Democratic Matchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., February 4, 1910.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Time was when we both were quite clean and

And never had known a tear; But that was the time when Little Boy Blu Kissed us and put us here.

And he bade us wait and not to play, "And not to make any noise." And mutely we promised that we'd obey, And we have, say the little toys.

We have waited for hours and years, say they,

"Kids!

came again.

way.

With life at its afternoon Without moving one inch while time flies away. Then surely he is coming soon! For years we have waited for Little Boy Blue, Each in his same old place, Longing to hear him laugh and coo,

Longing to see his face. Perhaps he has gone forever and aye,

And forgotten his little toys; Happy perchance in childish play With hundreds of other boys; Perhaps he has flown to a farther shore,

Where angels and cherubs play! It is growing late and he comes no more

And we're tired and old, say they, The Record.

JIM'S WOMAN.

Jim had come home. As he pushed open the door, it scraped along the rough flooring, and half-routed the woman on

"Hey!" the man announced with a note of elation in his voice. "I gotta job! Go to work a-Monday.'

Shoving the door shut, he glahced at the flushed face of his wife and at her swollen eyelid

Sick? No, not that. Jim knew what was wrong, and was minded to wake her up and have it out with her.

He had come home to tell her that work was to begin next week on the new library building. He would throw dirt; afterward he might carry brick. It was good

news, but the woman slept. There was no supper ready for him, no fire. That is the way she did things; she did not care.

Jim was nursing his grievance. As he kindled the fire, he eyed the woman, and from time to time blew on his fingers, his breath like smoke; for the room was as cold as the gray street outside, where the twilight wind was whisking billows of dust over the broken pavement.

Obstinately the man asked himself why his woman wanted to treat him like this. He rubbed his chilled hands together, and his rough palms made a dry, raspy sound He had been ill used; that was quite plain, and now he would see about it. Only he did not like to begin; for that was an ordeal not to be undertaken unless he was in a humor for brawls. It was first necessary to warm himself, excite his temper, get angry; then he would be less afraid to say anything he had to say. So he produced a flask from his pocket,

and half its reddish-amber contents went gurgling down his throat. He then gave his mouth an awkward wipe along his strong, heavy wrist and along the base of A solid hand was Jim's with his thumb. broad, inflexible fingers-the half-closed hand of the common laborer.

Having drunk, the man breathed deep; not vet rea

She needed no answer, and received head. Then the two almost timidly kissed

She needed no answer, and received head. Then the two almost timility kissed none. The building at the corner was ablaze with lights. On the window was a sign, "The German Shamrock," and in the center of the glass was depicted a head of virulent green cabbage between two frothing steins. Already the jangling income to deware and corner was two frothing steins. Already the jangling two frothing steins. Already the pacasion-piano had begun to clamor, and occasion-ally a nasal roar of popular song could be could do if she once made up her mind to could do if she could do with a baby

As to what she could do with a baby sitting at home. Down there a man in that brief time, Jen was eager to show could play pitch or cribbage, enjoy him- every neighbor who might chance to drop every neighbor who might chance to drop self, hear music, listen to stories, be so-

ciable. Jim turned up his collar and was about ready to leave when he heard a brief, thumping rap. Yet after he had nothing but darkness before him, and a distant scurry of running feet be for only a very short time. That, in-deed, was the conviction of the whole distant scurry of running feet. exclaimed; but as he peerneighborhood, and it was through some ed into the night, he saw a mass of some-thing on the door-step. The fleeing footsuch agency that the hand of the law fell upon Mrs. Mackenna and her little boy. One day a pudgy man with a star on the lapel of his waistcoat, a deputy sheriff, steps quickly died away, and as he listen-

ed, he looked warily down at the confus-ed shape near his feet. Then he heard a brought the woman a paper which she tore to bits and threw into the stove as thin but low-drawn cry, at once hoarse and sharp. "Lord!" said Jim, bending stiffly to gath-er up an armful of what seemed old rags. soon as he was gone. When Jim came home, she told him all about it. Her husband said nothing. He did not From out this bundle, as he raised it from the step, the high-pitched wailing complain that supper was not ready for m. He understood.

"Juv'nile court," he said, "is like p'lice court. You have t' go, or else they come after you." Awhile he was silent, and Swift as a cat, his wife 'sprang toward "Give it here!" she ordered. "Light the lamp!" Then her red hands went burwe can't have him Jen; guess they won't

rowing rapidly among the rags. "Just look a' there, Jim!" she cried, a leave us keep him. "Why?" she asked. "Why won't they?" But Jim had nothing to say. Nor had Jen anything further to say. She con-fined herself to action. First she rumdeep and vibrant note in her voice. "Just look a' there!"

But she could not wait for him to look. With the bundle in her arms she was back in the chair again, bending down to hold her feebly wailing armful close to the warmth of the stove. Jim, stumbling after in bewilderment, bent down, too, a parcel corded up in layer after layer of dusty newspapers which crackled into bits as sine unfolded them. They had en-veloped a petticoat with a flounce of construction of the stove o and caught a glimpse of tiny features coarse embroidery-a petticoat once over which the blue-skin was drawn so white, now yellow with age. There was tightly that the eyes protruded. "Lord!" he said again, and turned also a straggling white plume, a pair of blue satin slippers, and a white woolen shawl. Jen regarded the feather and the

His wife was disgusted with him. blue slippers a moment, then wrapped them up again, and put them back.

"Can't you do nothin' but stan' there an' gawp?" she demanded. "Don't you It was a long time since she had made the frocks which a pink-cheeked girl used see it 's starvin'?' Then she told him what to do. He was to get milk at Rosenstein's. He was to get a rubber nipple at the drug-store. He was to hurry. liked to prove the train of it by her re-

But Jim was in no haste. Rebellion was in him, physical aversion, silent hos-tility. He would have nothing like that As for this old finery, some of it would

around, not he. What did she mean? What was she going to do with it? be useful. The woman sewed with dili-With these questions repeating them-selves in his mind, the man went lumbergence; all through the night she sewed. Then, when the window showed pale blue

"The German Shamrock." Doubtless he would have gone in if he had not seen Andy Dugan in there, a teamster with

vas,-starvin' it to death!"

turned low; everything was all right.

tween her and the wall.

I guess he's all right where he is."

do," she said.

"Ain't I?"

would have gone in if he had not seen Andy Dugan in there, a teamster with whom he had quarreled about a spade. Now, Jim did not want to have trou-to be a great nuisance to be a great nuisance to be the section, but the baby had a small, white cloak. So that forenoon, when her case was ble. It gets to be a great nuisance to quarrel so much. Perhaps, then, if he were to do what his wife asked of him, he dience to instructions, she had laid her were to do what his wife asked of him, he might even avoid a row with her. So he stood irresolute in front of the saloon, all that any well-kept baby need have. while his wife, left alone, stooped to the The woman herself was outwardly tidy fire, opening the lower door of the stove and composed.

to give it further draft. By and by, with the child against her room, but she was unaware of them. She shoulder, she brought a bottle from the cupboard, rinsed it with hot water, and put it on the hearth. Then she sat down the arms of his chair, he silently regarded again, holding up a corner of the blanket the wee, drawn features and waxen hands her efficiency in her present position, preto shield the baby from the direct heat. All the while her arms were swaying gently, and in her throat she was making soft, hushing noises. stood at his elbow. That functionary

"I think you understand," Judge Sunderland began, "how necessary it is that a child, especially a child like this, should be surrounded by the best of influences. I think you know, too, how every child

needs the help of good example." He paused. The woman hoarsely articulated "Yes

Then there was silence. The clack of heels outside on the marble corridor was distinctly heard in the room. The woman's face dropped forward. She put forth her arms, with the baby upon them; she rested him upon the table. Then, slowly, carefully, she drew her arms

"Take him," she said. "I ain't fit." The court waited, but the woman did not look up.

"I am sorry," he said, "I'm sorry Mrs. Mackenna, but I think it is best to take the baby from you. I am going to give him to some one whom 1 believe' will make him a good mother--some one 1 used to know. I'm going to give him to -Jennie MacDonald." The woman looked at him dully.

You understand, don't you?" he asked. 'Jennie MacDonald is to have him, I'm going to depend on her to be the kind of mother he ought to have. Are you will-ing to shake hands with me on that?"

court. You have t' go, or else they come Very slowly, very uncertainly, the wom-after you." Awhile he was silent, and an got up from her chair. She reached then he added in a quiet voice: "Guess for the baby, gathered him up greedily and pressed him tight. Then, without a syllable, across the little white bundle in her arms, she held out her hand to the judge .- By Abery Abbott, in the Century Magazine

> An Appeal to the Court of Public Opinion.

It is well known in Philadelphia, that the chief purpose of the State Registration of Nurses, in addition to maintaining high prices and fostering trade unionism is destroying the Philadelphia School for Nurses-that institution having declared for gratuitous nursing care for the sick poor and for a skilled nursing service to people of moderate means at such rates

as they can afford to pay. Graduates of the Two Year Course of this school are eligible to register, under the law. They can also nurse independent of registration in this, and in all other States. The Philadelphia School for Nurses does not approve of State Registration in any form. It is content to have its nurses stand on merit, rather than on any favoritism in law, besides the school takes the position that the doctor should be the only legal authority in the sick-room, and that the introduction of any other authority is detrimental and ngerous.

However, if the graduates of this school wish to exercise the right to acquire the questionable benefits of such a measure, we think, as free-born daughters of the Commonwealth, they have a right to in sist upon equality before the law. This equality, however, has been denied to Miss Nellie Farnham, a graduate of the Two Year Course in the Philadelphia School for Nurses, and now chief nurse in the Maternity Hospital at Sunbury.

This so-called "State Board of Examiners for Registration of Nurses" has de-nied to register Miss Farnham, not on the ground of incompetency, for her splendid record in private nursing, and cludes such an excuse, but simply and solely on the ground that she is a gradu-ate of the Philadelphia School for Nurses. Her beautiful service in ministering to the sick-poor of this city during the enreer as a successful nurse, is a crime in the eyes of this politically constituted board, which is loudly proclaiming "for the safety of the public," and using the Legislative club on the graduates of an institution which is regularly chartered by this Commonwealth and which has been rendering a matchless service of helpfulness for fifteen years. Therefore, in behalf of the graduates of this school and keeping in mind the American notion of justice and fair play, we appeal to the Court of Public Opinion. (Miss) LILLIE FRAZIER,

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY.

Will some wise man who has journeyed Over land and over sea. To the countries where the rainbow And the glorious sunsets be, Kindly tell a little stranger. Who has oddly lost her way. Where's the road that she must travel To return to Yesterday?

For, you see, she's unfamiliar With Today, and cannot read What its strange, mysterious sign posts Tell of ways and where they lead And her heart upbraids her sorely, Though she did not mean to stay. When she fell asleep last evening And abandoned Yesterday

For she felt a deal neglected. That she really should have done; And she fears she's lost some favors That she fairly might have won So she'd like to turn her backward. To retrieve them, if she may; Will not some son kindly tell her Where s the road to Yesterday? St. Nicholas.

Manners and the Immigrant.

We have recently written in these columns of the regrettably passive attitude toward the subject of manners on the part of many well-bred Americans, resultng, as it does, in a great impairment of the function which breeding should have in civilization. A weak indifference to the invasion of the peace and happiness of society hy the vulgar, selfish, or un-trained is not a small or negligible mat-ter. There is, however, another point of view from which the daily intercourse of the world becomes of even larger mo-ment; the effect that our attitude toward

such behavior may have upon immigrants in their relation to our political standards.

At the gate of the new world what is the first lesson the immigrants learn? Is it the fundamental one of respect for the larger rights of others, of which we boast? Is it not rather one of disrespect for the minor rights of courtesy and politeness? Do not false notions of equality very soon rob their respectful demeanor and speech of its bloom? This being the case, how can we expect them to discriminate in the scope of their indifference between minor and major rights?

The societies that are bravely and deotedly at work among the immigrant class, in their endeavor to bring it into consonance with the best American standards, may well consider the value to their work of beginning with the teaching, or the conserving, of simply good manners. An Italian from the Basdicata nay know little-and may be qualified to early spring is exceedingly attractive. learn little more-of the American system of government, but he knows in-stinctively the part that manners play in life, and usually on arriving affords a better example of respect for others than his American neighbor. To establish re-spectful intercourse among all-respect oward the humble as well as from the humble-is to take the first important step toward making the immigrant a valuable American citizen .-- Century.

The Tax on Teachers.

Lillian C. Flint's "Pensions for Womer eachers" in the Midwinter Century.

New York, St. Louis, Buffalo, Syracuse, Providence, Newport, Albany, Detroit, St. Paul, Elmira and Utica ask teachers to which is so becoming to the majority of contribute 1 per cent. of their salary. Cleveland and Cincinnati require them to pay \$20 a year; Rochester takes 2 per cent. of the salary; Harrisburg, 2 per this bonnet is made entirely of crepe, with tire two years of her course in this school, and passing rigid final examina-tions with credit and her subsequent ca-tions with credit and her subsequent cafor all the years after. Chicago aaks \$5 for the first five years, \$10 dollars for the next ten years, \$15 for fifteen years, and \$30 for all the time thereafter. A pension law is operated in every school dis-trict in New Jersey, where 2 per cent. of their salary is asked for the first ten years, 2 1-2 from ten to fifteen, and 3 for all the years after.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

The gloomiest day hath gleams of light: The darkest wave hath light foam near it: And twinkles through the cloudless night Some solitary star to cheer it. -Mrs Herman

The dainty, lacy Dutch collars which are still worn in the house, are not hard to make at home, if one knows how. The simplest way is to cut the collar in paper, and then cover it with alternate strips of lace and embroidery. In this way there is less waste than if the pieces are put together before the collar is cut out.

The bang has come in style again. The devastating mode which forces girls to cut their beautiful hair was supposed to be dead forever; yet here, suddenly, it is making a veritable furore in Paris. According to a boulevard aesthete, it has two vital factors working in its favor

-it is highly becoming to the majority of young women, and it is very difficult to imitate false hair. This latter consideration, which might seem an objection, is entirely in the bang's favor.

Most all women have enough hair in front to make a bang. They can, there-fore, virtuously parade "their own hair" and bewail the fashion that forces them to cut it-when it may be garlanded by a false switch that costs \$19.

The "new coiffure" has two varietiesfor day and for evening.

The daytime get-up is a part in the middle, undulations and puffs on each side, and the chignon worn low behind. The bang is not our old straight accquaintance, but is fan-shaped between the waves of the temples.

The evening variety is the same, with the addition of a great smooth twist posed like a turban. Almost invariably this great, smooth twist is a false switch, because few women have the enormous head of hair that would permit its being taken from the chignon and thus tur-baned round the top of the head. The rest of the evening coiffure remains the same: the bang remains fan-shaped between the waves and the temples.

This heavy, smooth, twisted turban is making as great a furore almost as the bang itself. In reality, it replaces the heavy Greek bandeletter that are going out of style as "common." The bang itself became "common" years

ago. It is now on a new high wave of popularity. But the heavy, smooth twist replacing the Greek ribbon will never be come "common.

The advance showing of fabrics for Worsteds prevail, although woolen serges

are well represented. The new suitings are mainly of a loose veave.

They show pretty combinations of colorings, and dainty designs of small checks, narrow stripes and snowflake effects.

Homespuns and hopsacking, though rather heavy looking, are really light in weight

The latter shed dust easily, and it is predicted that they will find great favor for spring and early summer wear.

One of the most pleasing changes of the year is the revival of the Marie Stuart women, and from which draperies

he left better, but tor a stout quarrel. He could not find heart to be as dissatisfied as he wanted to be. Of course it was cold here; yes, that was so; it was cold, and not nice to find his wife like this: but all the same, he had a job, and now things would go better. That was ever the way with Jim. He

was always promising himself that things would go better when he had a job. Only he could never manage to stay at work. Yet the prospect of continuous employment was such good cheer that he took another drink, and then fell to getting himself something to eat. He rummaged out some stale pieces of pork from the cupboard, swore mildly when he could not clutching aimlessly. find things, whistled a tuneless tune when he could, and withal was not badly dis-

posed. While his supper was smoking greasily on the stove, Jim had scarcely thought of his wife; but as he was forking the last brown and withered bit of meat from the skillet, he hesitated an instant, looking toward the bed, then let the morsel drop

Having fed himself, he tilted his chair complacently against the wall, and was soon puffing away at his pipe. In the meantime the woman has rolled over, and opened dull eyes upon him. She had nothing to say. He had nothing to say. As she put her feet clumsily to the floor

challenge, and for a time nothing more was said. and sat on the edge of the bed, she dumb-ly regarded him, her head propped up by her red hands.

"Awful hot in here," she complained, and her palms went to her temples. Jim said nothing, but smoked deliber-

ately. "Did n't hear yeh come in," she added.

"Mus' been turrible wore out." "Yeh sure must, Jen," he replied with indifferent humor. "Bottle over there by the bed is lookin' considerable worn out, too." He removed his pipe to add: "Gotta

The woman paid no attention to the drink, and there would be another row. cheerful end of the remark. She was in But tonight she did not talk mean to him;

"Well," she retorted, "you ain't got no glad in her face. call to say nothin'.'

The man relighted his pipe, took a free draft of smoke into his mouth, and, blowgoing to pamper the woman. "It won't live," he said. ing it out again, said almost good-naturedly and looked saucy.

'Better eat now.'

Jen got to her feet, but showed no interest in her food. She dragged a chair over to the window, where the cold, as it came whiffing in about the sash, might be soothing to her head. She sat heavily down, with elbows on the sill, while the strong gusts stirred the bedraggled curtains of lace, that sorry smirk of respectability with which squalor loves to deck

Occasionally Jim turned his eyes in the direction of the woman with a half-con-temptuous interest; for even as she slouch-ed there in morose apathy, there was something of comeliness about her. The tumbled hair, with the heavy coil sliding loose, showed coppery lights; the curve of the cheek was pleasing, too, and the woman's throat, where the dress fell open, was milky white. it was queer and nice the way things had turned out. His finger that had touched the baby's wrist felt warm and different. Something new had waked up in him, something sweet and kind, which he open, was milky white.

For a time it was still in the room except for the hiss of the wind and the faint smack-smack of Jim's lips on his pipe-stem. But presently his feet and the front legs of his chair came to the floor with a jarring clump. As he picked up his cap, his wife asked with sluggish aggression: "Where yeh goin'?"

She was still sitting so, the firelight all briefly recited the facts. rosy on her face. when her husband's "The mother abandon "The mother abandoned the baby. She

half-reluctant tread struck the threshold. is now in the city jail. Of course she is "Put just a little in a basin," she said, and smiled gently as she spoke. "Then child. It looks a lot better now than it did. This woman wants to keep it. Her bring it here to warm.'

With fumbling hostility, Jim did his wife's bidding, and at the first touch of nourishment, the strained cry of the child was hushed. Then, as warmth and comfort permeated the tiny body, the against her cheek.

fixed stare of the eyes grew softer, and the bluish lids began to blink with coming "This is a sick baby," said Judge Sun-derland, and his voice was gentle; but his drowsiness, but the thread-like fingers of next words struck terror to the woman the hand which lay outside the rags kept "It should be taken to the Child Saving Institute.

As Jim looked at the child, he extended The probation officer nodded approval one of his own thick fingers, and with ex treme caution touched the baby's wrist Mrs. Mackenna bit her lip. Her face rew slowly crimson, and when she spoke Then he glanced up into his wife's face her eyes filled; but the tears did not fall. 'You ain't goin' to take him away from with a sheepish and fatuous grin. "Turrible little, ain't it? Looks like

me, Judge?" would get broke awful easy. Who do you s'pose the kid b'longs to?" The court fixed his eyes upon her Kind eyes they were, but steady and "Don't belong to nobody," she pro-claimed, and caught the child against her breast. "Starvin' it,-that's what they strangely deep. "This baby," he reasoned, "needs pro-

fessional care-needs a trained nurse." Jealously defending her cause, the voman said:

With a shade of protest the man asked: 'Yer ain't goin' t' keep it, Jen?' "No nurse can't train him no better'n can. The glance of the woman flashed a

The probation officer tittered, but his Honor did not even smile. He was looking gravely into the woman's face.

The baby was unswathed, made clean "You jes ought t' seen what he looked like," she added, "when I got him." She and wrapped warm. Jim watched his wife as her deft hands cared for the child, laid the baby against her shoulder, and and a thought, a new idea, came to him. For a long time he had known there was her tone changed as she continued: "Ain't you John Sunderland?"

something wrong about her or about him, or about both of them—something wrong that they should quarrel so much and not The court nodded inquiringly. "Don't s'pose you remember me," the woman continued quietly. "We used to go to school together. In B Sixth, you set just across the aisle. I was Jennie MacDonald." get along any better; but he never knew the reason. Sometimes he said it was "booze," but that could never rightly ex-

plain what the matter was. It Listeners about the court-room were was so easy to have words, be ugly, aud then have a row. He would drink, Jen would smiling. The judge himself was both nonplussed and amused.

drink, and there would be another row. But tonight she did not talk mean to him; she was different; there was something relad in her face. "So you are Jennie MacDonald," he said. "Yes, I remember Jennie MacDon-ald." And now, as he looked at the womglad in her face. "I like to see you do that," he said to her, and she smiled. But he was not that pink-cheeked little girl in a short,

checked apron who had turned clear, blue eyes upon him from across the aisle.

His wife only squinted her eyes at him "Well, it don't matter," he heard her saying. We've both been getting along They began to talk to each other; they some since then. I guess you've got along some better 'n I have. Mebbe I-I found things to say; they talked more than they had talked for years; they were just thought mebbe-if you knew who l was, you might feel different about lettin good friends. Then they went to bed. The fire was banked warm, and the light

me have the baby." The judicial look had returned to the Occupying the extreme edge of the bed, man's face.

"Is your husbond willing?" he ques Jim kept on thinking about his woman and about this thing that had happened. tioned.

'Yes." The foundling asylum could have the child. He did not want it. All the same "Have you any children?"

The woman opened dry lips and swalowed.

"I ain't never had any."

The judge was peering intently into her

could not understand. He wanted to do "Do you drink?" he asked. Jen had been ready. She looked

something-be good to people, be good to his wife. He raised himself to look at straight at him. "Ve-ry seldom," she answered with emher and at the little bundle tucked in be-

phasis. There was a significant smile on the face of the probation officer. He con-ferred inaudibly with the judge. His Honor nodded deliberately. As the wom-an watched them talking together, the cruel red mounted slowly to her forehead "I don't s'pose," he began---"don't s'pose he--could sleep in the middle, could he?" "You'd roll on him, that's what you'd "Naw, I wouldn't," Jim answered; "but

and then as slowly receded, leaving her His wife said nothing. She raised her face gray-white.

Superintendent of Nurses, Philadelphia School for Nurses. 2210 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Pensions for Teachers.

There can hardly be two opinions as to the claim which the teacher has upon any system that may be adopted, whether it be official or private. Mr. Carnegie's "Foundation" has made admirable provision for veteran professors, but compared even with the small salaries paid for higher instruction, those paid to teachers in the common schools are lamentably indequate. These soldiers of the intellectual realm often reach the gray age of service, after years of sacrifice, without having received a larger compensation than that of an ordinary clerk or cook. Many a young woman, in the bloom of beauty and health, takes up teaching with a fair and natural expectation of marriage, and, being conscientious, devotes herself to the interesting work until caught in the machinery of her daily toil, she realizes, after many years, that com-petent and faithful as she is, her resources have not been sufficient to cultivate in her the best of which she is capable; Life has passed her by. Every one knows of instances of hardship attendant upon such devotion to the great work of training the minds and forming the characters of the young. In contrast to this, the honor accorded to the teacher in China carries both suggestions and warning .-- Csntury.

Trades that Banish Disease

Breweries and tanneries and printing ink factories confer exemption from tuberculosis, and employees in turpentine fac-

mong the workers. Shepherds enjoy remarkable health. The odd odor of sheep appears to exercise some influence tending to the prevention of disease. Sheep are especially good for whooping cough, so that in a sheep coun-try, when a child is taken down with that malady, it is the custom for the mother to put it among the sheep to play. The next day, it is said, the child will be well. Men and women working in lavender, whether gathering or distilling it, are said never to suffer from neuralgia or nervous headache. Lavender, moreover, is as good and knocks us out. Make your stomach sound and strong by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and as a sea voyage for giving tone to the system. Persons suffering from nervous breakdown frequently give their services gratis to lavender plants, in order that they may build up their vitality. Service in the sound and strong by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and nerable spot. "Golden Medical Discov-ery" cures "weak stomach," indigestion,

Salt-miners can wear summer clothes in blizzard weather without fear of catch-tion and nutrition. It is a temperance ing cold, for colds are unknown among medicine, entirely free from alcohol and narcotics.

California asks \$12 a year, Baltimore 1 per cent. of the salary for the first ten

Chocolate Nut Sticks .- First mix careyears, 1 1-2 for the second ten years, and 3-per cent. for all time after. Columbus asks \$1 a month, Indianapolis asks 1 per cent. of the salary of a teacher who has taught less than fifteen years, hut not to fully together one cupful of fine granulated sugar, one-fourth of a cupful of melted butter, one unbeaten egg, two squares unsweetened chocolate (melted), three-fourths of a teaspoonful of vanilla, one-half of a cupful of flour and one-half cupful of English-walnut meats cut in exceed \$10 a year, and 2 per cent, for all teachers who have taught more than this, but not to exceed \$20 per annum. Minpieces. Line a seven-Inch square pan neapolis asks \$5 for the first five years. with paraffin paper and spread mixture evenly in pan. Bake in a slow oven. As \$20 for the second five years, and \$25 for the remainder of the years taught. Philasoon as removed from oven turn from pan delphia asks 1 per cent. of those who have been in service for ten years or less, 2 per cent. for more than this, but the contribution in any one year is not to exceed \$50.

When Hats Became the Fashion.

As a general custom, the habit of wearnever seen a hat. The multitude was greatly amazed as their monarch rode through the streets wearing upon his head an elaborate hat lined with gorgeous red on toasted water biscuits. silk and crowned by a long feather plume. The people immediately attempted to follow the example of royalty, but such head gear was expensive and only the wealthy classes could afford that extravagance. The clergy soon desired to make the same addition to their attire, but this was considered entirely too frivolous and too evi dent a display of vanity for that sober calling. As a last resort, after the complaints were unavailing, all priests and religious persons were expressly forbidden to appear in public in anything except "chaperons made of black cloth with decent coronets."

on top. Mushroom Sauteed .- This exquisite feast may be made of either canned or The blow which knocked out Corbett was a revelation to the prize fighters.

fresh mushrooms, though the latter are better. The wild puff balls that seem the tories never have rheumatism. Copper-mining excludes the possibility of typhoid knock-out blow was aimed for the jaw, deformed sisters of mushrooms may also be used. Leave the little umbrellas in the temple or the jugular vein. Stomach cold water for an hour. Then peel them punches were thrown in to worry and weary the fighter, but if a scientific man and discard the stems, wipe dry and put over the fire in the cold dish, closely covhad told one of the old fighters that the ered, and leave the cover on during all most vulnerable spot was the region of the stomach, he'd have laughed at him the cooking, which would be about twen-ty minutes. Mushrooms so cooked may for an ignoramus. Dr. Pierce is bringing be eaten with bread and butter or else home to the public a parallel fact; that served as a garnish to any other dish. They must be lightly salted when put on the stomach is the most vulnerable organ out of the prize ring as well as in it. We and not peppered at all. Lobster a la Newburg.-What amateur protest over heads, throats, feet and lungs, but the stomach we are utterly indifferent cook has not attempted this sophisticated dish in her studio or boarding house bedto, until disease finds the solar plexus

room? It is the resource of all young persons who must entertain some time, and, though easy to make, it gives a fine impression of great knowledge in cookery.

The high collar has come in again on fur coats and jackets, and is often made of a different fur from the garment on which it is used.

and remove paper; then cut cake in strips, using a long sharp knife. If these d'rections are not followed the paper will cling to cake when it will be imposs ble to cut it in shapely pieces .- Woman's Home Companion. Chafing Dish Recipes .-- Imitation Welsh As a general custom, the habit of wear-ing hats is only about five centuries old. Before then they were practically un-known in Europe, and in the year 1449 when Charles VII entered the city of Rouen, after its recapture from the Eng-lish by the French, its inhabitants had cheese is melted, stirring these in while the cheese is cooking and leaving over the

> Scalloped Oysters .- Dip a fork or a nut pick in the liquor and after a little shake of the oyster remove each one from the juice. This clears the bivalve of the sediment always in the liquor and which in-terferes with the delicacy of the taste. Then drain the oysters and put them in a piping hot dish with a lump of butter. When the edges are curled slightly, which will be in a very few minutes, the oysters are done. Serve them on slices of hot buttered toast-white or gluten breadwith a light sprinkle of chopped parsley

a black crepe face ruching; thereafter a white crepe ruching may be substituted, and the bonnet may be bordered, in addi-

tion, with unpolished jet beads or cab-ochons. Also, the heavy crepe veil worn during the earlier period may give place mere. The little face veil of ribbonbordered net may also be used at this period.-Harper's Bazar.