# Democratic Watchman.

#### Bellefonte, Pa., March, 10, 1911.

#### BANISTER HILL.

Up Banister Hill did you ever go? metimes I go fast, sometimes I go slow, But whether I like it or not, each night I have surely to go, at candle-light. Up Banister Hill,

At the top stands Nurse with impatient face. She always waits in the very same place, And never a chance she gives me to look At the long, long way my little feet took Up Banister Hill,

Oh, how can a little boy like to go Up Banister Hill? But it's fine, I know, When morning comes, and I'm washed

dressed. To play I'm on horseback and riding my best Down Bsnister Hill!

I stand by the side of my shining horse, Take one look ahead on the long straight course-

And then up I jump! I slip and I slide And off like a flash of lightning I glide Down Banister Hill!

-Lilla Thomas Elder, in Children's Magazine

### THE AUTHOR.

Ralph Drayton watched with lazy satisfaction the motions of his hostess's competent hands as they strayed among afternoon teacups and the other paraph erna lia of a tete-a-tele refreshment upon which the young man found himself growing daily more dependent, both in body and spirit.

"it is not very flattering of you to keep trying to goad me into matrimony, par-ticularly when it is on your account that I remain single," he observed, trying to look sentimental with his mouth full of bread and butter.

"Oh, pray don't refrain from marrying on my account," Maida Tresham replied some spirit. "I merely thought I should like to see you as happy as—" she paused on the threshold of the "I," and "If I don't numorously substituted "as my husband

"Ah, no one could be so happy as your husband!" he declared.

"How obvious? Yes, they could, your wife might be even happier," she main-tained with a seriousness which he interpreted as a phase of her coquetry. "You see," she continued, "you are self-de-ceived like most of your sex. You think you do not fall in love because you are not romantic. Now I maintain that you do not fall in love because you are ro-mantic. That sounds like Chesterton, but time will justify my paradox. Some day I will arrange things for you-the time, the place, and the loved one all together-you'll see.

"But you must have some deeper motive than pure unselfishness," he insist-

"Perhaps there is some pure selfishness mixed with it," she rejoined enigmatically. "Possibly it disturbs me to see you so much, and you know how little I like to be inwardly disquieted." He could not interrupt her affectionate smile, devoid of flirtatiousness, so he took refuge in his previous remark. "I should think that a woman would be rather flattered by having a man remain single on her account," he maintained.

Mrs. Tresham flushed

amounting almost to a sense of some psychic bond, with the writer. The little "Her style has a charm, a certain qual-ity, something poetic and mystical—" she was continuing, but the young man in-mental list, which had again limited it-the mental list, which had again limited itbook was easier to define by negatives than positives. It was not an autobiography, not a volume of essays, not fiction,

phy, not a volume of essays, not fiction, yet far more suggestive than fact. It was a book of revelations, but also a book of reserves and reticences, of subtle thought, keen observation, shrewd humor, and poignant pathos. Although intensely per-sonal, there was no sense of the human soul indecently laid bare. The style was that of a terrined metrice a terrined metrice as wall as an en-soul indecently laid bare. The style was that of a trained writer as well as an en-thusiastic absorber of good books. The sex of the author alone seemed evident to

sex of the author alone seemed evident to Drayton, and he acknowledged with grudging envy that no mere man could possess so acrobatic a mind as was shown by the writer who had inspired his own understanding to turn syspathetic somer-saults. His imagination was kindled, and while his heart was warmed by the fire of prehending eyes, "have you any idea who did write 'The Revelations?' It was very strange. I couldn't get you out of my mind all the time I read it. The book romance he impulsively picked up pen and paper and rapidly wrote as follows:

"To The Asthor of 'The Book of Revelations."" "DEAR MADAM.—If I had written a book that could give even to an obscure and unknown read-er such a rare quality of pleasure as I have ever experienced in reading your remarkable little vol-ume, I could not think it impertinent in such an admirer to wish to tell me of his appreciation. I never before realized what my own opinions on many subjects were, but I have just seen them formulated with a comprehension and charm which I selfishly find myself wishing were for me alone. Others will share my enthusiasm, but to sympathy with the unknown author which is stim-ulating and even exciting. I suppose I shall never know who you are—somehow I feel that the writ-er of these revelations has taken more than the usual precautions to preserve her anonymity. In-deed, I am not sure that I should wish to know your name and your way of life—but I am going to take a curious satisfaction in the thought that there is somewhere a wonderful You who can so eclumsily feit. Don't think me a fresh young fool who thinks that he is adding a single leaf to your larged lawyer who has seldom acted so impulsively aged lawyer who has seldom acted so impulsively and neutring the elieve me to be, with respect and admiration, yours sincerely. RALPH DRAYTON". "To The Author of 'The Book of Revelations." ' was curiously full of your ideas." He looked confused. "I assure you didn't write it," he protested. "I wish I

had-at least, I wish I could have. Mrs. Tresham still watched him in a disconcerting way, and he began again: "You really must believe me, Maida---" "Methinks the gentleman doth protest

that interests you more-or less!"

RALPH DRAYTON".

He dated the letter, added his street and number, then addressed the envelope to the author of "The Book of Revelations," care of the publishers, and leaned back flushed with the unwonted excitement of having had an impulse and act-"If I don't mail my letter now, I'll destroy it in the morning," he assured him-self. "Perhaps she is an ugly old woman with false teeth, and a dolman trimmed between the girls for a few moments, with bugles. Never mind. I adore any one so like myself as she must be."

He waited three days for an answer, assuring himself that he did not expect to hear, yet finding himself strangely angry with the quality of himself strangely angry black jet which set off her equally daz-He waited three days for an answer, read the book over again by the garish light of morning and reechoed its senti-ments and his own. Revended its senti-"She is a widow of about the adonna." ments and his own. Four days after his nocturnal visit to the post-box he received as an enigma, but not quite natural nocturnal visit to the post-box he received as an enigma, but not quite natural a typewritten letter which at first he enough to be one. Her husband was a cursed as a bill and then blessed as a very commonplace stock-broker who killcommunication from his anonymous twin-

her face was turned toward the object of

their discussion. As soon as her name was mentioned the girl leaned across the young man and touched Miss Morton with her fan. "Grace, it turns out that Cleopatra is the Mrs. Grant who, you know, some people say wrote 'The Revelations.

was the woman he sought, but if so she was as good an actress as auth "What did you think of the book?" she further demanded, turning her ingenuous gaze full upon the young man.

Drayton moved nervously, but Maida to its mother. Are you a really clever I assure you I am your *dea ex machina*— was pouring tea and did not heed him. person, Mr. Drayton?"

him," she sobbed. She glanced at Ralph's letter to the author of 'Revelations,' and a gleam of triumph lit her unhappy face.

thorny stem of a rose clipped from the the winter. flower she had fastened in Constance's For some ed with a cynically affectionate smile, tossing the stem in the fire as the last piece of incriminating evidence Dea ex machina," she murmured again, "Not clever, but good-am I good, or am I bad, bad, bad?"There was no one to answer her question, and she sat alone by the dying fire far into the night.-By Wilmot

## The Profits of the Mines.

In magnitude and importance the mining industry ranks second only to agriculture among the foundation industries of the United States. It now contributes over \$2,000,000,000 annually to the na-

tributes sixty-five per cent. of the freight

complexity and importance with relation to the other branches of industry. In ad-dition to its contribution of sixty-five per with cluny, Honiton or guipure lace. cent. of the total freight traffic of the country, it requires more than 3,000,000 gerie, are bound with an eight inch band men to do the work connected with the of black or colored satin. mining, handling, and treatment of the mineral products, 1,000,000 of whom work and light.

The production and consumption of mineral products are now increasing so ular at the hem. They may be cut into rapidly that the value of the products of deep points, they may be much wider at the mines for the current decade will be nearly two and one-half times that for

Health is the vital force of woman's at-"Never!" he loyally declared-"andtractiveness. When she loses her health and please don't let us discuss that au-thorship." He laughed nervously. "The fact is, I have quite an absurd and unbone. she loses her charm. Nothing can simu-Not all of them are white, many are known writer, and I really can't talk the sparkle health of woman is bound up with this is especially true in neckwear. It the local health of the delicate womanly will be the smart thing to wear a sailor Maida Tresham gave rather a hard lit- organs, and any attempt to re-establish collar of Chantecler red chiffon on a one-Maida Tresham gave rather a hard lit-tle laugh. "My dear Ralph, have you be-gun to turn into a sentimentalist, as I prophesied you would some day?" she queried a little sarcastically. "Look at Charles Herning the ulceration, inflammation or fe-male weakness, or stop the debilitat-ing drains which sap the strength and Charles Herning the ulceration, inflammation or fe-gurd to turn into a sentimentalist, as I prophesied you would some day?" she und the health of woman must begin by cur-ing the ulceration, inflammation or fe-gurd to turn into a sentimentalist, as I prophesied you would some day?" she und the health of woman must begin by cur-ing the ulceration, inflammation or fe-gurd to turn into a sentimentalist, as I male weakness, or stop the debilitat-ing drains which sap the strength and Apple green is another choice for a mar the beauty. The use of Dr. Pierce's sailor collar, and it is not only worn with Favorite Prescription works wonders in black gowns, but with white, as well as restoring the general health. "Friends dark blue ones. One often sees such a hardly know me." "I am again robust and collar on the coat of a black and white rosy cheeked," are only some of the frequent testimonies to the rejuvenating with black braid. power of "Favorite Prescription

#### FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Sing a song of sunshine, A pocket full of mirth, Four and twenty hours in which To gladden all the earth

When each day is opened Let us all begin to sing. Wouldn't these be glorious lives To place before our King? -Sunshine Bulletin

One can put in a very enjoyable hour "He loved me first," she told herself this week in going over the alluring as-exultantly. "Perhaps he'll never know sortment of neckwear shown in the shops. that he has loved two different women; but it doesn't matter now. He will love only one henceforth." She tore his letters across and tossed in collars is to take as high a stand dur them into the fire. Her eyes fell on the ing the warm weather as it did through

For some reasons, probably the fickledress that evening. "Oh, Ralph, Ralph, ness of women, the Dutch neck has drop-what a hackneyed device!" she murmur-ped to second and third rank. The V shape is the thing. It even ousts the round neck, which the Moyen-age brought out. This is because of the vogue of the sailor, which may cut up all kinds of capers at its hem, but remains V shape in front, and square at the back at its neck line.

The so-called Claudine frill clown collar and plaited ruff are made up and sometimes sold, but they do not represent the last note in neckwear. They belong to the days of the round neck, and although they may be fitted into the V shape, they do not take on quite the swagger effect of the deep, flat sailor collar, with its cravat in front.

Marquisette, batiste, French linen, fine muslin and even coarse net are used for these sailor collars. Hand embroidery is traffic of the country, as compared with only eight and one-half per cent. from on all of them, and it behooves the womagriculture. Its manufactured products an who is skillful with her needle to go to in 1907 amounted to a total of \$4,310,598,-work at once on this kind of neckwear. 661, and the wages paid to the men en-gaged in such manufacture amounted to \$863,558,487, as against \$735,101,760 paid their appearance the heavy Oriental and their appearance the heavy Oriental and peasant patterns and padded methods of

Some of them, even when they are of lin-

Some of the white marguisette ones have a half-inch band of color hemstitched in the mines; it is the basis of the larger around the outer edge and finished off partion of the nation's varied manufac with an edge of Irish picot lace. This turing interests and its supplies of heat can be recommended to the woman who is looking for something individual.

These sailor collars are not always reg the shoulders than in the back and front, they may be dropped over the shoulder blades in the back, and instead of ending in front they may be cut off on a straight line to the shoulder just below the collar

friends. too much!" she said gaily as she handed him the tea. "Let's talk about something Ralph Drayton went to the Stuyvesants'

ball, and easily obtained an introduction to the English visitors. Constance Arnold was of the fair, flower-like type, exquisite in face and form, delicate in feature and physique, yet suggesting none of the frail-ness of ill-health which American slimness and whiteness too often betoken. When her gray, questioning eyes met Ralph's he felt again the sense of mystic intimacy which he had experienced when

he had laid down "The Revelations." Grace Morton was of an absolutely different type-dark, ruddy as a peach, with curly hair and what she herself called "curly features," a piquant nose, laughing eyes, and a responsive mouth that easily fell into humorous curves and lines. She suggested the good comrade and frank friend, and the emotions she awoke could be readily analyzed. Ralph Drayton stood

watching the familiar throng through their unaccustomed eyes. "Who is that beautiful woman?" Miss

ed himself with overwork-the latest method of suicide in New York. Her

name is Mrs. Livingston Grant." Drayton whispered her brief history into the back of Miss Arnold's neck, for

soul. The note ran as follows: "MY DEAR MR. DRAYTON-Of course your let-ter pleased me, and I know a great deal more about you than you fancy. If you want to give me some amusement, and yourself too, promise me solemnly that you will make no effort to discover my identity, now or ever, and that if you ever should find me out you will not let any one know -least of all myself. You are right in thinking that I have hedged myself inside an impenetrable forest. Not a human being knows or will ever know that I wrote "The Book of Revelations" (of course, except the publishers, but publishers are not human beings.) If you write and promise what I ask, you'll hear from me again, and TII tell you a great many interesting things, and all of them true-but if you would rather try to work things out for yourself-why, farewell-or fare ill, for I don't much care what becomes of you, as you'll never find me in my forest. Yours truly.

Drayton started. His responsive heart had assured him that his lovely neighbor

Having conversed with all the prospec-tive guests at Maida Tresham's dinner, Drayton betook himself to his room, where he instantly dropped into his deskchair and wrote a hasty note to his inamorata:

"I have talked with you this evening -so much I am making no guesses, and what I know I shall keep to myself. I shall surely see yo I again on the 23rd, and I shall find it hard to be patient till then. Perhaps I may see you sconer. It is still to the *author* that I am writing, not to the woman -for it is the author whom I know best. Yours faithfully. R. D."

A brief line came in two days:

"I like you, Mr. Drayton, and I hope we may be riends. Do not forget your promise." He went several times to visit the Eng-

lish girls who were still visiting the New-halls. Constance Arnold continued to exert over him an almost hypnotic charm.

He found himself looking at her in a sort of trance, till her faint flush of surprise awoke him and he would break into her Price, in Collier's. conversation with some perfectly irrelevant remark. She suggested to him the incarnate spirit of Romance. "The Book

of Revelations" was scarcely mentioned between them, though she once quoted something from its pages with a curious shy smile which made Drayton feel with

tional wealth, as compared with \$7,500,-000,000 from agriculture; but it cona thumping heart-beat that he was on the right trail in the impentrable forest. He and Miss Morton also speedily became good comrades. They took walks to-gether, laughed, talked, and quarreled,

but an inner sense told him that she was not the woman whose soul had seemed to fly from the dry pages of a book to meet his. When the English girls went to stay with Maida Tresham, Drayton's afternoon visits began. At her long-ex-pected dinner he sat between his hostess to those engaged in agriculture. The mineral industry is increasing in its embroidery remain fashionable. and Miss Morton, and Maida asked him with studied unconsciousness whether he was obeying the wishes she had once expressed to him inregard to her visitors.

"Oh, I like them immensely!" he ex-claimed under cover of Miss Morton's divided absorption in a mushroom on toast and a young man with whom she was at the most interesting stage of a "My neighbor on the left is particularly lively and attractive," he remarked.

"Yes, of course, it is easy to see which you prefer," Maida assented demurely. "I wonder whether it has ever occurred ten "'The Revelations'-that is, if you didn't write them yourself?" she queried the preceding decade.

"Don't insult me with pretty speeches," she command-

ed. "I care a great deal too much about you to wish to hear such banalities. It is because I am really fond of you, Ralph, that I want you to find happiness in le-

gitimate channels.' "You give me all that I want," the young man murmured. "Why should I

look for anything different?"

"Because you are just in the state to fall in love, and you don't know it," Mrs. Tresham said with an insight almost maternal. "Which being the case you see you must look-elsewhere." "Ah, you are too clever!" he sighed.

"No, I am not clever, but I sometimes think I am very good," she said in a tremulous voice.

The door opened and a middle-aged man came in. He had a kind and absent minded expression, and his shoulders were prematurely rounded. "Well, Mai-da?" he remarked vaguely, with the af-fectionate cadence of a doting husband. Mrs. Tresham smiled at him in quiet welcome.

"I am glad you are at home in time for tea, Charles," she said with a certain impersonal sweetness, and with perfect genuineness of manner. Then she continued frankly, "I was just telling Ralph that I am more good than clever. Won't you uphold me in that statement? You ought to know."

Mr. Tresham shook his head in doubt. but smiled in certainty. "I know, but I'll never tell," he declared.

A year passed by and left Ralph Dray-ton as it had found him. His friendship with Mrs. Tresham had gone through an indefinable change. He continued to see her often, but in a less intimate and personal way. She went out in society considerable, besides entertaining in her own house with pleasant informality. Her husband, although a scientist more interested in microbes than in human souls, was yet sufficiently devoted to his own wife to accompany her willingly into the world where she shone so brilliantly, casting about her a radiance in which he was proud to bask. She in her turn admired him for his erudition, and was fond of him for being so much fonder of her.

Ralph Drayton had always sauntered through the rosebud garden of girls, admiring here a blossom and there a bud, stooping to inhale their sweetness and en-joy their freshness, but never feeling an ng to inhale their sweetness and enuncontrollable impulse to pluck a flower

when she had found him reveling in his literary possessions. He had brought home with him a small volume concerning which there had been many and varied opinions expressed by the press and by society. It was called "The Book of Rev-

the book's havor, he turned back to the first page and began to read attentively, consecutively, and with complete absorp-tion. An hour passed, two hours, three, and midnight struck before the young

Yours truly,

Ralph Dayton snatched up his pen, and instantly flashed off the following reply:

soul. The note ran as follows

"I promise solemnly never to try to find out anything about you, nor to tell you or any one else if I should ever guess your identity. I can easily believe that the author of "The Revelations" does not wish to stand revealed, and I respect your de-sire for secrecy. But write to me again-tell me more. You whet my curiosity, and I like the idea of penetrating into the mysterious forest and per-haps finding a sleeping beauty. Excuse my levity and believe me. "Yours sincerely. "RALPH DRAYTON."

Again an answer came, promptly enough to prove the writer was in New York:

to prove the writer was in New York: My DEAR MR. DRAYTON-I am not a beauty. and I am very wide awake-for both of which reasons i am difficult to find. I will reward your promises with candor. I expect to see you (though perhaps you'll not see me) at the Stuyve-sants' ball next week, and I know that we are to meet at Mrs. Tresham's dinner on the 23rd. Now that is throwing light with a vengeance-but re-member you are to ask no leading questions of me or any one else. It will be an interesting game to hide my identity, when I have practically told you that I am one of four or five! Of course you know I am playing fair. I am not a man putting up a game on you, but a woman, rather young. and-well, I fancy I have told you enough. "Yours sincerely."

Ralph Drayton enjoyed the sensation of being woven into the meshes of a mys-tery. He determined to fulfil his promise to the letter, but, being human, he went to call on Maida Tresham, whose invitation to dine three weeks later he had ac-

cepted shortly before. "Sit down, and all shall be forgiven and forgotten," she cried, cozily patting the sofa beside her. "I've got lots to talk

to you about." Drayton stretched out his long legs with a sigh of comfort and smiled down upon his hostess with something of his old sense of satisfaction in her near presence-a satisfaction which at one time these confidential twilight talks.

"I'm going to have two most delightful and clever English girls visit me week after next," Maida rattled on, "and I want you to like them both and if possible marry one-preferably Constance Arnold, who is my particular friend. Have you met them yet? They are making a

round of visits here and are now at the Newhalls.' They came over just on a spree and have been 'doing' the West. I

to hear which you'll like best.

"I haven't met them and I shall very much enjoy doing so," Drayton replied with some constraint: "I suppose I shall meet them at your dinner on the 23rd." society. It was called "The Book of Rev-elations," its author was anonymous, and it was published by a prominent New York house. Ralph Drayton turned over its pages with the familiar and fastidious touch of a critical amateur. After nib-bling here and there to enjoy a taste of the book's flavor, he turned back to the first page and began to read attentively, consecutively, and with complete absorp-

herd no faintest rumor which connected consecutively, and with complete absorp-tion. An hour passed, two hours, three, and midnight struck before the young man laid down the book with a mixture of excitement and sadness in his eyes. He had seldom read a book which seemed to speak to him with so personal a note, nor did he often feel so keen a sympathy,

"Oh, I cared for it enormously," he answered readily, "and you?"

A shade of embarrassment clouded her face an instant. "Miss Morton and I don't quite agree about it," Miss Arnold replied evasively. "We both admire it, but in different ways. She insists that it was written by a man gifted with feminine insight.'

"Oh, yes, I think the author is a nice womanly man," Miss Morton agreed. Ralph Drayton turned his bewildered head from one dissembler to the other, and again his spirit bowed before Miss Arnold's exquisiteness. She glanced almost apprehensively at him, and the baffling smile of Moni Lisa illuminated the classic purity of her face, convincing him afresh that she was the unsuspected dweller in a forest planted by her own hands.

He spent much of his time vibrating between the two English girls, but when other partners become too persistent he deliberately sought out Mrs. Livingston Grant, not with any idea of breaking his promise to his unknown correspond-ent, but to gain further knowledge of the little group of women, one of whom he had felt to be his spiritual affinity. Mrs. more:

Grant greeted him with her accustomed poise, turning upon him the narrow, sphinx-like look that seemed to demand the answer to her riddle.

"Who would dream of your being a bluestocking in disguise!" Drayton exclaimed, looking into the widow's beautiful eyes with evident admiration, as after half an hour he reluctantly resigned her to an eager partner.

"Oh, but there are so many kinds of threatened to grow dangerously absorb-ing and had lately kept him away from these confidential twilight talks. worked ankles."

"Ah, you are not my unknown star," Drayton thought as he gave her lingering hand the pressure it seemed vaguely to "Ah, you are not my unknown star," Drayton thought as he gave her lingering demand

He had asked no leading questions. He acknowlvdged that she was clever enough to have written the merely clever parts her in Mrs. Tresham's drawing-room, and of the book, but she was not sufficiently fine and sensitive to have written it all. He longed to go back to Miss Arnold. the beating of his heart was a physical stance Arnold stood before him. She pill for family and household use. used to go to school with Constance ages ago in Paris when she was one of the young girls and I was one of the old ones. from the parent stem. One evening he sat in his cozy library, "looking like the design for a book plate," as Maida Tresham had once told him when she had found him reveling in his when she had found him reveling had the due the due to had the due to h

set in the pages of her next book. "The Book of Revelations" was almost immedi-

Charles. How much happier he is for preferring to dissect mushrooms instead of hearts," and she looked rather coldly at her husband, who was at that moment devoting himself to an entree with the fervor he usually reserved for microbes. After dinner Ralph turned with the cer-

to you that Miss Arnold may have writ-

flirtation.

suddenly.

about it."

tainty of a compass toward the star who was fast extinguishing all other lights in his life. He sat beside his divinity and told her in impassioned tones how much he admired Miss Morton. The serene happiness which emanated like a perfume from Constance Arnold filled him with ecstasy, for it told him that as he felt toward her, so did she responsively regard him. He looked pityingly at the beauti-ful Cleopatric widow, at the writer of marketable short stories, and at the soulless young animal who had called "The Revelations" "rot." He should not tell Constance tonight that he loved her. She

knew it already, and his epicurean heart enjoyed the blissful waiting for the in-evitable moment. He glanced at Maida men. Tresham as she laughed and talked with her guests, and he thought pityingly of the Ralph Drayton who had once thought he was on the verge of falling in love

with a married woman. That night when he got home he sat down at his desk once

"This is the last time I am going to write to the author of 'The Book of Revelations,' but it is to her that I wish to bid farewell, for it is she whom I loved first, she who taught me to love the wom-an. But do not tell the woman— am coming to tell her myself, on the evening she knows of. I shall be true to my promise and never speak of 'The Revelations' as hers, unless she speaks of it first. But she does not need to tell me now, for I dare to ask the woman to wear a white rose on her breast, which will tell me all I want to know. I am coming through the forest to wake my sleeping beauty."

held out her hand with her usual friendly greeting, but all that he saw was a whit rose tucked in the lace of her dress. All the traditions of good breeding fell from

had a steely brightness, and when she was not uttering startling aphorisms she gave one the impression of holding back un-spoken gems of brilliancy, conscious that they would prove more lucrative when set in the pages of her next book. "The Beach of Deministrations" was almost impression in the theat insisted was and crying incoherently: "Con-stance! My beautiful white rose! Tell me quick that you love me, quick, quick!" When the others got home from the theat re Drayton had gone. Constance had insisted upon being left to tell her friends alone. She waited for Mr. Tresh-am to go upstairs, then she said shyly:

Rare Eggs of Familiar Birds.

To one not conversant with ornithology the statement that the eggs and nests of some well known birds remain yet to be discovered must appear surprising. Yet such is the case. The eggs of the curlew sandpiper, for

instance, a bird familiar in Great Britain, were first discovered not so long ago on an island at the mouth of the Siberian river Yenisei. There are a few other birds whose eggs

have not yet been found, since they make their nests in remote regions, although living part of their lives among civilized

An Appie that Sold for Seventy Dollars.

An apple, which is supposed to be the largest grown in England this year, was sold by public auction at Covent Garden recently. It was presented by Sampson Morgan, of Sevenoaks, and the proceeds

of the sale are to be given to Charing Cross hospital. The apple is a Gloria Mundi, its weight being twenty-seven ounces, its circumference sixteen and a half inches and its height five inches, and it was grown by the King's Acre Fruit Tree Nurseries at Hereford. Bidding for the apple began at a guinea, and it was necks. The skin is firm and fresh, there eventually sold for 14 pounds.

There are a great many medicines completely exiled by the god of romance that he saw nothing incongruous in en-trusting the foregoing effusion to the tender care of a publisher, and he mailed cines, without caring for more than imshould be taken into consideration. The excellent laxative qualities of Dr. Pierce's ed because their effects are curative.

Noncommitta!

His girl-Fritz, dear, you love me more than anything in the world don't you?

His Girl-And you wouldn't give me up for \$100,000? Lover-H'm! Well, has anybody offered

that?

To judge by the showing in the shops, there will be a wide return to the plaited rabat made of fine muslin and lace, yet the really well-dressed woman looks a bit askance at this. She is a-wearied of them. They have been with us for so long and had nothing snappy about them, even when new.

The carelessly tied bow of bright satin or velvet ribbon, with long loops and ends made in the same lengths, has more go to it, and the flat bow of black satin with the plaited ends of black Russian net, fin-

ished with braid danglers, is also smart. One also sees a good many of these little black velvet cravats trimmed with tiny satin roses in colors. This is a French conceit that has taken quite well in Amer-

ica and yet may not last through the summer, because of over popularity in the beginning. Time alone will prove this, but it would be well for the woman who likes the idea to take it up quickly in case she would not want to go in for it later. The fashion for collarless blouses through the winter has been followed by so many women, and especially young giris, that one does not have to preach concerning

the whitening of the neck and the mas-sage of it for the summer exposure. Be-cause of our lack of collars we are developing a vast number of good looking are no discolorations from bones and there are no creases from tight materials.

If we only allow the fashion to have full sway, as it does in England, we may yet have the wonderful long white necks of the British women.

Crochet, which was such a fad in our mothers' time, has returned to fashion and been taken up the last few seasons with renewed zest. It has come to such a pass that one must acquire the habit if one is to get any comfort out of one's friends.

Satisfactory conversation has been utterly destroyed by the absorption of the crochet fiend, and if she is not audibly counting her stitches in the midst of one's most thrilling bit of gossip, you are irri-tatingly conscious that she is doing it mentally

Beginners usually start with the inevit-able tie, but all ambitious crochet workers gave up the hope of finally doing really good Irish crochet. This requires a firm hand, not in the least moist, and a knack of drawing the thread very tight-

Irish women have this art in a very high degree. They have far excelled the Trained Nurse - Young lady, you French women from whom the lace was first borrowed. But if one does not alto-Trained Nurse - Young lady, you mustn't ring the bell for ice cream every time you think of it. Young Lady—Mustn't I? You forget that I'm paying forty dollars a week for my room in the hospital. Young Lady—Mustn't I? The more so that the clever work-er can always arrange the motives to suit her tage the possess this knack, and even when one wishes to copy in a looser manner, the Irish crochet patterns are well worth doing. The more so that the clever work-er can always arrange the motives to suit her tage the possess this knack and even when the Irish crochet patterns are well worth the clever work-er can always arrange the motives to suit her own taste. The connecting lace-like

Getting Her Money's Worth.

mediate results are very apt to find them-Pleasant Pellets, are the more appreciat-

friends to a theatre-party on Saturday evening, and that she would accordingly be at home to see him. He waited for

Ralph Drayton's sense of humor was so it forthwith.