Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., February 28, 1908.

THE CRIME OF GROWING OLD.

I laugh at age, for life's been gay,
Suppose my hair is turning gray,
And wrinkles traced by hand of Time
Have written truth—reflects no crime
Of years long past, memories sublime.

Do not forget; you'll face the same.
Laws do not change; Time plays the game.
None can escape, folds often try—
With paint and powder and some dye.
"Give back my youth," this is their cry.

The things that age us most of all
Are the evil deeds memories recall,
We hear their cry and curse the things—
It's Hell to think Let's forget our flings!
But none escape these memory stings.

Yes, Memory makes us young or old.
It's what we are; our story's told,
Love life and truth, you're free from care;
Then Memory'll keep you young and fair;
You can't grow old, Time would not dare!

—By Oakley Selleck.

CHARLEY JOHNSON'S FINE.

It was early afternoon in the empty, bare waiting-room of the jail. The business of the day was two hours over. It had been the usual morning crowd—half a dozen shuffling, bleary, pinched, sunken-faced, dumb, or flaring women, waiting to see their man; as many children with an important message to father, and, alas! now and then to mother, wheedling, frightened sly, ashamed, care-aged, stolid, each according to his kind; shaking, decent, maimed, and sodden old men, clinging still desperately with relaxing fingers to respectability, or drifting in a stupor on the tossing surface where they would soon go under—such a crowd as the sheltered may see sunning itself in the square any spring morning as the youngsters of the well-housed trundle toys or play at tag around their benches.

This battered procession had come and gone, and now the dingy room and the outer hall were deserted for the day, though the place still smelled of its passing. It is the universal odor of court-rooms, of hospital dispensaries, and mission houses, of all places where misery, want, and crime congregate—a heavy, close smell, increased by silence. No sound came through the thick wall from the jail proper—whatever was going on there—and the chubby little warden was drowsing over his belated paper in the office.

The girl who came in noiselessly from the street door stood eying him a moment before she spoke. She had the easy swing of a healthy working girl, a shrewd Irish face, and a self-reliant manner. Her clothes, the latest cry of cheap fashion, had the smartish look of the bargain-counter, which, however weather-beaten, never seems quite to wear off; and her mop of hair hung down to her eyes in that curious leaning edifice which seems to defy the laws of nature. It was a pleasant, open face, though a trifle weaselish, and the warden, glancing up at her, assumed the fat-cheeked smile which made most visitors to the jail imagine he was an easy man to manipulate.

"Say," she addressed him, "haven't you about finished reading the ads? No wonder you go to sleep. Guess you aren't interested in the police court news, are you?"

The warden smiled more broadly, until he looked like a conrate gone astray. "Guess you are," he retorted brightly, "or you wouldn't be here. What are you looking for?"

"My, my!" said the girl. "Ain't you sociable? That's my business and the warden's. Run and get your pa, sonny."

"Well, I guess I'll have to do," said he good-humoredly. "I'm the warden.

"You? I always thought they was prize fighters."

The warden screwed his cheek until it pulled up his smooth round chin, and stared flirtatiously into her face. "Oh, go on! What do you want?"

"Oh, ain't he sassy!" laughed the girl. "Now, see here, Mr. Warden—if you really are Mr. Warden—such a nice little man as you—I got a paper here which says give up a man you've got. Where'd I put it?" She fished around in her bag. "Where in the mischief is it? Oh, I know!" She unbuttoned her waist at the bosom, and taking it out, handed it to him.

The warden examined it. "Gee!" he said, "a hundred dollars! You must have wanted him pretty bad."

She canted her eyes at him under her promontory of hair. "I know what I want and when I do I don't kick at paying for it. Now, all I got to do is to take him and go out with this, ain't it? I keep this, do I, or do I hand it in?"

"Well, you bought it, didn't you? You might keep it to put in his stocking next Christmas."

"You're real cute," said the girl. "You hanging up your stockings still? Of course, I know I paid for it. Do you think I could pay out a hundred dollars in a trance?"

The warden grinned as he turned to look over the book. "You sign here, Tottie," said he, "under Charley Johnson. Looks like a marriage license, don't it?" he joked, as the girl wrote her name. "Or don't they have those where you came from?"

"Now, see here," she remarked pleasantly, "none of your impertinence, Mr. Man. You just go on and attend to your end of the business and I'll hold up mine. Now what do I do?"

The warden chuckled as he pointed to the waiting-room. "You just go wait in the parlor and I'll bring down the groom."

"In there? Well, now, run along." She started across the threshold between the rooms and then turned. "Oh, see here! You don't have to come back with him, do you?"

"Why?" he asked quizzically.

She hesitated. "Because, you understand, I—I—haven't seen him for a year or so, and he mightn't—or I mightn't—Oh, well, what's the use of having anybody round rubbering?"

He gave her a friendly wink. "Oh, that's the way, is it? It hurts my feelings your not wanting to see me again. Well, I won't take the edge off the picnic. I'll send him down alone. Say, you're all right, anyway."

She cocked her head impudently. "So kind of you. Of course, I know I'm the real thing. But I mightn't think he is. He may have got a little shopworn since the last time he was on the showcase, and I might be sorry I'd bought the goods."

"H'm!" said he. "That ain't no dream. Since you came down yourself with the release, looks as if you were afraid he'd get out and you could whistle for him."

"Oh!" returned the girl, "think you're foxy, don't you? But I guess you don't know me. When I buy a man it's got to be C. O. D. He might fall off the wagon on the way to the house. Many a man has fallen off the wagon when you least expected it."

He grinned. "Well, you don't need to waste the hundred if you change your mind, you know. Specially as you can have me for that, though I doubt if you'd allow me elbow-room."

"So kind of you," she retorted, "but, really, I've bought all the goods lately I can manage. If you want somebody to buy you—" she tittered engagingly—"why don't you apply to the circus—to carry lemonade, I mean. Now run along, only don't go off mad."

She watched him go whistling down the corridor. Then she went into the waiting-room and walked up to the inner door. It had nothing about it different from other doors, but she was sure it led straight into the cell corridors. Someway it looked heavy. She shrugged her shoulders as she tried the knob. She hoped she would never be on the other side of it. If she were, she thought contemptuously, there was nobody in the world who would pay her fine. He would think she was a softie to do it, and he would think quite right. She walked away impatiently. Oh, she knew what he would say, well enough—a few cheap words, and then it would begin all over again. Besides, he had been a little uncertain of her before, but now that he knew she wanted him enough to pay his fine, he would walk all over her. The trouble had always been that she was too easy with him, and here she was giving him proof he would never get over of how soft she was. After all, it was all her fault, for the only way to deal with a man was to keep him guessing. He was a good-enough fellow in his careless way, and any man could get too sure that a woman was waiting around for him. She wondered, for the hundredth time, where he had been all this while and what the trouble was that he got into. Just some fool row that lively chaps were always letting themselves in for; nothing really serious, for if she hadn't been convinced he was a decent-enough man she would never have bothered her head about getting him out. And then, too, since he'd been in he'd thought matters over and written to her a great deal tenderer than he'd ever spoken; he had even—oh, yes, it would all come out all right! Only, she was not going to be the door-mat she had been, and if he thought so just because she was getting him out, she'd soon show him he was mistaken.

The door opened suddenly without a sound until the knob was turned. Forgetting her resolutions, with a cry of joy she rushed and hurled herself upon the man who entered. "Charley! Charley!" she cried. He was evidently not expecting to find here there, for he started back in amazement, which changed instantly into consternation, as he muttered something in his beard. She on her part, as she raised her head from his breast, fell back in surprised embarrassment. He was not the man she expected. Her embarrassment, however, was only temporary, and, quickly recovering her composure, she giggled modestly, showing more confusion than she really felt over so trivial a matter. "Oh!" she said, "I beg your pardon."

The man, meanwhile, had taken a step in annoyance and uncertainty, and then seemed to make up his mind how to act in this emergency. He extended his arms theatrically. "Sadie!" he said, in a voice full of emotion, "Sadie!"

Sadie looked up. "Well, that's my name."

"Don't you know me?" he asked reproachfully. "Have I changed so? I'm Charley."

"Charley!" echoed Sadie. She came up to him. "Charley who?"

Johnson," said the man.

"Charley Johnson!" repeated the girl in a puzzled tone.

The man went on hurriedly, still with his impressive manner: "How can I ever thank you! If you knew—"

She cut him short briskly. "I know all I want to about you. I know you're not him."

"I—I've grown a beard since you saw me," said he. "That changes a man a lot."

"Rats!" said Sadie. "Where is Charley? What are you trying to string me for? Have you put up a game on him? Ain't he—ain't he here?"

"But I'm Charley, Sadie," the man still protested. "Only a year makes a difference. I'm a changed man, inside as well as out."

Coming closer to him, Sadie scrutinized him pertly. "I don't know anything about your insides," she said, "and, what's more, I don't want to know. You're not Charley Johnson, and you never were Charley Johnson. What do you think you are trying to do?"

The man took another tack. "How would I know who you were and all about you?" he said.

"Give it up," retorted the girl. "What do you know about me?"

"You came here in answer to some letters, didn't you?"

"Ye es," she said, hesitating, "though I don't know as it's any business of yours."

"Seven letters in four weeks?"

"All begging me to pay his fine," Sadie finished.

"They said 'advance,'" interposed the man quickly.

"Well, advance. We all know what a man means when he says that. H'm!" she went on grudgingly, "he never wrote me in the whole year, till he wanted me to do something for him."

"But, Sadie—"

She turned on him. "Don't you call me Sade. Charley used to call me that. I'm Sadie to you and the rest of the world. Understand, just plain Sadie! Where's Charley? How'd you know about his writing me?"

"I tell you, Sade—Sadie," said the man, a little helplessly, "I—my beard—"

"Oh, cut your old beard," she jerked crossly. "You look about enough like him to be his sixth cousin on his stepmother's side. Are you going to tell me or aren't you?" A thought struck her. "Say, you aren't doing this fool stunt to prepare me for something, are you? He ain't sick—or anything?"

The man still kept up a show. "Only with being in jail. I don't look sick, do I?"

"Well," said Sadie hotly, "you make me sick, anyway. Do you think I've got nothing to do but stand 'round and play with you all day? I've had all of this I want. Chuck it, you understand. Is he here?"

He paused a moment, taking a deep breath. Then he straightened up. "No," he said at last.

"No!" she cried in amazement. "Why, what did he write me those letters for? Where is he? Hasn't he been here? What did you say you was him for? My Heavens, haven't you got anything to say! Can't you talk through that old beard of yours? How'd you know about me?"

The man hesitated still longer. "He used to be a pal of mine. Before I got in."

Sadie was nonplused; she tried to think it out. "Then Charley ain't here? Then—why—then it was a lie he wrote me about going to Frisco last year and coming back to marry me and getting into jail by mistake. All that ain't so? Then he just—he just—shook me, after all." Her voice faltered and she turned away.

The man looked at her steadily. Some reluctance came into his level eyes, as if he had rather not hurt her. "Yes," he said slowly, "that's what he did."

She flung round. "How do you know? What do you know about him, anyway?"

The man seemed to be counting his words. "He told me all about you before he went away two months ago!"

"Two!" put in Sadie. "Two months ago?"

"And he told me that—"

He stopped awkwardly, shifting his eyes from her shining, narrowed ones, which were fastened on him like a squirrel's. She seemed to guess what he was going to say.

Nevertheless she asked him: "That what?"

He kept his face away. "That he was tired of you."

"Oh, he did—did he?" she cried furiously, five shrill words to a second. "H'm! Guess he wasn't half as tired of me as I was of him. His room was better than his company, I can tell you. If he told you to tell me all this, you can just tell him I was tickled to death when he legged it."

He waited for the torrent to cease. "I guess," he said, with the heavy slowness of a dray-horse, "it was a good thing for you that he did. Charley wasn't any good."

Sadie's pompadour gave an angry jerk with the contracting of her brows. "Oh, he wasn't, wasn't he? I can tell you he was worth ten of you. You're a pretty thing to be running him down. I can let you know whatever Charley was, he wasn't a jail-bird."

The man's ponderous tone was full of a clenched bitterness. "That's just what—" He pulled himself up, seeing her startled eyes, and, pausing a moment, turned away. "Oh, what's the use?" he said, with a sort of weary apology. "It's all over now."

The girl stooped toward him with a tense whisper. "What did he do?"

The man decided reluctantly to tell her. "He—beat his wife."

"His—?" She gave a gulp, but recovered fiercely. "Say, what do you expect to get out of this string of lies? You're a Sunday school superintendent, you are. You're in jail yourself, and you lied to me and cheated me besides. I expect you beat your own wife; that's why you thought of it." She lashed him with her words, but he stood quietly taking them, as if they were to be expected, until his very motionlessness compelled her. In spite of herself, she was struck by his solidity, which had almost the effect of gentleness, even of sympathy. She blinked at him a moment, catching her breath after her outburst, her fury gradually calming down. "Will you swear to me that's the truth?"

"Yes," he said simply.

The girl was suddenly convinced. "His wife! And he beat her." She balled her fist and cast it open again with a weak gesture of bitterness; it seemed to sum up the helplessness of her sex. "And that's the man I was going to buy off—whose fine I've paid!"

The man started eagerly and then drew back, but, though he held his body in, his words seemed to rush out involuntarily. "You've paid?"

"Yes, paid. Much good may it do him!" He was dazed for a moment. "You've paid Charley Johnson's fine?"

"Yes," she stormed, "if you want to know. More fool I! There ain't any Charley Johnson, and he didn't have any fine." Sobs caught in her throat, but she choked them down defiantly. "There's his release. I came to take him away, and he's made a monkey of me. To take him away!" The sobs were up at last.

The man came toward her as she stood gasping. In his heavy way he was equally moved. "Don't do that, please--!" he said. Then gravely: "I've got something to tell you."

"Well, what is it?" she snapped. "Any more sweet news?"

He shifted his feet, spreading them as if to take a firmer base. "I—I am known in this jail as Charley Johnson."

"You? What on earth are you talking about? I don't believe you."

"Well, why did the warden send me down here? Do you suppose they let us promenade all over the shop—just to take the air—when we get tired of our snug little rooms?"

Her mouth dropped open in flat amazement. "Then you wrote me all of those letters and begged me to pay your fine and get you out. And you've never seen me before in all your life!" She was almost too astounded to speak—no words seemed to do justice to the occasion. She went on incoherently, her voice rising shrilly, while, as before, he stood immovable. "Well! Well! I like your nerve! Say, you thought I was a nice easy thing, didn't you? Even if it did take seven letters for me to make up my mind. Oh, you knew I'd come round in time, didn't you? I was a bird, I was. Oh, you could work me nicely, couldn't you? Oh, yes, us women—us fools! Tell us any cock and-bull story you can hatch up, and work on our feelings, and we'll come round all right. And you know we'll come round. You count on it beforehand. Oh! oh! I hate the sight of you all. I—I—" She broke down, panting for breath. Tearing open her waist, she fumbled for the paper there. She was about to tear it in pieces when the thought struck her of what the warden had said about changing her mind. She started for the corridor.

He intercepted her. "Where are you going?"

She faced him shrewishly. "To get my money back. You cost a hundred dollars, and you ain't worth thirty cents. But you are not out yet, I can tell you. I've called your pretty little game. You never thought such a softie as me'd come herself to inspect the goods, did you? And if I'd let them send down the release instead of bringing it, you'd have been all right. I suppose you'd have skipped and I'd never seen you again. Oh, no, but I wanted to see Charley first and give him the paper out of my own hands. I wanted—oh, it makes me sick!"

"Listen to me, won't you?" pleaded the man heavily.

"Listen to you? I wouldn't believe a word you said on oath."

"I know it was a dirty trick I played on you, but I swear I was going to see you and tell you all about it—afterward."

"Afterward? Well, thank Heaven, there ain't going to be any afterward for you. You can stay here until you die, for all I care. And Charley Johnson, too. I wish it was him instead. No, I wish you and him was both of you rolled into one, like you oughter be! So you might stay here and—take root. Oh, it makes me sick. Good-by."

"Come back!" said the man. For the first time in his awkward heaviness there was an element of force, of authority.

The girl felt it against her will, and she blustered a bit to cover it up. "Come back!" she cried. "Yes, I'll come back. I'll have your sentence increased for getting money under false pretenses. That's what I'll do. To squeeze a hundred dollars out of a girl like me!"

"I knew you'd have to scrape the money together. I hated to think of that," said he humbly.

"You hated to think of that, did you? Listen to him, listen to mama's darling. He hated to think of a poor girl scraping her fingers off for him!"

"I swear to you I'll pay you back. I'll work for you day and night. And I'll bring you some of the money right off—to-night, if—if—" He stopped, the quickened pace of his voice slowing into silence.

"If what?" she shot out derisively.

"If anybody I know will believe what I tell them," he ended simply.

"Well, if they do," said the girl, "they're wonders."

"Yes," he answered dully.

Struck by the weariness of his tone, she wavered, resentful of the growing compulsion of the man, resentful yet curious and vaguely stirred. "What are you in for?" she asked wonderingly at last.

He measured her slowly. "For beating my wife," he answered.

"What?" she cried, "you?" Then she laughed hysterically. "Is that what you all do?" Say, couldn't you have made up a new one to tell me? You had lots of time." Her laughter trailed into tremulousness. "And I was almost believing you."

"Well," he answered in his dull voice, "that's what I'm in for. You can look it up in the book if you don't believe me. I've been in two months, yesterday."

"Oh!" said Sadie weakly. She started to go.

He stopped her again, but this time despairingly.

Yet even his despair had in it the note of authority she resented. "You *can't* go now," he said. "Listen! I'm afraid my sister is dying. She was sick, and I haven't heard from her, and she's all alone. I've *got* to go to her."

She faltered fighting off the strange feeling of belief she had in him. "I don't know whether you're lying now and telling the truth then, or lying then and telling the truth now. But you and your lies don't seem to hang together some way. Tell me one thing—where is Charley Johnson?"

"I don't know," said he. Then he went on quietly, but with an intensity of bitterness which moved her the more profoundly for its quietness: "In 'Frisco, I hope to God, for the rest of his miserable life."

"What did he do to you?" the girl whispered involuntarily.

"He was my sister's husband—"

"Your sister's?" she interrupted him without knowing it. "Then he was married!"

"One day he beat her—and I almost killed him. But I gathered him up, and bought him a ticket and put him on the train for 'Frisco. Then I went home to my sister. There was a cop there, bringing her to, when I got back. Some one said that her husband had beaten her insensible, and—" he stopped—.

"Well," said Sadie tautly. "Well?"

"And I told him I had," he ended wearily.

The girl bounded in astonishment. "You? Why?"

"I didn't want him brought back, you understand."

"But—but still I don't see how—?"

"Then when I got to jail I said I was her husband, Charley Johnson, and let it go at that. She was in the hospital and no one was there. I thought if I told them they might bring him back, and I didn't want him round any more to pester her. Then when my sister got out of the hospital she came to see him—and found me. And she's been trying to scrape up enough to pay my fine—I got six months or a hundred dollars to keep the peace. I—I suppose she worked too hard. Any rate, she's sick again, and I'd just got to see her in some way. Charley'd told me about you, and I just kept thinking about it. And you know what I did. That's all."

"Oh!" burst out Sadie inarticulately. "Oh! And I thought you were like him—only worse. And you—all the time—oh, it makes me sick!" She laughed and babbled, the tears streaming down her face.

"And now you know," said he timidly, "you believe in me?"

Sadie shouted: "Yes, I believe in you! I didn't think there was a man like that in the world. Oh, it makes me sick!" She shook the tears from her shining eyes, and laughed herself into sobs again.

The man didn't know what she was crying for. "I swear I'll pay you back, I swear I will," he repeated, puzzled. "Will you—will you take me out?"

His awkward timidity went home. She seized him by the arm. "Take you out? In a minute!" she shouted. "I'd take you anywhere and be glad of the chance, and I don't care if you never pay me back."

He gazed down at her, tugging at his arm. For the first time, he smiled—his face working. But the smile showed admiration and dog like worship. "If you take me out, it will be as Charley Johnson."

"I don't care what it'll be as. It's you I'm taking out," she cried joyously.

Sadie suddenly became maidenly. She cast down her eyes, but she said briskly: "If you're Charley Johnson, the first thing for you to do is to get out of this old jail."

Just then the chubby warden came in grinning. "Of course—" he began—

"No," she said, in answer to his look: "We're not going to stay here all night talking, Mr. Warden." She held out her hand to her man: "Come, Charley!"—By Algernon Tassin, in *Collier's*.

Working Women

who are exposed to the strain of daily labor, the changes of weather, and who must work no matter how they feel, are those most liable to "female troubles." Irregular periods, and suppression, lead to more serious diseases until the wan face, the shadowed eyes, the nervous twitchings of the body all tell the story of serious derangement of the delicate womanly organs or arrest of their functions. In all such cases Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has wonderful efficacy. It quickly restores regularity, and gives health to the diseased parts. The nervousness ceases, the cheeks become full and bright. The whole body reflects the conditions of perfect health.

When constipation clogs the system Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will work an absolute cure.

——Farmer Jones (to amateur hunter)—There wasn't a better water dawg living until you shooting gents took to borrowing 'im. Now 'is 'ide's that full of shots, he'd sink to the bottom like a brick!

Grumpy Uncle—Is the child really precocious?

Friend of Family—Remarkably so; three years old and hasn't said a word.

How Mummies are Made.

To most people a mummy is a mummy, worth while for one visit to a museum, strictly out of curio-ity, and thereafter the less said the better. To the professors mummies have endless varieties of interest of their own. Not until recently, however has a thorough and comprehensive study been made of the processess by which mummies were manufactured. For the last three years Dr. G. Elliot Smith, a British member of Institute Egyptein, has been investigating the methods in use in the twenty-first dynasty, and incidentally accumulating information about later and earlier methods. He has had 44 mummies on the dissecting table if such it may be called and the wonders he has reported are endless.

In the earliest days the prehistoric inhabitants of upper Egypt were accustomed to preserve their dead by a successful sun-drying process, but this was a primitive method, not to be thought of when the great Egyptian dynasties were in power. It was not, however, till the twenty-first dynasty that the embalmers began to try to make their output look as natural as life. Previous to that the mummies were shrunken wrecks of bodies. The practice then introduced was a sort of combination of embalming and taxidermy. The brain was removed and the cavity filled with linen and resin. The body was opened and the viscera, excepting the heart, removed; all parts were given a prolonged saline bath, and finally the viscera were returned and all parts of the body, including the limbs, were stuffed with mud and linen.

Finger and toe nails were carefully fastened tight, artifical eyes were supplied as far as necessary, men's bodies were painted red and women's yellow, and all was ready for that long preservation in the tomb which has ended with showing so well to the world the vanity of life.

In later dynasties this process was discarded as barbaric and uncouth, and in place of it a system of external bandages was developed to give the mummy the shape and plumpness it had had in life. One can imagine the mummy-making artists of those days dilating on the great industrial progress of their times and looking back with contempt on the feeble efforts of their ancestors.

It was not till the sixth century of the present era that mummy-making ceased to be practiced.

Pay of Europe's Rulers.

One of the most difficult tasks is to form an estimate of the revenue of the world's rulers, partly because of the many sources from which the money is obtained, and also because of the different ways in which the wealth is distributed. The Czar is the richest monarch in the world and probably the richest that has ever lived. His total annual revenue is about four hundred million dollars; but expenses are proportionately heavy, and after he has paid for the upkeep of his 100,000,000 square miles of cultivated land and forest, as well as the expenses of his mines in Siberia, it would seem that he has none too much. King Edward receives $2,350,000, but little more than a fourth of this goes into the privy purse. A stipulated sum is invariably put aside for household expenses, salaries, pensions, charities, rewards, etc. The Reichstag allows the German Emperor about six hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He has also a salary as King of Prussia, which amounts to about three million nine hundred and thirty-seven thousand five hundred dollars. He has great estates and many resources at his disposal, but his expenses are tremendous. The Emperor of Austria is also King of Hungary, and therefore, like the German Emperor, draws two salaries. The amount of each in his case is nearly two million eight hundred and twelve thousand five hundred dollars. The King of Italy receives about three and three quarter millions a year, but out of this allowances are paid to the Queen Dowager, to the Duke of Genoa and to the children of the Duke of Aosta. King Alfonso has an allowance of $1,787,500, and as provision is made for other members of the Spanish royal family outside of this, the sum quoted is practically all his own to spend as he pleases. Leopold II receives about eight hundred and seventy-five thousand, but he has keen business instincts, and all the world knows of the way in which he augments his salary to gratify his luxurious tastes. The smallest salary paid by any Power to its chief is $62,500 allowed by Congress to President Roosevelt.

Remember that your birthright is health. A diseased condition is unnatural. Nature hates disease. She is always working against it, trying to cleanse it as a blot on her dominion. But nature cannot work without material. If you do not eat, you will starve in spite of all Nature's effort. You must eat good food. Nature cannot make bad food into good flesh and good blood. If you eat good food and your stomach is diseased the food you eat fouls. It is here that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery finds its place. It is made to assist Nature; to give her what she lacks. It cures the diseased condition of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition, so that good food is not fouled before being made into blood and flesh. It eliminates poisonous and effete material, and so prepares the way of Nature and makes her paths straight. In the whole range of medicines there is nothing which will heal the stomach and cleanse the blood like "Golden Medical Discovery."

——"Ah, my friend," said the old soldier, "you don't know what it is to be in the midst of a shower of shells."

"Yes, I do," responded the younger man.

"Been in the war?"

"No, but I've often sat in the parquet while the gallery gods were munching peanuts."

——The Woman.—Why can't we have equal standards of morality, so that men would be supposed to be as good as women are?

The Man.—That isn't what you really long for. You want equal standards so that women won't be supposed to be any better than men are.

——Upright Citizen (indignantly)—I hear on good authority that some representative of big interests actually went the length of insulting Senator Gettit by offering him a bribe.

Practical Politician.—Oh, Senator Gettit is not a quarrelsome man; he pocketed the insult.

A half a hundred vexing ailments can be traced to constipation. Biliousness, headache, vertigo, sallowness, nervousness, sleeplessness, irriability, mental depression, and cold hands and feet are only some of the symptoms of constipation. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation and they cure its consequences.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Rough-going, ardent and sincere earnestness—there is no substitute for it.—Charles Dickens.

In his great series of articles on "Individuality in Dress," now appearing in *Harper's Bazar*. Worth, the world's greatest dressmaker, says some pregnant things about tight lacing. Here is one of them:

"In no case do I recommend tight lacing, whether for the short, the lean, the young or the old. It is an abomination; and to the Americans, who so sensibly encouraged the wearing of the straight-fronted corset, which is today the most universally popular of stays, I offer sincere congratulations.

"Years ago, when the type of corset that bends inwards at the center of the waistline was in fashion, causing the figure below the belt to protrude in the ugliest way, besides giving the wearer most uncomfortable sensations, I went to a famous corsetiere here in Paris, and asked her why she did not introduce a straight-fronted corset. 'Will you please mind your own business, M. Worth,' was her retort, 'and leave me to mind mine?'

"But even then, determined that my own daughter's figure should not be spoiled, nor her health and comfort jeopardized while yet little more than a child, I modeled her corsets for her myself and made them straight-fronted. It is to this corset, cut on commonsense principles and with the enlightenment of a knowledge of anatomy to aid the modeler, that I attribute so much of the grace and suppleness of the middle aged women of the present day."

Red hands and red noses are often caused by an unwise diet and by the use of impure soaps.

Tight clothing is another cause.

Keep red hands out of hot water as much as possible.

Eat lean meats, fruits and vegetables and avoid all pastries, greasy foods and strong coffee.

French heels on the walking shoe are bad form.

Pumps and slippers in zero weather are "out."

The smartest walking boots are common sense affairs.

Toes are not pin points and heels stilts.

Comfort is the one rule of good taste in shoes.

Brown calfskin, laced and very high, are most in favor for morning.

They are worn with any color of suit, not deep mourning, but look particularly well with brown, blue and green.

Buttons are most in favor for the black shoe.

Heels on the walking shoe are just high enough to support the spine.

The Cuban or military heels still prevail.

Even on slippers the French heel is not quite so tip tilted.

For afternoon wear, high black patent leathers are best.

Don't wear ties or pumps with reception frocks unless you go in a carriage.

It is well to avoid fads and novelties in footgear if your shoe supply is limited, particularly for street wear.

Velvet or suede pumps are among the novelties, also calfskin or patent leather boots with uppers of velvet or cloth to match the gown.

If you really need a handkerchief these days you conceal somewhere on your person one belonging to your "men-folk."

Your own to be up to date must be smaller than ever, indeed in varying degrees of smallness according to the importance of the occasion.

Thus, if you are going to a ball, you will have an infinitesimal affair of cobweb-by linen with tiny hand embroidered scallop, tinier lace edge and exquisitely dainty monogram, all of which elegance is crushed into the glove.

Should you be on a reception bent, stowed away in your cardcase will be a handkerchief a trifle larger than the first, and without the lace. These little affairs may have no other work on them than the dainty scalloped edge and the monogram in one corner encircled by a delicate garland, but are so sheer as to take up little room.

Even the ordinary, everyday handkerchief is smaller than comfort demands, but is so pretty no one feels like growling over the stolen inch.

Many of these latter are of ribbed or colored Irish linen, sometimes in invisible bars, often in stripes.

If you like color schemes you will be sure to adopt the latest wrinkle, the colored border to match the gown or suit, with a small monogram worked in the same color.

It must not be a great, garnish-looking border, though, just the merest suspicion, a line or two, or, perhaps, a hand-embroidered scallop, a sixteenth of an inch deep, with a pin dot above it.

Straight from Paris came the greatest novelty of all, a tiny sheer handkerchief, embroidered over in forget-me-nots in the palest tints of the natural flower and foliage.

The proud owner confessed to having at home similar handkerchiefs done in tiny rosebuds and violets.

The girl who loves fine needlework can easily make herself any of these novelties. She must choose the sheerest handkerchief linen and ruin her eyes on tiny stitches, for exquisite stitchery is essential.

The prettiest monograms are those that combine satin stitch and seeding.

One of the debutantes has all hers marked with her full name in facsimile of her handwriting, worked in the finest kind of French embroidery. This is but a passing fad, however, but not half so attractive as the monogram or three initials in tiny black letters.

Hostesses, who are tired of serving candy in boxes, can give their dinner or luncheon tables a dainty touch by having at each plate a bundle of candy straws tied with a fluffy rosette of baby ribbon.

These can be had in several colors as tan, green, white or pink and may be tied with contrasting ribbons. Thus a bunch of white ribbon is effective on the green straws, green on-pink and pink on tan.

These three colors can be repeated in the floral decorations. A Spring-like combination would be yellow jonquils, pink tulips and white hyacinths, with plenty of asparagus vine for the green.

Weak borax water is a good dentifrice.

Borax water is excellent for washing the hair.

A new whisk broom is excellent to use when damping laundry.