Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Feb. 15, 1901.

'TWEEN YOU AND ME.

Onct I took the mumps, and, my!
Didn't I look funny! I
Made the people laugh and roar
When they peeked in through the door.
But ma didn't laugh, and she
Was jes' awful nice to me—
Even though I had the "grumps,"
For that always goes with mumps.

And I couldn't swaller good;
So she fed me all she could
With a spoon, on soupy stuff;
Jiminy! I got enough
Of that sort of thing, you bet!—
Soup's too watery and wet,
And pa had to do the chores,
'Cause I dassent go outdoors.

I was down in bed three days!
Sick in lots and lots of ways;
And they promised me some figs,
And new books and guinea pigs,
And some more that I forget—
But I haven't got 'em yet!
And I foun'—jest think of it—
Two whole loads of wood to split!

—*Puck.*

AN ILL FOREBODER.

"There won't no good ever come of it." Jean Dunleith smiled at her aunt's ominous declaration. It was so exactly what she had expected. A dash of cold water when we are not looking for it is apt to have a rather paralyzing effect; but when we know it is coming, and are perhaps even feverishly longing for it, nothing could be more stimulating. Jean Dunleith was one of those persons who thrive on opposition rather than approbation. As far back as she could remember her Aunt Lucindy had been accustomed to throw cold water upon her numerous vagaries, always with the effect of transforming vague longing into definite plan and action. There is a tradition in the Dunleith annals that when baby Jean lay in state, receiving the adulation of proud relatives and admiring friends, Aunt Lucindy, on hearing that the little one had come smiling instead of howling into this vale of tears, had solemnly prophesied no good would ever come of it; whereupon the pink morsel had opened its eyes and smiled defiance into the face of the croaking Cassandra. This tradition, even when taken with the necessary grain of salt, goes to prove that nature provides her own counter-irritants.

When the death of both parents left little Jean to the charge of her Aunt Lucindy the good folk of Mosston were divided into those that wondered "how Jean could ever stand that old maid's contrariness" and those that marveled that "Lucindy Dunleith could put up with the child's waywardness." It was, perhaps, something of a disappointment to both factions that no rupture resulted from the friction; for while it was generally known that Miss Lucindy "took no stock in Jean's notions," and that Jean generally carried out her plans regardless of her aunt's disapproval, each stood by the other with unswerving loyalty.

The latest bee in Jean's bonnet had been set buzzing by her music-teacher, who thought he had discovered something more than mediocre in the girl's voice. It was the unfolding of a plan for cultivating her voice that had stirred up the usual tempest in Miss Lucindy's tea-pot, and called forth the usual prophecy of no good coming of it.

"I can see through it all," said Miss Lucindy, sagaciously wagging her head, and I don't have to put on my specs to do it, neither. It's jest a scheme of Professor Herrick's for drumming up pupils for that music-school. I'll be bound he gets a big commission for every one he sends. The idea of his saying that he can't teach you nothin' more! What's he setting himself up for a music professor for if he can't teach you all you ought to know?"

"You know he doesn't pretend to be a voice teacher," said Jean, good-naturedly; her feathers were never the least ruffled by these attacks.

"Then what does he mean by standin' up before the church choir wavin' that little stick in the air?" demanded Miss Lucindy. "He's a sham and a humbug, and I've known it from the first time I ever laid eyes on him. I don't thank him or nobody else for putting notions in your head when, dear knows, it's full of them already. You can sing good enough now to drown out the rest of the choir. I don't see what more you want."

"I'm aware that ought to satisfy the loftiest ambition," laughed Jean," but the fact is, I think I need toning down."

"I suppose you know that folks can't live in big cities and take lessons of high-flyin' teachers for nothin'," ventured Miss Lucindy.

"Well, I've had a sort of presentiment that such might be the case," returned Jean, "and have taken the precaution to provide against such an emergency."

"I want to know!" commented Miss Lucindy, skeptically.

"Yes," Jean went on, imperturbably; "Professor Herrick has already secured for me a position that will pay for my lessons and car-fare. He has also arranged for us to occupy his mother's apartments while she and his sister are abroad, at a figure that will bring living within reach of our purses."

"Jean Dunleith," gasped Miss Lucindy, "you don't mean to say you've done such an outlandish thing as that!"

"Subject to your approval of course," Jean blandly explained.

"Subject to my approval!" snorted her aunt. "Subject to my approval, indeed, when you've already given your word, and you know that I'd go through fire and water rather than have a Dunleith break her word!"

"Well, you see, auntie," began Jean, in the most conciliatory tone she could command, "Professor Herrick said he could get me the place of assistant bookkeeper at the conservatory if I could give an answer at once. Since you weren't here at the time I thought it safest to say yes, and then change my decision if you insisted upon it."

"You knew I wouldn't let you change your mind if you wanted to," was the scornful reply. "You knew when you'd once put your hand to the plow I wouldn't let you turn back under no circumstances. The only way to deal with some folks is to let them go to the end of their furrow, and maybe they won't be so keen to take up the plow next time. I suppose now it's all cut and dried that we're goin' away I might as well go over and ask Jane Hutchins to come and live here a spell. She's neat and tidy and will look after the house like it was her own. Besides, it'll save her paying board to that close-fisted brother-in-law of hers. I hope this wind'll blow some good to her, for I'm mighty sure it won't blow none to us."

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The Herrick apartments proved to be four rooms at the back of a flat on the top floor of a huge apartment house. Miss Lucindy's contempt for this mode of living was unbounded. "Apartments!" she scoffed. "The very idea of takin' such a big name onto such close quarters! Why. I could put the whole of them into my spare bed-room, and then have more room to turn round in than I have here. And such furnishin'! Not a sign of a carpet nowhere except these pesky scraps for a body to stumble over; pictures hung every which way; bed turned up into a bookcase; not a feather bed in the house, and enough feathers sewed up in them flambergasted pillows to make four fat ones! As for the kitchen, it's chuck full of things I never heard tell of, and not a decent pot or skillet in the wholelot. What them Herricks could have lived on is a mystery to me."

"I imagine," yawned Jean, from the comfortable nest she had made for herself among the "flambergasted" pillows, "that they subsisted entirely on a chafing dish diet."

"Chafin-dish, indeed! Why I wouldn't touch that thing with tongs. It's chafin' enough just to have to give it house-room, and you needn't think, Jean Dunleith, that it'll ever take the place of a cookin'-stove while I'm runnin' the ranch. I put my foot right down on it now. Oh, I don't mind your laughin'. I'm glad you've got the heart to laugh. How you can be reconciled to this way of livin' is more than I can see. I'm sure you never was brought up to it. I've done my very best by you; I've—listen! There's that awful cough again."

"Where does it come from?" asked Jean, lifting her head from the pillows to listen.

"From that man that has the front rooms. I've heard it off and on ever since we've been here. I don't believe he's doin' one thing for it; anyhow it's gettin' worse instead of better. It ain't a consumptive cough—I can tell that from the sound—but it's one of them bad colds that run into consumption mighty soon if nothin' ain't done for them. I could cure that cough in two days' time if I was dealin' with it; but, land sakes, I ain't even laid eyes on the man the whole durin' time we've been livin' here. I don't call it respectable, Jean Dunleith, livin' in the same house with a man we don't know from Adam. There it goes again! I declare for it, it don't seem right to set here and let a man cough like that when I've got the very thing to relieve him. There's a whole bottle of that linseed-oil and honey and whisky that I brought from Mosston, and it ain't Christian to let a fellow-bein' suffer for the want of it. I can't stand this any longer; I'm goin' in there this minute and give him a good dosin'. Don't say a word to me, Jean Dunleith, not a word. I know my duty. Like as not he's a good-for-nothin' rascal, but I won't have it on my conscience that I let a man die right under my nose without turnin' my hand over.

It was certainly a bad quarter of an hour for Jean. She had no idea to what lengths her aunt's sense of duty might carry her. She hoped the patient would submit gracefully to the dosing process; for she felt morally sure that Miss Lucindy was quite capable of holding his nose and forcing down the infallible remedy if he showed the slightest resistance. One glance, however, at her aunt's triumphant face as she flung open the door told that she had found an easy prey.

"There," she said, setting down the bottle and spoon and drawing a long breath, "if that cold ain't better by mornin' my name ain't Lucindy Dunleith. He took that dose without a murmur, and seemed mighty glad to get it, too. I left him with a mustard plaster on his chest and his feet in boilin' water. That's the only redeeming feature about this flat; you can have plenty of hot water at any time of the day or night. Mighty handy, too, in case of sickness—"

"But, auntie," interrupted Jean, impatiently, "what sort of a looking man is he?"

"Well, he ain't much to look at though, to be sure, I didn't think much about his looks. Seemed kind of pale and hollow-eyed, but that's not to be wondered at with that cough of his. Then he had a lot of dark, taggy hair that I didn't take much stock in. He must be a painter, for of all the pictures and brushes and what not I never saw the beat. It's the untidiest place I ever got into, but I suppose the poor soul ain't got anybody to tidy things up for him. There's nothin' on earth so helpless as a man livin' alone. His house and his clothes and his health all go to rack and ruin in no time. Yes, it's purty bad out for a man to be alone, but it's a mighty good thing for a woman, and I hope you mark what I'm a-sayin,' Jean Dunleith.

"I'm marking it, Aunt Lucindy," laughed Jean, "but what am I to do? Shall I selfishly remain a spinster for my own good, or magnanimously marry some lone, lorn man for his good?"

"You can go to bed!" retorted Miss Lucindy, taking up a candle to make her nightly inspection of their apartments.

As the days passed on it became apparent that Miss Lucindy, having found so willing a victim to her passion for dosing, had no more thought of relinquishing him than a young physician of loosening his hold on his first patient. As soon as the sound of the cough was low, other ailments were promptly discovered, calling for the immediate and vigorous application of her favorite remedies.

"He's improvin' right along," she told Jean, "and there's no reason why I shouldn't make a strong man of him if I keep on. It's my opinion that all them paints and things is like slow poison to a body's system. I've been studyin' up on painter's colic, and I believe in my soul that's what's the matter with him this blessed minute. I ain't never had much experience with painter's colic, but I'm mighty sure I can think up somethin' that'll cure it. It'll be a heap of bother, of course, but I can't let that stand between me and my duty. I never took much stock in a man painting pictures; it always seemed a kind of shiftless way of makin' a livin'; but I must say this fellow works harder than any man I ever saw. It's been my experience that most men'll work when they're put to it and when they know they'll get their pay sure and certain at the end of the job; but here's a fellow a-settin' himself to work like a slave without knowin' whether anybody'll buy his pictures or not. Now, that's what I call pluck, and I must say I admire to see it. He's a gentleman, too, pleasant-spoken as you please; you can tell in a minute he had good raisin'."

"He must be an impressionist," said Jean. "Are you sure, Aunt Lucindy, that he reciprocates?"

"As to that," returned Miss Lucindy, "he said only this mornin' that he'd been drawn to me from the first. I told him that it must have been the mustard-plaster that did the drawin'. Oh, we have our little jokes just as anybody; and you needn't think, Jean Dunleith, because I am goin' on sixty I don't know how to keep up my end of the string."

"Did it ever occur to you," teased Jean, "to ask the name of your adorable unknown?"

"I didn't have to ask," replied Miss Lucindy, not in the least disconcerted. "I found out for myself. You see he's got his name scrawled in the corner of all his pictures, and as near as I can make out it's Jones. I suppose that's the reason why he took such pains to write it so a body can't read it."

"Perhaps it's Burne-Jones," suggested Jean.

"Well, we ain't to the point of callin' one another by our first names yet," answered Miss Lucindy, drily, "though I wouldn't be surprised if we'd come to it, now that he's paintin' my picture."

"Painting your picture!" cried Jean. "Why, Aunt Lucindy, you've never said a word about it!"

"To be sure I ain't, and what's more, I didn't intend to, but it slipped out before I could catch myself. I thought I'd keep it and surprise you, but it's too late now. Well, this is the way it come about: One day when I was in there tidyin' his room he asked me how I'd like to be his model for a few days. Well, I can tell you I was that taken back and mad that I couldn't see straight. You see, I happened to know what a model was, for one day when I was dustin' them portfolios I let one of them drop, and out fell the pictures of a lot of women with hardly a dud to their backs. I was in for stickin' them in the fire then and there, but he wouldn't let me. He tried to explain it away by saying they were sketches he'd made of the model at the art school, but I just told him plump and plain that I didn't think no model young woman would have her picture taken in such a fashion. What's more, I must say I think things have come to a pretty pass when they teach such trash in any kind of a school. I hope to goodness, Jean Dunleith, you won't take a notion to go to one of them; I'd sooner see you in your coffin."

"But, Aunt Lucindy," urged Jean, impatiently, "I want to hear about your picture."

"Oh, yes," went on Miss Lucindy, quickly doffing the role of righteous indignation; "as I was sayin', knowin' what a model was, I was that mad at being asked to be one that he must have noticed it, for quick as a wink he explained that all he wanted was for me to come in every day soon as I got the breakfast dishes washed and the morning work done up and set a spell in the big chair with my knittin'. And mind you, he won't let me fix up a bit, but makes me come in jest as I am in my old blue calico with my white kerchief and apron. I was set on wearing my black silk or my gray poplin, but he wouldn't hear to it. Queer notion, now, ain't it, his wantin' to paint an old woman like me in such a garb as that? I told him so the other day, and he said the only way he could get even with me for giving him them awful doses was by paintin' my picture.

A few weeks later and the wonderful picture was completed. It had been agreed upon by the artist and Miss Lucindy that Jean was to have her first view of it at the annual exhibit of the city artists. It was something of a surprise to her to learn that the obscure Mr. Jones was to be represented at this exhibit. During the winter she had been much at the house of a fellow-student whose people were hand in glove with all the artists and musicians who were making names for themselves in their little worlds. In all their parlance of art and artists she heard no mention of her aunt's protege. They had never chanced to meet. It had sometimes seemed that he sedulously avoided her. He was never astir before she left in the morning, and was always out when she returned in the afternoon; at night his latch-key was not heard in the door until long after she had gone to bed. She had pictured him pale, sickly, emaciated.

With haggard face and tangled hair.
And eyes that nursed as wild a care
As gaunt starvation ever can

Encountering such an individual on her way through the exhibit-rooms on the day of the opening she made bold to ask of him if she had the pleasure of addressing the artist, Mr. Jones.

"I'm sorry, mum," was the reply, "but I'm only the janitor here, and don't know one artist from the tother."

Much chagrined, she passed on to the next room, hoping to catch sight of the familiar figure of her aunt, who had promised to honor the occasion with her presence. Halting curiously by two women who stood, catalogues in hand, commenting on the picture before them, she was amazed to find that Aunt Lucindy's portrait was the object of their gaze. Jean knew but little of art, but she knew her Aunt Lucindy, and now she saw her transferred, body and soul, to the canvass before her. Not an angle softened, not a wrinkle effaced, only a gleam of the eye, a subtile trick of expression, to suggest the kindly heart beating, beneath that roughly angular exterior. Poor, humble, obscure as the artist might be, she felt that he had come to know Aunt Lucindy even as she knew her, and had painted her in the light of that understanding. Jean felt a lump rise in her throat as she looked at the homely figure before her, and realized for the first perhaps, the homely beauty of such a life.

Just then some one grasped her arm, and she heard her aunt's voice chanting the formula for Mosston introductions: "Jean, this is Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones, this is my niece, Miss Dunleith."

Jean, turning to bow her acknowledgment, started back, red and confused. "Mr. Jerome!" she gasped. Is it possible?"

"Why not?" he asked, extending his hand. "Aren't you glad to learn that I'm a mutual friend?"

Jean ignored the extended hand. Turning to her Aunt Lucindy, she said, coldly, "I think, auntie, you are the one that needs an introduction. Allow me to present Mr. Douglas Jerome, one of the most distinguished artists the city affords."

"You don't say!" exclaimed the astonished Miss Lucindy. "Well, I hope, sir, you didn't mind my calling you Jones. You see, that's the way I read it, thinkin' that bein' as it's rather common you tried to disguise it a bit. I dare say, now I know what it is, I can make it out easy enough."

As she put on her glasses and bent over the signature the artist turned to Jean. "Miss Dunleith," he said, again offering his hand, "what is my offense?"

"I have no name for it," replied Jean, turning scornfully away. "Come, auntie," she said, taking Miss Lucindy by the arm, "I am going back to my work now, and will put you on your car. We need not trouble Mr. Jerome further."

Once outside Mi s Lucindy gave vent to a burst of pent up indignation. "I must say, Jean, of all rude girls you are the rudest. Not a word about his picture, and everybody else a-congratulatin' him and a-tellin' him it's the best thing he ever done. And it's sold, too," she added triumphantly, "sold before it had been hangin' five hours to a rich man that's goin' to pay two hundred dollars for it! Think of that, will you? A picture of me in my five-cent calico sellin' for two hundred dollars!"

Jean turned at her aunt almost fiercely. "Aunt Lucindy, I have met that man at Agnes Montrevor's time and again. I know him well, better than any other man in this city," she added, with a little catch in her voice, "and he has never once hinted that he lived in our flat. I even told him all about your Mr. Jones, and he solemnly declared that he knew no artist by that name."

"No more did he," said Miss Lucindy, quickly taking up the cudgels in behalf of her friend. "It wasn't his fault that I called him Jones. He never told me it was his name. It was jest a mistake on my part, and I don't see why you need make such a fuss about it."

"Why, don't you see," Jean's voice fairly trembled with indignation, "he was willing to know the friend of the rich Montrevors, but too proud to acknowledge the acquaintance of a girl who works for her living and lives at the back of a flat."

"No, I don't see," persisted Miss Lucindy; "because if he was too proud to associate with flat people, what made him take up with me in my five-cent calico, I want to know."

"No doubt because he could get you to pose for nothing, or because—oh, auntie," she broke off, desperately, "I never want to hear his name again! He's too contemptible to even speak of!"

"Now look here, Jean," said her aunt, growing calm as she grew desperate, "I won't listen to such silliness. You've led me around by the nose pretty much ever since you were big enough to toddle, but I tell you right now you can't lead me into bein' unjust to any fellow-creature. As for posin' for nothin' Mr. Jones—Jerome, I mean—offered to do somethin' handsome by me, and I wouldn't have it, not a bit of it. I was proud to have him paint my picture, and instead of takin' anything from him I made him take that pair of gray yarn socks I was knittin' in the picture, just to show him I esteemed it a favor. I ain't had much experience with men, but I think I know a good one from a bad one, Jean Dunleith, and I won't let you cast no reflections on one that I know is good.

From that day forth, however, she gave Jean no opportunity for casting reflections. She had taken her niece at her word. Mr. Jerome's name was not mentioned. She whiled away the evening hours detailing her encounters with the milkman or the butcher's boy, or her visit to the janitor's sick baby. During these long drawn out recitals Jean grew strangely restless—"fidgety" her aunt called it. She longed to know, but was too proud to ask, whether she kept up her daily visits to the artist. If Miss Lucindy read the question in her eyes she remained as inscrutable as the Sphinx. Jean had sealed her lips, and sealed they would remain until that astute spinster saw fit to open them. Vague hints and subtile insinuations and the wiles hitherto so effective could not prevail against them. Mr. Jerome had passed out of her life, thought Jean, and there was nothing left for her but to tear out the one page of romance from the chapters of her prosaic life and to forget that it had ever been written.

When one has reached the serene pinnacle of renunciation it seems a pity not to be allowed to remain there. Jean Dunleith had no sooner put Douglas Jerome out of her life than he ruthlessly stepped in again. Returning from her work one afternoon she found him standing before the fireplace of their wee sitting room, warming his back by a gas log that had never been lighted, his tall figure assuming gigantic proportions in contrast with its environment.

"I am here to make an explanation," he began, going at once to the point at issue without even the preliminary of a "good-afternoon." "Your aunt has kindly arranged this interview for me. I'm afraid you think me an insufferable snob, Miss Dunleith, and I cannot bear to let you go on thinking it. Your good opinion means so much to me that I am going to say what common sense tells me I ought to leave unsaid. I—I have been interested in you for a long time. It began before I ever saw you. You are probably aware that you are the apple of your aunt's eye. I can assure you that the picture she draws of you is enough to enthrall any man. When I met you at Miss Montrevor's my first impulse was to proclaim myself a neighbor, but a quixotic notion to study you from another point of view kept me from it. I studied you to my own hurt. I soon found that my interest was growing so strong that I knew it would be madness to seek to know you in the sweet intimacy the occasion afforded. It is the natural tendency of the moth to go straight to the candle, but if one has grit enough to stay away and beat its wings off in the dark, surely it ought not to be condemned for that. You know what is expected of me in society, Miss Dunleith, you see the life I lead here you can judge for yourself whether I am in a position to tell a woman that I love her. Two hundred dollars stands for three months' work--but I did not come here to complain of my lot; I came to tell you that I cannot live here any longer without seeing you, so I am going away. Is it too much to ask for your forgiveness and good-will before I go?"

There was no need of further pleading, for Jean stood before him a tearful little penitent, with outstretched hands, ready to bestow far more than forgiveness or good-will.

When Miss Lucindy came in a little later her sharp eye was quick to discern the signs of peace even in the shadowy twilight.

"So you have come to your senses at last!" she exclaimed, with a note of triumph in her voice.

"I'm afraid we have just lost them," was Jerome's reply.

"You don't say!" commented Miss Lucindy. "And now I suppose you're waitin' for congratulations, though I can't see what you expect to be congratulated on. For when two such flighty, notionate folks take it in their heads to get married it's safe to say there won't no good——"

"Oh, auntie," gaily interrupted Jean, "you know you made the match yourself!"

"All the more excuse for it's not bein' a good one," was the dry rejoinder. "It stands to reason that an old maid like me that ain't never made a match for herself wouldn't be much of a hand at makin' one for anybody else."—*Elizabeth O. Cuppey in The Woman's Home Companion.*

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Wilhelmina Married.

Wedded to Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. Ceremonies were very Simple. A Blushing and Much Confused Bride and an Awkward but Manly and Stalwart Groom the Principals. Populace Happy as Children.

Queen Wilhelmina's marriage to Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who became Prince Heinrich of the Netherlands, was a huge family affair. All Holland that could, came to The Hague to participate. Those who stayed at their homes in other cities and villages of the kingdom celebrated with parades, decorations and banquets.

Never was seen a more beautiful and happy wedding. The popular belief is that it is a love match, like that of Victoria and Albert, and this gives a romantic coloring to the event, which is generally lacking in royal marriages.

The ceremonies were the same simple and unritualistic rites of the Reformed church by which the humblest of Queen Wilhemina's subjects are married. The whole spirit of the affair was plain and democratic, although the costly gowns and jewels and the showy uniforms distinguished personages of the kingdom, the army and the navy, and the representatives of the people in parliament and the municipalities, furnished a regal stage setting.

Queen Wilhelmina made a very winning and human bride. She blushed and became confused over the ceremonial with the ring, as all brides are supposed to do, while her happiness and pride over the enthusiam of her people were plainly deeper than a mere matter of form. Prince Heinrich was an awkward but stalwart and manly figure. Either he was forgetful or badly trained in the past, for the pastor had to give him two or three hints as to how to carry himself. Those sitting near enough to hear the response of the prince heard him say:

"Jah, Mein Herr," when he should simply have replied: "Jah."

The scene as the royal couple stood with clasped hands before the chaplain, in a circle of brilliantly arrayed personages, including their relatives and people, composing the highest families of Holland and the neighboring German principalities, was wonderfully gorgeous, the masses of variegated coloring rendering more effective the blue, red and white banked up against the wall of the church.

The church itself is a cathedral in size, but is plain in its furnishings.

The populace was like a multitude of happy children. Thousands swarmed through the principal streets which were nearly impassable, blowing horns, singing the national hymn, following the bands and smashing hats and lanterns. Aged housewives with their husbands from the provinces joined hands with stylish city folks and danced to the music of street organs. Considerable mild hilarity was inspired by wine, but no offensive drunkenness. Sailors, fisherman and farmers with their usual quaint costumes, and a few soldiers mixed with the crowds.

At 8. pm. there was a turning from every direction toward the Nalieveide to the Bosch where a display of fireworks was in progress. On all the principal streets were illuminated portraits of the queen, Prince Heinrich, the queen dowager and Duchess Marie as well as the national arms.

WILHELMINA'S WEDDING GOWN.

A correspondent of an English paper writes as follows of Queen Wilhelmina's wedding gown:

"The wedding dress of Wilhelmina perhaps, the most magnificent bridal robe of modern times. It was designed, and made up, in Paris, and meantime the marvelous embroideries which constituted one of its most notable features were executed in the Royal School of Art Needlework in conjunction with the Rijks museum at Amsterdam. This institution follows closely the model of the similar school at Kensington, and is directed by Mme. van Emstede Winkler, a lady who is a practical worker herself She has selected her eight or nine most highly skilled students, one of whom, Mrs. Tue Laer, is an American by birth, and for some weeks past the ladies have all been continuously employed upon their beautiful task.

"The entire dress itself is to be of cloth of silver, so exquisitely supple and fine in texture that it suggests those Indian muslins of our grandmothers which could be pulled through a ring. It has been specially woven, and, naturally, at great cost. The dress will be made up over the richest white glace silk, and the bright shimmer of the tissue is enhanced thus. The full court train of two and a half yards on the ground falls from the waist and is surrounded by two broad bands of embroidery.

"The general idea of this is detached sprays of orange blossoms and their foliage connected in artistic style by scrolls and ribbons. Each cluster of the flowers has a single fully opened bloom and is surrounded by buds more or less developed. Fine seed pearls are being used for these, while the foliage is indicated by silver threads. In addition to the pearls no fewer than six kinds of silver-bullion twist were employed to produce the different effects required, and most of the interlacing ribbon suggested is highly raised.

"The embroidery is worked upon the silver tissue and the white silk foundation as well, thus imparting to it richness as well as firmness. No work appeared upon the bodice, which, according to Dutch custom for a state wedding, was cut low. It was draped with Brussels lace, of which the queen possesses an extremely valuable collection, both of antique and modern examples, and the veil was of the same lovely order. It is impossible to imagine a dress more regally appropriate for the wear of a fair queen bride."

Faithful Dogs.

Go Without Food While Guarding Their Dead Master and His Sheep.

Last October a cold spell in Montana killed a sheepherder in the Great Falls district; two feet of snow covered the range in places, and the thermometer indicated 40 degrees below zero, says the *Portland Oregonian.*

The herder was frozen to death on the prairies while caring for the sheep, and it was three days before his fate was known to his employers. Two shepherd dogs were with him when he died, and one of these stayed with the body while the other attended to the sheep, just as though the herder had been with him. The dog drove them out on the range in the morning and back again at night, guarding them from wolves and preventing them from straying off. Neither dog had anything to eat during the three days' vigil so far as could be ascertained, but the 2,500 sheep thrived as well, apparently, as though directed by human agency. The singular fact about the matter is that these faithful animals would have starved to death rather than harm one of the sheep in their charge.

The Girl Philosopher.

Showing How She Went to a Modern Reception.

The girl philosopher had on her most handsome gown. A bunch of violets was pinned into the lace of her bodice, and her festive air was marred by a shop-worn smile. "I have been to a reception," she announced, "and I only pray that I never may be invited to another."

The hostess remarked that a reception was rather a fleeting and "abbreviated!" form of amusement. "Abbreviated!" the girl answered.

"I feel that if as reception had lasted from my youth to the threshold of old age. I went alone, and when I got up to the cloak room I found another solitary creature putting on a pair of new gloves. We glared at each other silently. If we'd been men we would have commiserated with each other, but it's woman's pleasing way to act as if she always suspected the other woman of every crime in the calendar. I looked around. The cloak room had that deadly look of being fixed up for the occasion. The dresser was all laid out in silver that had just been cleaned, some new red slippers were set under the bed like no mortal ever set them without forethought, the books on a table were neatly piled and the best-fringed towels were hung on the rack. The very powder rag in the box had been laundered for the reception.

"The other woman drifted down stairs, after looking back as if she expected that it was not safe to leave me alone with the solid silver shoehorn. I followed. The family rubbers and umbrellas had been removed from the nich under the hall stairs and a mandolin orchestra had been squeezed in there. Two artificial palms in front were supposed to veil the orchestra from the eye of the public.

"The reception was in full blast. First there would be a burst of music from the orchestra, then a burst of conversation from the reception. The drawing-room had been cleared of furniture The hostess stood at the head of a long receiving party. She wore a white satin frock, a string of pearls and what you might call a cast-iron smile. 'I am so very, very glad you came to-day, my dear Mrs. Freshwater,' she said, extending her hand to me. I tried to tell her that my name was not Freshwater, but she handed me on to the next member of the receiving party. This was an elderly person with a terraced chin and a lorgnette. 'How do you do, Mrs. Freshwater,' she said, as if she was sentencing me for life. "Horrible day, isn't it?"

"Again I tried to insinuate that my name wasn't Freshwater, but before I made myself understood I was standing beside a chirpy little woman who wore a diamond sunburst that was almost too good to be true. 'How do you do, Mrs. Freshwater,' she cried. 'What a refreshing name you have! It fairly makes me thirsty to say it. It's so awfully warm in here, isn't it? Quite suffocating, don't you think so?'

"Of course, I know that I was not expected to answer those questions. They are just thrown at a guest to make her feel at home. I was passed to the very end of the receiving party under the alias of Freshwater. Toward the end I got reckless and didn't try to give my real name. After I was through with this ceremony I wandered about as lonely as if I had been in an African jungle. I stepped on women's trains, then they would stare freezingly and pull them away. Then somebody would step on my train and I would give them the refrigerated face. This went on for a long time. I seemed to be drifting gradually to the north. I was packed into a perfect mob, but I knew that I was in the library, because I could see a bust of Milton on a high shelf of the mantel.

"After a long time a woman fought her way toward me. 'Mrs. Freshwater, have you been to the dining room?' she shouted at me. I made signals of distress. I wanted to get to her and tell her that my name was not Freshwater, for I was expecting the real owner of the name to happen along and unmask me.

"After a severe struggle I reached my unknown friend. 'Isn't it a pleasant reception, Mrs. Freshwater?' she asked me, as we went toward the dining room. Just as I began, 'I am not——' she left me at the dining room door.

"I stood up and received a plate of salad, napkin, a spoon, a fork and a cup of chocolate. I was already carrying a card case, a purse, a handkerchief and a door key. I took what comfort I could in looking at the food on my plate—I didn't have hands enough to get it to my mouth After while a waiter came along. I handed him everything, including my purse. When I came to myself I sent out to the kitchen for my belongings. After about an hour they were returned. The purse had been dropped in the chocolate, but I didn't mind that.

"I fled up the stairs. At the landing I glanced down and met the eye of the hostess. 'Do come over to see me real soon,' she said sweetly, 'and bring Mr. Freshwater along, too.'"—*Chicago News.*

Burns and Bruises.

Some Easy Methods of Caring for Them and Reducing Pain.

The most important point in the treatment of burns is to at once exclude the air. Cotton-wool saturated with sweet oil is a safe and effective application. Do not remove the dressing until the irritation has subsided. In the country mothers often cover their children's burns with flour. In serious cases a mixture of sweet oil and molasses is favored. Vaseline will sometimes be sufficient. If the air is kept away nature will generally restore the tissue without other assistance.

Table oil or fresh butter rubbed immediately on a slight bruise will prevent swelling or disfigurement. But if the bruise is severe, of course, a little raw beefsteak is better. A slight bruise may often be best treated by a compress wet with witchhazel.

The first thing to do with a sprain is to apply water as hot as can be borne, and repeat until the pain is gone. The hot water may be showered on the sprain, or wet clothes may be used if frequently renewed. The foot or ankle can be conveniently immersed in hot water. The next thing is to keep the injured part thoroughly warm. This is done by winding it with wadding or flannel. The less a sprained limb is used, the quieter it is kept, the more likely it is to get well quickly.

Coughed up His Pipe Stem.

After carrying a pipe stem in his body for nearly a year, Charles Ferris, of Waitsfield Vt., has coughed it up and got rid of a case of persistent and inexplicable indigestion.

Ferris recalls that in the winter of 1900 he fell asleep one evening with his pipe in his mouth, and upon awakening was unable to find the stem. The other day he had a severe coughing spell, and he coughed up the missing article. It was of rubber, 1⅞ inches in length.