Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., May 1, 1908.

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep."
So the baby learned her prayer,
Kneeling by her mother's chair
In her little bed-gown white;
Said it over every night,
Learning in her childish way
How a little child could pray.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Said the child a maiden grown;
Thinking, with a backward glance,
How the happy past had flown
Since beside her mother's knee,
With a child's humility,
She had said her simple prayer,
Feeling safe in Jesus' care.

"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep"—
Yet the words were careless said.
Lightly had the hand of time
Laid his fingers on her head;
In life's golden afternoon
Gay the bells and sweet the tune,
And upon her wedding-day
She had half forgot to pray.

"Now I lay me down to sleep"—
How the words come back again,
With a measure that was born
Half of pleasure, half of pain;
Kneeling by a cradle bed,
With a hand upon each head
Rose the old prayer soft and low
As a brooklet in its flow.

All along, with bended head,
She had nothing but her dead;
Yet with heart so full of care,
Still her lips repeat the prayer.
Rest at last, O storm-tossed soul,
Safe beyond the breakers' roll;
He, the Lord, her soul shall keep;
Now she lays her down sleep.

—Truth in Life.

THE OLD WOMAN'S STORY.

Behind the hedge, the lawn spread like a park. The grass was as close and fine as a green plush; the undulations of the ground were padded and upholstered with it; the sun and shadow lay upon it in a figured design of leaves. Great trees stood about it, in their ordered places, as stolid and dignified as if they had been set out by a butler—oaks, full-leaved and rounded maples, chestnuts loaded with blossoms, and elms that upheld a green lacery of festooned branches. And in the midst of it all, surrounded by formal beds of flowers and bushes, a huge building of ruddy sandstone, with innumerable windows, lifted heavily a square, squat tower.

It was the almshouse. On this millionaire's lawn, under these pompous trees, groups of old women in dresses of blue denim, with gingham aprons, sat gossiping over their sewing, smoking clay pipes, counting the beads of their rosaries, or dozing in the heat of the sun, as wrinkled as lizards, and blinking against the blaze of light that gave an almost reptilian sparkle to their puckered eyes. Veterans in the unending battle of life, no longer able to struggle for the food to keep them struggling, they had been brought here to die in peace.

Among them was Mrs. Judd, an old English woman who had impressed the nurses with her patience and capability. They did not have to use any stratagems to draw her to her weekly bath. She kept her room neat with her own hands. She did not hide between her mattresses any of the useless trifles which the others misered up in a senile acquisitiveness that went even to the rubbish heap for tins, and stole cutlery from the tables, and made a hoard of moldy crusts. She did not complain of her meals. She quarrelled with nobody. She sat alone, placid, white-haired, and frail; and her skin that had evidently once been beautiful, still preserved on her cheeks the soft whiteness of a dried peach.

When a nurse joined her on her bench under a magnolia tree, her eyelids fluttered—as they do when one is wakened from the blindgaze of a day dream—but she did not turn to greet the attendant.

"Lonely?" the girl asked.

"No, miss," she said.

The nurse was a dark-haired, dark-eyed young woman with a deep voice. She had irregular features of more charm than beauty. "I'm going to leave you next week."

"Yes, miss."

She showed no interest; and the girl explained, importantly: "I'm going to be married."

"Yes, miss," she replied in the same tone. She added, in a moment: "When the men want you, there's no denying them. It has to be, miss."

The girl smiled at this resigned view of her fate. "You know what it is to be married."

"Yes, miss. I've been married twice." She had kept her eyes on the empty level of the lawn, and the nurse wondered what she saw there to hold her thoughts—what memories, what faces, what ghosts of old events.

"Had you any children?"

"Children? Yes, miss." She folded her hands on her checked apron. "Children are the great thing while they last, but they go off an' leave you, an' have children o' their own; an' you wouldn't know them if you met them on the street. Some of them die, but you ferget which ones it was. You ferget their names. An' when you try to remember, you have them all mixed up, children an' grandchildren together."

"They don't come to see you here?"

"No, miss." The tone in which she answered was not merely indifferent; it was even absent-minded. She nodded at the view before her. "It's like the bit of cropped paddock that was between the house an' the beck."

"A stream, miss—with big stones in it. An' in the floodtime it makes such a noise as you never 'eard, all night long when you would be sleeping. My room, up the stairs, looked out a window, over the kitchen garden an' the bit o' paddock an' the beck . . . The beck! . . . Ah, miss, when we left Liverpool, an' I sat on the deck watching which way we went so I could know the way back again, the noise o' the water made me cry for the beck! An' in my sleep at night, with the ship tossing, I dreamed o' the beck! An' all day long the clouds went by high over 'ead, back to Old Cumberland an' the meadows an' the beck."

The girl waited until this emotion should pass. "Were you all alone?" she asked gently.

"No, miss. He was with me. We run away together."—"Why?"

She shook her head. "It's a long story, miss. It began before we ever knew it, when we went to school together. An' not such schools as you have 'ere, miss. The floor was all stone like a sidewalk; an' there was no stove but a fireplace that burned peat; an' in the big pot that hung there we put the potatoes we brought fer our dinners—boys an' girls—an' marked them so we'd know our own, an' put the peat on the top o' the pot lid, redhot, an' roasted them all together. There's no such potatoes now, miss—none so big an' mealy—though Cousin William used always to have the biggest o' *mine*—till Harry fought with him an' put him to shame."

"Was that in England?"

"Yes, miss. In Cumberland.

"You see, miss, I was born in London, but they brought me to Cumberland when I was a little thing, because my mother was dead an' my father gone off with his regiment. An' when you come to the fields so, from the choke of houses an' streets, it's the wonder of life, an' you never ferget it. I remember to this day driving across the fells with Uncle Wilson the first time I come to the house, an' how red the sky was over the hills."

"It must have been beautiful."

"It was, miss. It was a great large farm with a stone house as big as an inn, with slates on the roof an' slates down the front. An' in the side, there was a gate, like you'd see to a prison, an' it opened into the yard where the carts were an' the doors to the barn. An' the barn was all stone like the house, an' the house an' the barn were joined into one by the wall and the gate. But to come in the house by the front door, you went through a gate in the garden wall, an' smelled the sweet briar, an' lifted the knocker. An' downstairs the floors were slate, miss, an' they washed them with milk."

"How quaint!"

"Yes, miss. It was all a great marvel to me. I used to wake up in the mornings with joy, the air was so sweet in my lungs. An' I would lie an' listen to the beck an' the birds together, till I thought my heart would burst, miss, with just nothing at all but 'appiness. That's the way it is sometimes when you're young. But to be young on the Beck Farm was to be so the whole day long, miss."

She paused to turn over in her memory, wistfully, those treasured recollections. "There was Uncle Wilson, a red-faced man as big as a giant. He worked the men all day in the fields, or he was away at market at three o'clock of a morning an' not back again till night, so I saw but little of him. An' there was my aunt that was tall, too, but spare, an' with a long face like you see on an old ewe—an' a good housekeeper, but so saving that when she sewed she would make me pick up her basting threads an' wind them on a spool to 'em dish-towels with. An' there was my Cousin Willian an' the baby. An' that was all o' them—except the servants that were 'ired by Uncle Wilson at the fairs on Michaelmas an' Candlemas, twice a year, men an' women, the women to work in the fields as well as the men.

"They all treated me the same as if I was one o' their own—though my aunt held it against me that my mother had run away with a soldier before I was born—an' made me work, too, as soon as I was old enough to mind the baby an' help in the kitchen an' sweep the floors. But it was Cousin William that made trouble, plaguing me the way boys plague their sisters an' teasing me about my red hair, until Harry faught with him at school about the potatoes. That's the way it is with some boys, miss. Because they like you, they plague you an' drive you about; an' when you turn against them fer it, they almost hate you because they like you still an' you don't like them."

The nurse nodded and smiled. "Yes, Yes. I know."

"At first it was just that we went to school with Harry when he would come down the road from his father's farm—an' walk back with us when school was over, an' go berrying with us, an' nutting—all children together, an' no thought of 'arm—riding in the carts to the hayfields or 'elping pile the peat when they cut it in the spring to dry. He was a strange lad, Harry, miss. He hated his books an' he wouldn't learn in them, because at nights he couldn't sleep like the others that worked on the farm an' tired themselves out an' snored when he would be awake, staring at the dark. But then he found picture books an' began to read them to me, an' his father would buy them in town when he went to market, an' put them under the pillow fer Harry to find when he would wake—'Robinson Crusoe,' I remember—fer it was after he read us from 'Robinson Crusoe' that we played it among the rocks up the beck, an' killed a lamb, an' had to bury it in the peat bog so Uncle Wilson wouldn't know—an' stories about America an' Indians. An' that was how Harry began to be a scholar.

"Those were the good days, miss, when we were all young. We played 'jacks' with pebbles, an' hop-scotch on the stones of the walk, an' bad games up the beck, an' all such. My Uncle Wilson had an oatmeal mill with an ugly big water-wheel that made a great noise—an 'orrid big wheel that splashed an' rattled in a box; an' Harry played it was a giant turning the wheel, an' frightened us so I dreamed of it at nights, an' woke with my legs trembling."

"Yes. And so?"

"Well, miss, to tell the truth, before we were big enough to leave school I was mad about the boy, an' he would be nowhere without me. He was as lean an' quick as a hound, an' he would do things to make me scream—like leaping across the rocks o' the beck when it was in flood or jumping from the eaves o' the barn into the haycarts as they drove in. An' Cousin William was 'eavy like his father, an' slow like his father, an' though he could throw Harry in a wrestle he never dared fight. But it was him that carried stories to my aunt, an' she said Harry was a wild young ruffian. An' at last she ordered him away from the house one day that Cousin William fell from the hayloft because he tried to follow Harry in some pranks—an' I was told to play no more with him.

"You know how such things grow, miss. There was a sheep stole, an' Cousin William told how Harry'd killed the lamb an' buried it in the peat bog—though 'twas a year gone since—an' then there was bickering between the farms; fer Harry's father took the boy's part an' quarreled. An' all the farmers roundabout had shares in meadows where they cut 'ay, an' there started a dispute about our share an' theirs, miss—an' so it went on, till Harry had to pass me without looking aside when we were coming to church o' Sundays, an' we only met up the beck when I could steal away from the others an' have ourselves alone.

"That was near the end o' the good days, miss. Cousin William grew to a strong lad, so fat his cheeks shook when he walked; fer he walked 'eavy on his heels. An' he talked 'thee' an' 'thou,' like the rest, an' they'd take his sayings without ending the words, as if they got the mouth open on a broad 'oo' an' had their jaws stuck. An' he plagued me now with his calf's eyes an' his ribands bought on market days; an' his mother plagued me because she saw how it was with him, an' she would not have her son marry a girl with naught. An' Harry went away to town to study to be a scholar, just when they were mowing the bracken on the fells fer the winter's kindlings—an' my schooldays were over—an' I thought there would be no more 'appiness fer me in this world, miss."

"Didn't you write to him?"

"No, miss. There was no way to get the letters. But when he come 'ome fer Christmas, we met again down by the bridge an' told each other everything there was to tell. He called me 'Little Miss Muffet' an' teased me because I was so small, but I knew he liked me small an' clumsy. An' when he kissed me good-by, I knew it was the same with him that it was with me, an' I went singing about the kitchen till I saw Aunt Wilson looking at me out o' the corner of her eye; an' after that I only sung, soft in my own room, sitting at the window, an' looking out at the frosty beck."

She was smiling the smile of memory and soft thoughts, her eyes set and vacant. The girl beside her had the same expression and the same gaze. But the girl's smile was clear-cut and sparkling, freshly-minted; and the old woman's was as blurred as the face on an old silver coin.

The girl sighed. "And so you ran away together?"

"No, miss. Not then. Not till after. Not till Harry's father apprenticed him to a lawyer, an' Uncle Wilson went against my aunt, an' said I'd make a good wife fer Cousin William, an' I began to plot an' plan how I should do.

"Harry would come 'ome Sundays, an' we would meet unknown to any one unless my aunt—an' I think she knew, miss, fer she found ways to let me run off unknown to Cousin William, though she said nothing. She would sooner I had Harry than her son. An' if Cousin William knew of Harry, he hid it fer the sake o' being right with me—an' from what he said, I knew he thought Harry would ferget me in town—an' so I went to church with him Sundays, an' pulled the wool over his eyes. An' there we were, all playing double, miss, the one with the other, an' Harry deceiving his family the way I did mine.

"What troubled me most was that Harry chafed at his apprenticeship an' was all fer running away to London—or to America to make his fortune, if I'd come; fer he wouldn't go so far away an' leave me to Cousin William, though I swore I would as soon be wed to an ox. We had no money. I saw never a penny from year's end to year's end on the farm, miss; an' Harry was not much better. But we used to meet an' talk plans—the way women folks will—an' make love as if money fer marrying was no matter.

"Then one Sunday he didn't come, an' the sun set on me as if it was never to rise again. I was afeard that what Cousin William said was coming true about Harry, an' this the beginning of it. But that night there was a tap on my window an' the casement rattled, an' I saw it was Harry, dark against the sky that was full o' moonlight. He was standing on a ladder that he'd carried from the barnyard, an' he laughed an' kissed me an' said it was because his father had found him out an' forbade him to be wasting his time running after a girl when he should be thinking of his studies. An' now he would have to see me Sunday nights, after all were abed."

The girl had turned, her lips parted, as if she were about to speak.

The old woman hurried on: "It was his nature to do such things, miss, an' to take more delight in them because o' the daring. I was afeard fer him an' fer myself; but that wore off with his coming again an' again. He was a dear lad, an' made love like a book. We met at the window or sat on the big window seat, with scarce light enough to see each other's faces when we kissed—whispering an' making our promises an' naming each other fond names—an' the guilt of it made it all the sweeter." She lingered on it, smiling. Her smile faltered and changed slowly. She said: "An' then, of a sudden, the end came."

"You were—They found out?"

"Yes, miss. Cousin William—he must have guessed what was going on, though Harry was careful to put the ladder back where he found it an' leave no footprints in the mold o' the garden under my window. Cousin William—We never knew how it was. But one black night when the summer was just warning, an' Harry had no more than reached the top o' the ladder an' put his arms up to me, some one rushed around the side o' the house from the kitchen an' Harry jumped."

She stopped. She dropped her voice. "It was dark, miss. He didn't do it o' purpose. But he came down on my Cousin William—an' there wasn't so much as a groan . . . He was all in a heap with his head crushed down on his chest, his neck broke, dead, miss. I saw him when I come down the ladder an' clung to Harry an' told him to run fer his life."

"Good Heavens!" the nurse gasped.

She made the gesture of a fatalist. "It was done," she said. "There was no undoing it, an' Harry would not go without me, an' he would go, miss. It would be found out. But he came down on my Cousin William—an' there wasn't so much as a groan . . . So I climbed back an' made a bundle o' my clothes, an' when I came to the window Harry called to me to get all Cousin William's clothes, too; an' I didn't know why he wanted them, but I crept to his room an' got them, an' I was shaking so my teeth chattered in the dark."

"You—"

"I had but the one thought; that Harry'd be hanged fer murder, an' I'd have to help him get away. He told me what to do, an' I did it. I've often wondered since, miss, where I found the strength, but I was like a mad woman with fright, an' I breathed so hoarse that Harry put his hand over my mouth fer fear I'd be heard indoors."

"Good Heavens!"

"He shut my window, an' took down the ladder, an' smoothed over the marks in the loam with his 'and, an' put Cousin William on the ladder covered up with the extra clothes I'd brought; an' then he took one end an' bade me take the other, an' we stumbled down the paths to the back door o' the kitchen, an' out into the paddock an' so over the fields to the peat bog. I fell once, miss. An' after it was all over, my teeth were sore to the roots with the way I'd clenched them. But it had to be done.

"'We must 'ide him somewhere,' Harry said, 'till we get away.'

"An' so we come to the place where they'd been digging peats an' left their spades fer the morrow; an' there was a pile o' the peats already stacked to dry, an' Harry went at them with his spade to shift them an' I helped. I was crying, miss, whimpering with fright; an' we had to wait every now an' then fer the moon to get out of a cloud, an' I don't know whether I was more feared o' the dark that hindered us or the moon that showed us what we had to hide. An' Harry said never a word, but worked slow an' careful, with only a glance about him—when the moon came out clear—to see that no one watched.

"An' then we had the pile moved. An' then he dug into the bog with a spade. An' then he told me to go away an' turn my back; an' I turned an' fell on my knees an' stopped my ears with my hands an' prayed, miss—prayed fer Harry to get away safe—till I thought it was not my prayers but my hands that'd aid him, an' came back to help him put back the peats, praying to myself, but working, too, till it was all as we'd found it, an' no sign of anything hid. An' then Harry went to put the ladder back in the barnyard, an' I fainted, miss."

"Horrible!" the girl said with her face in her hands, thinking of the unfortunate man thrust into that hole in the swamp.

The old woman shook her head sadly. "It was the only way, miss. We've gone over it a hundred times since, and it was the only way that'd saved us. 'They'll think he's run off with you,' Harry said. That's why he took the clothes from his room, miss. 'An' when I go,' he said, 'they'll think I've followed to try an' find you. We'll get to Liverpool. An' long before they know where he is, we'll be hidden away in America.'"

"But you hadn't murdered him!" she cried. "You could have told them that—and let him be buried like—"

"Hush, child. Hush." She caught the nurse's hand in a trembling clutch. "He was dead at our feet an' Harry had killed him!"

The girl made an effort to rise, but sank back again on the bench, freeing her hand but unable to do more. She was pale and nauseated.

"It all turned out as he said. He hid me in his father's barn, in a hiding-place he'd used as a boy, between the joists of the hayloft an' the roof, where there was old harness an' broken tools—an' brought me food in the morning an' told me they were out an' off to town, an' the news was abroad that I'd run away with Cousin William. He went over to the Beck Farm, then, like a man crazed with jealousy, an' my aunt railed out on me, an' there was no one workin' in the peat bog, an' he saw that everything was safe. His father, out o' pity fer him, said nothing about going back to his studies that day. An' in the night he came to me with clothes of his own an' a sheep shears to cut my hair an' money in his pocket fer our passage; an' when I was dressed like a lad an' our clothes in a bundle together, we fled away across the moors."

The nurse, stiff and silent, her eyes averted, sat as if in judgment upon guilt, not knowing what to say, what to do, or how to receive this confession which she had heard. And the old woman went on:

"At first it was all 'orror an' grief to me, like a bad dream; an' my feet blistered with the heavy clogs I wore, an' my legs were wrung with pain, miss. But when I thought that we'd done nothing wrong—unless the money that Harry took an' I'd made him promise he'd send that back from America—an' there we were, all alone in the world together, an' him loving me an' carrying me in his arms when I could walk no further—why, miss, I said to myself: 'He'll be caught an' taken from me some day, an' I'll be happy now while I have him.' An' so we were. We hid by day in the hedges an' waste places, an' walked by night barefooted with our shoes in our hands, an' it was sweet to have him with his arm about me, an' sweet to lie on his shoulder sleeping in the grass.

"Happiness hides in strange places, miss; we found it there in the midst o' fear. We were like the wild things o' the wood that knew nothing o' this world, but what we saw passing us on the roads when we were 'id. We had clap-bread from his father's kitchen—the kind they make of oatmeal an' store in barrels; an' he would leave me in hiding an' go further to buy food from the houses, though we did not dare do this till we were far away. An' we were wetted by the rains an' burned by the sun, an' hungry an' footsore, but as 'appy as never was. It was the 'oneymoon, miss, fer both of us—an' I was wishing it would never end. I could've gone on with him fer all time, wandering like gipsies, with none to plague us. I made a fine figure of a boy; an' once when we were caught among the trees at a brookside, he named me as his young brother come down with him from the North to work on the farms; an' I was so brown an' handy no one would suspect. Just to be free o' skirts an' petticoats an' able to run an' climb fences like a boy was a joy of itself, miss; an' when we came at last outside Liverpool, an' I had to put on my own clothes again, I felt as if my wings were clipped to go back to a cage.

"Down amid the big ware houses, built in stone the color o' smoke, we found a waterside lodging house an' stayed there till Harry learned about the ships an' bought an old chest an' some clothes for us both an' went aboard with me at night. We never had a sound morning over the water, an' then I cried, miss, fer the hills an' the beck, an' promised myself that some day when all was forgotten I'd come back. An' now, miss, when I sit at my window upstairs, I think what it'd be to run up the little room over the garden at 'ome, with children, perhaps, an' grandchil'ren beside me, instead o' what it is."

She relapsed into the silence from which the nurse had first roused her, and there was no change in her expression except for the tears that brightened her eyes.

"What became of *him?*" the girl asked.

"He died, miss, in the West, where he went, under a new name."

"And you married again?"

"Yes, miss, an' my second husband never came back from the war, an' my boys went further west, an' I thought to make my way to Cumberland, maybe, so I came to New York an' worked 'ere, but I got myself no further, an' never 'eard word o' the farm, fer I was afeard to ask—but peat bogs preserve a body, miss, like mummies in a case, an' I doubt not they found him at last, an' buried him right."

"What a life!"

"Yes, miss. It has its own way with you—life. I can't complain. It all had to be. An' now I can sit 'ere an' see it all just as plain as I could with my old eyes if it was 'ere before me. Your body grows old, miss, but not yourself. You'll see, miss."—By Harvey J. O'Higgins, in *Collier's*.

Winner of the Collier's $1,000 Prize in the Quarterly Contest Ending September 1st, 1907.

Defamation.

I never yet heard man or woman much abused that I was not inclined to think the better of them and to transfer any suspicion or dislike to the person who appeared to take delight in pointing out the defects of a fellow creature says a writer.

——Raw grated potato applied on burn scalds will relieve the pain immediately.

The Catholic Marriage Law.

Which Went Into Effect at Midnight on Saturday 18th.

The drastic new marriage law of the Roman Catholic church went into effect at midnight April 18th. For the information of the laity of that church as well as for Protestants, who will find the papal decree of interest, as it makes special reference to them under certain conditions the WATCHMAN publishes a brief synopsis. The chief features of this new law regarding marriage are as follows:

1. Every bishop (or vicar general or administrator of a diocese) can validly marry in his own diocese any parties, irrespective of the country or place whence they come. The bishop can delegate any priest to do the same.
2. Bishops or priests may not assist at marriages until they have assumed office.
3. There is no marriage at all if the priest be compelled to witness it. There is no marriage if the priest does not ask and receive the consent of the parties.
4. The authority which the bishop has in his diocese, the parish priest has in his parish.
5. The bishop outside his diocese and the pastor outside the limits of his parish cannot validly marry their own or other subjects without due authorization.
6. Marriage before a priest who is suspended or excommunicated by name will be no marriage at all.
7. Marriage of all Catholics (both parties Catholics) before a minister or civil magistrate will be no marriage at all.
8. Marriage of all fallen away Catholics (who have become Protestants or infidels) before a minister or civil magistrate will be no marriage at all.
9. Marriage of a Catholic to a non-baptized person is never a real marriage unless the church grants a dispensation. Such a marriage before a minister or a justice of the peace is no marriage at all for two reasons.
10. Marriage of a Catholic to a Protestant (one never baptized in the Catholic church) before a minister or civil magistrate will be no marriage at all unless the holy see makes a special law for the United States.
11. Marriage of a Protestant to a Protestant (protestants that were never baptized in the Catholic church) is valid.
12. Marriage of a Protestant (baptized) to a non-baptized party is no marriage at all.
13. Marriage of a non-baptized man to a non-baptized woman is valid as a lifelong contract. These parties do not receive, however, the sacrament of matrimony.
14. There will be no marriage at all unless there be two witnesses; one witness with the priest will not suffice.
15. Bishops or priests should not witness marriages until they are morally certain that the parties to marriage are free to enter the matrimonial state, hence as far as possible dispensation from the publication of banns should not be sought.
16. For the lawful celebration of a marriage one or other of the contracting parties should have a domicile or live for a month in the parish where they are to be married. This condition is not however, essential for the validity of a marriage.
17. Marriages of persons without fixed abode should be referred to the bishop before the ceremony takes place.
18. Marriages should take place in the parish church of the bride, unless there be good reason to go to the pastor of the bridegroom.
19. There are new rules to be observed by the priest for the registration of marriages. When contracting parties are to be married in a church were not baptized in that parish they should before marriage secure their baptismal certificates.
20. Marriage entered into when there is danger of death can be witnessed by any priest with two witnesses, provided there is not time to reach the bishop, parish priest or priest appointed by either of these.
21. If for an entire month parties cannot secure bishop, parish priest or any priest appointed by either of these, they may in the presence of two witnesses (there is not marriage if there be not two witnesses) declare their consent to marry. They are then in the eyes of the church and before God married. As soon after the marriage as possible they should send their names to the parish priest for registration and do whatever is required to have their marriage legally recognized by the state.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Marriage is a short cut from romance to reality.

The man who poses as a model citizen has a hard job.

You can flatter any man by telling him he is flattery-proof.

Among the other trusts we have mistrusts and distrusts.

A wise man always pretends to take the advice his wife hands him.

Courtship is expensive, marriage more so and alimony—well, that's the limit.

Never judge the kind of mother a man had by the woman who marries him.

It is easier to do a charitable act than it is to refrain from talking about it.

There is always a good-paying job on tap for the man who can deliver the goods.

Be kind to your friends, be agreeable to your neighbors and beware of your enemies.

The young man and young woman who undertake the voyage of life without some reliable chart, showing the rocks and shoals where health may make shipwreck, are inviting catastrophe. Of all books, written to give instruction on the care of the body, the preservation of its health, none can compare with Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It tells the plain truth in plain English. It deals with questions of vital interest of both sexes. Its 1008 pages have over 700 illustrations, some in colors. This book is sent absolutely *free*, on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper covered book, or 31 stamps for cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Whistling Women.

There is a superstition that it is very unlucky for a woman to whistle. It arises from an old tradition that while the nails of our Lord's cross were being forged a woman stood by and whistled, and, curiously enough, comparatively few women ever whistle.

Takes Some Smartness to Do That.

Whenever we hear a woman boast that her husband winds the clock, wipes the dishes and puts the children to bed we wonder if he is smart enough to know how to do anything else.

——Better to wear out shoes than sheets.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

If we wish to be just judges of all things let us first persuade ourselves of this; that there is not one of us without fault . . . no man is found who can acquit himself.—*Seneca.*

In case of sickness and the confusion of having strange servants and nurses in the house put your best china and glass under lock and key, as in a china closet. Not that there will be any premeditated desire or plan to destroy, but there is a tendency to use whatever is handy. Once the writer saw nine out of a dozen fragile water glasses broken by rapping eggs on the thin rim to break them for the patient.

Another nurse used fine heavy linen dinner napkins for wiping medicine spoons which left indelible stains.

While at the druggist's one can buy ready-to-use mustard plasters and compounds that are even better than home-made poultices, it is well to have something on hand for immediate use, even if circumstances never bring it into use. A quart can of flaxseed meal closely sealed will give material for good poultices. A few dry red pepper pods, also kept in a jar make a stimulating hot tea, useful for a cough or overcoming a chill. It is a pure red pepper, which cannot always be said of the ground article.

To make flaxseed meal poultice pour rapidly boiling water onto the meal and beat hard, for this brings out the oil in the meal. Spread on a square of cheesecloth, leaving a clean margin of two inches. Fold this edge over on the mixture, lay on another square, which comes three or four inches all round beyond the poultice. Lay it on a hot plate, place a pan over and carry at once to the sickroom.

No sick person should be compelled to step out of bed without slipping on soft wool bed shoes, for the chill that would not effect a well person may be dangerous to the weak one. A loose robe of flannelette or eiderdown is also needed when a patient is able to sit up for a few minutes, as to have the bed made.

Many of the new season's frocks for children have the skirts finished with two or three broad tucks a few inches above the hem.

It is curious how constantly this fashion recurs. It is very ornamental and yet severe, and is particularly useful on short skirts, which it is always difficult to trim suitably. For more elaborate gowns we appear to be returning to the days of draped skirts, and although we are not likely to tie up our knees in cloth sashes, the new Directoire frocks, when made of soft materials such as muslin and chiffon, have quantities of stuff looped up, and tucked and gathered all the way down from waist to hem. Those who are strong on hygiene dislike these skirts because they are such dust-traps.

Butcher's blue linen is an extraordinarily useful material nice and color. It is not included in the list of dingy, dark colors, yet it is a long while before it looks dirty. It is very becoming, exceedingly durable, and, of course, a most excellent washing material. In some households, indeed, the children begin to crawl in butcher's blue and they leave school in butcher's blue. It is a mistake however, to let them get tired of it, but an occasional frock will prove a lasting boon. It requires very little trimming save that of some smart stitching round the hem and on the bodice, and a stitched band of it will serve excellently as a belt.

An excellent idea not only for those in the school room, but also domestic people who discharge household duties is the over-all. Not the loose and shapeless pinafore, but a really well-cut garment. Although made in one piece it has a belt which fastens neatly round the waist. The skirt is only a couple of inches shorter than the skirt of the dress, and is quite as full. It has no collar, but is prettily ornamented with stitching, of bands of its own material at the base of the throat. The large sleeves are drawn into long and close-fitting cuffs, which are made tight enough not to slip down over the hand. The over-all can either fasten at the back or have a double front.

"Have you noticed that many hostesses are serving rock candy crystals instead of sugar with after dinner coffee?" inquired an observing woman. "I've tried it myself and have found that the prettiest effect is gained by buying an equal amount each of red and white rock candy and mixing the irregular shaped crystals in a low glass bonbon dish.

"These are served with a bonbon spoon. There's an especial advantage in this plan for those who want very little sugar, as the smallest quantity possible may be taken, less than the ordinary piece of cut sugar. This rock candy is absolutely pure, very cheap, and gives a particularly delicious flavor to black coffee.

"Another new kink I noticed at a luncheon was the passing of two little glass dishes with the salad course. One dish held finely minced green peppers and the other tiny slices of little new onions. The guests took what they wanted and sprinkled it on the salad, which was a combination of lettuce, tomatoes and cucumbers.

"At the same luncheon a fancy omelet with burning rum was served instead of the usual sweet course. Instead of the ordinary river of fire running placidly around the platter the effect was quite spectacular and reminded one of miniature volcanoes. I found that this effect was the result of stacking lumps of sugar in heaps at intervals round the platter."—New York *Sun*.

An idea which has been followed out by a number of girls for sleeve links for their morning waists of the tailor-made variety in the flannel is to get the plain mother-of-pearl buttons, which are sold for men's evening wear.

They are flat buttons, just like those which are sewed on shirtwaists, only finer and of a more attractive design.

They are small in size, and when used in the tailored shirtwaists, they are exceedingly neat, and at the same time smart looking.

With them are warn scarf pin and belt buckle to match.

The Cameo.—It has been revived enthusiastically.

It is the same delicately flushed and skillfully carved thing worn by our grandmothers.

A large one set around with rhinestones is often used for a belt buckle.

A row of four of these medallions set on a gold band forms one of the most popular bracelets.

Cameo necklaces, too, bear witness to the revival of the style.

Even cameo earrings are noted in the shop windows.