THE JEALOUS WIFE.

"I wonder what he may be doing now? O, if I only could be there to see ! Some woman may have called, and he and

Perhaps are making eyes! She may allow Her hand to lie in his this minute! How O, how can I endure these doubts, ah me The brazen thing may flatter him, and he

May listen, heeding not his sacred vow !" While thus his loving wife in loneliness Devoted all her eager thoughts to him, What did he do, the wretch? Ah, nothing

Than take his knife out and sit there and trim

His finger nails and vainly try to guess How next to meet the landlord, cold an grim.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A LITTLE TRAGEDY FOR TWO.

That night when Burbank came home white of face,—the thin whiteness of anger and nervous fatigue,—his eyes dull with defeat, his wife knew she must not speak to him. Something told her that this was the crisis, the crisis she had pleaded for and prayed against. She stood close to him, occasionally putting her hand on his shoulder, as he took off his overcoat and letting the sympathy and loyalty in her clear deep eves pour out upon him in un-

Thrusting her arm through his she led him down their narrow bowling-alley of a hall to a little red studio and let him sink down exhausted on the divan.

"Poor old man," she murmured, patting his hand and touching his disordered black hair with the lightest fingers. Presently Burbank shook himself out of

his apathy of depression and absent-mind-"Billy, old lady," he said, trying to

"Has it been bard, dear." "Pretty hard, Billy."
She sat silently waiting. At last he spoke. "I've done it, Nan."

Without a word she put her arms ten-derly about his neck and kissed him. 'I've left him. I've left Graydon. It's

"Poor boy-it's all right-I know it's right—you'll win—I'll not say a word. We'll go back to the other flat. I'll sew or paint or wash or do something to make money. And you'll write again. Think of it, dear, you'll write again-your own stuff-stories-good ones"-she laughed excitedly "and you'll be a great, great man. O, I'm glad."

Burbank looked at her with pathetic admiration and love. "Poor old long-suffering Billy. Yes,

I'll write and write and be a great, great man. Now let's go and see our boy." Alden Burbank was thirty on his wedding day, -a slim, attractive fellow with enthusiasms which he tried to conceal. His friends spoke of him as "one of the whitest men God ever made." There was a group of them who lived together-men, careless in living and loving, strong in their friendship while they lasted, and decently regretful when they faded, believing with many protestations in each other's work, gladder over the sensuous ecstatic line of poetry, a vivid dramatic bit of prose, a neat ankle, than of anything else their

shabby life begot for him.

Burbank had lived with the group and written stories in the days before his marriage, -good, flesh-and-blood tales of the d women he met in his newspaper

wanderings about the city.

The group believed in him so much that Burbank in time came to believe in himself. And when a notable magazine picked him up and printed two of his stories, with pictures, and asked for more, he grew cocky and talked of "my prices" and "three cents a word."

Not long after this opulent dreaming he had met Nancy Holbrook. They lost no time in falling in love with each other,honestly and obliviously in love. To Alden Burbank she was the wittiest, cleverest, tenderest, frankest-hearted girl he had ever imagined; as she unfolded her heart and mind to him, he found her a woman of naive experiences which she had catalogued in quaint, unspeiled ways,—a girl who came light-heartedly to the simplicity of caring and enduring in her husband's

It was like her, when within five days of the day set for their wedding, Burbank wrote her wretchedly that he had lost his place on his newspaper and had no money, and what should they do, to telegraph him, "Come at once on receipt of my let-

The letter found him swearing disconsolately over a pile of cigarette ends and a story that would not let itself be written. It contained some words that he kissed rapturously and a check for seventy dollars, the money Nan had set aside for an extravagant luxury or two in her new home, though he never guessed that. So he took the most respectable member of the group as his best man and went to his wedding, divided between costacy and

misgiving.
After the wedding, the two came to New

them for good prices. Life grew very kind to them. The stories paid the rent of the modest little flat they had intrepidly rented, and made friends "Billy, girl, don't mind me—I'm tired "Billy, girl, don't mind me—I'm tired

man with a style, by jove."

A publisher offered him a place in his house as a reader of manuscript. Both Nan house as a reader of manuscript. Both Nan and Alden agreed that it was the wisest thing to accept it for awhile until they got safely on their feet and had some of their debts paid. Then he could go back again to free-lance days.

to free-lance days.

But out of that position grew another, prudent to stop working at a regular salary just then because—well, because of what Nau confided one day to Alden with a happy laugh. It was a baby, another Alden Burbank. That meant a nuse and a thou That meant a nuise and a thousand bewildering other things that Burbank had never guessed accompanied the advent of such a tiny lump of pinkness and lungs. He said to himself regretfully that he surely could not give up that salary

with the old friends that still dropped in on them, and with the few new ones they made, the Burbanks used to talk long and seriously of the sad lack of good material in the modern short story, "rotten stuff" they called most of the things they read. "Lord, it's a shame" they said, "that some new people didn't arrive." And magazine. At the end of the week he left blushing."

would grow brighter and he would sit up

alertly in his chair. "Gad, I'm going to; I'm going to, just as soon as I can get settled a bit. You can's work, you know, when you're hold-ing down a position like mine. A chap, you know, can's come home from a hard day's mental labor and start in writing," "Well, give up your job, then, and free-lance it. Look at Gracely; see how he's getting on, and his stuff isn't ace-high

with your stories." And after the guests had gone, Nan and Aldan, in the disordered little apartment, thick with cigarette fumes and the smell of the bad claret, talked on with rose-colored words of Burbank's talent, and a thousand times they almost decided that at the end of the week Alden should really give up his position and write. "My dear. it's an affront to Providence not to do it," Nan would cry, and her husband would kiss her tenderly and on the next free Sunday made a great show of getting endless sheets of paper and a dozen fresh peus to

begin the famous story. But some way it never came-that story. But some way it never came—that story.
The baby cried uproariously, or the plumbing got out of order and the pipes leaked in the kitchen, or they had to go out to somebody's dinner—simply had to go—or Browning came, good old Browning, who was awfully lonely and needed cheering and the writing was nut away. up, and the writing was put away.
There were bitter days of depression,

too, -days when there stretched out before Burbank such a deadly length of office hours and unpaid bills that he lost faith in himself and vowed he should never be able to write again. Nan's clear eyes became troubled seeing before her the endless as-severations of latent energy which never came to the accomplishing of any result, and sighing for the old gay days of rejoicing when Alden had a story accepted. Once when Alden flung himself miserably down on his bed and almost wept out that he knew he couldn't write if he tried, she put her hands quickly over his mouth with a little cry, but ever after that the prickling suspicions irritated her. What, O, what if it were true—Alden never to write again! And it was her fault; she had spoiled a career!

In the spring of their fourth year of mar-ried life—a sickly, sultry, enervating spring such as comes often to a great city—Nancy fell ill of a low fever. It needed to the very last crumb Burbank's store of optimism, and good humor, and faith, and love, to keep his wife from sinking to a brooding, melancholy and bitter self-accusation. And the pity of it all was that he did .not much deceive her with his gaiety and fair outlook. Women know too well whence come the springs of joy.

They were very poor in those days.
In June when Graydon's offer came,
Burbank accepted it stolidly, without
thanking God. He knew Graydon. Every
one in Burbank's line of work did know

The great man drove up in a cab one night to the Burbank's apartment house and asked for Mr. Burbank. Nan lay weakly in her bed and heard the prolonged murmur of voices in the next room, wondering who could be talking so loud and so decisively to Alden.

"Burbank, I want you to be my editor," Graydon spoke in neat, choppy phrases with a full emphasis on the personal pro-nouns that seemed to Burbank an omen of his coming servitude. "I've seen your work. I like it. I want you with me.
Will you come?"

When he mentioned the salary, Burbank's heart gave a quick jump. His eyes turned to Nan's sick room, to the baby's tiny, sunless bedroom, to the shabby, cramped flat that held little more furniture than had come to them in the uncertain outbursts of wedding gifts. And he caught sight, too, of his untidy desk where lay the pages, scrawled over, lined, interlined, and erased, of the last story he bad attempted. So he sighed and swore softly under his

breath and accepted Graydon's offer. When his bachelor friends heard of it, they congratulated him perfunctorily and after that was over, stopped in at the cor-ner saloon where they discussed the matter

with considerable freedom of speech.
"Poor devil"—they said. "He'll never get out of it now. Burbank used to write good stuff once. Wonder why he hasn't tried to get in a little time for story writing? But that's the trouble—wife, baby, nurse, flat. Can't buck against those things."

The married men who knew Burbank inquired eagerly what salary he got. When they heard, they said, with a tinge of jealousy, that it was certainly a good thing, but added virtuously that they thanked God it wasn't they who had to work for

that Indian, Graydon. The Burbanks moved to a better flat; Nancy, with the baby, went to the country for the summer and grew strong and brown and almost light-hearted. Alden staved in the hot, parched town and worked—worked for Graydon.

His wife never knew until she came home, radiant with joy at seeing him again, just what Burbank had suffered during those weary months.

"What is it, dear?" she asked piteously, her hands on his shoulders, and her eyes looking clear down into his tired, nervous brain. He tried to evade the question but his overwrought nerves and his wounded

Misgiving.

After the wedding, the two came to New York, and Burbank, with Nan's unwavering admiration and stimulating criticism back of him, wrote three more stories—the best he had ever turned out—and sold best he had ever turned o ment, the crushing hours of work, and con-

had intrepidly rented, and made friends for Burbank. People began speaking of him as a man with good stuff in him, "a weakly."

"Billy, girl, don't mind me—I'm tired out, and I don't mean all I say," he ended weakly.

"Give it up, dear, you shan't live this way, you just shan't," she wept. "We'll

to free-lance days.

But out of that position grew another, and still another, and it did not seem quite

They stood together with clasped bands and a fine light of purpose in their eyes.

Then Alden shook his head with a little sad smile.

"Not yet, dear. We can't afford it. You forget."

Nan bent her head slowly till it rested on his neck, and sobbed convulsively. "Poor old boy, my poor old boy! And I'm going to add still another life to your bur-

"Hush, dear, bush."
She left him alone at his deak that night where he worked far into the morning. The tears on her cheeks were not yet dry when he lay down beside his wife and she shook in her sleep with racking sobs.

gradually the talk would drift around to the place. It seemed strange not to hurry Burbank and the stories he had written. off in the morning to the elevated train; 'Corking good stuff, old man, why don't you write more, eh?' Burbank's eyes his hands to which he used to hang in the crowding, noisy, good-natured carloads of workers. Instead, he stayed about the house, rising late, and after breakfast playing with his little son, before he went to his desk to write. After a time he took to doing the marketing for Nan. It settled his mind, he said, before getting down to work. Sometimes the entire morning fled by and Burbank had done nothing.

He did not confess it to Nan, nor admit it to himself, but the stories would not write themselves. He could not think out plots; he had forgotten his technic. He failed to get into the swing of it; his mood was at variance with his desires. He would write a laborious page and tear it up as soon as it was finished; or he would sit for hours idly looking into the area ways. Occasionally Nan crept up with a smile of encouragement and a whispered question and then left him alone, hating himself for his inability.

For a mouth he struggled, furiously, spasmodically, despondently, confidently. At the end of that time he had written not

a line worth saving.

There came the night of reckoning. Bur-bank sat alone in the little red studio before the gas-log fire. In Nan's bedroom there were sounds of quick subdued steps and hushed orders; a trained nurse, composed and irritatingly competent, appeared and disappeared; the portentions activity that accompanies birth and death was over the house.

Straining his anxious ears, Burbank heard a feeble little ory and presently the nurse came to tell him that the danger was over and that his wife had brought into the world for his care and protection and upport another life. He bowed silently. Then he faced the truth. He should never write again-the virtue seemed to have gone out of him. He dared not stop

to recover it; indeed he did not strongly believe that he could recover it, try as he might. The well-beloved craft was his no longer. He must go back to an office desk. The long dreary days of office work stretched out before him till he sbuddered. That little wailing voice in the next room fretted

He shook himself together with a start. The picture of a woman, tender-eyed and faithful, trembled luminously before him his wife—dear old Billy.
"Billy is better than books," he mur-

mured. A shadow of a smile lingered on his lips. "I musn't tell her that I'll never write again. She musn't know; 'twould break her heart, poor Billy."

But in the inner room, exhausted and ill, Billy knew. It seemed to her that she had known ever since the first baby came. The next day Graydon asked Burbank to come back to the magazine. - By Emery Pottle, in the Pilgrim.

Don'ts for Boys and Girls.

Don't wear your hat in the house. Don't sit while a caller stands.

Don't get into the habit of using slang. Vulgar expressions denote degeneracy.

Don't be asbamed of gallantry toward women and girls. A gentleman is always

courteous toward the opposite sex.

Don't fall into bad habits with the fixed ntention of "swearing off" as you grow older. Habits formed in youth accompany one to the grave, bad habits often burying their victims before their time.

Don't speak of your father as "the governor," nor of your mother as "the madam." If you do not show respect to your parents you must not look to the world to respect you.

GIRLS. Don't be rude toward your brothers. Boys' feelings are as sensitive as girls'. Don't forget that you owe the same respect and obedience to your father that you do to your mother. Often the rightful head of the house is placed at the foot through sheer thoughtlessness on the part

of his family.

Don't forget that it is in most cases the father who devotes his life in work and worry to provide for his family, and show him the gratitude he deserves.

Don't have secrets from your mother. Remember that she was a girl once like yourself, and that she will prove the most sympathetic confident in the world, for she holds your happiness and welfare at heart.

—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Essays of Little Bobble.

lawyers is men wich git foaks in trubbel & then charge the saim whether thay git them out or not. lawyers is of 2 kinds good lawyers.
 cheap lawyers.
 the cheap lawers cost you more than the

good lawyers, the only trubbel is that you never know the good lawyers til you try them and then may be they aint vary good

lawyers is made in 2 ways. One kind goes to college and plays foot ball & the other kind works for a lawyer & studies last kind and the first kind is easy to find anywhare, you can git them to try a case & lose it for you any day. Sum of them is

good, the, but not a grate many.
lawyers git mad at eech other when thay are trying a case, but after the case is over thay call eech other Old Chap and say Lets go in & have a drink. Then thay stay there till they have 8 moar drinks and then they call eech other "dere old chum." -Milwaukee Sentinel.

Over One and One-half Millions of Doilars in Pension Allowances.

The statistics of the Pennsylvania Railroad Pension Department, compiled as of December 31st, 1904, show that during the five years of its operation there has been authorized to be paid in pension allowances to the retired employees of the Company, the sum of \$1,614,087.59, made up each year as follows: 1904, \$390,000,00; 1903, \$359,374.32; 1902, \$328,403.10; 1901, \$292,290.20 and 1900, \$244,019.97.

the expense of operation of the department, which is also borne by the Company.

During the five years application of the pension plan 2,418 employees have been

The above expenditure does not include

retired as pensioners from the active service of the Company, of which number 700 have died. Of the total number retired 568 were between the age of 65 and 69 years, of whom 439 were retired on their own request with the approval of the employing officers.

Justified.

"I wish they'd invent a new expression occasionally," said Top as he perused the account of a recent wedding. "It's always 'the blushing' bride."
"Well," replied Mrs. Top, "when you consider what sort of a husband most girls

have to marry you can't wonder at their

Jarors for April Term of Court.

There will be three weeks of court next term commencing the fourth Monday of April.

GRAND JURORS APRIL TERM.	
Fred ShontzPhilipsburg	
John B. Miles Huston	
H. A. SchollUnion	
Emmet BubbPotter	
Joseph CeaderBellefonte	
J. C. ThompsonPhilipsburg	
James M. ShookBellefonte	
J. E. NollMiles	
M. J. YearickWalker	
W. C. FarnerPotter	
John H. HartsockSpring	
N I Hockman Walker	
Frederick KarichoffCurtin	
Hamill BathgateHarris	
Wm. H. Derstine, SrBellefonte	
Benjamin Gordon	
Walter Heaton	
W. W. BibleBellefonte	
Tohn H Wagner Potter	
John H. WagnerPotter Monrce ArmerBellefonte	
Monroe Armor	
John A. KelleySnow Shoe	
David WenselBoggs	
Owen Underwood Union	
R. C. ThompsonWorth	
TRAVERSE JURORS FIRST WEEK APRIL TERM 1905.	
David HarpsterFerguson Edward RichardsBelletonte	
Edward Richards Rollefonte	
T A Confer Dance	
J. A. Confer Boggs	

	TRAVERSE JURORS FIRST WEEK A	
	David HarpsterFer Edward RichardsBelle J. A. Confer	guson
	Enea A. Auman	dregg
	A E. Strayer John A. Confer Snow Jesse Klinger Co John Smith C Cyrus Hall Philip	Miles Shoe
	John Smith	regg sburg
	I. Blake Ayers	guson
	Robert Sloteman S Henry L Barger Snow Daniel C. Bohn James McCool	Miles
	Geo, R. Williams V G, W Hazel Philips George B. Simler Philips	Vorth Miles sburg
	Adam Wolf	Willes
	H. C. Fravel	Shoe
	Isaac ArmstrongC	ollege
	Edward Gehret " Wm Bell Harry Smull "	Rush
	James Nolan	alker sburg
	Wm Bell Harry Smull James Nolan W J. W Lukens Philip James A. Quigley L John G. Rimmey S J. A. Witmer C W. I. Hubler. Michael Shields Belle H. D. Meek State C Lohn Woomer	pring
	Michael Shields. Belle H D Meek State C	efonte
	James Swabb E. D. Thomas	larris Laines
	John Woomer James Swabb. E. D. Thomas. Peter Park. Snow Victor Way. Half E. R. Williams. Philip	Moon atton
	James Rider alf	Moon alker
-	Wm. Everhart	ollege varw
College Spinsters	APRIL TERM 1905. John Q. Miles	uston
STATE	Wm. HainesLi	berty

John G. Rimmey Spring J A. Witmer College W. I. Hubler Miles Micnael Shields Bellefonte H D Meek State College
J A. Witmer
W. I. HublerMiles
Michael ShieldsBellefonte
H D MeekState College
John WoomerBoggs James SwabbHarris
James Swabb Harris
E. D. Thomas
Peter Park
Victor Way Half Moon
E. R. Williams Patton
Andrew FunterPhilipsburg
James . Rider alf Moon
Christ Deckerwalker
James Rider alf Moon Christ Decker Walker Wm. Everhart College TRAVERSE JURORS SECOND WEEK
TRAVERSE JURORS SECOND WEEK
APRIL TERM 1900.
John Q. Miles
U. F. MontgomeryBellefonte
wm. HainesLiberty
Wm. PoormanBoggs
J. A. HazelSpring
Wm. OckerHaines
C. H. Stover "
Robert YoungRush
A. C. MusserMillheim
Jacob HellerSo. Philipsburg
Wm. Ocker. Haines C. H. Stover. " Robert Young Rush A. C. Musser Millheim Jacob Heller So. Philipsburg C. A. Weaver Penn Christ Pages Worth
Perry Hall. Union C. P. Long. Gregg John Turner. Howard
C. P. LongGregg
John Turner Howard
Clayton orlFerguson
W. A. Alexander
Robert DiehlMiles
Clayton orl. Ferguson W. A. Alexander. Union Robert Diehl. Miles Charles R. Custer. Philipsburg
Wm. AikeyHoward Samuel SankeyPhilipsburg
Samuel SankeyPhilipsburg
Michael KerstetterSpring
Michael KerstetterSpring H. O. FeidlerHaines
Conl Mofe
Clarence IsenbergSo. Philipsburg D. G. Meyers
D. G. MeyersCollege
Stanley HudsonPhilipsburg
Daniel M Stine
J. J. Stein Walker
James I CrotzerBenner
James I CrotzerBenner Harry BadgerBellefonte
Isador Baum
Ira HowePhi ipsburg
Wm. QuayCurtin
Samuel FettersBellefonte
Thomas QuickBoggs E B WeaverFerguson Thomas Philipsburg
E B WeaverFerguson
Thomas Dookin Philipshure

Thor as Deakin......Philipsburg
Daniel McKinley.......Milesburg
R. A. Gill.......Rush TRAVERSE JURORS (SPECIAL WEEK)
COMMENCING MONDAY MAY 8th.

	John E. Miles
	M. J. BargerGregg
	Harry H Haag Bellefonte
	Jacob K Hov Benner
	Henry LewisTaylor
	James Schoffeld Bellefonte
	Dr. E. S. Dorworth "
	Dr. E. S Dorworth " Geo. Decker Penn Henry Brown Bellefonte
	Henry Brown Rellefonte
	Maynard MeekerBurnside
	Jonathan J. FresslerCollege
	John L. DunlapSpring
	John How In Wallson
	John Hoy, Jr
9	Emanuel ShueyState College
	T. P. CowherTaylor
	has JohnsonbaughSpring
	Eugene Krone Snow Shoe
	Claude CookBellefonte
1988 Large	A. A. Stover
Coppe	Frank H. RobbWalker
	Frank M FisherGregg
	David Rothrock Benner
ğ	J. L. Shaffer Marion
g	Howard Struble
ğ	J. W. Lee "
Š	H B. PontiusBellefoute
ă	J. J. TaylorGregg
Š	Daniel RobbLiberty
i	Clinton MarkleBenner
ē	J. G. Fehl
	George HartBellefonte
i	Emanuel GarbrickWalker Wm. MillerPhilipsburg
	Wm. MillerPhilipsburg
J	James Hoover
ı	

After the Consultation.

"Well, Drs. Brown and Smith are going to operate upon old Gotrox."

"Is the operation necessary?"

"Why, yes; Brown has a note coming due, and Smith wants an automobile."

-The onion is the most nomishing of all vegetables.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

All Through Lent, dressmakers and seamstresses work at fever heat, leaping over a season and getti g most of the sum-mer dresses well out of the way before they do much with spring clothes-except those to be worn on Easter Day.

And almost everybody is making at least one costume of linen. Suits and dresses are made of it; shirtwaist suits and blouses, and even those stunning three-quarter reparate coats, be laced and be-trimmed until they are "dress" affairs.

Styles for the linen suits are most varied. coffee jackets hobnobbing with three quarter coats and blouse jackets. Skirts show little change, except that more and more fullness has been crowded in about the feet, and that about half of them are trimmed and trimmed, with embroidery and eyelets and even with inserts and wide edgings of lace.

Paris has declared berself "for" very much trimmed skirts, but plainer skirts will share honors here with trimmed; only everything (and thatinoludes coats and dresses as well as skirts) must be cut with plenty of sweep.

LINEN SUNSHADES

We are promised linen-covered sunshades to match our summer frocks. All blue, all sage green or all tan or all white the dress be, and your morning sunshade is expected to be "en suite."

The parasol cover can be quite plain, or it may be treated to a border of ornamental needlework. Indeed, such a design has been the "pick up" work of many a girl bers from place to place, a single ele-since New Year's. Perhaps the sobrieties phant doing the work, it is estimated, of Lent will give her time to complete the embroidery and have the cover fitted over the frame by some one cunning in such

Plain sticks are seen on linen sunshades. Some of the plain liven covers have an applied border of "a jour" (that is, openwork) embroidery, and some show a scanty flounce of English eyelets work, or "borderie anglaise.'

Sleeve styles show more pronounced changes than any other part of a blouse, or, indeed, of a whole gown; and these changes have resolved themselves, in nine out of ten sleeves, into the wide, full puff to the elbow, with the long cuff.

The style that threatened had all the fullness branching out stiffly at the top of the sleeve in an ugly way. We've had these puffed sleeves with us

before, but their coming again is with a host of differences. Instead of that plain puff, which was unattractive and shortlived, by reason of its wide expanse of un trimmed material, comes a puff trimmed in any one of a hundred distinctive ways. Sometimes the only trimming of the puff is in the middle, where it may be caught

into a sort of double puff, with a band of

the insertion or lace which trims the blouse. Sometimes a row or two of the trimming with a hand of tucks between-running parallel or in the opposite direction-is the trimming, echoed on the deep onff. The sleeves of your last year's blouse can be easily made over, if you're fortunate enough to have some of the lace or embroiders you trimmed it with. Turn the sleeve upside down, cutting it off at the

better way is to lift the sleeve, letting last year's wrist fullness, make this year's elbow fullness, and cutting it off from the On some sleeves, the cuffs are no deeper than four inches, but that is the narrowest

elbow, and making a deep cuff. Or a

to imitate the deep cuff. Stains of varnish on the hands are sometimes very difficult to remove. As soon as possible, rub with a little alcohol on a soft rag; afterward wash thoroughly in soap

and water. To remove walout and fruit stains from the fingers, dip them in strong tea, rubbing the nails with it with a nail brush: wash in warm water; the stains come out instantly.

To wash anything that is greasy, use hot soda water. The alkali turns the grease into soap, which will do its own cleaning.

One of the most soothing applications for a fresh burn is a raw potato scraped or grated and bound like a poultice on the injured surface.

To the ordinary combination of warm water and ammonia used for freshening carpets, add a tablespoonful of kerosene and the result will be still more satisfactory.

The following Lenten recipes are selected from Harper's Cook Book Eucyclopedia, and a. e of especial timeliness:

BROILED EGGS.

Cut slices of bread, toast them lightly, trim the edges, and lay them on a dish before the fire, with some bits of butter placed on top. When this melts, break and spread carefully six or eight eggs on the toast. Have ready a salamander, or hot shovel, to brown the top, and, when the eggs are sufficiently done squeeze an orange and grate some nutmeg over

EGGS A LA CREME.

EGGS A LA CREME. "I said." repeated John, distinctly, "it Hard hoil twelve eggs; slice them thin is clothes that break the man." in rings. In the bottom of a large baking dish place a layer of grated breaderumbs, then one of the eggs; cover with bits of butter, and sprinkle with pepper and salt. Continue thus to blend these ingredients until the dish is full; be sure, though, that the crumbs cover the eggs upon top. Over the whole pour a large teacupful of seveet cream, and brown nicely in a moderately heated oven.

EGG VOL-AN VENTS.

estimates that of that great sum perhaps a Nince two truffles and put them into a stewpan with two tablespoonfuls of thick cream: add four eggs that have hoiled twenty minutes; chop them small, season with salt, pepper and nutmeg Have ready some paste cases, and when the mixture has simmered five minutes fill them and serve hot. Sufficient for six cases.

Tiny checks and stripes-as old-fashioned as possible—are among the best liked of the new eil's. Some of the stripes are not more than a thread.

There's a new soft silk just in-some thing like old-time surahs, but with more "body" to it, and richer.

No Monopoly of Brains.

One of the many hopeful signs of the times is the apparent decay of the breed of so called great men, those mighty personalities that in former times stood out like a solitary tree in a vast prairie. The reason for it, of course, is the distinction of all those old time monopolies of brains which stunted all human beings except a few who by chance rather than by superiority of fiber grew and developed. There are thousands, literally thousands, of men now living who if they had lived a century or so ago and had done a work similar to that which they are doing without any very sonorous fanfare upon the trumpets of fame would have been the talk of the world and the main topic of history. And how many of the so called great achievements of so called great statesmen, soldiers and thinkers of former times would be impossible today because those achievements depended chiefly upon the ignorance and incapacity of the overwhelming mass of the men of their day!

Truly this is the age of opportunity. -Saturday Evening Post.

Swimming Elephants.

The elephants of Burma, in India, are used for a variety of purposes. Throughout the day they work steadily as laborers in carrying the great timof a score of men. Their great diversion in hours of rest is bathing, and they take their baths in a curious way. The keeper takes his place on the back of an elephant and thus placed makes a tour of a great lake or river, the huge animal swimming under him at a surprising rate, while he is kept high and dry above water.

An Autograph Hint. "Will you oblige me with your autograph?" asked a bore of a busy public

"Certainly," replied the public man. 'Just make out a check for 10 guineas payable to my order. I will indorse it cheerfully, and in due time, you may be sure, it will come back to you safely through your bank."

Jack Tar's Spree.

In the Sailors home in Brooklyn the navy boys deposit for safe keeping in the course of a year many thousands of dollars. Some time ago one of them after being paid off at the end of his enlistment had \$700, which he deposited with the superintendent of the home -all but \$50, with which he intended to have a good time. Along toward midnight he returned in a hilarious condition and asked for \$50 more. The superintendent handed him two one dollar bills, and the sailor went off apparently satisfied. The following morning he dropped in and requested the superintendent to give him the balance of his money, as he was going home. The superintendent offered him \$648.

"No," said the sailor; "I'm not that kind of a chap. I don't want to cheat width, unless they are left narrow, and the lower part of the sleeve is tricked out last night, and you've paid me \$48 too you out of \$48. I drew \$100 from you much."

"You're mistaken," said the superintendent. "When you came the second time I gave you only \$2, and this is the

balance due you." "All right, governor," replied the Jack tar. "But, would you believe it, I had just as much fun on that \$2 as if it had been \$50?"-New York Press.

Hot Water as a Panacea

The best toilet preparation in the world is plain bot water. Here are some of the uses to which it may be put:

Drink a bowl of it every night, if you want a good digestion, a good sleep and a

clear complexion.

Put a bag of it to your feet when you have a cold; to your back when you have a backache, or at the nape of your neck when you have a headache or feel sleepless.

Bathe the eyes with it when they are

inflamed. Soak the feet in it when they are tired. Soak the bands in it before manicuring. Steam the face with it once a week for your complexion.

Squared Himself.

"I don't think I ever can forgive you for it," she pouted. "You pretended to he so busy with your newspaper when I entered a crowded street car this morning that you didn't see me, yet there I stood

in the aisle, in plain sight."
"You in 'plain sight,' Miss Gring ?" he exclaimed. "Not on your platinum print! If you were standing there, you were a dazzlingly beautiful sight !"

Did she forgive him? Well !-Chicago Tribune.

New Version.

"What did you sav, John?" queries Mrs. John, viewing her full length reflection in the mirror.

A Definition.

Little Clarence-Pa, what is an optimist?
Mr. Callipers—An optimist, my son,

is a person who doesn't care what pens if it doesn't happen to him .- Puck. -A statistician has arrived at the conclusion that £5.000,000 is spent yearly by the public of London on cabs. He also

million and a half represents overcharges. -"I may not be wealthy, but I can afford my own carriage and pair," said the foud father as he wheeled his twins along

The usual fortune of complaint is to excite contempt more than pity. --- John-

Every man has a pretty good opinion of himself till he gets in public office and reads what a scounded he is.—New York Press.

-There is no instinct like that of the heart .- Byron.