, came again into the room and approached the bedside.

"Doctor," said the general, "I die hard, but am not afraid to go. I believed from my first attack that I should not survive it—my breath cannot last long." The doctor pressed his hand in silence, retired from the bedside and sat by the fire, absorbed in grief. Between 5 and 6 other physicians came in and he was assisted to sit up in his bed.

"I feel I am going," said he. "I thank you for your attentions, but I pray you take no more trouble about me; let me go off quietly; I cannot last long.'

He lay down again; all retired excepting Dr. Craik. The general continued uneasy est and mightiest little thing that ever was and restless, but without complaining that left the hall of 322 next morning at 9 made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. These frequently asking what hour it was. Further remedies were tried without avail in the

"About 10 o'clock," writes Mr. Lear, "he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it. At length he

"I am just going. Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead.' I bowed assent, for I could not speak. He then looked at me and said:

Do you understand me?' I replied, 'yes.'
"'Tis well,' said he.
"'About 10 minutes before he expired which was between 10 and 11 o'clock) his breathing became easier. He lay quietly; he withdrew his hand from mine and felt his own pulse. I saw his counte-nance change. I spoke to Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire. He came to the bedside. The general's hand fell from his wrist. I took it in mine and pressed it to my bosom. Dr. Craik put his bands over his eyes and he expired without a struggle or a sigh.

"While we were fixed in silent grief Mrs. Washington, who was seated at the foot of the bed, asked with a firm and collected voice, 'Is he gone?' I could not speak, but held up my hand as a signal that he was no more. 'Tis well,' she said, in the same voice. 'All is now over. I shall pass through.' "

Presbyterian Women.

Acted at a Recent Meeting of the Woman's Synodical Temperance Association of the Presbyterian

The women of the Presbyterian church are at last taking hold of the temperance question as church work and had any of the churches show the same interest years ago it would never have been necessary to box pleat. As you see, this tucked arorganize the W. C. T. U. The following rangement is habit back, as to shape. etter has been sent to all the woman's societies of the Presbyterian churches in

the synod of Pennsylvania. "The Woman's Temperance Association of our Synod, believing that the liquor traffic and its results, constitute one of the greatest obstacles in the way of the Gospel, earnestly request every Missionary Society to elect a temperance secretary, whose duty it will be to advance the cause of total abstinence by the use of pledges and suitable literature.

> By order of the Association. ELLEN M. WATSON,

Corresponding Secretary. Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 12th, 1889.

"The General Assembly's Permanent Committee on Temperance cordially en- at the shoulder, and preferably finished dorse the request of the Woman's Synodical with a small, rounded, soft cuff. Yokes Temperance Association for the election of are not used. There is a stylish yoke a temperance secretary, and for the purposes expressed in the foregoing letter ad- a little epaulet. dressed to the Woman's Society of our Church."

Relative to the election of a temperance secretary, in all of our Missionary Societies, Mr. Wm. C. Lilley, of the General Assembly's Permanent Committee on Temperance, has this to say: "I most cordially approve of the election of a temperance secretary, and heartily endorse the action of the Permanent Committee. No more important agency can be employed by our church than its Woman's Organization. When the women of our church unite to say that intoxicating liquors shall be banished from the home and from the church, a mighty, influence has been started that will bring a large fruitage to the church and for the Glory of God. I hope to see the day soon dawn when there shall be a Woman's Organization in every church."

Colorado Springs, Jan. 8th. 1900.

Colorado Springs, Jan. 8th, 1900. The influence the Presbyterian women can exert, when they are so inclined, has perfectly plain French back fashionable been most strikingly exemplified during extent. the last few months. They have helped to doubts prevailed and the bleeding was strike the Mormon iniquity such a blow as stopped after about a half pint of blood had it has never before received. Shall we not it has never before received. Shall we not The detachable linen collar can be easily thank God and take courage for greater laundered and it is decidedly more economconquests? In our land, there is a still ical than the stylish but perishable con-Various other remedies were stronger agency of Satan to be routed. We fections of silk, chiffon and net that melt are appalled by the rapid increase of the drinking habit in good society, and with sinking hearts, many mothers and wives are saying "Will my loved ones be the next victims?" for it is a fact that a greater number of souls are lost, yes lost, every year through this evil than are claimed as the whole membership of the Mormon church. Surely many petitions will ascend to God during this month of prayer for "Our Country," that the minds of His people may be turned to a fresh consideration of what can be done to stay this awful evil. We beseech you do not say, "this has noth-

ing to do with our Missionary work." President Schurman of the United States Commission to the Philippines, commenting on the situation presented to missionaries in the island, says, "I regret that lace and fine Hamburg embroidery inser-Americans allowed the saloon to get a foothold in the islands." "That has hurt the Americans more than anything else, and the spectacle of Americans drunk awakens disgust in the Filipinos."

A late Seattle newspaper stated that "in one day a steamship carried out a cargo to and \$7 to \$15 and \$16. Honolulu and Hilo of 2,465 barrels of beer and 485 barrels of alcohol. There was a constant stream of beer flowing across the wharves all day long. It came in kegs, barrels and cases, by train load, express wagon and brewers' drays." The civilizsingle missionary."

Does it not call the blush of shame to our faces, to think of this iniquitous liquor varnish left over. I found (after a while) Does it not call the blush of shame to traffic following our flag into every corner that I had preserved the soles indefinitely, of the earth? Will God answer our prayer, Thy Kingdom come, until this stumbling they will last. It will be found that soles

block is removed? Dear women, are we ready to do our part in preparing the way of the Lord? FRANCES L. SWIFT.

A NIGHT OF TERROR. - "Awful anxiety was felt for the widow of the brave ly forward, she has acquired at once a cer-General Burnham of Machias, Me., when the doctors said she would die from pneumonia before morning" writes Mrs. S. H. Lincoln, who attended her that fearful night, but she begged for Dr. King's New Discovery, which had more than once saved her life, and cured her of Consumption. After taking, she slept all night. Further use entirely cured her." This marvellous medicine is guaranteed to cure all Throat,

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Miss Jane Stone is the only oil operator in the country. She owns 180 acres in Texas, which have oil wells that have made

Now that we have been told that we must have pleats, and have become reconciled, we are struck with the number of becoming and economical ways in which we may utilize them. Pleats that apparently extend all the way from the neck are managed in skirt and waist sections by means of a clasp, or even a narrow girdle, and are really very graceful. A whole side pleated waist and skirt, with box pleats at the centre front and back, is an effective arrangement. In many cases an apron overskirt is added, with a corresponding drapery on the front of the bodice.

The best shaped skirts in box pleat effect are regulation sheath skirts, slashed up to the knees, directly under the line of the added box pleat. Of course, they are sewed to the box pleats in seams. The box pleats, by the way, are managed much soon follow him; I have no more trials to more easily if they be securely stitched down to the knees a quarter of an inch from the edge. This, of course, is for tailored dresses.

> This is another way of taking care of the ubiquitous back fullness, for if we have to have said fullness at all, we want it so well anchored that it will stay where it is put. This is an attractive way of managing this part of a skirt, which is made of crepe de chine or like fabrics—textures that are not sufficiently heavy to make a good, solid,

The foolish practice of tossing a helpless baby in the air, while it screams both with affright and delight, is a most dangerous one. A physician with a large practice tells the story of a precociously bright child which showed evident delight when tossed in this way by a doting grandfather who was accustomed to play with it every even-ing. The child trembled with delight when the night's frolic was over, but one evening from this trembling it passed into a spasm, the first indication of one of those fatal brain diseases against which medical science is helpless.

The smartest and really exclusive shirt waists differ from their predecessors in several important details. Stiff cuffs do not appear on them, the sleeves are narrower than last year, sometimes tucked or capped which appears now again. This is trimmed and applied to the shoulders, forming

The advance shirt waist, like the new skirts, all emphasize the popularity of pleats. In some instances these are confined to the back of the garment; in others they appear only in the front. The vertical effect will be very popular, but there is also a fan-shaped back made with a centre box pleat, wide at the top and graded at the waist-line. On each side of this is a group of narrow tucks, flanked in turn by box pleats graded in width to correspond with the centre pleat. The front of the garment is made with the customary centre band, stitched on each side. On tain styles of waists hemstitchings and insertions, arranged in various forms on the fronts and sleeves, and in rare cases on the back, too, will be worn. For backs, the

While the narrow rounded, pointed or

down like snow in hot weather. Straight laundered collars, with rounded corners in front, are shown, although the 'Robespierre,' the straight collar with side points, which was in vogue on dress waists of silk and French flannel, may

claim consideration. Never before has there been such a choice of materials, and no one would care to undertake to compile a list of all the available fabrics. As for colorings, patterns and effects, they were never more varied nor more attractive. Persian, French and Victoria lawns are being used in large quantities. There are also batistes, Swiss batistes, India linens, jaconets, organdies, dimities, nainsooks, Swiss mulls and a vast array of other materials. The striped ginghams in

violet and pink are extremely stylish. The white waists are particularly pretty this year. They are made of the finest softest and lightest materials. Some of the daintiest waists are made entirely of white tions. Other very select styles are in embroidered linen and sprigged Swisses. These have soft collars which turn over a little, edged with lace. Some have broad lapels and others have bolero-like pieces fastened in the side seams and crossing the bust, gathered up with a bow. The exquisite of the white waists cost from \$6

"I have been experimenting with a new scheme, and behold the result !" exclaimed the practical mother, as she displayed a small pair of shoes, with dilapidated uppers but comparatively good soles. "I was lamenting the size of our shoe bill recenting influence of American trade with the ly, when I was advised to 'cover the soles Orient is further illustrated by a shipment the same day of 585 barrels of pure sleeked and they will never need re-soling.' As the same day of 585 barrels of pure alcohol in less than six weeks' time our little to Kolu and Yokohama, and the paper chap's new shoes are ready for the cobbler. adds, "With all this there will not be a I immediately invested in some varnish, and, in lieu of a brush, made a swab, and varnished the soles of all the footwear of The heels needs varnishing as well, and and heels preserved in this way will outwear the strongest uppers."

> The minute a woman stands lightly on her feet, with knees straight, chest well out, stomach flat, shoulders back and the body, from waist up, tilting ever so lighttain smartness of effect that no amount of

beauty or fine clothes could give. A woman simply can't stand correctly and look slovenly.

The smart girl is never round shouldered or hollow-chested, and by standing properly she breathes properly. Every full, deep breath she draws strengthens the muscle of her sides and abdomen. She is bound not to grow into a fat, ungainly woman. Chest and Lung Diseases. Only 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at F. P. digestion and good health.