

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., August 16, 1901.

HER ANSWER.

They were old friends, but they hadn't met in many, many years; And the tide of life had hurried on; With its joys and hopes and fears; But both the women had met at last— Old playmates once again; They talked of girlhood's dreams, now past— Its buoyant hopes now slain.

"Ah, Kate," said Madge, "you're not the same— You've lost your charm of face— You've lost your pretty, rose cheeks— You've lost your form and grace. Your chestnut hair has turned to gray, Your lips have lost their red; All things have changed—and soon our day Will turn to night instead."

"Dear one," Kate said, "I'm nothing lost. For here's my hair of brown On Prue's dear head—my eldest born— And Bess has not a frown On her sweet face, just like mine Of thirty years ago— While Kitty's blue eyes dance and shine Like sunlight in the morn. Mine shone in just the self-same way When you, dear, saw me last, And Margaret's lips are just as red As mine in days long past. No, no, my dear, I've nothing lost, My life is on the wane; My children have my own youth cost— In them I live again!"

—Madeline K. Van Pelt in Success.

A DREAM OF RED ROSES.

A Lamarque rose vine covered one entire end of the Hollingsworth house, so that in blossoming season the chimney made its way upward through wreath after wreath of snow; but at the other end of the house a James Sprunt spread its branches and its blood-red flowers; and between the two vines, each Autumn and Spring, the old war of white and red was renewed. The vines belonged to Louise Hollingsworth. She was a great gardener and had a way of making each of her friends plant something for her, just as another girl would have asked them to write verses in her album, or give her a bangle for her bracelet or a uniform button, perhaps. They had been planted on the same day—the Lamarque by John Maynard, a young minister who was taking his first charge in Pontonoc, and the James Sprunt by Joe Bainbridge, a Pontonoc boy who had joined the Navy, and was home only at long intervals. Both the Lamarque and the Sprunt grew phenomenally. There seemed to be a race between them as to which would reach the corner of the house first, and, thanks to the favor which the Pontonoc climate shows to roses, each arrived on the third anniversary of their planting; there was not a foot of growth to choose between them, but the Sprunt had several buds just ready to open, while the Lamarque lacked a week of blooming.

On that day the two young men called on Louise. Bainbridge had been home on leave for a month and was daily expecting a summons to rejoin his ship, which was undergoing repairs before starting for the Philippines. He was the first to come sauntering along the driveway and around the corner of the house. He sat down on a bench with some of the big flannel gardening gloves, was cultivating around the James Sprunt. When she heard his step she straightened up, and her bonnet, falling back on her shoulders, revealed a flushed, moist face.

"My love is like the red, red rose," Bainbridge declared with a trace of sentiment in his voice. He was big and bony and looked refreshingly cool. "Hello, Sprunt, will be in blossom tomorrow, won't he?" "Sprunt! echoed Louise. "I don't see why you didn't plant me a rose with a pretty name. Think of planting *James* the door step and *Eyed* the young man in a somewhat hostile way as she fanned herself with her sunbonnet. He was carrying a long string of fish. "And those? she demanded pointing at them. "Don't you know that not a soul in this family eats fish?"

He sat down beside her and held up the string for admiration. "Nice fellows, aren't they? I didn't bring them to you; I brought them to Sprunt. My sister Connie plants all the extra fish that are brought to the house around the rose vines, and you Sprunt would never get any fish down here, so I stole this string for him. Shall I give him all of them, or pull off one little fish for you?"

"Pull off half of them," said Louise, "and bury them around my Lamarque." "John Maynard's white rose—not a fish. It wouldn't bloom pure white and saintly any more if I did. These are stolen fish." "John Maynard has some sentiment," Louise declared pensively. "He planted me a rose with a self-respecting name. Lamarque and James Sprunt! There's a contrast for you."

"A rose by any other name," Bainbridge recalled, and th-th-th-think what difficulty John would have in ex-pr-pr-pr-pressing his sentiment about it. He's obliged to do it in some ally, still manner. Now I—" he looked at her with mock-languishing eyes, with laughter ready to break through and shine from them. Louise persistently looked down. After a moment he took the hoe she had been using and deftly but deliberately buried the fish in a circle around his rose. Then he went to the rusty pump at the driven well, and washed his hands. By this time Louise was watching him with what appeared to be a very remote interest. He wiped his hands on his handkerchief and stood looking off between the trees at a blue glimpse of the bay. It danced in the bright February sunshine, and two or three sails showed upon it, flashing from light to shadow and back to light again as they tacked toward the drawbridge. A very serious, far-away expression came into his eyes, and after a little while he turned to Louise. She met his eyes at first and then looked down.

"You know I love you dear," he said. "She did not answer. Her hands, the heavy mittens she had been wearing thrown aside, lay clasped in her lap. He saw their clasping together, a little—that was all. "And you love me," he added a moment later.

His voice was tender, but very calm and certain. There was not a note of pleading in it. Louise was not quite ready to admit any man's right to such a tone; but before she could resent it, a voice spoke for her around the corner of the house. "Ah, really?" it said.

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ing to her, but to Dorothy, her married sister, who was guiding him around the corner of the house to the two cultivators of the Sprunt. John Maynard was a good young man, and everybody liked him, but nobody thought that conversation was his forte. He talked fairly well from the pulpit to an assembly of people, and probably he talked exceedingly well to himself, but as yet he had no happy medium of social chat. His face would flush and his voice would stick in his throat at the slightest provocation, and when he stammered it was not because he had not plenty of ideas but because he was too bashful to say "boo" or anything else that was forceful to a cat, much less to man or woman.

It was for these reasons that Dorothy was escorting him around the corner of the house instead of sending him around alone. "Ab, good morning," he managed to say with great success to Louise, but at sight of Bainbridge and with the knowledge that he ought to say it over again, his tongue refused to act, and he merely nodded solemnly. To himself that morning he had said, "I love her and so does Bainbridge. It is the first time I ever loved one woman better than another in my life, and he has probable left sweethearts in every port he has visited, yet God knows his chance with her is better than mine."

And then because there was a rose in his heart such a longing to be wildly, since the ways of worldly men appeared to have a charm for women, and because, mixed with his longing there was a sharp jealousy of Bainbridge and resentment of his worldliness, he had finished out his thought with such a wordless prayer as any man would be better for sending up. Why need he pray for charity, for love to all men, and for holiness, either to deserve the girl's love that he coveted, or, missing it, to keep his life as high and sweet and unembittered as if it had been crowned with joy. And yet here he stood at the encounter with these two, blushing, speechless. He made a wild clutch after words.

"Ah, the roses—birthday Bainbridge," he gasped.

The other man looked over him with a frank amazement which was as fresh each time they met as it had been the first. "I don't understand," he said.

"Ah, really," said Maynard. "You've forgotten? Three years ago, you planted this. I planted Lamarque at the other end of the house."

"Joe has no sentiment about anniversaries," Louise declared. "He never remembered a friend's birthday, much less a rose, in his life. If he ever marries and anyone reminds him of his wedding day, he'll say, 'Is that so?' I remember the date." Maynard looked at Bainbridge with commiseration. "Really?" he asked.

"Yes," said the placid young man, "and I presume I should have been married long ago, but whenever a wedding has been set it has slipped my memory."

Maynard knew that he was being angry, but there was no escape from the one word at his command. "Really?" he ejaculated, and flushed redder than before with the full knowledge of his stupidity.

Bainbridge nodded. "Really?" he asserted without a sign of mirth.

Dorothy, the kind-hearted, looked up at the rose on the wall. "Why, Louise, your Sprunt will be in blossom tomorrow," she said.

"It's out of season," Louise answered a trifle sharply. "When a rose tries to blossom in February, even in Pontonoc, it simply tempts a frost. Now your Lamarque is wiser, Mr. Maynard. There are no large buds on it."

"It's wiser because it's not on the sunny side of the house," Bainbridge asserted. "Sprunt is as cautious as anybody when he doesn't feel the sunshine."

"It's my opinion that about tomorrow morning, he'll be wishing he'd been cautious with the sunshine," Louise returned. "There'll be frost tonight." She sat down on a bench with some of the big flannel gardening gloves, was cultivating around the James Sprunt. When she heard his step she straightened up, and her bonnet, falling back on her shoulders, revealed a flushed, moist face.

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ped, and now he stood searching his mind for some inane sentence to justify him for having dropped his hoe. "—I—that frost?" he stammered. "Do you think it will really freeze tonight?"

"Yes, I do," Louise answered firmly, "and your slow Lamarque buds will be out of just like the big James Sprunt." "Really?" he said. The color left his face, for he understood what she meant. It was time to begin that prayer. For a moment he waited, trying at least to say the part of his thought about loving her always, whether she loved him or not; the words would not come but there was a little thing which he could accomplish without words. He pulled down a spray of the Lamarque, picked his most likely open bud, and crammed it into an inner pocket of his coat.

"Some men have sentiment," thought Louise. That night it was long before she could sleep, but Maynard's sentiment was not what haunted her. In the afternoon when she went to the village for the mail, she heard that Bainbridge had just received the order to rejoin his ship. All the evening she had expected him; the earliest train he could take did not pass through till ten o'clock. Surely he would say good-by; but he had not come. She had sat up until she heard the train whistle, and listened to her room without telling the news even to Dorothy. Joe had been cruel, brutally cruel, she told herself, with a sharp pain. What if she had promised him a frost for all blossoms that ventured too much—were not he, and she, old friends? She stood at her window and listened to a north-west wind whipping noisily through the trees; there seemed to be little doubt that the buds on the tangible rose he had planted for her would all be frozen before morning, and she felt a sudden pity for the daring red flowers trying to unfold out there in the bitter wind; it seemed as if her prediction to her mind at first, but after it came she could not dismiss it, and when at last she fell asleep, it was between heartache and visions of bloodshed and consciousness of the cold blowing of the wind.

Of course, she dreamed. At first she was standing by the Sprunt with Joe, and she was saying something provoking about roses. She looked up at the wall and all its buds had opened wide, splashing it with red. "Red as blood," she thought, and then she realized with one of those cold shudders of which dreams are so often made that the spots were blood—blood instead of roses. The house and the garden had changed to a shabby, dreary, and gloomy place. She began searching among them for Joe; her feet were heavy as they only are in dreams, and she kept saying to herself "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." It seemed to be a terribly sad quotation. A fresh anguish came to her every time she said it, as if it were a dire foreboding. She was not alone, but she was alone, and with tears rolling down her cheeks.

The tears woke her. She was actually crying and so weak and frightened that she could scarcely gather courage to sit up in bed and try to shake herself free. She dared not go to sleep again, she was so much wiser than waking. She drew the blankets up around her and began a vigil with the latter hours of the night. A clock below stairs struck them off at marvellous long intervals—three, four, five—while the wind began to lull for morning. The coldest hour came just before daybreak, she told herself, being of the rose. At last a gray light showed at her window, then the clock struck six, and she stole out of bed and dressed, making no noise. The rest of the family would not rise for an hour or two, but she would wait no longer; she must see what had happened to the rose. Even if it were frozen, the sight of it growing naturally upon the wall, would take away the lingering chill of her dream.

As she went outside a soft glow of fawn color, the first realization of sunrise, spread across the bay. The air touched her face like a caress. The faint breeze that still stirred was from the south, and it brought her the scent of roses.

She hurried around the house to the Sprunt. "Oh," she cried when she came in sight of it, "Oh!"

Joe Bainbridge was standing beside the vine, reaching up for a half-open bud. His hand dropped, and he hurried to Louise.

"I—wanted to get one whether they froze or not," he explained, stammering almost like Maynard. "I thought you'd be asleep—Louise?"

After her first surprise, she had not opened her lips, but her face had spoken for her. He gathered her up in a great clasp that gave her no chance to contradict what he had said.

"When he put her down he himself gave the first word, much in his old tone. "The weather moderated in the night, didn't it?" he asked.

"Look," he was answer. The first level sunbeams were gliding the reaches of calm water beyond the trees but she was pointing to the Sprunt. "While across to the step where she sat watching him with eyes that seemed to see nothing in the world."

"M-m-miss Louise?" he began.

"Oh, don't," she said.

The bewildered look rushed into his face and he stood as if he had struck him. The thought in his mind had been so clear and urgent, it seemed so easy to say for it was, "I love you. Without hope, without encouragement, I have loved you for three years. Until the day I planted this rose I never cared more for one woman than another—had scarcely dreamed of the difference that love can make. If you cannot love me, I shall go on loving you always, and shall pray to be worthy to love you, even without return. But if you can love me—oh, love me! Love me! My life is at your feet."

It had seemed to him that the words would speak themselves, his heart was so full of them, and yet his tongue had tripped,

On Trail of Robbers.

Former Employee of the Selby Smelting Company Arrested. Other Suspects to be Arrested—The Reward for Information at the Robbery and Recovery of the Gold, \$25,000.

The hiding place from which the desperadoes who robbed the Selby smelting works of \$250,000 in gold bullion watched the plant to execute their marvellous coup successfully was discovered on Wednesday. The discovery was made, not by the score of detectives engaged on the case, but by the independent investigations of the San Francisco Examiner.

The smelter is built on the shore of Carquegnan straits, two miles in width at that point. A search of the opposite shore discovered a cunningly contrived place of concealment. High, steep bluffs overhang the shore, where there is a narrow beach. On that little strip under the bluffs was built a semi-circular rampart of rocks. The rampart was pierced with holes, through which the smelter, two miles away, could be watched for signals. There were two ramps, one inside the other, and within the outer was a pile of dry trunks—bullrushes—on which the watcher probably slept by day.

At night he would undoubtedly be on the lookout for signals from some confederate in the works. It is beyond doubt that there was a confederate who knew just when the robbery would yield the largest return. The average nightly holdings in the safe of the smelter varies from \$50,000 to \$100,000. On the night of the robbery the safe held nearly \$200,000, and was by far the largest sum in hand for months.

Besides the bed of bullrushes found with the ramparted hiding places, the robbers left behind a pair of sailor's duck trousers and a bottle of oil used to lubricate the point of the drill working on the steel bottom of the safe. In addition to these articles there were two sacks resembling Chinese rice mats of strong material and fitted for holding the heavy bullion and gold bars.

Behind the rampart the robbers were absolutely secure from observation. They could not be seen from across the straits because of the rock wall, and the bluffs behind the smelter, two miles away, could be seen from that side. They had a clear view of the smelter, and could themselves be seen by none.

There is not much doubt now that the bullion was carried away in a boat. The gold bars would weigh about 1,200 pounds, and it would have been impossible to carry so much weight up the high bluffs behind the smelter. In fact, a rowboat was seen about midnight on the night of the robbery lying close to the wharf at the smelter.

A mysterious sloop was seen cruising in the neighborhood for some days before. For the most part it lay off Vallejo, but on the night of Monday, a few hours before the robbery of Vallejo.

In less than an hour the sloop could have moved up close to the smelter, so as to get in touch with the boat. Considering the great weight of the bullion, 1,200 pounds, it does not seem probable that any land carriage was attempted.

The situation of the smelter and the location of its safe are such as made the robbery possible with the aid of a fifty-foot tunnel. The men burrowed in at one side of the house wall, got under the foundations, and came up on the other side. The shaft was built up against the outer wall of the building.

The great access to the bottom of the safe, it was comparatively easy to break in. There were firebricks under the safe, but they presented no serious obstacle to the skilled ingenious workmen.

From the condition of the holes drilled around the elliptical section broken out of the bottom of the safe, the work, it is evident, had been months in doing. The holes were drilled with so fine an adjustment of the instrument that only the slightest thickness of steel prevented them from being seen from the inside of the safe.

Another remarkable feature is that twenty men were at work all night in the room with the safe while the robbery was in progress.

It will not be an easy matter to establish the identity of the inside confederate. All the employees engaged in the night gang know just how much bullion the safe contains when it is locked up for the day. The night gang carries in the bullion and puts in the safe every evening, and it is looked up for the night. There are twenty men engaged in this work.

A flashlight signal, it is believed, was given to the robbers from within.

It was at first suspected that Richard Phelan, a recently paroled convict from the San Quentin penitentiary, was engaged on the job. He has been pointed out and claims to be able to establish an alibi. Phelan was formerly a mining superintendent, and his familiarity with the use and operation of drills helped to direct suspicion his way.

It seems probable, however, that the robbery was planned in the San Quentin penitentiary. That notorious swindler, "Sir Harry Westwood Cooper," was released from that prison less than six months ago. Along the first place where he established himself after his release was Crockett, where the smelter is located.

He visited the works frequently, and expressed a great deal of interest in their operations. He posed as a practicing physician. It is probable the police think that he knows a good deal about the robbery. He is now in jail on a charge of forgery committed while at Crockett.

No definite clew, however, has been obtained to the robbers.

No vessel except the schooner Confidential, bound for Eureka, is known to have passed out of the Golden Gate on Monday night, and she sailed from Sausalito, on the north side of the bay.

A score of detectives are at work night and day. The Selby company has increased to \$25,000 the reward offered for the recovery of the bullion and the arrest and conviction of the thieves or a like proposition for the amount recovered.

SUSPECTED OF COMPLICITY. The San Francisco police have now in custody a man known as "Jack" Winters, who is suspected of complicity in the robbery of the Selby smelting works. He was employed in the works until about six weeks ago, when he quit, saying that he was ill. He lives in a cabin half a mile from the smelting plant, and it is said he was missing from Sunday night until he was taken into custody yesterday. He has been subjected to a rigid examination by the authorities. They refuse to reveal any of the facts they may have learned, but express confidence that they are on the trail of the criminals.

It is also reported that men now in the employ of the smelting company are under suspicion, and with the facts they have in hand the police appear to be confident of being able to make further arrests within

the next few hours. The authorities are disposed to believe that some experienced Eastern crooks were connected with the robbery, owing to the clever manner of its execution.

Special guards are now stationed at night in the neighborhood of the works, armed with shotguns.

As a stimulus to the efforts of the army of detectives who are working on the case, the Selby smelting company has increased the reward offered from \$5,000 to \$25,000. This award will be paid for the arrest and conviction of the criminals and for the return of the gold.

The company places its exact loss at \$283,005.

Hunger Makes Them Blind.

Russian Peasants Victims of a Peculiar Disease Caused by Hunger.

A traveler chancing in the district of Elizabetgrad, province of Kherson, South Russia, would find men and women who, endowed with serviceable visual powers as long as the sun is visible, become totally blind the moment the twilight sets in and must be led home. This is one of the queerest diseases known to medical science and is one of the camp followers of the famine which is officially admitted to exist in this district.

Mention has been made from time to time of the drouth which has visited many, though no very large districts of Russia last year, and of the efforts made by the government to alleviate suffering resulting from it. The ministry of the interior recently declared the famine had been conquered, food had been distributed and seed corn provided for the current year.

The existence of famine was an inconvenient fact at a time when negotiations were pending for foreign loans. Access to the famine districts was made difficult for non-residents of them, and the charity workers, who were not directly under the control of the state, were sent back to their homes, and the agencies they had created were placed under the Red Cross, which is as much a branch of the government as any ministry.

These measures did not still the natural curiosity to ascertain the truth about the matter, and certain people with influential connections, which could not be ignored, sent a trustworthy young man to Elizabetgrad to investigate for himself. He reports the following facts: "The city and districts of Elizabetgrad, with a population of 600,000, are suffering now from famine and disease incident upon famine. The investigators found general destitution; many cases of acute starvation; some people dying of starvation; 'spotted' or hunger typhus prevalent. Whole families are attempting to exist on rations allowed for a single child. The government rule is to count persons not actually sick with disease who can be labeled as able-bodied working people."

The governor of Kherson is Prince Obolensky. It is upon him that the government relies for its reports. Prince Obolensky has visited many of the villages which are suffering, but local report and the observation of the investigator indicate that he saw no great desire of ascertaining that there was a considerable want.

Elizabetgrad is in the heart of the Black Earth zone. It was formerly so flourishing before the ignorant and shiftless farming methods wearied the almost inexhaustible soil and impoverished the soil that single agricultural villages of 30,000 would grow up. The great provinces of Samara and Saratoff and many other large districts are threatened with an almost total crop failure.

Nearly \$800,000 Vanishes.

Strange Disappearance of Postal Savings Bank Funds in Hawaii.

W. F. MacLennan, the chief of the division of book-keeping of the treasury department, returned to his desk on Wednesday after spending three months in Hawaii, where he was sent by Secretary Gage to effect the readjustment of the island obligations which the United States has in part assumed. The task was one of more than ordinary difficulty, as the accounts ran back through the republican and monarchical governments, and the operations of the government postal savings banks, which proved to be in a badly mixed condition. The debt of the island government, amounting to \$4,186,000, has been refunded by federal bonds to the amount of \$4,000,000. Most of the old island bonds were presented by residents of the islands, the largest holding outside being in San Francisco, where there were nearly \$1,000,000 owned.

A remarkable fact appears from the condition of the postal savings banks. The total amount of deposits was \$764,000, of which not a dollar was to be found. The island government in one administration or another had spent the deposits in public improvements. The United States has been obliged to pay the whole amount.

Suspected of Wife Murder.

The finding of the dead body of Mrs. Seth Davis, aged 49 years, on the hill-side near Pottsville, on Wednesday, seemed to indicate that her husband, who hanged himself, last Saturday from a tree on premises of his nephew, Thomas Griffith, at Pottsville, murdered her and then committed suicide.

The couple were last seen together by their eldest daughter last Friday, when they were going towards Pottsville. Only the man reached Pottsville, and it was then suspected that he made away with his wife. This suspicion was further strengthened when the woman did not put in an appearance even at the funeral of her husband.

Several searching parties have been scouring the hills since the funeral of Davis, on Sunday. Wednesday Jacob Hull, a laborer, found the woman's dead near the power magazines, a couple of miles from Pottsville. The back of the woman's skull was crushed in and the indications were that she was the victim of foul play.

Entirely Safe.

Teddy—"Won't you come and see our new baby?"

Old Maid Teacher—"Yes, dear, when your mamma is better."

Teddy—"Oh, but it ain't catching."

—Oswego, Kan., Democrat.

THEIR SECRET IS LEAK.—All Sadeville, Ky., was curious to learn the cause of the vast improvement in the health of Mrs. S. P. Whittaker, who had for a long time, endured untold suffering from a chronic bronchial trouble. "It's all due to Dr. King's New Discovery," writes her husband. "It completely cured her and also cured our little grand-daughter of a severe attack of whooping cough. It positively cures coughs, colds, la grippe, bronchitis, all throat and lung troubles. Guaranteed bottles 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at Green's drug store."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

The abnormally long point at the waist line in front is not now considered in good taste by modish women. A slight point must prevail. The best girdle is an inch or a half or two inches below the normal waist line.

There is no question that this is far more graceful than the belt exactly around the waist; but so many women, and especially young girls, have so exaggerated this fashion and made it ungraceful by their extreme manner of wearing it that the well-dressed women have at once used the belt with only a slight point.

Girls who are pulling their belts down to four inches below the waist, as some of them are doing, should remember that it is not the fashionable line any more than the belt around the middle of the waist is.

It would be well for every mother who is going away from home with young children to take away with her one or two boxes of prepared barley flour, to have on hand in case of sudden need, for you must act promptly.

If there is vomiting in young children, egg water will often be retained when nothing else will. To make this take the white of one fresh egg, one-half pint of cold water, pinch of salt, and one teaspoonful of brandy; place all the ingredients in a bottle and shake thoroughly, then strain through a cloth and feed a little at a time, cold. Sometimes this will be retained better if fed to the child through a medicine dropper than if taken from the bottle or spoon.

ETIQUETTE OF THE DINNER.—We will suppose that a lady is taking her seat at a dinner party.

She immediately removes her gloves places them in her lap, unfolds the napkin, takes the roll of bread from within it and places it on the left hand, on the table and lays the napkin across her lap.

At each place there may be, on the right, two large knives, a small silver fish-knife and a tablespoon, and on the left three or four silver forks, one of them a fish fork and one a oyster fork.

The oysters are served on the shell and must be eaten whole, not cut in halves. Soup is taken with a tablespoon and from the side of the spoon; one must never fill one's soup plate to secure the last spoonful; and one must never be served twice to soup.

For the fish course, the silver fish fork and knife are used.

Butter is not served at dinner. It is not good form to eat bread between the courses as if one were hungry.

Some entrees, such as cutlets or sweetbreads, may require the knife and fork; for others, such as patties, timbales or croquettes, a fork only is used.

Meat is cut as required, a small piece at a time.

When eating vegetables the knife is laid on the plate, the blade resting near the centre.

The knife must not be placed across the edge of the plate, nor with the handle resting on the table. The fork is then taken up in the right hand, the handle of the fork resting easily on the hand between the first finger and thumb. If need be, a crust of bread may be used with the left hand to press a morsel of food toward the fork.

When cutting the finger must never rest on the blade of the knife, but on the handle.

After one has finished eating, the knife and fork must be placed close together in the centre of the plate.

Lettuce is eaten with a fork, the edge of the fork being used to cut the leaf, which is then folded.

Small birds, such as quail and squab, are served whole, one for each person, and one cuts the meat from the breast and eats each piece at the time of cutting it.

Coffee is sometimes served before the guests leave the table, but the better custom is to have it passed later in the drawing room. In either case the small coffee cups, sugar and cream are passed on the tray, and the guest prepares the coffee according to fancy.

The hostess gives the signal to rise from the table. She rises immediately, and guests leave their napkins unfolded on the table and must never replace their chairs. The gentlemen remain standing until the ladies have left the room. The hostess allows the ladies to precede her when passing out of the room. Later the gentlemen join the ladies in the drawing room.

Tailor-made frocks are getting a little shorter, and also a little fuller. Sleeves are distinctly gaining in circumference.

August, although the height of summer always is regarded as the proper time to introduce fall fashions.

Among the prophecies for modes is one that the habit back skirt will be resuscitated.

Another is that the walking suit for general wear is to be prominent in fashionable wardrobe. The skirt will have no flared effect, but a straight line flare, with stitched lower edge, and men's suitings of light quality will be largely used for