Democratic Matchman

Bellefonte, Pa., July 2. 1909.

"PROVE IT, YOU !"

Two little birds in the wild wood were calling Calling the long day through, While the sun gleams, and as evening is fall ing,

Dowered with dusk and dew.

One little bird carols forth to the other : "I like you ; I like you," All through the day, and when nature's mild

mother

Brings us the dusk and dew.

And from the other comes back the defiance "Prove it, you ; prove it, you," While the sun gleams, and when there is

affiance Between the dusk and dew.

Hark ! how we men shout these words to ou brother : "I love you ; I love you ;"

Shout them unceasingly, one to the other, In the crowd, or the few.

Clear through the din of our wars and our floutings

Comes the soice from God's blue : "Perish the love you proclaim in your shouting Prove it, you : prove it, you !"

-P. M. MacDonald.

A RURAL TELEPHONE.

The great clock ticked with loud insistence in the immaculate room. Things had to be immaculate where Mrs. Daore was. The sunlight sifting through bare branches gilded the brown shadows of the walls ceiled in old pine, and now the color

of the dead leaves whirling without. The bed was of snowy whiteness, and the old woman propped on the pillows was whiter

yet. "There, mother dear," said Nancy. "It's all apple-pie. And I'll go to work. There's consider'ble i'ning to do out there. But if any one comes in, you're as neat as a pin

and as pretty as a pink." "My! There no need of any one's comin" in, sence we got the phone. Jes' give it here, Nancy, and I'm content."

The telephone was at the head of the vour han's !' bed. It was a recent acquisition in the little community, and regarded as a de-lightful toy which one could not play too brick

The daughter took down the receiver and laid it on the pillow by her mother's ear. "I suppose it's all right," she said

besitatingly, as she bad said before. "Of course it is!" was the swift reply. "If any one finds fault with a bedridden old woman for tryin' to keep along with the world, they can! Why, the satisfaction I've had out o' this sence we put it in passes all I could git out o' sewin'-circle

an' perrish meetin' put together!" "I don't believe any one cares if you do use it," Nancy said, comforting her con-

"Only old Mis' Monroe. An' she ses to Mis' Plamer-I heern her myself-'I can't talk any more now,' ses she. 'Old

Mis' Dacre's listenin',' ses she. 'I ain't, "Well, I wa'n't. I had the handle down, because I can't stan' the ringin' she ever dreamed."

olost to my ear, it's so sudding. An', too, I wanted to hear if Ann Mari' Speer 'd sold her chickings for enough to buy her "There, the second plum-color dress. It 'll set off her skin lovely. Why shouldn't 19 Ann Mari' 'd

brook, and skipped pebbles there; he lean-ed over the bridge with her, and each was posies." strength and nerve, although she had ed over the bridge with her, and each was to the other a part of the magical beauty when twilight veils the day and the stars tremble out. He followed her up on the tremble out. He followed her spior sweet ''I do'no'. Wal, the folks is all mad pin' the phone so.'' ''They be!'' "I'm mos' beat out." she plenty of both. "I'm mos' beat out," she used to say. "Troubles always come when you least expect them most." But she would not abate her activities; they had become a habit with cravings like those of

And then came Nancy's love-affair, and ber wild objection to it, and Nanoy's quiet persistence, and in a passion of angry ex-citement she had taken to her bed and had ley's eyes; and once, that once, his arms were about her, and his lips were on hers, and in that moment she comprehended all remained there ever since. The telephone then had become a mild substitute for her

drog. That Saul Manley, one of the Black Manleys, should dare lift his eyes to her Nancy-her white, delicate Nancy ! He, a Manley of the Hollow, a race always shiftless, always thriftless, sometimes beggars, maybe worse ! To be sure, a wife from far away had once come there, a proud, defant creature—Saul had her burning black cyes—but she had faded out of light and life and left her boy among them. Mrs. Dacre never forgot the illumination that kindled in those eyes of hers at the moment she understood there was only an bour or two more to live and the opening gates showed her the way to freedom. And Nancy ! It was making the nest of a silver dove out of the common mud. The Dacres were poor, perhaps, land-poor still; but they were the old settlers, the first proprietors, the aristocrats of the region. They had always held their heads high. And

now to have bim-"Why, when he was a boy he uster come for our skim milk !"

an opium-eater.

she oried. "He don't now," said Nancy. "And all them are dead and gone. And he's sold the Hollow, an' got a place on the hill, an' paid for it, an' don't coant on anythin'." "Reg'lar driver. But he ain't a goin' to drive my Nancy to her death." "Mother ! He loves me !" "Calf-love said the old woman, wrath-fully adjusting the pillows herself. "He'll love a good many girls yet." "Never, never, mother ! And .von'll

"Never, never, mother ! And 'you'll break his heart, and mine too." "I ain't no symperthy for those early loves an' heart-breaks. As if there wa'n't

nothin' else in the world but keepin' com-pany ! Your beart ain't so brittle. He loves himself. That's who ! And is'd be a great lift to him to git into our fam'bly.

My brick's gittin' cold, Nancy. My feet are like the clods of the valley. Marry ! How can you marry anybody, 'ith me on none head's !!

"He'd help. He'd be a reel son to you," sobbed Nancy, as she bent to find the

"I've got a daughter. I don't want no sons of the Manley sort-always nine o'clock with them till it's ten ! And I ain't one o' them that whiffles about,

Nancy. I ain't willin' to have him come in here an' master me, and I ain't goin' to be took care of in any house o' his'n. An' there it is !'' And the paler and thinner and sadder Nancy looked, as she went about her tasks, the fiercer the old woman grew with the sense of her responsibility for it. But that her child should conde-

scend from the high estate of a Dacre to that of the Black Manleys, the low-browed, beggarly crew-it was not to be thought

"It's no use, Saul," said Nanoy, when her lover came to the foot of the garden, one night of the last spring. "I can't leave "I don't ask you to leave her ! Dear.my

dear, I'd make her more comfortable than Nancy was crying softly, hiding her face

"There, there !" he said, as one might soothe a child, and laying his face on her soft hair. "We're better off than some, for

"I do'no'. Wal, anyways-Mis' Dacre, the folks is all mad as hornets at your tap

tremble ont. He followed her up on the high pastures knee-deep in the spicy sweet fern and bayberry, and into the green sha-dows of the wood. Once, through a gap of a crowding trees she naw the red flame of the support remeated and flashing in Aleck Man-the spice of the spice that's got a gran'ther's clock-

"They was tappin' then." and in that moment she comprehended all the sweetness, all the honeyed richness, of life—and in the next she broke away and ran; she had half plighted faith with John Dacre, and John Dacre was a comfortable man. She always hated the sight of that wood; she closed the window of her room "An' they're a-talkin' of goin' down to beadquarters an' hev it put a stop to-" Mrs. Daore sat up straight-she had not done such a thing in months. "Me!" she eaid. "Put a stop to!" Her great eyes were like a wild creature's. "Mis' Rugthat commanded it and the sunset glow gles," she said, "do you mean to say that shining through it, and set the head of her bed against it. For years she could see that flame burning in Aleok Manley's eyes be-gittin' what plaisure I can out o' this whenever she shut her own. But in time she outgrew it. It made her shudder then to think she might have been one of those miserable Manleys. But love seemed to be burned out of her in that one fiery mo-ment. She was a good wife; she took faith-ful care of John Dacre, with an aggressive loyalty, standing somewhat in awe of the

"I'm only speakin' to save you trouble, Mis' Dacre." said Mrs. Ruggles, laying the silent man; but not till her little Nancy came did she ever forget herself in another. The child appeared to her like a wonderful white flower blossoming out of the dead-sider'ble pains. I have a lot to do, now Johnny's gone, and I mos' broke my back choppin' kindlin's, til Saul Manley see ness of her inner life. Her child and John Dacre's-she was a miracle! Her innocence, the wind stirring the fine fair hair, and the blue eyes mirroring heaven, she felt this was the top of beauty. In her long cloak the child in her arms, she went into the green woods as if to teach her the spell of weaving branches: she dimensional to the spell of t green woods as if to teach her the spell of weaving branches; she dipped her in the brook, and the sparkle of the waters on the be'n readin' in some story paper, as l little rosy limbs seemed the radiance of gather, and it's jest at the most interestin'

p'int-"Do tell ! What's it all about ?"

some young angelic creature; you would bave met her down any lane when the wild "Lemme see. Why, it's about a gel, roses were in bloom, as if the loveliness of roung gel-she warn't a beauty, you know, but there was sunthin' to herthe earth were her darling's only fit com-panion. Then, living in the child, worshipknow, but there was sunthin' to her-maybe like you an' me, when we was yonng, don't you see-" "No, I don't !" said the other, with em-

basis. "Cap'n Ruggles allus said I was a beauty."

panion. Then, living in the ohild, worship-ping her, she began to love the ohildren of others; and loving the children, their fath-ers and mothers grew dear, and so present-ly she ruled and mastered the small com-munity through serving them. When she went out at night to watch by some sick-bed, the child was under her cloak, cradled by and by on a pillow that there as if she "So. Every eye makes its own, ye know. bed, the child was under her cloak, cradled by and by on a pillow, but there as if she were a part of the bealing forces. And in the bright dawning it seemed to the moth-er as if cure lay in the sight of that sweet was been done were the lead to the moth-er as if cure lay in the sight of that sweet was been done were the lead to the moth-er as if cure lay in the sight of that sweet was been done were the lead to the moth-er as if cure lay in the sight of that sweet what were the lead to the moth-er as if cure lay in the sight of that sweet what were the lead to the moth-er as if cure lay in the sight of that sweet what were the lead to the moth-er as if cure lay in the sight of that sweet what were the lead to the moth-er as if cure lay in the sight of that sweet what were the lead to the moth-er the lead to the moth-the moth to the moth-the moth to the moth to the moth-the moth to the the moth to the moth er as if cure lay in the sight of that sweet conntenance. Wars crashed over the land; it did not signify. The great elements were harnessed; it did not signify. John Daore died; it—did not signify. So long as there was Nancy the world rolled on serenely; there was need of nothing else. Nancy's going out of the house sent sha-dow into every room; sunshine came with her returning. The hours when she her-self was away from Nancy seemed time lost out of life; she looked forward to being at home with her again as to some festival. All the passion, all the fire, of her power-All the passion, all the fire, of her power-ful nature wrapped the child. She thought --until she was tried---that she would have phone off, an' the last thin' they said was --until she was tried--that she would have given Nancy her heart's blood. She had a certain fierce protecting instinct of the wild creature for its whelp; she felt that she could never die while Nancy needed her. She wondered what the child's dreame were about; she was jealous of the young wom-an's thoughts--tranquil thoughts they were, for Nancy was a Daore. When Nancy wider and wider. She clapped her haud or allouing the child's dreame were about; she was jealous of the young wom-an's thoughts--tranquil thoughts they were, for Nancy was a Daore. When Nancy wider and wider. She clapped her haud or allouing the child's dreame were about; she was jealous of the young wom-an's thoughts--tranquil thoughts they were, for Nancy was a Daore. When Nancy wider and wider. She clapped her haud or allouing the child wider. She clapped her baud or allouing the child wider. She clapped her baud or allouing the child wider. She clapped her baud about; she was jealous of the young they an's thoughts—tranquil thoughts they were, for Nanoy was a Dacre. When Nanoy joined the church, it seemed unnecessary; joined the church perfect. When sum-''What is it, Mis' Dacre ! My grief,

Nancy had been born perfect. When sum-mer days were long and fine, they seemed the promise of long, fine life to Nancy; and For a mome ey; and For a moment Mrs. Daore did not speak. when great winter storms were raging, the She was staring into vacancy as if she saw mother lay in a transport of content, shut in with her eleeping Nancy. The bitterness of it, then, when from this she was whispering to herself. "My Nancy !" depth of satisfaction she woke to the fact cy !" that Nancy lowed some one other than her-""Where's the camphire ?" oried Mrs. that Nancy loved some one other than her-self--and that other a Manley ! In a day, an hour, she grew old. Her sins had found Ruggles. But the old woman pushed her aside when she brought it. her out, the sin of the world had come to "Yon'll find a pair o' shoes in that clos et," she whispered presently. An' some stockin's in the left-ban' corner of the her door and was visited on her head. The blush branded her face so that the stain remained. The son of Aleok Manley ! She lower drawer o' the chist. Fetch 'em here -quick as winkin'-any on 'em ! An now, if you'll give me a helpin' han', I'll remembered that man's love, his kiss, as a erime she had committed. That his son should love Nancy was profanation, was sacrilege ! Had Nancy been overtaken by see what I can do, the Lord helpin', too. And presently Mrs. Dacre was sitting on the side of the bed, with a foot on the any dangerous illness, although it tore her heart, she would have given her bitter medicine. She must have bitter medicine ground. "Do you s'pose I can walk acrost the floor ?" she asked.

"That honey 'd orter make you sick! Ob,

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT. I wrote down my troubles every day; And after a few short years.

When I turned to the heartaches passed away, I read them with smiles-not tears. -John Boyle O'Reilly

FOR A CHILDREN'S PORCH PICNIC. Pond-lily Salad, with French dressing. French Dressing.

Lemom Relisb. Filled Bisonit Sandwiches.

Summer Stand-by. 5. 6. Cherry pectar.

POND LILY SALAD, WITH FRENCH DRESS ING.

The whites of several hard-boiled eggs Into neat, lengthwise pieces out; (Abont eight to each white will do To make a flower half shut.)

Arrange them on nasturtium leaves To form pond-lily petals; Next grate the yolks and add to them, Before the mixture settles.

Chopped olives and chopped celery, too, Seasoned until inst right.

And pile the mass in little mounds In the central "petals" white. Then, just before the salad is served

> Place it upon cracked ice, To look just like the water 'Neath the lily-pad device.

FRENCH DRESSING. Three tablespoons of salad oil, One half teaspoon of salt, Together blend so thoroughly That none can find fault.

FILLED BISCUIT SANDWICHES.

Take rolls, which you must see are fresh, Small, with a tender, orispy crust; The grahams round or biscuit raised Are easy to adjust.

Remove from tops a piece of crust, About a silver-dollar size, Scoop out with a blunt knife or spoon

The part that in the center lies.

Butter the inside of the shells, Spreading a little round the walls, And fill with hot creamed salmon, If the day for creamy, hot things calls.

Or, if you 'd rather have them cool, Fill with well-seasoned, well-chopped "meat,"

Fish, crab, or fruit; replace the lid, And pass in wicker basket neat.

You 'll find that dainties such as these Are almost always sure to please.

SUMMER STAND-BY. Whip up one pint of double cream With white of egg till stiff,-(The egg adds bulk and stiffens, too) ; Of sugar add a whiff.

Have ready English walnuts

FARM NOTES

-Too much cayenne pepper is said to cause liver trouble among poultry.

-It is very hard on a prompt borse to be obliged to work with a lazy one

-A lump of rock salt should be kept in the manger of every animal of the horse

-In matching up the work teams mate them in size, weight and disposition as nearly as possible.

-When lambs are about four months old, if intended for early market, they should be pushed strongly on feed.

-Sheep will damage orchards when the trees are small both by rubbing against them and by eating the tender bark.

-No class of live stock requires good fresh air and ventilated houses more than sheep to keep them perfectly healthy.

-As a rule most live stock do better when the grain fed to them is ground, but sheep will do as well when fed whole grain.

-It is just as important to water the colts regularly every day as to feed regu-larly in order to keep them in thrifty con-

-Lime is a stimulant fertilizer. If the eoil is sour an application sweetens it; if too heavy, lightens it; if too light, renders it more compact.

-Corn silage in limited quantity may be fed to sheep, but not in a large quantity. Yearling lambs when shedding their first teeth will not fatten rapidly on that accoupt.

-As a rule, a load of manure made of nitrogenous foods, if all the solids and fluids are properly saved and applied, is worth four loads of the ordinary farm manore that has lain out of doors all winter.

-Don't compel hogs to go a long distance for water when the heat waves shimmer aud dance in the distance. Fresh water at all times is a matter of vital im-portance; and the slop should be fed every day as made, and not be allowed to rot in the swill barrel.

-Cabbage plants thrive well under frequent cultivation. The cabbage is a gross feeder and too much manure cannot be applied. Should the plants be backward in growth apply a tablespoonful of nitrate of soda around each, scattering it over an area of one square foot and working it well into the soil

-In breeding profitable horses care should be taken to select animals known to possess desirable qualities. Vicious mares should not be bred. Every year bad dispositioned horses send quite a number of perons to premature graves and cripple others, while the material damage they do is quite considerable.

-An acre in this country contains 43,-560 square feet, or 160 square rods. A patch 69 yards, 5 inches wide and 70 yards long is practically an acre of ground. It is far better to see just how much can be raised on an acre than to follow the old plan of showing just how many acres one is able to plant and partially cultivate. The one-acre crop is in line with high-class diversified farming.

-- For batching always select the best shaped and largest eggs from the best layers. Buy the eggs from poultry raisers who are reliable and when you start in remember that the chickens to do well must be made to feel comfortable. This they cannot do if covered with mites and lice. The surroundings should be kept scrupulonsly clean and suitable fo provided. Hens need gravel, lime, bones, fresh lean meat as well as grain and green stuffs. -The value of sulphate of ammonia as a fertilizer was demonstrated in some Ger-man tests where marsh lands were fertilized with nitrate of soda and sulphate of ammonia. With both oats and beets the plants receiving sulphate vielded much more than those receiving nitrate. These results indicate that on marsh lands a liberal supply of lime, sulphate of am-monia may be advantageously substituted for nitrate of soda and confirms the wisdom of the practice common in Germany. -Fertilizers may be divided into two general classes-direct and indirect, or nutritive and stimulant. A direct or nu-tritive fertilizer is one which furnishes nourishment to the growing crop. Nourishment means simply nitrogen, phos-phoric acid and potash. These are the three ingredients which must be renewed through the medium of manures and fertilizers. A stimulant of indirect fertilizers is one which does not furnish an actual plant food to the soil, but by its stimulating action renders available some plant food which previously existed in the soil in an insoluble or unavailable condition. -The best investment a beginner in the sheep business can make is to buy good stock and the worst thing he can do is to get poor stuff because it is cheap. The better sheep one has the more pride he will take in keeping them up to the standard. He feels that he cannot afford to let them run down and generally if he is a progres-sive man he does not. If you have a pretsive man be does not. If you unchasing ty good flock make it better by purchasing a purebred ram for a foundation. You will find about all breeds represented in our advertising columns and if you don's see what yon want write us and we will gladly put you next to the right proposi-tion. The old statement that the ram is balf the flock is just as true now as it ever was, and no beginner should start without a gook kind of a sire. Whether you are a breeder or a feeder, do your work methodi-cally and with a definite purpose in view. The men who have succeeded are those who have followed this plan. This idea holds good in feeding as much as in breed-ing and as a rule the man who buys super-ior stock gets a superior price when they see what you want write us and we will ior stock gets a superior price when they are ready to go to market.

out her skirt bell-shape or gored. Gored 'd fit her figger best. This piller ain't jes' right, Nanoy. There—that's it. Deacon Morse was callin' up Mis' Morse—he was to West Centre. Didn't git her, fust call. Beems he couldn't raise but a dollar and married, and into the other life. And if a half for his apples, an' won't sell. So I gness we'd better keep our'n for one there, there's no divorcing, neither !" seventy-five. If some spile, they'll more'n The freshness of upturned furrows came guess we'd everage up."

frost this moruin'-it looked beautiful on the brown grass."

ders opened then. When Danny comes round wouldn't you better send a basketful to Mis' Ruggles? Them won't spile. I even in their trouble. Tomorrow-well, never could see why everyboday don't hev tomorrow the roses might be in bloom. never could see why everyboday don't bey an apple tree as much as a back door. And Nancy stayed half happy in the They're motherly creeturs with their broodin' boughs. It makes me feel dretful bad to think of Johnny runnin' off to sea the happiness and giving her a pathetic an' forsakin' Ann Mari'. It's mos' broke an' forsakin' Ann Mari'. It's mos' broke Mis' Ruggles down. Don't you forgit Mis' Ruggles down. Don't you forgit about sendin' the apples, Nanoy. I declare to man, I do'no' w'at we done afore we hed the rural telephone. It's better'n rural free delivery; for that comes now an' then, but this comes all the time. I useter then, but this comes all the time. I useter lie here like a dead tree—nothin' stirrin' but the pend'lum of the clock tickin' off my days like a sentence of death. An' now I'm all alive an' foll o' the life of folks. I don't need to see 'em the way I did when the days was so long. An' w'en they do come in I've got lots to tell 'em. Now the days ain't long enough." There was a whir andden as the chal.

Now the days ain't long enough." There was a whir, sudden as the chal-lenge of a rattlesnake, and the receiver was at Mrs. Dacre's ear. "Tot, tut !" she said. "It's only Mis' Monroe a-tellin' Mamy to wear her rubbers. Them sort o' no-account messages make me disappointed as I be lenge of a rattlesnake, and the receiver was at Mrs. Daore's ear. "Tot, tut !" she said. "It's only Mis' Monroe a-tellin" many of wear her rubbers. Them sort o' no-account messages make me disappointed as I be when I'm readin' the paper if there ain't anybody I know in the deaths an' mar-there I you won't never git to your There I you won't never git to your I can be, I cal'klate. It does seem one o' none, till long after she had turned up her the mysteries, when I useter be head of lovely looks, everybody felt an ownership everythin' here, that I can't set foot to the in her and her affections. "I can't think

"P'r'aps you could, mother dear, if you

"Nancy ! You go right about your work! If that's all the symperthy I git-" And Nancy laughed and kiesed her ter ?!

"Ob, you pretty flower !" said Mrs. Daore-when the door was closed.

But what she had said was quite true ;

Mrs. Dacre was a personage in the settle-ment. A native desire to rule had made it ment. A native desire to rule had made it impossible for her not to meddle. She was never too tired to wake in the night and walk a couple of miles to a sick had. For never too tired to wake in the night and walk a couple of miles to a sick-bed. Few were born in the place without her help; few died that she did not close their eyes. She had sprung from elippery stone to slippery stone, crossing the brook, the ice breaking up; she had gone through the hills in driving snow where many a shep-herd lost the way; and the summer light-nings never held her back on errands of mercer. She could hardly have todd yon it was a final to be became John Daore's wife. And John Daore had not been the only man meroy. She could bardly have told you if they were errands of meroy or of desire to be a part of all that was going on. She was the confidante of the village; they re-ported to her, consulted her, came to her is tronghe, the configuration of the village is they have to her to tronghe, the configuration of the village is the bird on the wing, she had seen him breaking his great white horse, she had ported to her, consulted her, came to her in trouble; her curiosity conquered, her vivacity cheered; her love of ruling gave support. bis name was Manley. He overtook her when her work was done, and

tell me berself. Fact is, Nancy, it's like a | we've got each other. If we never marry, continnered story in the papers. I'm reely ['11 be faithful to you, Nancy, till the day curus to know if Almedy Bent's goin' to I die and after." "Ob. ob. I don't want to keep you bound, and cut off from a home and-

there's no marryin' nor givin' in marriage

"The ground was covered with a hear bet this morain'—it looked beautiful on e brown grass." "Means a thaw. Have the suller win-rs opened then. When Danny comes and wouldn't you better send a basket I to Mis' Ruggles? Them won't snile.

DOW.

came in their place. mother said. "I ain't much appetite." "That's no matter," said the indomi-table old spirit. "You eat! You'll git the good of it whether you want it or not. You had the combs fetched in? Honey's fustrate for you. Who took 'em? You?' "Saul took them, mather."

"D you pay him?" "Pay Saul!" me, me, there ain't a trouble sharper 'n an ongrateful child gives ye!" But just then the telephone bell tinkled, and Mrs. Dacre surmounted her own trouble temporarily in her lively interest in the affairs of others. It was late that afternoon that Mrs. Rug-It was rate that afternoon that Mirs. Rug-gles passed the window and came in. She had a branch of witch-hazel, strung with its threads of bloom, in her hand. "I thought I'd fetch it over," she said, "jest '* a token that summer ain't all gone. I mind you like the nat'ral thin's. Somehow why people are so good to me," Nancy once said.

"Why shouldn't they be ?" said her other. "Ain't you John Dacre's daughmother.

I feel when this blows that it's a sign the John Dacre's daughter! Although Nancy felt her mother a part of the walls of the world, it was her father, in his always subdued and quiet mood, toward whom her heart yearned. But this wilful old woman had not al-

Mrs. Dacre. "I was jes' tellin' Mis' Bent to get the flowers an' make a poultice for Tom's hurt-" "W'y, I didn't know- How'e you lear "They phoned for Dr. Bly. But he'd gone down to Salt Water. So I told her what to do. She was obleeged an' thankfn]."

Mrs. Ruggles was a colorless little wom-an, who would have looked hardly more than the shadow of some one else if a black eye had not animated the ashes like a coal of fire and given her life and personality. She fidgeted now, took another chair, rais-ed the window-shade, and tied its cord and tassel again. "You phoned?" she said. "Mis' Daore, I'm half a mind to tell you annthin'." sunthin'," "Make it a whole one, Phoebe.

overtook her when her work was done, and knowed you hed sunthin' on your mind.

"I s'pose you can do most anythin' you eet out to do," answered the obedient Saul being forbidden the borders, Phœbe.

Mrs. Dacre contrived work enough for "I guess some folks 'll be surprised," Nancy to keep her hands and ber thoughts full through her waking hours. But she could not hinder Nancy's dreams at night, eaid Mrs. Daore, drawing in her breath, and gingerly following one foot with the "There !" she exclaimed, triumand perhaps it was their sweetness that other. gave her every morning the soft flush on her check, the brightness of the beaming phantly, as, grasping the bedpost, she stood up. "When I was a baby and could stood up. "When I was a baby and could pull myself up by a cheer, I walked off. I wouldn't wonder if I could do it again !" eye, the tender smile about the lips, until they faded into the light of common day, and the patient look of endurance that And slightly tottering, but imperionaly "You ain't eatin' enough, Nancy," her

And slightly tottering, but imperiously waving Mrs. Ruggles away, she crossed the room to the big obest of drawers, and found the various garments she wanted. "You jest toss that bed together, Phœbe, if you wanter help," she said. "There !" she exclaimed at last. "I guess I kin du without the phone. You tell the folks, Phoebe. A man in the bonse makes a con-sider'ble diffrunce. Now'' she said, re-tracing her steps, "I'm clothed, and in my right mind. Bat I do feel wobbly. Where's the phone ? Central ! Gimme 9-

0-9, ring three. I want the Elder." "Mother ! Mother !" oried Nancy, running in, breathlessly, her flat-iron holder in hand. "Oh, what has happened ! Get right back into bed ! Oh, mother dear, do ! Ob, you ain't a goin' to die !" And she threw her arms around the recent invalid

in a resisting terror. "Die? Nonsense, Nancy ! Die ! I'm as well as ever I was in my life. I've had a ceantiful rest. Where's your cambric dress ?" "My-what-which one ?" asked Nan-

oy, not knowing what she said, and trem-

oy, not knowing what she said, and trem-bling as if before some catastrophe. "Which one? The only one you got ! The one I stood up in with your father an' made over for you ! Put it on quick—here's Mis' Ruggles 'll hook it up. There ain't a-goin' to be any gallopin' consumption in this honse ! I'm callin' the Elder to fetch Said Wahler here ont of hend. What for ? Lord's lookin' out for us still, as much as when the bow was set in heaven. Ain't that so, Mis' Dacre? I take it as a promise o' spring flowers." "It's most excellent for a bruise," said Sanl Manley here, out o' hand. What for ?

Don't you see I've got my silk gownd on ? I'm a goin' to a weddin' ! My heart, what a blessin' the telephone is !"-By Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Harper's Monthly Magazine.

-Do you know that you can get the finest, oranges, bananas and grape fruit,

and pine apples, Sechler & Co.

-Do you know where to get the finest anned goods and dried fruits, Sechler & Co.

> -Do you know where to get the finest teas, coffees and spices, Sechler & Co.

Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Which are rather finely ground, A dozen dates, half dozen fige In pieces, fine, out round.

Three shakes of pepper next stir in ; If sugar is preferred, Omit the pepper, and instead Let "sugar shakes" be stirred.

Half tablespoon of vinegar Or lemon-juice next add ; And when they're all together mixed This dressing is not bad.

LEMON BELISH. Select some good-sized lemons sonr. And trim for each a "base," So as to make each separate fruit "Stand up" and keep its place.

Cut next a piece from off each top, Then scoop the inside out ; Fill with sardines and olives, too

Chopped up and stirred about,

With good French dressing, unto which Some celery seasoning add ; Garnish with watercress and serve, And all your guests make glad.

Stir them into the well-whipped cream, Put into mold, and cover tight, Packing in pail, with ice and salt As for ice-cream's delight.

Let stand for nearly five long hours, When you will surely find This quantity eight guests will serve And be just to their mind.

Since this desert of many kinds Of flavors is a blend, Some neutral-flavored waferette Its service should attend.

CHERRY NECTAR. Two quarte of stemmed red cherries In three oups of vinegar stand For three or four whole days at least, Then strain through cloth by hand.

To every pint of liquid tart, Add pint of sugar too ; Boil twenty minutes, bottle tight,-And you've a "temperance brew."

This neotar, well diluted, pour

-Do you know we have the old style sugar syrups, pure goods at 40 cents and 60 cents per gallon, Sechler & Co.

 This neotar, well diluted, pour
In glasses of cracked ice;
Upon a warm or sultry day
Refreshing 't is, and nice.
By Charlotte Brewster Jordan, in St.
Nicholas.
Plain cloth skirts, out with almost riding habit enugness and dropping on the floor all around, are much seen with fine bodies. Many beautiful nets and faces, in the exact tone of the material used for the body the blood with all the elements needed to make sound flesh and and sturdy muscle. Don't let your child be handicapped in the race of life. Give it "Golden Medical Discovery" and that will give it strength.
The best of the elegant odd bodices repeats somewhas the note of the skirt, women of taste and ingenuity adding these themselves with many a ready-made waist. The growing child has to be doubly