

Bellefonte, Pa., September 4, 1908.

THE MAN WHO WINS.

The man who wins is the man who works-The man who toils while the next man shirt The man who stands in his deep distress With his head held high in the deadly pres Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who knows The value of pain and the worth of woes-Who a le-son learns from the man who fails And a moral finds in his mournful wails : Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who stays In the unsought paths and the rocky ways, And, perhaps, who lingers, now and then, To help some failure rise again. And he is the man who wins

And the man who wins is the man who hears The curse of the envious in his ears, But who goes his way with his head held high And passes the wrecks of the failures by-For he is the man who wins.

THE DREAMERS.

"You see," explained Mrs. Pennington, "I knew that you had known her when she was a child, so I accomplished one of the miracles of the age and secured her consent

to come this afternoon."
"Then she is the same. She was a dreamy, reticent, self sufficient little mordreamy, reticent, self sufficient little mor-tal always, with no need of playmates,— and seldom any who cared to supply such a need. What ages ago! Mrs. Maitland shook her gray head, even as the Sphinx might have done. "It is like a different life, with the Atlantic between as the Spyx. We have recrossed the black torrent, Ulysses and I, and what changes have we found !"

"It is strange you should have dropped everything of this hemisphere when you went to Eugland," said Mrs. Pennington, beginning of a sudden to realize that there were good grounds for being patriotically offended. "You were a born American, anvway.

'It was George's ill health that made me forget everything," replied Mrs. Maitland, with a momentary reflection of the past years' weariness in her kindly eyes. "It is strange Judith ever married."

"I think every one was surprised. And he was quite different from her, full of life and fond of entertainment." Mrs. Pennington fell into the trap easily and forgot her impatience over her friend's Angliciza-tion in the universal pleasure of friendly

"What do you mean by 'was'?"
manded Mrs. Maitland. Well, after marriage they both settled down, and you never hear anything about either of them. He is positively submerged in his business.—he never speaks a word of anything else without a painful effort, and she—she has entirely lost in her obild what "Ob no

little individuality she ever owned." "Then she has children ; I am very glad of that. She always loved them so. How many has she ?"

markable little persou."

land looked surprised. "No. You see, they live in such an out-of-the way place we've only visited that I forgot to listen when you introduced them twice; once was for dinner, and you us. never think of children at night affairs. The other time was an afternoon call, but ! she did not mention the subject, and you know I am not the one to encourage people to exhibit the perfection of their off-pring. She has very few visitors, hecause, as I said, it is worse than a trip to Chicago to get to where she lives. and she herself seldom goes anywhere at all. I hegged her to come the afternoon, and it made me posi-tively conceited when she accepted. I

hope she is not going to he late. Half an hour after, Mrs. Maitland instantly recognized a short, slim figure standing in the doorway, though she bad not seen Judith since she was many times shorter and wore quaint little frocks with blue ribbons. Mrs. Pennington introduced them, and the look on the elder woman's face told her she did not need to bother about them for the rest of the afternoon.

And, in good sooth, the heart of Mis. Maitland was beating rapidly with all the pleasure and pain of recognition. There had been startlingly little change in the woman before her. She had always been a thin-faced child, with long, deep gray eyes and a mouth that drooped a little in repose. She had a way of fixing her eyes upon the objects before her, lingeringly, as one rests the hand. She was slow of speech, and had been unusually reticent as a child, therefore Mrs. Maitland had loved her for opening her heart to her in the days before the Styx, and therefore she had hope for

the present.

'A child is twice as reserved as a woman," thought she; "if I won her confidence then, why should I hesitate now? She is utterly unchanged.

Not utterly, she perceived later, for the mouth drooped more and the dreamy eyes had an unmistakable look of suffering, not noticeable at first ; and in the brown hair was a faint sprinkling of gray that served as conclusive corroboration of the other signs. Mrs. Maitland wondered vaguely whether her husband's personality might not have led to their seclusion and her passionate engrossment in her child.

They spoke of casualties at first, but Mrs.

Maitland's magnetism soon overcame the air of almost childish bashfulness that had always marked Judith in company, and had added to the illusion of her being entirely unaltered. But in spite of the comparative intimacy they fell into after a while, it remained for the elder woman to mention Judith's child.

"Mrs. Pennington told me you have a little girl," she began, with a genuine ring startled when Judith drew back slightly, flushing, before answering with some

hesitancy in her voice : "Did she? You see, -I didn't think-

she had ever seen Judy." "She hasn't, but she said you told her of the child. Is it Judith, too?" There was an irresistible motherliness in Mrs. Maitland's tone. Judith found the sunshine presence of her impossible to withstand; she cast aside all indifference and all reser-When she spoke again, there was a passionate strain in her voice, a mother's love so deep that it implied tragedy. Her eyes shone with a light that thrilled Mrs. Maitland. The little neutral-tinted woman became almost majestic in the glow of

her emotion. She looks exactly like the photographs of me at her age. She might have posed for them herself. It is a queer affectation of mine, you might say, but I like to carry she chums with the friend's daughter, mine, you might say, but I like to carry out the pretense and dress her precisely the way I used to be dressed. One day I found ordinary calls."

her with her sash tied in front. She in-sisted it belonged where the wearer could see it, and seemed to consider it the height altruism when I told her we wear our lothes with a view of pleasing our neigh-

hors rather than ourselves."

As Judith laughed softly, Mrs. Maitland smiled; somehow she felt that she had heard this story before, and she was wondering how it was possible.
Once started, Judith ran on without

difficulty. She described the child mi-nutely. Truly, thought Mrs. Maitland, it must have been identical with its mother.

Judith's stories of the little girl all rang with the same strange familiarity in Mrs. Maitland's ear, and in some cases the list-ener seemed to behold the little ancodote enacted before her eyes. Suddenly the truth dawned upon her with a shock. She bad heard these things before, she had wit-nessed most of the incidents, long before the Stvx, when a little girl lived next door o her-a child named Judith. . .

Could it be true that history repeated itself with such accuracy of detail? Or was Judith eking out her child's small adventures with her own infant memoirs? The woman talked too seriously, her mind was too evidently recounting recent things, for such a supposition to seem probable. There was never a flaw in the story, never a pause for recalling acts so long past, so vague as those of one's childhood must become unless the memory is continually refreshed and stimulated

"Why, Judith, it is your very self !"
exclaimed Mrs. Mairland at last.
Judith stiffened and a look flashed into her eyes that startled the elder woman, first by its intensity, and then by her utter

inability to interpret it. "Why shouldn't the child be just like me?" said the little woman, and her eyes glowed strangely Then she turned away her head and smiled between her soft halfclosed lashes. "Often," she added, gently,-"often

play she is the shadow of my childhood some back to me. Somehow their little tete a-tete was broken up at this point, and they had only time later for a more or less hurried and formal adieu, when Judith left early to catch a train back to her remote babita-

had gone. She wanted to find out more about Judith, and Mrs. Pennington appeared to be competent to appear to appear to be competent to appear to appear to be competent to appear to appe peared to be competent to supply the information.

"She has developed passion." said Mrs. Maitland. "I find her even dearer for it. I should like to visit her; in the rush she forgot to give me her card, but I knew you

"I'll give you her address before you go," replied Mrs. Pennington. "It is upstairs in my desk. You see, she never has it put on her cards; it is so long and clumsy that it would look like a wedding invitation or a milliner's announcement. And do you know, I am half inclined to believe that she keeps it off to prevent visitors as

"Why, if you think-" began the other, "Ob no, of course not. You and I are different —especially you. I saw her when she was talking to you. She never looked happier or more interested. She'd he delighted to see you, I'm sure, and she

"Only one, I think. She only speaks of one. a little girl, and apparently a re-"By the way," exclaimed Mrs. Mait-'Have you never seen it?" Mrs. Mait- land, suddenly, "I haven't the slightest idea what her married name is. I was so than you can possibly remember. So you

> "Barrett," replied Mrs. Pennington Her bushand is the

probably heard of him." "Heard of him !" repeated the older woman, laughing slightly. "How could under the world and beyond the Styx?" "Leicester Hunt Barrett, -why, he's-" her, placing her hand impetuously upon her companion's arm.

"Yes, be-"

"I know him! Oh, Laura, who on this earth would believe it ?" The recognition of a name so prominent did not seem to Mrs. Pennington sufficient warrant for her visitor's excited tone
"Why. of course you know him," she

said, somewhat impatiently. "Every one does. It is not unlikely that he is known even in England. Why, to Paris-" "No, that is not what I mean. It was long before,—even before we lived near Judith. I used to know his mother in

as all real little boys were apt to do, he would pay me numberless impromptn visits. and we grew to be great chums. I know it must be be, because he used to tell his name on all occasions, and always finished by spelling the Leicester part, since it was difficult. It is kismet. I see the bare band, even the arm, of Fate. That the two presocious infants of my youth should discover each other and marry! It's like a beautifully connected dream." Mrs. Mait-

land rose to go. "Visit them late in the afternoon, so that you will have the chauce of meeting him as well. He gets home around five o'clock, I believe." suggested Mrs. Peunington. "I almost envy you your dream. You see, it doesn't take long to renew the old-world life after having recrossed the Styx. Wait until I get you the address."

In writing, the address was an odd mix-ture of numerals, English nature study. and Indian poetry, after the manner of all suburban addresses. In reality it was a rather large, low country house, situated in the centre of extensive grounds, the atrically lovely in the mellow autumn afternoon.

"The very place for children," thought Mrs. Maitland, gazing approvingly about her as she was driven up to the house; and she looked eagerly for some sign of the little white and blue counterfeit of Judith, whose image in her mind had grown more

But all was quiet as she rang the door bell, except for the soft rattle of gravel as the hack that had conveyed her from the station retreated; and the somewhat violent pumpings of her heart marked the seconds.

When Judith appeared the flush of surprise was still on her cheek, but in her eyes shone unmistakable pleasure.

"I am glad you have come," she said, "Let us sit on the veranda ; it is so pleas ant there."

"It is beautiful," breathed Mrs. Maitland, as she stood in the low afternoon sunlight, drinking in the glory of the rich trees and the long shadows of the smooth lawn. "This is the precise spot in which to educate Judith the Second so that she remotion. "Yes, it is Judith; she is my only child. though?"

This was the first radical difference from the old Judith who had lived sufficient unto herself and had demanded no childish

"I am disappointed at not seeing ber, admitted Mrs. Maitland. "I looked forward to it as recalling an old memory. It was partly you, description of her that led me to brave the perile of the journey out here without an explicit invitation from

"It is a pity," murmured Judith, and stopped abruptly as if she had more to May.
"I shall be entirely honest, now that I have begun," smiled the other, confidentially, after a short pause. "Little Judith certainly did add to my desire to come here, but I had another motive as well. have made a remarkable discovery."
"A discovery?" repeated Judith, flush

seems that I have been acquainted with bim even longer than with you. I knew him ages ago in Philadelphia, when he

was a very small child."
"You did! When! How old was he?" The loving eagerness in her voice as she spoke of her husband convinced Mrs. Mait-land that the tragic lines on the young woman's face were not due to any delinqueuey of his; still, at one time Judith's manner puzzled her considerably.

"He used to recount long-drawn-out romances to me," Mrs. Maitland was saying.

"They generally began with a pirate ship that had for a cargo bears and lions, some how. Then there was a white-heard magician mixed up in it, until I used to be sure he had become acquainted with Merlin in some mysterious way. They never ended; they were too beautiful and too real to bim for that. He had a wonderful imagination for so active a child.

And here Judith laughed, a soft little laugh with a catch in it. and then sighed.
"He put it all into bricks and stone and iron," she replied, with a rather pathetic attempt at sprightliness. "It's looked up in them like the Prince in the iron chest that Judy is so fond of. He is a business man now, an architect with a name. If he dreams he dreams of Iouic columns and steel construction.'

Here, then, was the rnb. It seemed strange to Mrs Maitland that all the

"You must stay over for the five thirty train. He always arrives here by five won't be long now. I'm afraid you'll find him changed, though." Judith smiled again as if with an understanding to an inner self.

During a very dainty little tea that followed they chatted even more intimate ly. Mrs Maitland told endless tales of the young Leicester, and recalled bits of Judith's life that Judith the Second had not performed for the refreshing of her mother's memory.

Five o'clock arrived before they were

aware of it, and with it came Leicester himself. He seemed surprised to se- a visitor, and, naturally enough, did not find anything familiar in her name or face when Judith introduced her simply as Mrs. Maitland.

"I am glad to meet you," he said, with some vagueness. "I met vonr wife after a very great in-terval of time," declared Mrs. Maitland. "I had not seen her since she was a wee little girl. I knew you, too, longer ago see I feel as if you were both my children. When Judith told me of your baby I came here to find out which of you it resembled most ; but my plan has been nipped in the

There was a minute's silence. Judith ated the older was leaning against a pillar of the verauda, "How could I, and her face was as white as her dress. She caught her lower lip in her teeth, and her "Leicester Hunt Barrett, -why, he's-" eyes, large with pain and hopelessness.

But Mrs. Maitland suddenly interrupted were fastened upon her husband. He started and looked at her for an instant, then seemed to choke down something in "Are they Philadelphians?" she de- his throat. He turned to Mrs. Maitland al-

most genially. "I am sorry you did not see him," he colaimed. "You could not have belped exclaimed. ecognizing me in every move he makes. Judith exhaled a soft trembling gasp, like the commencement of a sob. The tenlessness in her eyes turned to bewilder-ment and somtehing else. Mrs. Maitland averted her head and tried not to blush for them. Meantime Barrett seemed to be sun-

dering dreams with heavenly intentious. "His name is Leicester Hunt Barrett, the same as mine ; and by Jove ! you could Philadelphia. They lived very near to not have told us apart at one age! He me, and as he took a fancy to my big dog. mania for dressing him the way I used to be dressed. Were you the person I used to tell fairy tales to? He does the same to me. We walk around the grounds every evening before dinner, and he strings 'em out to me galore. All about pirates and wild peasts and a wise old magician chap-"

'Leicester !" gasped Judith, in an odd voice, "this is your very self !"
"Why shouldn't it be?" demanded Barrett, with feverish abandon. "Often I play he is the shadow of my boyhood, con

Mrs. Maitland's eyes smarted with unshed tears ; like the wings of a ministering angel, she heard the opportune sound of heels on the gravelled driveway.

"There's my carriage, -I must catch my rain," she stammered, hysterically.
"Next time I come I shall want to see—to know both children."

She paused and took their hands. an," she affirmed slowly, in a steady voice looking from one to the other. "I can." They watched the back disappear in the listance, then they glanced at each other.

Judith's eyes were overflowing. "I told her it was a girl—named Judy," she whispered, huskily. "I never guessed . . . I never knew . . . in that little lone-some walk . . . before dinner . . . Why didn't you tell me?"

He took her in his arms gently, as if they had just met after a long separation. 'How could I tell you, dear? The dreary blankness of it all was auguish enough for you to look to-without know-ing-how I cared. . . . "

"Leicester," said Judith, softly, "may Judy and I come with you, when you walk about the garden . . . with the boy?"—By Josephine A. Meyer, in Harper's Monthly Magazine.

Mrs. R. P. Monfort, of Lebannon, Warren Co., Ohio, writes: "I have received the Medical Adviser, and very much pleased I am with it. I think it quite a prize to get such a book for so small a sum. I do not think a crisp five dollar bill could tempt me to part with it. My husband said to me yesterday, "That book is worth five dollars to you." Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 onecent stamps for the paper-covered book, or 31 stamps for the cloth binding to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Fishing for Bull-Heads.

No doubt there still are bull-heads. The best ones used to have habitat in the old millpond (or likely enough you called it the "slough," or the "crick," or "Mud the "slough," or the "orick," or "Mid Lake," or otherwise christened it "lake"), within nice trudging distance of "home." To catch them required a barefoot boy ten years old, a sore sole, a ten cent cane pole fifteen feet long, a baking-puwder can of dirt and worms commingled, a line tied to the pole's stiff tip, a vinegar-jug cork for a

oohher, and a book. When along the bank a spot had bee found not pre-empted by other hoys pres-ent, and when the baking-powder can bad been set down, and the line had been un wound from the length of the pole, and rebellious worm had been slipped upon the book, and worm, hook, bobber, line, and almost pole itself had been thrown with a splash into the pond (or the "slough," or the 'crick," or the "lake"), and when the ripples and the derogatory comments arous-ed had somewhat subsided, then there was a jiggle to the cork, making ripples afresh. That is, if "they" were "bitin" " (a disposition of fisby mind most mysterious)

and bull heads usually were. At the land end of the pole a hoy, clutching bard the butt, rigid and intent, glares with bated breath at the symptoms; venturing only to utter a wild, saucous

per. "I got a hite!" Forthwith, while all the world gazes, at the proper p-ychological moment he ap-heaves with both arms mightily; and if he has been blessed by for one, instead of merely incited, at the extremity of the fif teen feet of pole and the ten feet of line added thereto is boisted high into the air, and terra firmaward, three inches of bull-

Slimy and wriggly and wicked, the black imp jerked thus unceremoniously from the depths, small as he is compared with his captor, his captor's machinery, and the world about, handicapped also by adverse climatic conditions, nevertheless he puts up a fight for his life. He is slippery, he is elusive, be is indefatigable, his are outstanding with rage and as sharp as needles, and he has swallowed the hook! Oh, strenuous some of dogged defense, on the one hand, and of scrambling offense, punetuated with "Ouch !" and "Ow !" on the other; and oh, sigh of triumph when at last, having disgorged the hook from his cavernous gullet (so large for a beastie so small), he is strung. Now, in company with fellow unfortunates herded along the cord and tethered to the root or the stake at the water's edge, helplessly he gasps and swavs his tail.

The sun burns, kingfishers cackle, draguflies perch upon the hobbers.

"How many you got?"
"Seven. How many you?" "I dunno." But, by the very tone and the evasion, evidently not seven-yet. However, hope springs eternal -and a chap can spit on his hook. -Edwin L. Sabin, in Lippincott's

Great Men Born 1809.

Munsey's Magazine makes mention of great men whose centenaries will be celebrat-d next year. They are as follows: Felix Mendelsohn Bartholdy, the great German musican, born February 3rd,

Edgar Allan Poe, the famous American poet and writer of tales, born January 19th, Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth President

of the United States, and one of the greatest figures of American history, born February 12th, 1809 Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of

Omar Khayyam, born Maich 31st, 1809. Richard Monekton Milnes (Lord Houg on), statesman and poet, born June 19th, Oliver Wendell Holmes, the American poet and essayist, born Angust 29th, 1809. William Ewart Gladstone, the famous

British statesman, born December 29th, Alexander William Kinglake, the historian of the Crimean War, born August 5th,

Frederic Francois Chopin, the famous Polish musician, horn March 1st, 1809. Alfred. Lord Tennyson, the foremost English post of the Victorian era, bore Augsut 6th, 1809. Charles Darwin, the English naturalist, chief founder of the theory of evolution born February 12th, 1809.

-The September Century's leading article is the first popular account given to the public of the Wright Brothers' aeroplane, written by themselves and liberally illustrated with pictures from photographs supplied by the authors. Their experiments—which are among the most interesting and important now being carried on in the scientific world—place these men at the head of American aviators ; and their article is of special interest in view of the fact that they have contracted to deliver to the United States government a machine, the trials of which are planned for late Au-

Of far reaching interest and importance in the September Century is the discussion of "The Future Wheat Supply of the United States," by Edward C. Parker, of the University of Minnesota Agricultural Experiment Station. He points out the many means which may be utilized to meet the future demands for wheat, prophesying that agriculture, still only in its infancy, is bound sooner or later to have a rapid and widespread development, and that the limit of its possibilities will be extended by each snoozeding generation. Since writing the article Mr. Parker has been called to Manchuria by the Chinese authorities to organize an experiment sta-

-Quite the most interesting hit in the alluring pages of the September St. Nicholas is the story of how that dearest of all came to be written, told by Helen Mar-shall Pratt. It is a charming tale of the friendship of a quiet, reserved, bookish young lecturer at Christ Church College, Oxford, and of three dear, dear children, daughters of the dean of the cathedral. So little did the author understand

what a wonderfully ingenious and fascinating book he had written, that he did not expect the first edition would ever be sold.
But the two thousand books were very quickly disposed of. Every one wanted to read 'Alice,' and to have his friends read it. It has become a classic and holds a place on children's book shelves with 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Haus Christian Au-There is not a spot in the civilized world, not a library with any preten-sion to literature where the Jabberwook and the Cheshire Cat are unknown."

The frontispiece of this September issue is a reproduction of Elizabeth Sparhawk. Jones's "Roller Skates," which was exhibited at the one hundred and third annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

U. S. Civil Service Examinations ompetitive Examinations Under the Rules of the

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How to Make a Rabbit Hatch.

The cheapest and least offensive pets are rabbits. They multiply so fast that it doesn't pay dealers to keep them. Rabbit breeding is a boy's industry. In every suburb, town or village there is a boy from whom you can buy a pair of white or brown and white rabbits for fifty cents.

They can be kept for almost nothing, be-cause they eat vegetable refuse from the kitchen, stale bread and very little grain. In spring plant twenty cents' worth of Swiss chard seed. Cut the outer leaves for the rabbits and you need no other greens for them. In winter there are cabbage husks, oelery tops and potato parings. To make a ranbit hutch out a small door-

way in a box near the floor so that the rabbits can ruu in and out. Have the ceilings high for air and hinged on, so it can he opened and the hedding removed and the place thoroughly cleaned once a week. Set the hutch on posts at least a foot high. Then rate can't hide under it, and

es dampness. A run ten by three feet, with a fence two feet high, is sufficient for several rabbits. Use one-inch mesh wire fencing, otherwise rats can get in and young rabbits get out.

Rabbits never escape and get into my garden, because I dig out the dirt eighteen inches deep before making the runs and lay in a three foot strip of wire fencing ten feet long, joining it with side and end fencing before I fill in the dirt again. Now, they may burrow down a foot and a half, but they strike the fence if they try to got out. To overcome the sluggish nature of rab-

tree, if you have one. Rabbits like a shady situation in summer. Don't keep them in or near a barn or outbuildings. In breeding time exclude the males, which fight and often eat the young .- [James

Beckwith. References. When you engage a servant, especially in a position of trust, you demand references You are not content to just read these references and take them for what they say. You inquire into their genuineness. When you give your health into the care of a medicine should you not exercise equal care? Anybody can claim cures for a medicine. But proof is a different matter.
The closest scrutiny of the claims of Dr.
Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is in vited. Does it cure dyspepsia, "stomach trouble," weak heart, sluggish liver, worn out nerves ? Does it enrich and purify the blood and make new life by making new blood? Hundreds of thousands of people testify that it does. Look up the testimony and decide whether you can afford to be sick with such a remode within reach.

Refused a Pretzel.

Little Haus was watching his father fish from the drawbridge. "Pa," he exclaimed as he peeped down into the water, "what kind of fish are dose swimmin' around near der surface?"
"Dey vas German carp," replied his father, as he bated another hook;

"German carp, mine son."
Little Hans looked doubtful. "I don't believe ut, pa." "And vy not?"

"Because I dropped a pretzel over-board und dey nefer even noticed ut. If dey had been German carp dey vud haf nibbled ut,

-"I'm afraid Miss Pepri has a poor opinion of my intellect. "On the contrary. I heard her paying ou a high compliment last night." 'Indeed? What did she say?"

"She said she had no doubt that there vere bigger idiot- in the world than you.' Ma - "I don't know or care, but when ehe cackles I want to know whether she's laying or lying." Johnny -"Does the hen sit or set ?"

- First Roommate-"What's that you got, hillet doux ?" Second Ditto- 'No : a bill over-due."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT. I am convinced that skepticism applied to the

tender years of childhood, boyhood and girlhood is a corrosive acid, eating deep at all the foundations of character that we wish to strengthen and support.-Lord Roseberry. The Directoire waistcoat promises to last

over another season, and provision has been made for very original and elegant effects in this regard. Ribbons have been taken up enthusiastically by milliners during the summer, and in satin and velvet are to have a great

vogue in the winter millinery also Quantities of buttons of every discription continue to adorn all the latest modes Sleeves have buttons placed close together down the seam from shoulder to wrist. while the corsage and skirt also possess a great many buttons; in fact, many of the largest creations rely entirely for decor

Buttons of all kinds, but particularly those covered with satin or with the costame material, are being used more lavishly than ever upon the early autumn mod-

ation on the button.

Chiffon broadcloth appears in all the new colorings and of a lightness and softness even surpassing that achieved by the manufacturers last year. Fancy broadcloths in one tone colorings and woven satin or chevron stripes are numerous.

The time was when woman was under the despotism of the frilly and the starched. The time was when she delighted in the rustle of her silk and lingerie petticoats and when the latter must be stiff and un-uncompromising as a brand new college diploma. That was the good old period when woman's approach was as frank as that of a road engine and when the novelist delighted to speak of the frou-frou of his heroine's skirts on the stairs beyond

which the expectant hero waited.

Nowadays, however, all this is changed. The entry of woman is heralded no longer by a noise akin to signboards in a fierce noreaster. No longer is her parting injunction to the laundress "get everything good and stiff." The olinging dress of this latter day has interrupted the resign of the fron-fron and now skirts must not even murmur to the floor on which they fall. The stiff and sibilant petticoat has indeed goue and in its stead we have undergarments of supple silks and unobtrusive appearance, undergarments that are lithe and sinuous and serpentine.

Delightful little Russian blouse costumes for children. Made of white duck, with pipinge, sailor collars, knotted sailor ties and belts of scarlet duck. White duck bats, with red underbrims. Crowns soft and round, brims rolling, so that they may be bent down at any point and all-over stitched.

Small social note paper, edged with deep tints of blue, pink, cerise, green, etc. Envelopes to match, chlong in shape and open at the end. The flap is pointed, but the sealed end has a square lap.

Foreign novelty papers—white envelopes lined with pink or blue, thus finting the outside. White paper, edged with blue or pink to match. Gilt edges the more exsive variety of the same class. Another style resembles pale-tinted, fine, figured wallpaper.

Juvenile frocks and smart little jumpers for cool days made of bordered challie, with the border used as trimming Challie launders beautifully when such renovation is desirable.

Mayonnaise Dressing .- Put the volks of two eggs in a perfectly clean bowl or plate. Add a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and bits set boards on edge across their runway. Nothing better than taking hurdles
for general exercise. It is good fun to see
them go over. The rabbits soon learn to
jump into the hutch from the ground.
Then the sloping plank walk can be taken
away.

Place the rabbit hutch under an apple
tree, if you have one. Rabbits like a

Apricot Brown Betty .- Butter a deep baking dish, place in it a layer of fine, soft crumbs; add a layer of cauned apricots (evaporated will do,) two tablespoons of sugar, one half teaspoon of cinusinon and more crumbs. Repeat this until the dish is full, the upper layer of crumbs. Pour ever it one-half cup of milk (or one cupful if the fruit is dry), and dot with butter. Bake under a plate half an hour, then remove the plate and brown. Serve with hard sauce.

First it was reported that taffeta might be rubberized; then pougee took kindly to the process, and now mohair has become water and dirt proof. This last is a great acquisition to enthusiastic motorists, for the material is light and cool, and at the same time it wears like wire. Pongee and silk may hold their places in the esteem of womankind for raincoats to be worn to social functions, but for driving, automo-bile and coaching mohair will be found

superior. The prettiest coats are of white, and many are made in models so charming that no one but the initiated would suspect them of being any more useful in a storm than a light and lacy opera coat.

For early fail or late summer the new styles in soft felt hats may be depended upon. These hats come in all colors of grays, browns and white, and various shapes and sizes. They are trimmed with soft scarfs, wings and net, while some are worn with just a ribbon band. College women and school girls will be sure to

wear them.

The "Fluffy Ruffle" bat of coarse net, with a bow of the same material on the right side and a black buckle in front, is a distinguished style for any occasion

The net hat made into a severe shape, with folds on the brim and around the crown, and trimmed with wings and satin ribbon, is a very practical and becoming style for most any one.
The satio and silk hats trimmed with the

same material, or lace and crushed roses, or wings and buckles, are among the newest For young and old, black hats are very

much worn, but must be light and airy,

and trimmed very simple. If spoons are stained from egg they can he cleaned by rubbing with ammonia; also by putting them in a bowl of wet salt.