Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., September 17, 1909.

MY DUG.

The curste thinks you have no soul : I know that he has none. But you, Dear friend, whose solemn self-contro In our four-square, familiar pew,

Was pattern to my youth-whose bark Called me in summer dawns to rove-Have you come down into the dark Where none is welcome, none may love

I will not think those good brown eyes Have spent their light of truth so soon But in some canine Paradise Your wraith, I know, rebukes the moon,

And quarters every plain and hill, Seeking its master. . . . As for me, This prayer at least the gods fullfil ; That when I pass the flood, and see

Old Charon by the Stygian coast. Take toll of all the shades who land Your little, faithful, barking ghost

May leap to lick my phantom hand. St. John Lucas, in St. Louis Globe Democrat.

THE BAND."

music at The Springs, during my day at least, had always been furnished by a vio-I think the reason that Philip Bars tow and I get on so well together is because we both crossed the prestidigitator's bridge at about the same time. Every one has seen net was added, and once the orchestra cona prestidigitator's bridge—it is the plank sisted of four young boys, but as they were the sight of me, she was glad it was not overred with red baize that the magician just learning to play, the music that year one of several others. Somewhat embold-uses to cross from the stage to auditorium was perhaps a little worse than usual. But ened, I asked her permission if I might sit whatever the number of the instrumentalwhen he comes down into the audience to force cards on us or take rabbits from our inside pockets or coins from our ears. All of us bachelors who live long enough must Band," and so during the past summer, oroses the magician's bridge one day and take our places in the andience. The lucky man is the one who makes the transition willingly and in good season. That time of "The Band" was Miss Helen Glenham, rather nenally comes about the moment when we which fact I gathered after considerable begin to meet young women at dinners questioning from the guests who had pre-who look just like their mothers used to ceded me at The Springs. Her contract look twenty years before-twenty years demanded that she play the piano every ago when they married the other man; morning in the main parlor from ten until "I really feel," I said, "as if I had you when we give up tennis for golf and insist eleven, and again in the ballroom at night at a terrible disadvantage—as if you were that billiards is splendid exercise; when from eight until eleven. I hope it was not the bumps of our youth develop into rheu- on account of the quality of the music, but matic joints and the safety-valve of our in-it is, nevertheless, a fact that this seemed ed road and beyond to the unending ridges they never did hear her answer. As Mrs. ternal machinery is forever sounding a to be an off season for the dancing at The of hills. The month drooped into the Simmons said, they should have known It is not easy for some of us unmarried Springs. Occasionally the young people wandered into the ballroom, and on Saturwarning to our appetites.

men to make the transition; there are those day nights we organized several rather in--a very few-who, after they have crossed formal cotillions; but for the most part the bridge, go back and take up the fight "The Band" played to an empty room. I again-even marry. But these are not the must say, however, that she was most con true bachelors, the bachelors who were scientions in performing her duty, and dur-ing the appointed hours remained faithfully born bachelors, who in their youth carry on most scandalously with every pretty at her post. Whether the ballroom was girl in the village, but, way down in their crowded or empty, one could always hear girl in the village, but, way down in their through the open windows "The Band," with a most fearful regularity, first bangearts know that their finish is a trained name and a faithful body-servant.

Barstow and I used to dine at the same elab, but we give that up some time ago. Now we have a little side table at Sherry's The first time I saw her, she was resting or Martin's or even Rector's, where the stage is amply filled and the actors are usu-

if they are women and if they are men waist and that duck skirt, she makes those eral times I spoke to her during the eventhrow their bats on the ground before they address you. There are no tennis courts, and it is too mountainous for a golf course; her."

and it is too mountainous for a gore course of a the sports, such as they are, consist of a croquet ground and a shuffleboard. The social relaxation is supposed to consist in of knowing "The Band" at all, when quite polite conversation on the piazzas, an oc-casional game of whist in the botel parlor, ed. It was warm, and I was walking and dancing at night in the ballroom. No slowly, bat in band, along a rather unneed simpler life can be found anywhere, and a monutainous road, when I saw a white man who hires a runabout for an afternoon skirt in the shade of a large boulder some drive over the mountain roads is considerlittle distance from the roadway. I knew ed a good deal of a spendthrift. And yet that the white skirt must belong to there is something in the wooded hills, the clear blue skies, and the bomely life that knew that I must know the wearer, becalls the same people back year after year cause I knew all of the hotel guests. So I to this little hotel hidden away in the climbed the snake fence, which separated Virginia mountains. Some of the cabins me from the boulder and approached which once held the overflow of the hotel cantiously.

"Good afternoon," I said from the far have been turned into servants' quarters, side of the rock, and before I had discover- "You can't do anything," said Mrs. ed the identity of the lady in the white Simmons decidedly. "The girl may be as while others have crumbled into utter side of the rock, and before I had discoverdisnse; and this would seem to bear out the testimony of the oldest guest that The skirt.

Springs was once the scene of a greater social activity. But be that as it may, the "Good afternoon," said somebody, whom I knew by the voice to be no other than "The Band." A little discouraged, younger generation of Southern girls still I walked about the rock and found her sitting with her back against the boulder. In her lap there lay a novel, and her sailor hat had been thrown aside. At the sight of me she smiled, not brightly perhaps, but with the same lovely droop to one side of the month that Mrs. Simmons had spoken

"The Band" said it, it sounded to me as though, while she was not thrilled with down. With a nod of ber pretty head she

rather heavy cigar, and did not feel particularly like smoking again, but her remark was so unusually human and nnexpected that I promptly pulled out my

wavering little smile again "Yes?" she

"You see you have no piano to protect steps to look over, no keys to ran little scales on while I am trying to tell you how

"The piano is not the best in the world," ing out a waltz and then a two-step, then

"No, I suppose not, but it is so much better than the one I was taught on."

servants are the kind who courtery to you now. Why, with that dollar-twenty shirt- be wholly concealed from passers-by. Sev- heavy sleep. I turned in my cramped waist and that duck skirt, she makes those girls of plumage dancing round there look like scullery maids. I'm crazy about ther." I had been at The Springs perhaps about a fortnight, and had quite given up all hope of knowing "The Band" at all, when quite by accident we became slightly acquaintand so my vision was limited to a frame, perhaps six inches high and two feet in length. There was a little station made of Band" hanging out the two-steps and the waltzes with the same fearful regularity. It had always been the custom at The Springs to discontinue the music after the 1st of September, and a few of us men had each year arranged some little benefit for the musicians just before their departure. but the lamp was not lit, and, indeed. so It was usually a concert, or amateur thea-tricals, but the style of entertainment really far as I could see, there were no signs whatever of life about the place. There was a narrow wagon-road, which ran by the other side of the station, and beyond this a high, mattered very little so long as there was an admission fee charged. It was just a week now to the 1st of September, and the quesuneven grassy bank, and then a field of oats, which stirred slowly in the morning tion naturally arose as to what we could do is the way of a benefit for Miss Glenham. breeze. Beyond this field there must have

been another road, which I could not see, because there, to all appearances, stood the poor as a church-mouse-and I am quite town. The sun had scarcely risen as yet willing to believe that she is the sole sup-port of her mother-but I'm sorry for the committee which has to offer her the pro-liant scarlet, which faded to a pink ro-e above the horizon, but back of a circle of color, and then from a pearly gray into the

And there the matter rested for the deep blue of the passing night. At the end night. The next morning we sat about the of what I took to be the village street there porch and talked it over and over again, stood a little low brick building, and on until I bit on an idea which met with everybody's approval. It seemed to me that, as long as the girl had been playing which showed that it was the office of the

she was to leave, and started in at once to colonial in its lines, and it was a home that, make the plans. Old Howard Kinney, who had led all the famous cotillions at The rounded by great lawns and spreading Springs for the last twenty years, was, of trees, but now it was shut in by the other course, to lead with Miss Glenham ; Mrs. buildings, and the dignity of it was alto-Simmons was to arrange the supper, and I gether gove. Its every line sagged, the granted the request. We both sat tailor-fashion-she against the rock and I facing committee chosen to get the flowers and do the steps had well-nigh rotted away and the decorations, and I have never known the walls, which had once been white, were an event at The Springs which the crowd tock up with such real enthusiasm. That night Mrs. Simmons and several other bigh and narrow, with many balconies of ladies went into the ballroom after the last highly wronght ironwork. Beyond these dance was over and officially asked "The Band" to come to her own dance. Mrs. Simmons told me later that the girl didn't as if they were used for a livery stable. seem to quite know just what they meant And this was apparently the extent of the end at first, but when she did understand she town. Beyond I could see only untilled ly. looked from one woman to the other and fields, broken here and there by clumps of then threw her arms out in front of her on pine trees.

the plano and buried her face in them ; so And then I was suddenly shaken rough ly by the shoulder, and a very scared and Simmons said, they should have known balf awake porter told me we were at Hod-better than to talk to the girl when she was genville. I hurried out of the car and found balf-awake porter told me we were at Hodher standing waiting for me on the bank just beyond the station. She held out both tired out after playing all the evening. But she came down, all smiles, the next morning for breakfast; so the plans for the her hands : "It was so good of you to come," she said.

dance went right along. It was the first intention to have several She wore a shirt-waist and a short duck of the ladies do the playing, but it was decided afterward to hire the band of four skirt, and her eyes were as bright and her skin as clear and cool as the fresh morning pieces from the Alum Springs from over breeze that blew little wisps of bair across the mountain. Some of the people from the Alum Springs heard what the ball was her forehead and about her ears. "And so this is Hodgenville ?" I asked.

She nodded in the direction of the five houses. "Yes," she said, "that is Hodgen-ville. The big house that used to be white dance just like that one-and there have is our home."

or Martin's or even Rector's, where the stage is amply filled and the actors are usa-ally well-dressed and often beautiful, and we can watch their little affairs, and, un-known to them, have our innocent jokes at their expense. In the olub -we talked of ourselves, but at the club -we talked of ourselves, but that was before be learned that history was not fiction, but fact, and that if ever ivad not come tumbling about the beast ily and not come tumbling about the beast of those who were unfortunate enough to filte wing it on the rack, started to play and. She was a rather delicate-looking of those who were unfortunate enough to filte wing it on the rack, started to play at no. She was a rather delicate-looking been some pretty famous dances at The Springs, too. It seemed as if every inch of "And there is nothing beyond ?" "Becau-e I'm old," I replied promptly, if we hadn't separated on the porch five "and prohably because we get on so far minutes before. She looked a little pale house and show you how we have decorated the easiest way to express that appreciathe ballway and the parlors with all the tion is with the voice." There was one thing that worried us a good deal theo, and even now, when there is plenty of time between the lighting of our cigars and the bour for starting for the play, we cosasionally discuss it mildly. It as, of alloblerie. Had there been a little is a trift all, with big brown eyes and our cigars and the bour for starting for the play, we cosasionally discuss it mildly. It as a trift all the ball-tired look went out of her eyes, and all the bour for starting for the play, we cosasionally discuss it mildly. It as a trift all the ball-tired look went out of her eyes, and all the bour for starting for the play, we cosasionally discuss it mildly. It as a trift all the ball-tired look went out of her eyes, and all the ball-reaction all the ball-tired look went out of her eyes, and all that evening they fairly shone on all of us. The Parisian now wear ever so simple that evening they fairly shone on all of us. The Parisian now wear ever so simple that evening they fairly shone on all of us. The Parisian now wear ever so simple that evening they fairly shone on all of us. The Parisian now wear ever so simple that evening they fairly shone on all of us. The parising they

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

All who joy would win, must share it. Happiness was born a twin.

-Bryon.

clapboards, which at one time must have been painted red. Over the door there was a kerosene lamp held in a superstructure was When piece gowns are worn, separate revelation of the tailor's art, so exquisitely fashioned and haudsomely trimmed are some of them. Plain designs are also de-cidedly smart, deriving their character from the finished lines and superior workmanship.

For present wear nothing is more popu-lar than circular capes, in many modifications, as well as the conventional shape. Of these the military is most practical. If, however, this model that displays the

high collar that does not meet under the chin is selected it will be more comfortabl and style will not be sacrificed.

These wraps are always of cloth or serge, never silk or satin, and are almost devoid of trimming, with the exception of a pretty collar and buttons for closing. This is the strictly military. Then there is a modification in a wrap

for afternoon or evening use in cars. This should be trimmed with buttons, braid and sometimes embroidery.

For more pretentions occasions the newest circular cape is cut with a deep round yoke fitting the figure as far as the elbow. It is cut in pointed scallops all around, then handsomely trimmed with braid the color of the cloth.

The points are free, giving a double cape effect. Developed from soft old rose cloth and lined with peau de cygne the same shade a wrap on this order would be exquisite.

A new feature of the latest coats is a lining to match or contrast. White, so long a favorite, has been abolished, for not a single wrap among the new models dis-plays a white satin lining.

Only a few years ago white duchesse sat-in lining was "correct." Now the prefer-ence is for colored peau de cygne exclusive-

Colored broadcloth separate coats for day wear are few. When a color is preferred, then the circular model is bought.

Lightweight tweed separate coats are mart looking, plainly tailored and in unobtrusive colorings. For business wear over a thin dress these coats answer admirably when the time comes that such protectio is needed.

One sees a touch of velvet on many of the new garments. A coat shown in one shop, for instance, was a rough frieze, thick, but not heavy, made in a kind of ulster, suitable for steamer or automobile wear, and was finished with a large sailor collar of black velvet. It was odd looking and scarcely a practical trimming.

Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, who, at the age of 80 years, is still teaching music, said at a musical breakfast tendered to her prior

come there dressed in a simple finery, which, I fear, is often paid for after much eaving through the winter months. But the Southern daughter of the old school must still have her month at The Springs, and there the young men still go to pay ocurt to their future brides. With the exception of two summers, the abont. "Ob, it's you, is it?" she said. Of course, there are several ways of eay-ing: "Ob, it's you, is it?" but the way

her

"Wouldn't you like to smoke?" she

As a matter of fact, I had just finished a

cigar case.

quite in my power." The girl looked up and down the desert-

yon now, no high pite of waltzes and two-

well you played the last dance.' For the first time since I had known her, the girl laughed.

"No one was ever brave enough to tell me that," she said. "Why, my playing has killed dancing at The Springs."

I suggested between numbers, her hands lying idly on

for other people to dance all summer, it would be a good thing to have one night when she could dance and the rest could play. We chose the evening just before the state of the place. It was purely

all about and followed their band over and

gave the dance quite a foreign flavor. The

oldest guest admits that there never was a

seeds."

of those who were unfortunate enough to again. She was a rather delicate-looking be left behind. girl, fairly tall, with big brown eyes and

play, we occasionally discuss it initialy. the arming matter of who is going to save inde trainanton and the set of a compromise with tird look in her eyes, she would certainly, the Trust Senators just before they take our so far as heauty weut, have outdistanced last dollar. Of course, we admit that some-thing is going to save our country-there Her hair was piled high on her head-an seems to be a saving factor in our national arrangement as unbecoming as it well makeup that always developes when it could be-and she wore a simple taffeta tends that when the time is ripe the old was modest, indeed, as compared to the Paritan blood, the cold intelligence, and clothes of the young women for whom she the hard common sense of New England played. Later in the evening I was introduced to will assert itself and straighten things ont. But then Barstow was born and brought up somewhere near Boston, and not very far from Concord, and he is just about as rather resented the fact that I bad made a narrow es one of his own stone fences. My argument is that the best life-the life that produced the greatest refinement and oul-ture throughout the country, the life that monosyllables, for which I was sorry, beput kindliness and hospitality and brother- cause her low, even. Southern voice had at our table, but who are supposed to dance ly love above money-grubbing-was the a great charm for me. On several other instead of paying board. As a matter of occasions I made an effort to talk to her life that was pretty thoroughly choked out of the Southern States during the late un- while she was resting between a waltz and pleasautness. We Northerners certainly a two-step, but my success was not more could persuade any of the women to dance stamped it out as well as we knew how; conspicuous than at the time of our first to my music." She opened the book which but from what I have seen, there is a good meeting, and for my pains I was well laugh she had been reading when I interrupted deal of it left, and when they learn down there that the war is really over, I believe the old blood will quicken again, a d if it "The Band," but failed as ignominionsly smiled at me and really locked very beaucirculates sufficiently far, and in enough as myself. To some of the women who had different directions, it will do the country asked her to take walks or to drive with "I want to tell you," she said, "that I a whole lot of good. Of course, Barstow them she had been to the men who met only play for about four months each year. and I have no sectional feeling, and we her, but, so far as I knew, she had accept The rest of the time I live in Hodgenville would like to see every monument that ed no invitations of any kind. The rest of the time I live in Hodgenville has been raised by either side thrown into "What she does with herself all day I left of the Glenhams, and indeed there isn't don't know," said Mrs. Simmons one the deep sea. It is only the ultimate effect of the blood we worry about. evening as we stood at the ballroom door.

Very early in July Barstow and I sepa-Mrs.Simmons was a whole-souled, stontish rate; he goes to Magnolia, where he meets nothing but Bostonians, and I go to Virginia, which Northerners avoid because ilege. they have a wrong idea that it is hot. When we return in September we swap experiences that are supposed to bolster up our old arguments, and although we have it isn't because I haven't tried." done this for ten years, it has not made any difference in our views. But when I suggested. "Well, I don't like her way," Mrs. Simget back I am going to tell Barstow my experiences with "The Band" at the Madi-son Sulphur Springs, which, in way of apology for all that I have said before this, was only made possible by the fact that I had long passed the magician's bridge and was regarded by "The Band" as a mere looker on. a sight, is it? I'd like to take her in hand.

The Madison Salphar Springs is not I'd drive one or two of these young things one of those numerous summer resorts in the South which have been rebuilt or re-homes. Only last night I asked her to drive the South which have been rebuilt or re-stored. It is, in all ways, I imagine, very over to Bowl Rock for tea this afternoon, ment rested in my hardened hand : "I'm much as it was long before the war. There | and she besitated for at least a minute, a is the main building-big and spreading in | if she were running over her engagements, possible. all its proportions, with a broad porch and and then she smiled sweeter than anything high finted pillars. At one end there is I ever saw in my life, and said: 'You're so the dining-room, square and severe, with good to ask me, Mrs. Simmons, but to-whitewashed walls. Napkin-rings are still morrow its just impossible.' I could have in favor and the colored servants, by way- slapped her, and all the time she kept on ing joints climbed the snake fence. I sat ing long paper fans over your head, more smiling and picking out a waltz. You on the top rail for a moment to rest, and you, and I could say it so much better or less successfully shoo away the flies know that droop she has to her mouth then I turned to look back at her. She while you eat.

The door at the other end of the piazza uncomfortable in my life. I don't say she same moment she too glanced up and warleads into the ballroom, which is a little wasn't nice and pleasant, because she was, en a delicate hand to me. But neither in smaller than the dining-room, but equally but when she started to bang out that the manner of the salutation nor in the smaller than the dining-room, but equally severe in its lack of decoration. The hotel is surrounded by a wonderful lawn studded by splendid oak trees, and at the left of the lawn there is a semicircle of little white-washed cottages devoted to the bachelor The body in the stated to bang out that but when she statted to bang out that waitz, while I was still standing there, I was no better blood in Virginia than the Simmonses. But I didn't, because I knew the worldn't care, so I waddled out, and was no externed to the bachelor ments of any kind, but the rooms are im-ments of any kind, but the rooms are im-maculately clean and fresh, and the colored to another party of mine. Just look at her maculately clean and fresh, and the colored to another party of mine. Just look at her maculately clean and fresh, and the colored to another party of mine. Just look at her maculately clean and fresh, and the colored to another party of mine. Just look at her maculately clean and fresh, and the colored to another party of mine. Just look at her maculately clean and fresh, and the colored to another party of mine. Just look at her maculately clean and fresh and the colored to another party of mine. Just look at her maculately clean and fresh and the colored to another party of mine. Just look at her maculately clean and fresh and the colored to another party of mine. Just look at her maculately clean and fresh and the colored to another party of mine. Just look at her maculately clean and fresh and the colored to another party of mine. Just look at her maculately clean and fresh and the colored to another party of mine. Just look at her maculately clean and fresh and the colored to another party of mine. Just look at her maculately clean and fresh and the colored to another party of mine. Just look at her maculately clean and fresh and the colored to another party of mine anot

"It's her way of playing the part," I

imagine how sweet and pretty my little now she wore it in soft rolls and coils inbedroom at the top of the bouse seems after stead of piling it high on her head and she those three hours. And yet, it's a very wore a decollete dress that showed the delibare little room." cate throat and well rounded arms, and

"You seem very fond of your little room," I suggested; "at least no one ever sees you out of it, except at the piano and in the dining-room. Why aren't you more sociable."

'Wny ? Why, because I'm 'The Band.' "That's foolish. Isn't it respectable to be a band ?" I asked.

"This a perfectly respectable band." she dress so simply before. The music from the rival Springs sounded really pretty said smiling. "I'm just as respectable as the clerk of the hotel, and that other very point of meeting her. To my somewhat fresh young map who sits at my table and forced and formal remarks she slowly nod- who runs the livery. We are all honest on from New York were a great success. There were hig hats, which had been trimwho runs the livery. We are all hopest workers and are much more respectable than the young men who don't have to sit shepherdess's crooks and wands for the fact, I suppose they would earn their bed and for the final figure we had favors made and board a little more honestly if they danced all the time, and her favors were better time, apparently, and after the way she had treated us all during the summer, it was wonderful to see how gracious she could he, and what a wonderful charm and

splendid poise she had for a young girl. At last the hand played "Dixie" and "Home, Sweet Home," and we all marched out to the porch, where we had a most elaborate hot supper, including a fine claret cup, which Mrs. Simmons had brewed herself. much more lefs of Hodgenville. Hodgen-I have never known a party to go off with more go and zing to it, and it was two o'clock in the morning before we said good-night. "The Band" shok hands with all ville is a very small place in Virginia, where two trains stop going north every lady, who wanted to mother the entire Springs and was usually granted the priv-south. Fortunately for Hodgenville, there "One never sees her about any- is a tank there where the engines take on of us, men and women, and even now I can see the tall, lithe figure of the girl as she walked up the staircase of the hotel, her head slightly bent above the beautifully rounded throat, a big bunch of red roses where. Surely she must go out of her room sometimes except to go to the hall-room, but I certainly can't catch her, and held in the white arms, and half a dozen

fully. "I thought of asking you to walk back to the hotel," I suggested-"that is, after a men following carrying her favors with them. She left us the next morning, and

"You are a brave man," she said. I supposed it was to he the last time that I would, in all probability, ever see her, be-cause I knew, as "The Band," she had not been much of a success. But just before she left she came to me and said that she and bred- at least she looks it—and, be-sides, I've beard she was. But just be-cause you're a lady is no excuse for being a brave man even to make the offer, and I admire you for is."

I put on my hat and slowly arose. "Good-by," I said, "you're quite impossible."

will have to pass through Hodgenville about five o'clock in the morning. I should "No, you're wrong again"--she put out like to ask you to stop with us, but for certain reasons I fear that that is impossi-ble. But the train stops there for about ten minutes to take on water. If you could not impassible-it's 'The Band' that's im-

I shook my head by way of protest, but let me know the day you are coming, and she did not see me because she was already think that you could possibly get up that early, I could meet you at the station. It deeply engrossed in her book. So once more I turned reluctantly, and with creakwould only be for ten minutes, but there is something that I should like to say to there." When at last the time came for me to

leave The Springs until about eleven o'clock at night, I lay down on my berth

before we reached Hodgenville. The train finally came to a stop, and I tion."

I suppose I must have looked a little surprised when she used the word Yankee, cause she at once tried to explain, and think she found it very difficult.

"You see mother lives so far from the how wonderfully her head was set on her world and has been out of things for such shoulders. Is was a nice simple white dress she wore, with just a dash of black a long time, and then you know it is not easy for very old people to forget. This back we are standing on used to be the ribbon about it. I don't know much about

women's clothes, but I thought she was quite as well dressed as any one in the first terrace on our place. room, but at the same time it seemed to me I instinctively glanced up at the wreck

of the old house. The girl nodded. "They used to call it Glenham Hall. It that I had never seen the other women was quite a showplace then-the lawn ran well, and the favors which I had had sent way down there to where you see the creek. It was a kind of park, and here where we are standing mother says there used to be peacocks struting about and young deer. I think it must have been lovely then, don't you ?" And then for a few moments med with enormous bows of ribbon and girls, and for the men there were little bundles of cigars and imitation decorations, there was silence. The sun was peeping over the pine trees now and the sky and air were fairly aglow with a warm yellow of real silver. Of course, Miss Glenham light. There were insects buzzing all about us, and many little birds were chirppiled many feet high against the wall back about us, and many little nirds were chirp-ing a welcome to the warm sunshine. It was she who was the first to speak It is much better to wear a few pairs unof her chair. I never saw any one have a was she who was the first to speak.

"Do yon-do yon have holly in New York ?" she asked-"I mean at Christmas ?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "It comes in wreathes with a large red bow on each wreath.' "Ours isn't nearly so grand as that, but

mother and I thought we would send you some about Christmas time-that is, if you would care for it. The woods about here are full of it, and there is so little-" She did not finish the sentence, for just

then the whistle of our engine sounded and the porter come burrying around the sta-tion to warn me that the train was about to start. From the car platform I saw her standing there on the bank waving her bandkerchief to me. Back of her were the ruins of the old weather-beaten house, and at her feet were the chickens scratching at the ground where the peacocks used to strut. But as she stood there that morn-

ing, clothed in the golden sunlight of a new day, a smile on her lips, and her head held high, I am sure she looked just as fine, just as splendid, as the daughter of her own people, standing on her own ter-race, should have looked.-By Charles bad a great favor to ask of me. "When you go North," she said, "you

Belmont Davis, in Collier's.

Crying Spells.

There are some women who have "cry-ing spells," which seem to be entirely unaccountable, and are generally attributed in a vague way to "nerves." A man hates to see a woman ory under any circumstan-ces, and these bursts of tears awaken very little sympathy in him. They would if he understood all the weakness and misery that lie behind the tears. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription bas brightened many

a home, given smiles for tears to many a start back to New York, I wrote Miss Glenwoman just because it removes the cause of ham and told her the morning that I should these nervous outbreaks. Disease of the Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adpass through her town. As we did not delicate womanly organs will surely affect viser is a dictionary of the body. It the entire nervous system. "Favorite Preo'clock at night, I lay down on my berth with my clothes on, and told the porter to up a condition of sound health. For nerbe sure to wake me at least half an hour vous, hysterical women there is no medicine to compare with "Favorite Prescrip-

The Parisian now wear ever so simple a the accessories thereof. There will be a dashing hat in one color effect, preferably the deep, bluish-violet parme shade, or one of the bow fir or willow greens, and this stunning hat will be matched by parasol, silk stockings and handbag, and usually there will be delicately embroidered gloves in the same shade drawn up over the arm.

Saratoga is agog at the new fashion of corsetless women, which the boxes at the races have shown to be the latest departure in the smart set. From shoulder to hip an almost straight line exists in this new, un-bound figure. A braissiere alone confines the curves on any well-developed form, and the princess lingerie gown is made to suggest rather than to define the point which a trim 2 inch belt formerly adorned.

Take care of your kid gloves.

If somebody sends you six pairs from Paris do not get them all into use at once. Cleaning is likely to injure the soft kid, and once cleaned white gloves yellow very

til they are worn out.

Fine gloves not in use should be kept

wrapped in waxed paper. This keeps them from discoloring. It also helps to preserve the original soft pliable quality of the leather.

For Salad Dressing That Will Keep.-Beat four tablespoonfuls of butter until hot, stir in one of flour until smooth, add one oup of cream (either sweet or sour), and let boil, then set the saucepan into hot water. Beat together the yolks of three eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, one tea-spoonful each of sait and dry mustard, add spoonful each of sait and dry indexact, the one-balf cup of vinegar, then stir into the other mixture until it thickens. Bottle

Nothing relieves the sting of mosquito bites or the itching of hives like bathing them in a weak solution of carbolic acid water.

The long scarf, stencilled, embroidered and painted, will be one of the most pop-ular fashions of the year, but this time it will appear draped on the bodice and skirts of ball gowns.

A few handsome buttons on a suit are considered richer and smarter than many inexpensive ones.

Almost every home has a dictionary in which the meaning of words can be found. It is far more important for every home to have a reference book in which the meaning of symptoms of ill health is explained . answers the questions which are asked in every family concerning health and disease. Other dictionaries are costly. This is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book bound in paper, or 31 stamps for cloth binding, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo,