

Bellefonte, Pa., January 4, 1907.

KNOWING HOW.

l've sometimes heard my grandpa tell That folks who know just how to smell Can get the summer from one rose, m a little breeze that blows

And father says, no matter where You live, if you will just take care And make the best of rour two eyes You'll see so much you'll grow real wise.

And then my mother's often heard One little pleasant-spoken word That's made somebody smile and smile, And feel cheered up for quite a while.

They say it doesn't matter much Whether a child has such and such; It's how she'll learn to "make things do" And p'r'aps it's so with grown folks, too. -Elizabeth Lincoln Gould, In The Congrega alist.

MOIRA.

One day when her aunt was specially busy, Moira went to the Riding Academy. It was at luncheon that Aunt Laura said : 'This is my afternoon to visit the halforphans' classes in manual training." Moira asked : "Are the whole-orphans trained differently, Aunt Laura?" And her aunt explained quite seriously

The tears shook themselves from her eyes just as she discovered the face before her, and in a second they had passed each other. "Poor little child," the man heard him-

that the new assistant rector had some ex-cellent ideas of helping the half-orphans, that they might be of assistance to the re-maining parent, and might become selfsupporting at the earliest possible moment. "You see," she elaborated in ambiguous plurals, "if they have mothers, they aren't

often able to support them, let alone hav-ing them taught anything; and if they have fathers they almost always marry again, and the first wife's children are again, my neglected. It is a most worthy ob-ject, and one I am glad to add to my list. Nothing, my dear Moira, is so pathetic and helpless as an orphan.' That is quite true," assented Moira.

Then Aupt Laura remembered that she really would have done much better not to have made that remark, for the small, pale niece sitting opposite her had been a half-orphan aud was now bereft of both mother

Out of the West had come Moira, out of the Golden State that she loved with all her heart ; saddened, bewildered by her father's death, straight across the broad, and it seemed to her endless, continent, the train had borne her to the Eastern Gate, and here in New York she was beating the wings of

her soul against the padded prison bars of her annt's ugly, comfortable home. "I wonder," she said timidly, "if there's any way I could ride this afternoon? I think I would like-""
"The very thing," broke in her aunt,

cordially ; "Gertrude Talbot's girls go every Thursday and I'll drive you to the Academy. You can get a horse there, and if you care to go often, your guardian can select a nice gentle animal for you. Why, the very thing, Moira ! I'm glad you spoke

Moirs was sorry. The keen longing in her heart had been for plenty of space, a road, a long road, and a something of springy muscle, steady stride, and obedient intelligence under her ; something called a she drove up the Park, through Seventy-horse, not those mindless creatures the second street to the Drive, around Clare-Talbot girls rode. Moira had met the Tal- mont, down the Drive, across Seventybot g'rls and she judged their horses ac- second street, down the West Side,

vision ; developed and fixed as he rode in a voice that shook just a bit, "Your people shouldn't give you a horse like along; penetrated his unpleasant reflec-tions and would not leave him. He shook his head impatiently as if to

Moira said, and her voice shook a little, rid nimself of something that prevented him from returning to his thoughts; thoughts that weren't pleasant ones, but which haunted, threatened, tempted and too, that she didn't have any people except an aunt aud a guardian, and that they had bought her a little sheep called Maud, and it was because she had to ride this other reproached him. Finally he wheeled his horse and gallopanimal on Thursday that she had been oh

animal on Thursday that she had been ob-liged to buy Bold Billy. The man nodded as if he understood Moira's incoherent statement. Then Moira said quite holdly, "I have not told my aunt about Billy, and I'm not going to." She spoke as she used to speak to her fathed up the drive. The three girls had tarn-ed also and were cantering back, the two grooms the right number of lengths in the

Moira's face had brightened a little. The fresh air and the exercise, even if inadequate and in unsympathetic company, had given a tinge of color to her cheeks. But she was er sometimes, throwing herself on his meroy. Then she added, "It would only worry her.' lonely, desperately lonely. Conversation with the Talbots was a dispiriting affair, carried on across the high fence of incom-patibility. Was this what her life with

"It would only worry her," the man who had stopped Bold Billy echoed, but he also said, "Do be very careful."

Moira raised grateful eyes. "I will be very careful," she said, softly.

Aunt Laura was going to be always? Half-orphans, Talbot girls, calls from the as-Then he turned abruptly and she rou owards home. He swore roundly at himself, after he

sistant rector, as shut-up brougham with wide green backs to look at, and a miles-away aunt beside her ! It was a borrible had left her, that he had not said more, life, an unnatural, suffocating life, and tears of hopelessness rose to Moira's eyes. and as she rode alone she felt newly berefs, as if some beautiful thing had touched her She looked away from the Talbot girls wondering how she could get her hand-kerchief to remove the tears without at-tracting attention, and she found herself with gentle fingers and then, just as she was asking what it was, had vanished. one rode north and one rode south, but their souls called back to each other over ooking straight into the face of the man the lengthening miles. who had ridden the way she liked to ride, but who had pulled his horse into a cauter

If anyone could have told Moira why she went, on every possible opportunity, and had Bold Billy saddled and got herself into a state of excited expectation, and role and rode, and why she came home depressed and lonelier than ever, she would have been frightened, shocked perhaps. But she had not put it in words, the whys and wherefores of it, and when you don't put things to yourself in words, you're likely not to recognize them. So Moira followed the impulse of her heart, and it led her to

the places where she had seen him. And at last one day he could stand it no onger, and hedid the same thing-had his prown mare saddled, and rode over the places where he had seen her. And right at the first place they met; he raised his hat very soberly, and she bowed as sedately as tho ngh her beart were not pounding so hard it hurt.

and how he had called it his pet work, the child of his heart and brain. And Moira gathered that Aunt Laura was proud and happy to be the stepmother of the charity that called the assistant rector father. Then at the place where Bold Billy got the bit in his teeth they met again. This time he looked at her steadily, his mouth quite stern, but she was not afraid, for she saw his eyes. And there, where he had asked her to be very careful, they met for the third time, for he had wheeled about as he had done before, and Moira smiled and said, "I don't believe I even thanked you."

At her words the stern mouth relaxed, and he answered : "Then you will now, won't you? for I've wanted to hear your

voice again." Moira was not offeuded at all. She felt Moira was not offended at all. She rete happier than she had for a year, and dif-ferently happy from any time in her life. So she cantered along beside him, and they talked about anything and nothing, and she forgot that it was Thursday, till the two Talbots and the groom passed them; then Moira went quite white and the man at her side remembered that she had been with two nondescript girls on the first day he had seen her, and felt what had happened. He blamed himself bitterly. He leaned towards her.

"I semember them," he said in a low "But you have done nothing you shall ever be sorry for. Tomorrow I shall look up someone who knows us both. There's got to be someone, and I will beg to be properly presented. Don't blame yourself, it was my fault." Moira's head lifted.

been no fault," she "There has

"There was, had been, someone who had made me reckless. I could not have what

I thought I wanted. Then I saw you and I knew I had never wanted anyone before. Do you believe me ?" "I believe you." "There will never be anyone but you. does likewise. Moira." She turned and looked at bim.

"I don't want there to be," she said whisper. He drew her glove from the hand near

est him; the soft little palm turned to his. He took from his finger a seal, a ring heavy nd massive. "With this ring," he said,-"till I can get another."

'I don't want another," said Moira, and she kissed the stone. "If only it might be now, Moira !"

She started. 'Now ?" "Have you anyone for me to ask ?"

'No one to ask, exactly. 1 am free.' He checked the horses. Shall we turn ? There is a small town

few miles on." Her clear gray eyes looked into his. Will you always love me ?" "To the end of my life and yours."

"I will go." They came out of the rectory an bour

He put her upon Bold Billy an mounted the brown mare. He held her band tight as they rode slowly through the soft evening dark and she asked no ones.

They turned at last through a gateway. big, rambling house lay at the end of winding drive. "This is your home," he said. 'My home," she echoed

"Is everything prepared for my wife ?" ne asked, as the old housekeeper gave him

welcome. "Everything, sir."

Through the wide hall and up the broad, shallow stairs he led ber. At a door he paused and opened it. A sitting room, rose scented, a dressing room beyond, and glimpses in the smaller room of silken stuffs.

'It is ready for you," he said. "I will wait below. With shaking fingers she put off her

babit, brushed ber shining bair and slipped into the soft, trailing gown. She ran down the stairs and across the hall to the hearth where he stood

"You knew I would come ?" she asked. Her hands trembled as they clasped his rm, and he took them in his.

"I hoped you would come," he answer-"Have the rooms been arranged for me ng ?"

"Since the day Bold Billy ran." She drew her hands from his and rested

them on his arms again. "You are my husband ?" "Yes."

"And I am your wife ?" "Yes, Moira."

"And yet I am not afraid."

He stooped and lifted her from her feet, holding her tight to his heart. He kissed her eyes, her hair, her month. Her arms orept about his neck and she pressed his

cheek to hers. "Ob," she whispered, so low he could scarcely catch the words, "Oh. I'm glad-I'm glad-I'm not afraid."-By Anne Story Allen, in the Delineator. Heart's Bullet Verse

Ambrose Bierce Tells Why the Quatrain was Written.

DAILY THOUGHT. When a wise man bestows a favor he immediately forgets it. When a fool receives a favor he

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Boots are higher this season than they have been for several years, and the fad is a very sensible one for cold weather. What is known as the "seven-inch boot" is

extremely popular. Buttons and cloth tops are a very important part of most of the new boots. The cloth tops come, of course, in the plain col-

ors, but the invisible plaids are rather bet-ter when one does not stick to black. Many women are having boot tops made to horn. match their tailored gowns.

Another feature of the new boots is the wooden Cuban heel. This makes the shoe work. much lighter for walking than when the heel was built of leather.

The up-to-date woman will have her hat trimming on the right side instead of on the left. If she cares for flowers in winter millinery she is apt to choose roses or, per-haps, fuchias. The latter are decidedly new. She will also be careful in the selection and adjustment of her veil, for it gives the finishing touch to her bat.

Black veils must not be worn with very ight hats or gowns unless there is a touch of black somewhere about the costume. Match the hat in the veil whenever it is possible, but don't make a fright of your self in doing it. For instance, a blue veil is apt to make a woman with a bright color look purple, especially if the mesh is small.

Since many of the winter suits and coats are made with elbow sleeves, long gloves are as much in demand as ever. Some of the very newest are fleece lined, which must add greatly to the wearer's comfort.

Separate armlets are still sold, and one dealer is showing a pair built of black suede and ornamented with exquisite embroidery. The price asked for this novelty is naturally a big one, but even if it were not, it is hardly probable that the notion would meet with wide favor.

Brown and green and the smoke tints that were promised such vogue at the be-ginning of the season still hold their own, but several new colors are creeping into favor. There is a dull mingling of brown and rose which is called rosewood; there are coppery browns that are almost red, and there are many shades of bronze.

Blue is worn a great deal, too. It is satisfactory color and becoming to so many people. Royal and sapphire blue and what are known as the ecclesiastical shades are among the popular blues. There is also a Nattier blue (which takes its name from the color used in some of Nattier's pictures) that is very much liked.

Check or plaid suits have vests and collars of black moire, braided in soutache braid. Many of the plain colored suits have these moire vests and the collars either in self-color or in black.

Vests are seen on a great many of the new gowns. One in a black-and-white striped cloth had a vest of coral chiffon FARM NOTES

-To have your cows milk long, milk them clear

-Keep the farm separator clean, inside and outside

-Uneven salting and working makes streaky hutter.

-Do not keep over small hatches of skim milk: Feed it while it is sweet.

-When the butter sticks to the worker, the latter was not scalded properly. Rub it with salt and scald again

-Deborn, and stanch the blood with chloride of iron; better, however, to start with the young calves and stop growth of

It don't pay to keep cows for a side issue. Get the hest and make dairying a business just like any branch of farm

-In the successful dairy, kindness to animals, careful attention to cleanliness and the comforts of the cow are sure to be found.

-There is no longer any question that the earlier the calf is taken from its mother, the easier it will be to teach it to drink.

-Milk regularly and as quickly and clean as pos-ible. Some cows will let their milk down better while eating; bumor them

-Some expert grape growers contend that for the first two years the grape vines should be closely praned down in order to secure a good root growth.

-In order to make a success of fraising the calf on skim milk, the condition of the milk must be uniformly sweet. Nothing, perhaps, will contribute more to produce scours in calves than to feed sweet milk one day and sour milk the next.

-Interest on a bote runs night and day and never stops until the note is paid. Give the dairy cow the right kind of feed and while you sleep she will be turned into butter fat worth four times as much as the feed, and have it all ready when you get up in the morning.

-The fertilizing value of bran is about -The fertilizing value of bran is about \$11 per ton. After the food properties have been absorbed, there remains fifty pounds of nitrogen, worth 16 cents a pound; fifty-three pounds of phosphorio acid and thirty-two pounds or potash, most of which is available for fertilizer.

-I notice an article in this week's issue of the Journal in regard to scours in calves. Now I have one of the simplest remedies for scours is any kind of stock; I give it to horses, cows, hogs and all kinds of stock, and it has never yet failed. It is ros:n-a teaspoonful of pulverized rosin in their feed, and it stops it almost at once. May-be you can use it.

-In many localities the English sparrows have become a great unisance. To poison them is dangerous. To make an effective trap, buy wire screening and make a box cage. Cover the top with thin boards, make a large, round hole in centre, inserting a wire funnel just small enough to pass through at lower end. Buit well. The bird lighting on the two of the cage will see the bait through the runnel and readily pass through.

-A lady remarked to the representative of the Formers' Review the other day that sweet clover had been introduced from Europe and had become a terrible weed. But is is a beneficent weed. It takes session of the waste places and loves them best where the ground is bardest. It drives its roots deep into the soil and mellows it. On its roots feed the bacteria that create the tubercles. In their homes these bac-teria munufacture into available nitrates the free nitrogen of the air. They thus plow the ground, fertilize it and make way for other plants. -Very many horses suffer with thrush. or swollen and cracked feet, often the effects of laminities, etc. The remedies given by veterinarians, consisting of standing the feet in sulphate of copper, etc., are complicated and difficult to follow. Here is a simple and never failing remedy for this class of ailments, so far as local applications go. Raise the foot and pour on some fine table salt, which should be pressed into all the cracks and openings of the foot. Over this pour a small quantity of coal oil, holding the foot up until it soaks in well. One or two applications will prove effectual. -One of the great arguments for rotation of crops is the eradication of weeds. Weeds, we will always have, so the problem is to reduce them to the minimum. Some weeds presist in evading the corn cultivator, but succumb to grass crops; other weeds, as the cookle burr, mustard, etc., thrive in grass and grain crops, but are easily sotten rid of with a cultivator. But with all our careful work, some rapid spreading weeds persist in coming in from neighboring fields. The main problem of getting a stand of alfalfa is a matter of slean land. Alfalfa refuses to grow am When lighting a gas stove it will often rank weeds, but let it get a good start, and weeds have no chance whatever.

cordingly.

and father.

She went to her room and put on her habit, crowding back the memories which leaped from its folds, leaped from the gauntleted gloves, leaped from the gold-knobbed crop with "Moira" soratched on it in her father's hand

She looked very calm and sweet as she met Aunt Laura in the hall below. And her aunt pat up a lorgnette and said in pleased surprise : "A really well-cut gar-ment, my dear. And not made in New Well, really !"

Then they got into the brougham with only the top of one window down ; not any air must come in on the side where Aunt Laura's neuralgia was, and they drove off behind the fat horses and the fat backs of Thoms and Burns. Aunt Laura looked out and bowed to passing friends, but Moira looked straight ahead at the broad green coat of Thomas. Aunt Laura didu't say much, for she was thinking of the new assistant rector and the manual classes for the poor children, and what a noble work it was, and how glad she was that the Lord had chosen her to help, and how well it was that the assistant rector had concurred with the Lord's choice, because Gertrude Talbet would have given her very eyes to have been the chairman of the committee berself

So they came to the Riding Academy. The Talbot girls were there waiting for them, and their horses were tamed, trained creatures, correct in every appointment, as were their young mistresses, who expressed their pleasure in polite, well-chosen terms, at seeing Moira.

They cantered out of the street and to ward the Park, in charge of two grooms. Aunt Laura watched them out of sight and with a sigh of relief re-entered the brougham

The Talbot girls and Moira rode side by side. Jig, jig, jig. Jig, jig, jig. This wasn't riding. It was pottering along on a horse-she hated it. She wished she hadn't She made polite replies to the Talbot girls' inquiries as to how she liked New York, and she responded as gratefully as possible to their hope and belief that when the days of her mourning should be ended, she could go forth in radiant garments into that wonderful, fascinating land called So-ciety, where one danced and dined and received attention-here they glanced at Moira doubtfully.

The elder of the Talbots told her sister afterwards that she didn't think Moira would make much of a hit with the men (the elder sister was apt to be a trifle careless in her expressions when off guard), but the younger reminded her that Moira's fortune was of many figures, and she added honestly : "She has quite a way when she smiles or speaks." Whereupon the elder recalled with unpleasant distinctness a speech of one man she knew, a most eligible man. It was after he had talked to Moira : 'Gad, what eyes ! You can't forget 'em.'

It was while they were riding sedately up by the river that someone on horseback passed them. Someone whose hat was passed them. Someone whose bat was pulled down over his eyes ; whose mouth was stern and whose whole bearing was a trifle reckless. Moira glanced at him because he rode as she loved to ride. She caught only the general outline of the man.

and out at Fifty-ninth street and home She reported having had a pleasant drive : that the Smythes and the West-Jones were driving also, and had stopped their car-riages and had spoken to her. She ob-tained from her guardian a goodly check for the balf-orphaus, and presented it, via

and was looking straight at her.

self saying. "I wish I knew him !" oried Moira, with

face at what her heart had said.

at dinner.

table.

the new project.

leart, and then she blushed all over her

you an enjoyable ride ?" asked Aunt Laura

Talbot girls. She said it was nice for Moira

to have them to ride with. Then she told

her niece all about the manual classes and what the assistant rector had said and done,

As Moira took her soup she saw quite

As Molfa took her soop she saw quite distinctly the figure of a man sitting tight to his saddle and riding rather faster than the law permits down the gravelly path by the river. Then she listened to Aunt Laura,

and after a while, as she ate her salad, she

saw the head and shoulders of someone be-

fore her, but blurred a little and indistinct

Then when she sipped her coffee she found, in place of Auut Laura's countenance op-

posite her, a man's face ; a stern mouth,

shut tight as if to keep its own counsel,

and two marvelously dark eves that melted

from inquiry to a tender sympathy. And Moira murmured, "It would be nice," and then caught herself in fright.

Aunt Laura beamed upon her across the able. "I was afraid you'd say no, dear

child. I will take you next Thursday. Dear Dr. Stone will be so pleased." And she found she had committed herself to

As the weeks went by Moira adjusted

herself to conditions. She soon realized that Aunt Laura's philanthropy was

chronic, not just a now-and-then occurrence;

her absences from home were frequent, her

time and attention practically absorbed in

Moira called on the Talbot girls, reported

them well and full of social engagements.

She drove up the Park, through Seventy-

visit the manual training class.

Moira said yes, and her aunt praised the

"Had

Aunt Laura, to the assistant rector. Aunt Laura told her friend, Mrs. Talbot, that she couldn't wish for a sweeter niece, or one more in sympathy with her charities.

But there were hours, many of them, when Moira was not calling on the Talbots, nor getting checks for the charities, nor watching dreamily the broad green backs of Thomas and Burns. And these hours, strangely enough, were seldom alluded to by Aunt Laura, and grew to be Moira's life, her verv own.

Her guardian had selected for her a torse, a gentle creature of the Talbot variety. Moira had accepted it with a quizzi-al look and, "It's very nice I'm sure." She rode that horse Thursday with her two

But one day a slender gray figure dashed up to the bridle path, with a color in its cheek and a light in its eyes that brought an answering glow to someone who saw it. And the horse that hore the s'ender figure was a real live horse, an ani-

mal that cocked its ears at bits of paper and made believe it was going to fly to pieces at the "chuzging" of a motor-car. Someone saw the two fly by, someone arned and folicwed. Someone sat very

straight and unnoticing as he rode by gray little figure on the beautiful black lorse, but he caught the turn of a proud head and knew that the gray eyes that had haunted him had looked straight at him. The next minute the black horse had olted. Like an arrow he was off. Past the nan he flew, the small hands of his rider agging gallantly at the reiss. Moria had been off her guard. It was no easy job to pull in Bold Billy, when she had him fair-ly well in hand. Now he had caught her y well in hand. Now he had caught her apping and was showing her a thing or

The path was clear. Moria settled to her saddle, unfrightened, but wondering how long she would have the road to herself; wondering when the mix-up that was

bound to come would be upon ber. Then she heard a long, fast gallop be-hind her. Bold Billy heard it, too, and wagged his ears wickedly, and increased his stride a bit. And Moira laughed a little, for she knew someone was going to reach her before the mix-up took place. And she knew who the someone was. Not bis name, of conrse, but that didn't mat-ter; she knew bim, had known him since that day in the Park when she turned her tear-filled eyes straight on two that knew

her, knew her instantly. She heard him right close behind her, then a "Steady, little girl, steady !" and glancing around, there was a brown muzzle near Bold Billy's flank and then the brown mare's head came alongside, and then a gloved hand reached out for Bold Billy's bridle.

It was all over, and Bold Billy, not a bit ashamed, walked haughtily by the brown mare's side, while Moira explained that it was her fault, that she had been inattentive, that she knew Billy was apt to bolt, but he and sighed enviously as the jig-jigged along by the Talbot girls. But her face fell under his gloomy eyes and, as faces do sometimes, it photographed itself upon his

quietly But there was a white line about her month, though her eyes met his bravely.

The Talbot girls were saying : "Well, of all things ! Never even told us she knew him. Kitty Waring would be pleased," and, "He looked terribly impressed, didn't he? Ob, that's off. Kitty and Jack have made it all up."

The next day they rode together quite without question, and the next, and the next. And he knew that she came from the glorions State of California, that she loved the length and breadth of it; that her | sult. father was dead; that her name was Moira he explained in a voice like the fragrance of a violet made audible, and backed a -her riding crop had told him that, and he knew that her eyes were softer and grayer than any he had ever seen, with a somelittle away. thing behind their softness that made him long to look deeper than he dared. And she knew that his voice, when he spoke to her, was tenderness and protection and Hearst." blue eyes and cooed, "I am Mr. Hearst." His father had given him a newspaper sympathy, all that father's voice had been to her aud more-something unknown, but more. About this time the Talbot girls called and Aunt Laura received them.

have had many a fight with some of his editors for the right to retain my self-re-"Moira is out," she said. "She will be so sorry to have missed you. I think she has gone to order some materials for the manual-training classes. The dear ohild is spect I cannot say that I ever found Mr. Hearst's chains a very heavy burden.

so impulsive and generous." The elder Miss Talbot smiled sweetly. "We met Moira in the Park as we were driving down."

And the younger added : "That black horse is a beauty, but hardly a lady's horse, is it ?!

Aunt Laura slipped into her armor with narvelous swiftness.

"Moira can manage any horse, I think," she said pleasantly. "I am glad she got through in time to ride. It's about the only thing she cares for just now, poor child." peared in the New York Journal McKinley

coincidence? Undoubtedly; the crime was "What horse are they talking about ?"

she was asking herself. The younger Miss Talbot smoothed a gloved finger. "She is fortunate in havthe natural consequence of the kind of politics and the kind of justice against hav-which the verse was intended as a protest she and a warning. The author of it had re-aura peatedly and hitterly denoanced the murder of Goebel, and was friendly to She McKinley. I ought to know, for I am be. ing so fine a horseman for au escort," said, and smiled inclusively at Aunt Laura

and her sister. Aunt Laura's armor held good. She smiled back and hoped her face didn't look as stiff as it felt.

"She is fortunate, "she agreed, and the added boldly, "and so is he."

Then she changed the subject.

They bade her adieu a little later, and she sat down to think. Her thoughts were not pleasant ones. She had neglected Moira, her dead broth

er's only child ! She went to a window to watch for he cared to mention the matter, and-this is siece, and as she stood there she planned many things for Moira. She would earn the child's confidence. It should never be on her conscience again that she had left like that. her to the mercy of those spiteful creatures.

the Talbot girls. And so Aunt Laura stood and waited.

Out on a country road Moira was riding, close beside Bold Billy was the brown mare. The early Spring twilight was clos-

"We must go back," said Moira. "We must," said the man, reluctantly. They turned their horses. "Moira !" "Yes."

He leaned over and took her hand. "The day I saw you, little girl, that first

day ____ " "I remember."

About 20 years ago, writes Ambrose Bierce in the Washington Herald, I was living in in Oakland, Cal. One day as I

these four lines of verse: The ballet that pierced Goebel's chest Cannot he found in all the West.

Twenty months after his quatrain ap-

was assassinated. Was that more than a

Good reason; it is speeding here To stretch McKinley on the bier.

Many black costumes in the handsomer materials are heavy braided, and have just ounged in my lodging there was a gentle, a glimpse of color introduced into them somewhere. A touch of blue is pretty Brown and black are being combined a hesitating rap-at the door. On opening it I found a young man-the youngest young man, it seemed to me, that I had ever seen. great deal this year. His manner and appearance-his attitude -his entire personality suggested extreme timidity. I did not invite him in, instate

Kibbon is being used a great deal. him in my best chair (I had two,) and in-Many of the hair ornaments are made of it. quire how I could have the honor to serve So are some of the ever-popular rosettes for slippers. Pompadour ribbons are seen him. If my recollection is not at fault I merely said "Well?" and awaited the reeverywhere.

"I am from the San Francisco Examiner." Colored umbrellas are coming into favor. They are in brown and green and their vating shades to match the new winter costumes. Some of the most striking of the "Oh!" I said, "you come from Mr. umbrellas have a border of a contrasting or harmonizing color. And then that unearthly child lifted its

Muffs continue to be big and flat. One of the newest was shaped like a cresent, and had two fur heads and a cluster of tails and he had come to hire me to write for it. Twepty years of what his newspapers call "wage slavery" ensued, and although I by way of a finish.

Some of the full sleeves are kept in shape by little lawn puffs, which are put in be-tween the lining and the outside material. Sometimes little puffs of lawn or taffeta are In illustration of the man's generous at-titude toward—well toward me-take this used to keep blouse fronts in place. instance: Among the passages from Mr. Hearst's papers which Secretary Root quoted as incitements to assassination were

Soak lamp wicks in vinegar, then dry them thoroughly to keep the lamp from smoking.

give a slight explosion and light wrong, thus causing no heat. Turn the gas off very quickly and on again. It will then light properly without any further trouble.

When putting away tea and coffee pots which are not in daily use, lay a little stick across under the cover. This will let the air in and prevent the mustiness which is sure to result if the pot be closed before it is absolutely dry.

Well, we all remember what happened to Mr Hearst and the *Journal* immediately after McKinley's death, and has continued It sounds uncharitable to say it, but it's infortunately true, that a great many people in this world who are extremely well born lack the first principles of good to happen ever since, with a special and particular revival by Root, and some of us have good reason to remember the rascally use made of my indignant propheoy, garbled and perverted to suit the occasion. breeding. Perhaps it is because they per-sist in ignoring the very basis of breeding itself, which is consideration for other Doubtless those lines cost Mr. Hearst tens of thousands of dollars. I have not hitherto

your fingers, to take your soup in spoonfuls instead of noisy gulps, to employ a napkin instead of the back of your hand, because attention to such minor details insures a certain amount of comfort to your compan ions at the table.

It is well bied to speak in a well modulated voice, to use good English, to have something interesting to talk about, be-cause such things do not jar on your neighor's ear.

tured gossip, since it destroys other people's characters; skillfully made thrusts at other ple's weak points, nnnecessary sarcasms and frigid, socalled puliteness cannot he put upon the tabooed list as ill bred?

-The following which is clipped from a bulletin, may be taken for what it is worth:

"A dram of jodide of potash is given twice a day for from two weeks to twenty days. For cattle weighing 1200 pounds or more the dose is somewhat increased, and lessened for calves. If pus is present in the lump, it should be let out by incision, In a few refractory cases a second period of treatment may be required after resting for ten days. About eighty per cent of recoveries may be expected. Affected animals should be kept away from the healthy and of the mature field in the healthy and off the pasture field. in the case of milk cows, the milk should not be used.'

-The Detroit Rural Magazine gives a remedy for a choked cow, which might be available for other choked animals. It is:

available for other choked animals. It is: "Take fine-cut chewing tobacco, the strong-er the better, enough to make a ball the size of a hen's egg, dampen it with molas-ses or any similar substance so that it will adhere closely, raise the animal's head, will ont the roome and part the ball down pull out the tongue and put the ball down the throat as far as possible. In a short time it will cause sickness and vomiting, which relaxes the muscles so that what ever is choking the animal will be thrown up. If any person thinks this will not work, just let him try it on himself, especially one who is not used to toba and see how quickly it will work. It is a simple, sensible and positive remedy."

-Forty Jerseymen walked under the North river from Fifteenth street, Jersey City, to Morton street, Manhattan, a few days ago. We shall all be riding under the North river soon.

now I forgit what it was." -Little Boy: My mamma has so much

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doesn't want.

money that she can buy everything she wants to. Little Girl: That's nothing. My mamma is so rich she can buy all the things she

Now doesn't it seem a pity that illna

people's feelings. It is well bred to be careful and dainty

what I am coming to-Mr. Hearst has in your person and dress, because slovenli-ness is an offense to other people's sight. It is well bred to use a fork instead of never mentioned it to me. I fancy there is a human side to the character of a man