Democratic Matchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., April 21, 1911.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE.

The bravest battle that ever was fought-Shall I tell you where and when? On the maps of the world you will find it not: 'Twas fought by the mothers of men

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot. With sword or nobler pen: Nay, not with elogeent word or thought From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a welled up woman's heart. A woman that would not yield, But bravely, silently bore her part-Lo! there is that battlefield.

No marshaling troops, no bivouac song: No banner to gleam and wave. But, O, these battles they last so long-From babyhood to the grave

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars, She fights in her walled-up town-Fights on and on in the endless wars. Then, silent, unseen, goes down.

O, ye with banners and battle shot And soldiers to shout and praise, I tell you the kingliest victories fought Are fought in these silent ways. -Joaquin Miller

THE KEEPER OF THE LIGHT.

"Yes, Monsieur, it is true that our lighthouse-keeper is an ex-convict," said the cure, lighting the cigar that Slade had handed him. "But then, since he has paid as his guide. the penalty to the province for the life he took, why should he not atone to God by saving lives? Besides," he added, smil-ing benignantly, "it is hard for a man to be so very bad here, in Tete des Rochwords with the sailors; a little group jesting with one who walked alone, seeing a young man approach her, mak-ing off, calling back:

Some girls came up the path that led to his little stone hewn house, and, ex-cusing himself, the priest led them inside. Slade and I sat smoking upon the stoop, gazing downhill toward the lights of the Gulf hemlet. him.

"There's some mighty good-looking girls in this God-forsaken corner of the world," said Slade, "but I tell you that old convict's daughter has them all beaten. Did you see the look that chunky French Canadian mill-hand gave me in the store tonight? He's her fiance, it appears, think of Marie bestowing herself upon that lout it just makes me sick. It's a crime, that's what it is, and somebody ought to stop it. And if nobody will,

why-" Slade broke off abruptly, and I blessed the fortune that left me but two fleet weeks in the year in which to play upon those vagrant fancies that Slade, freed from all need of toil, could indulge peren-

"We'll hire a boat and row to the light." house tomorrow," said Slade. "I want you to take a look at her. I've had quite some talks with her at the store. She wants to leave home and see the world, and fancies it's a sort of magnified and glorified Tete des Rochers. What a life for her, cooped up in that old lighthouse with the old man and her crazy grandfather, or whoever that patriarchal old person is!

The priest came out again and took up his cigar from the window-edge, on which gazing hard to sea, watching the gulls' he had laid it. He waited till his charge flight into the gray shadows that crent d laid it. He waited till his charges had tripped out of sight down the declivi-"You wish to go to the lighthouse tomorrow?" he asked. "Pardon me if I overheard you; my windows open behind your heads. And I am so quick at hearing, he added, with self-depreciation. "Tomorrow I visit my charges there, and, if you like, I will call for you at your hotel in the afternoon. I shall be your boatman, for rowing is my soul exercise until the hunting season begins."

Slade, his face flushed in humiliation at the priest's dexterous rebuke. "If he had any sense he'd never try to hitch her to that pudding-headed mill-hand. Why, the tent-no, he must see the ocean and taste girl hates him! If he'd be a little less its salty tides. Ah, but he is glad to come home again, his sides quivering and the look of a homeless man in his eyes." Ite harsh with her and trust her ... that's the way with widowers; they want to be father and mother rolled into one." turned to his daughter. "The salmon are like the tourists," he said. "They come and go as God wills; but we are here— The priest came back from the fire; I

believe he had been whsspering to the graybeard. "Ah," he said, "I overheard you again. What should a man do with we are the people." "Cease your folly," the mother scolded. "Tell her she must not provoke Pierre any longer. If she will not heed the cure, such sharp ears?" he continued, humorously. Now, my friend, I heard you mis judging that fine man down-stairs. Perwhom will she heed?"

haps if you heard his story—" I cannot reproduce his words, with Pierre leaned forward, flushed and excited. "Meester Blakes-lee, she will heed him," he said. "He shall talk to their quaint accentuation, the stumbling idioms, and the strong phrases struck from her. He has seen all the world from the the man's enkindling anger and sense of deck of his yacht."

stern justice; nor the scene in the dark room, with the bell-buoy booming below and the figure of the greybeard only a words. Was that a symbol of her own life. Had it attained its freedom in the blur against the spears of the fire. But great sea, only to return to the waters of its home, urged on by irresistible forces, shuddering out of the vast tides, with Twenty years before a new yacht lay in the little bay. Its owner was a son of straining flanks and gasping mouth, mad

a rich man, a millionaire even in those days, before wealth had heaped up new fortunes for its possessors. Tete des Rochers was then substantially the same for its home? But he left for Gaspe to-morrow! She sank down upon the shore; the thought was stunning. Suddenly a shadow fell across her path. She looked up; Mark as now, save that the cottages did not extend so far along the bluff, and the salmon swarmed in June up the Black

Frere stood at her side, smiling evilly. And she was at the foot of the wharf, ten River, where now the logs of the lumber-mill float in the dam. The yacht was anchored off the small pier; its owner spent each day ashore, fishing. Some-times, when he was tired of the sport, he yards from where his boat lay moored. Five steps up from the sand, ten strides, and one was aboard. Why had she gone thither? That was what Mark Frere asked her.

passed his days on the stoop of the vil-liage postmistress, whose husband acted "Do you not work with the other girls?" he asked. "What are you dreaming of?" I pictured the scene at evening: girls She saw his black eyes bent upon her,

the good little boat. At once we run down with the tide. Then to-morrow we "Run, Lisette. Here comes Pierre. If shall return. Ah, the good little boat, he should catch you you cannot escape you should see how she cuts through the waves.

> sette, her eyes open wide in fear and astonishmen

"Just for a little run-then back. Nobody will see you come aboard.'

daughter of the postmistress, though he was one of the life-boat crew and the "Wait then. I must tell .Maman." 'No, no. Come now."

death of his father in the maw of the He swung her up from the sands to the pier and led her to the edge. One spring, and they were aboard. A boy began hoisting the sails; they flapped to the breeze, and all at once the anchor was up

tache

"How happy they are, those people," nurmured Lisette, enviously. "Oh some are happy and some are not," is somebody below whom you will like better," he snickered.

the form of the graybeard by the fire. He had not stirred. Slade and I waited in silence. Presently the priest resumed his story.

"Sooner or later," the fishermen say, "the sea tells all its secrets." But Pierre Desmoulins did not always

brood by the tides. He paced the shores Gulf shores. Always he prayed to the Sacrament.

bec, I suppose-that's where his boat lies

up in winter." "Where does he live?" Pierre cried. "Rue Louis Quinze, 429," said Mark, grinning as he slipped away. Pierre made no effort to detain the smuggler. He went to Quebec and found

the street, followed it down from the citadel to the Lower Town, through obscure alleys, past shattered houses with evil atmospheres; at last he halted before 429. It was a seamen's tavern. In a back room sailors were drinking with women of the Lower Town.

Pierre saw Lisette.

room as the inmates saw a tall man dressed in fisherman's clothes leap into ing and weeping, while she, dumb with terror, huddled against a wall.

anything. Come!

ast he rose.

"I shall always wait for you," he said. "I shall go to the lighthouse. And every night its glow will be a beacon of welcome, calling to you across the evil things of the dark.

When he went into the street the day was breaking. He made his way instinc-tively toward the harbor. In front of him a yacht lay at anchor, brave with brasses and paint. As he approached her he heard footsteps behind him, turned and looked into the face of the yachtsman, staggering back from some night revelry ashore. The latter halted and clapped him on the back drunkenly.

"I know you, Jean," he cried, thickly. ilation unless there is a fire in it. "Where have we met?"

knife into his breast.

served one year," said the cure. "He came straight back to Tete des Rochers, and he never spoke of her afterward. Ey and by we got him the charge of the "But the woman?"

"She came back two years afterward," was driving the pelting snows across the lar or house cellar, the neighborhood of land. But a priest is like a doctor; he the hogsty or the cesspool.

With her two hands, unused to labor.

Farm Life vs. City Life.

"Back to the farm," seems to be the present-day slogan. Men born and reared on the farm in later life migrated to the cities, only to sooner or later discover that they made a mistake. Agriculture in all its branches is on the ascendancy,

and its true independence-both from a financial and a health standpoint-is again calling its sons "back to the farm." It is accepted that, in general, outdoor occupations are more healthful and con-ducive to long life than indoor industries.

A table published some years ago in England shows that the mortality among far-There was a flurry and scramble in the mers is less than among any other class studied, except the clergyman. Taking the latter as a standard at 100, the mortheir midst. The woman screamed and tality among farmers is 14 per cent. great sprang for a door. Pierce followed her er, or 114; grocers, 139; fishermen, 143; Lisette saw the stranded fish upon the through a short corridor. into an empty rocks next day and recalled her father's court, under the stars. He caught at her words. Was that a symbol of her own gown and fell prone to the ground, curs-bhysicians, 202; butchers, 211; plumbers and painters, 216; brewers, 245; file-mak-

ers, 300; hotel service, 397. Many other Presently he began to plead. "Come occupations are omitted from the above with me—come now," he prayed. "All list, but these show how much more are waiting for you. We will be married in the little church. I shall not ask you those in other business. those in other business.

In part this is due to a more liberal and "You shall come to morrow: listen! You shall come in the dark. Winter is near; change of seasons and successing by the shall come in the dark. Winter is near; change of seasons and succession of crops, the white snows will hide everything—all and the tiller of the soil is not affected by memories. Nothing will be seen but the the practical sameness of his work, as tops of the pines and the true little light the hurry, the anxiety and the worry of the flashes over the sea. We will live the business man, the financier or the politician, or the broken rest, scenes of She never spoke; yet he knew that he suffering and chances of infectious dis-She never spoke; yet he knew that he suffering and chances of infectious dis-might as well have prayed to the sky. At eases of the physicians, nnrses and hos-

pital attendant Dr. Samuel W. Abbot says country life in general is more healthful than city life, and the average montality is less in the country than in the city. The fresh outdoor air helps to promote health and life. but fresh indoor air is quite as important, and especially that in sleeping rooms. In many farmhouses of modern construction the sleeping-rooms are too small and lacking in means for proper ventilation. The foul air cannot get out to be renewed by tresh air from out of doors in a room with windows and doors tightly closed, unless there is an open fireplace or grate, and the grate is not sufficient for proper vent-

It is essential to have pure water, and Pierre felt in his sleeve. "Don't you re- while the water supply of farms is, as a member me?" he asked, and plunged a rule, superior to that of thickly-settled villages where it is drawn from private wells, there are many cases of badly-pol-"Yes, they pardoned him after he had luted wells on the farms, and when the water is used in dairies where milk is supplied to large populations they are source of serious danger to public health. Driven wells are the safeguards. From The boy looked up and grinned. Mark lighthouse, and ever since—that must be inineteen years—he has been here." earth

Water is not always pure that is clean the cure answered. "I saw the flash of and good tasting. It may even then be distress from the lighthouse and hurried badly polluted. No well should be lodown the hill. It was the middle of win- cated in close proximity to the cowyard, ter; ice choked the Gulf and a hurricane the back yard of the house, the barn cel-

found a boat above the water-line and common practice to bring water from shown last week was made entirely of a mass of nure white stocks mounted on a dragged it down to the sea, entered, and pulled for the point through the thick floes. A shattered boat lay on the reefjust a common little open boat, such as danger in using lead pipe. This is inthe tourists use in fine weather. Inside a creased by long lines of pipe, and still woman crouched, shielding a bundle in more when pains are not taken to draw ened by a border of mauve sweet peas, a brood by the tides. He paced the shores workan crotected, shielding a builde in more when pains are not taken to draw check by a border of mauve sweet peas, a incessantly, insatiably questioning the her arms, and Pierre knelt at her side. I had just time to hear her and give her the stood in the pipe overnight. It is safer Large muffs made of black lace and net to use no lead pipe at all, but to use iron.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Though we travel the world over to find the peautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not.--Emerson

Near Boston Spa, in Yorkshire, Eng-land, there is a so-called "wishing well," which is probably nothing else than a survival of pagan tree-worship. The place is called St. Helen's Well, and has been so named ever since the days of the Romans, but those who introduced Christianity into these islands frequently rebaptized the pagan shrines which they found in their path.

The legend runs that people visiting this dried-up well to offer up prayers will have their wish granted if they leave an offering in the shape of a shred of their own clothing and observe strict secrecy in regard to the nature of their demands. Not only lovers and superstitious country folk make pilgrimages to St. Helen's Well; the grove is frequented in summer time by quite serious people, who do not hesitate, when the backs of their companions are turned, to furtively tie some scrap from their clothing to the twisted roots and murmur their heart's desire. -Wide World Magazine.

Now that crocheting and Irish lace have become a fad, the girl with many leisure moments spends much of her time making dainty laces if she is skilled at this sort of work. One of the most effective forms of this work is the crocheting of covers for little gold collar pins, and while the lacemaker can cover six of these pins in very little time if she attempts to buy the covered pins at one of the shops sh will pay a pretty price for them.

You can make beaded hatpins yourself, and so easy is the work and so effective the result that I venture to assert that you will have more than one set in your spring and summer list of accessories.

Buy the wooden forms that are already mounted on pins. You can get them at any art needlework department. Cover e wooden head with silk, velvet, satin or linen after you embroider the circular disk in beads.

When you cut the circular piece, allow for the covering of the under surface. Draw a design that may be conventional, or a naturalistic flower large enough to cover the circular top. Daisies in white or yellow, tiny for-get-me-nots, the iris flower, or any bright scheme of squares or circles will do. Work the design in beads and then gather the edge of the piece and draw up after covering the wooden head. Sew firmly around the pin, and if there be a suggestion of slipping, apply a little mucilage on one spot underneath. This will hold the cover firmly in place.

Make two or three pins to complete your set. You can do this in an hour, and you will be pleased with the results.

Abroad some bridesmaids carry a floral muff in place of the conventional bouquet of flowers—a mode very much in favor this year. One lovely muff which was mass of pure white stocks mounted on a flat mauve silk foundation that had a yond the flowers on either side.

14

The white flowers were further bright-Large muffs made of black lace and net that match lace neck ruffles are likewise which is entirely safe, and the cost of oc- to be seen. A very effective addition to a new spring costume was a scarf of Royal blue chiffon veiled in fine black blue chiffon yeiled with black and trim-

strolling arm in arm along the pier, to and, stammering for words, as one asleep, see the yacht once more and exchange she said. "I want to see Gaspe." "I'll take you to Gaspe," he cried. "See

Envious were the glances that some cast back at him, for Pierre Desmoulius, "You will-take me to Gaspe" cried Liwith his fine figure and handsome face,

could have won many a girl in Tete des Rochers in place of Lisette Tremblay,the

Pierre caught the girl by the arm and

"Let me go!" cried the girl, striking at him. "I hate you." Mark stepped aside and bowed. "There sengers thronged the decks, staring at the

The cure paused and glanced toward responded Pierre, sagely. "But they con-"But they are free and they can go where they will," said the girl. "They are going-to Gaspe," she said, with in

linked his own through hers. Thus they passed onward toward the pier, he chattering volubly at times and again silent, and the pier began to recede. she always silent. Gradually, befores the "I will not go with you," she cried. "Set girl's indifference. Pierre's speech died me ashore."

They stood at the pier's end, side by side, their arms no longer linked. A tourist boat had cast anchor, and her pas-

down the hill. "But I don't fancy having that priest around. I wonder how much he overheard?"

He called for us on the following day, late in the afternoon, and we pulled out through the slack tide A gaunt mist shrouded the Gulf, through which the booming of the bell-buoy seemed to diffuse itself in every quarter. On Tete des Rochers, where the long line of the hills plunged into the sucking sea in steep, black cliffs that shored up the edge of a continent, the lighthouse had already begun blinking gayly when we arrived. We grounded upon the reefs and stepped cautiously across the slippery weeds until we reached the little entrance door, where the keeper met us.

He only grunted in answer to the priest's introduction and, turning, led the way up the worn steps of stone until we reached the living-room, half-way to the top, a barely furnished place, austerely devoid of those chromographs and cheap colored prints dear to the French soul By the fireplace, almost beneath the hollow flue that ascended to the roofs, carrying the smuts and sparks of a new fire, sat a tall old man of great age, who looked up at us, blinking and mumbling, but said nothing nor rose. 'He never speaks," the priest explain-

d. "But it is thought he understands." But the girl: Slade had not over-appreciated her. She had the black Breton hair so common among the Canadian de scendants of those first voyageurs, tinted with gleams of bronze; in her blue eyes supprise and joy struggled with discontent and conquered it. And now a latent fear, of who se presence in my mind I had been but dimly conscious through the day, leaped in my heart. I felt the interplay of secret antagonisms among those three: between the girl, in whose timid handclasp I seemed to read a secret understanding, and the father, standing at the door; between the man and the man. At the hearth the graybeard, inscrutable and ever silent, yet appeared to play some part in an unfolding drama; and over all brooded the benign, keen spirit of the priest in his black robe.

Even as the father turned for one instant away I saw the girl's face change and her lips move in low, impassioned speech. Slade whispered something and her eyes flashed prettily in a half-childish anger. Then the father came back, and it was as though the curtain fell upon a drama.

'Come, Marie," he said, harshly. "Our oil runs low; we must carry up more." Rebellion flashed out from her eyes

frankly. Then, with supple adroitness, the priest had interposed himself between the girl and Slade. I do not think he spoke: I saw the seams of the cassock start as he bent and little folds of cloth run rippling across his back, then the door closed and we three men were alone, and the graybeard beside the fire, who it is with the daughter, my fine fellow. run rippling across his back; then the

into the gray shadows over the waves. The steamship had cast off and was really beginning to recede into twilight. The opposite shore had vanished in the night mists, and out of depths the vessel, alight from stern to the

arm through hers again.

ceal their sorrows-as we do."

Pierre turned and looked at her.

"When we are married you will not want to roam," he replied, linking his

But she detached herself and stood

drawn breath

sea foreshadowed his own.

ner-girls, pitying their lonely lives.

away.

it was substantially this:

bow, blazed like a galaxy of stars. And he, too, would soon go thus, into that outer world—the young yachtsman who had first taught her that she was lonely.

A voice hailed her, pitched just so as to reach her ears. She started and glanc-Slade made a grimace at me. "We ed toward the yacht. Pierre was taiking couldn't refuse," he said, as we strolled to the harbor-master and did not see. A ed toward the yacht. Pierre was talking man was beckoning to her from the bow -she knew him: Mark Frere, who ran cargoes of contraband from Baie de Loup opposite, a man of sinister reputation among the coast folks. She saw him laugh, and his voice accentuated the horror of the lonely shore. The incoming tide, turning the brackish water salt, be gan suddenly to lay the rocks and send up little ripples of spray. Next moment Pierre came hack; he had observed noth-

'You are sad, Lisette," he said. "But when we are married you will forget. Perhaps-" He could not continue, for the shadow

that oppressed her seemed to fall upon him also; it was the loneliness of men who strike against the mighty forces of the hills and the sea.

She watched him in terror. Alwaye that marriage. Would he never cease talking of it? More silent than before they retraced their steps toward the cluster of log houses under the pine-topped cliffs

Later that night, while Lisette hemmed her wedding-clothes in the kitchen, Pierre talked with her mother, the old postmis-tress, and the unheeded telegraph clicked out its messages from village to village

along the shore. The girl caught frag-ments of messages that came out of the void, through miles of emptiness. Suddenly HO HO ticked out. It was the call for Gaspe

Gaspe, the ultimate port on the gray shores of the St. Lawrence, seemed the end of the world to her. And the yacht was going to Gaspe; going soon, going soon. The telegraph sang the words to her; soon, soon, soon, soon.

The old woman, having heard Pierre's story, laid her knitting aside and called. "Lisette, come here!" she cried.

The girl came slowly in, her fingers picking at the garment that she held. "Pierre complains that you want to postpone the wedding again," she grum-bled. "Why are you so foolish, child? If you don't take care you will lose him. He is not a man to be trifled with. Has not

the cure talked with you?" She scolded her, while her father, the half-witted man who guided the yachts-man, strolled in, chuckling and rubbing

"Jean," cried the mother, turning to him, "here is this daughter of yours again

"Ha! I knew it!" cried the old man, shaking his pipe at her. "She is a wild thing—she is a little sa mon. She wants to go to sea like the salmon, eh?"

She wants to travel to Gaspe and the good Father knows where," cried Pierre in exasperation. "Are not all places the

same "I knew it." cried the father again "There lies a salmon stranded upon the rocks hard by the river's mouth. When I

Virgin that he might find her living and lead her home. Soon his lonely figure became a sight well known among the fisher-folk. It was during the following summer that the old lighthouse-keeper made a proposition to him.

You must not grieve all your life for her," he said. "I am growing old; soon the earth will receive my bones. Come, take my place, and I will teach you how to keep the light burning after I am gone.

Presently the sea will heal you." Pierre thanked him. "Perhaps, sometime." he said. "But not till I have abandoned hope." He continued his searching. It was easily learned that she had gone with Mark Frere aboard the yacht -but beyond that no one knew anything. Once Pierre went across the Gulf to Baie du Loup. But all he could learn there was that Mark Frere had disap-But all he could learn peared, abandoning his wife and child. He heard of Pierre at Tadousac and, obtaining absence from the lifeboat crew, went thither. Frere had put into Tadou-

sac the preceding spring, they told him, in a small fishing-boat; but he had no woman with him. "She will come when the salmon come," babbled the old guide, rubbing his hands,

and chuckling in the spring sunshine. The postmistress never spoke of her. Such little tragedies were common enough in the Gulf villages. They must be borne uncomplainingly. But Pierre did not forget.

One day the mother said: "You ought to take a wife, Pierre. You should not always grieve for her. It is not natural for a young man to grieve forever for one

The guide came in and took down his fishing-rod. "I must give you a drink of oil, my fine fellow," he muttered. "Soon Harper's Weekly. the salmon will come, and then the tour ists.'

They hoped that this summer would bring the yachtsman to port. Perhaps he could tell something about the mystery. He must have known that Lisette was not betrothed to Mark.

"If we had asked him sooner," said Pierre, "he would have given her advice and she would have heeded him. Ah, he was a fine man," he continued, kindled into transitory enthusiasm by the remem-brance of his friend.

"He caught the big fish in the pool," said the old guide.

But suddenly, unexpectedly, Pierre dis-covered something. He had wandered to St. Joseph, seven miles along the shore. There were some fishing-boats in the bay. Gazing at them idly, he saw Mark Frere bending over his catch.

Pierre crept back from the sands. He knew the ship would put out on the in-coming tide; knew that Mark would land coming tide; knew that Mark would land the next day at Ste. Anne de Quiberon. All that night he strode through the rain, breasting the mountain roads; and at noon he found his enemy. Mark Frere was coming out of an inn, wiping his mouth upon his sleeve. He saw Pierre, stopped, and squinted at him. Instantly

Pierre was at his throat. "Tell me what you have done with her before I kill you," he said.

"I don't know where she is," gasped Mark. "You lie," roared Pierre. "Where did

she go?' Mark began to tremble. "She did not

go with me, I swear," he cried. "I know nothing of her. I was his duck.decoy." Pierre shook him. Whose?" he muttered.

"Meester Blakes-lee's," he answered,

she had pulled that tiny craft clear over the Gulf through the blizzard, her only guide the steady beacon gleam on Tete des Rochers. But she was fleeing from sin, Messiurs, and her heart told her that God works through the darkness. She had stripped half to the skin; but she saved

Suddenly the graybeard rose and came toward us from the fire, his arms stretched out in front of him, as though he groped through the fogs of his mind. "She had a salmon's eyes!" he cried. "She had a salmon's eyes!"

The cure went forward and supported him, led him back to his chair, and,stooping, threw some more fagots upon the embers. Then he came back to Slade "So perhaps you understand why that

fine man is harsh with the girl," he said. "He knows that it is lonely in Tete des Rochers; he knows the tug at her heart and the wild things that clamor in her mind. It is natural that the young should be in love with life and that they should hunger for experiences." He addressed

Slade only, and his voice seemed to fill the chamber, re-echoing the solemn call of the bell-buoy without. "But whoso offends against one of the innocent ones, it were better for him that a millstone were put about his neck and he were drowned in the depths of the sea."

Slade placed his hand upon my arm. "Let's go," he said. But he said afterward that, with Saul,

he had been bowed before a blinding light which seemed to encompass him. playing its fierce rays upon his soul, so that the necessity of righteousness lay like dividing steel between his purpose and its accomplishment .- By Victor Rousseau, in

His Chance to Vote.

The chronicles of our vice presidents are notoriously barren of incident. This probably was the reason for the way Adlai Stevenson secured the exercise of a constitutional prerogative. It was one sleepy day toward the end of his term as vice president. The United States senate was plowing through the calendar and passing many bills. Bills are considered agreed to in the senate if no oral objection is raised after they have passed through the preliminary stages, but the usual form of asking for the yeas and nays is followed by

"Senators in favor of the bill will ay 'Aye.'" Pause. "Contrary, 'No.'" Not a single response.

"The vote is a tie," announced Mr. Stevenson.

The senator in charge of the bill paused on his way to the cloakroom and looked surprised. "In case of a tie the vice president

may cast the deciding vote. In the exercise of his constitutional privilege the vice president votes 'Aye.'"

> A Pearl In the Trough. "How are you today? Feeling well?"

"Do you really care a rap?" "Not a rap. I merely asked out of

ed."-Pittsburg Post.

casional renewal is not a serious tax. There may be danger from the water that goes out of the house as well as from net and trimmed with a border of that which comes in. The pool of water velvet ribbon about an inch wide. To near the back door or under the windows match this was a big flat muff made of of sleeping rooms is not a pleasant or healthful ornament. If the water is run med with a big black velvet bow nto a cesspool it should be so construct-

ed that no foul odors can escape into the house.

The farmer needs recreation, but not of the kinds which will give him more exercise, such as rowing or football. Fish ing, sailing or some sort of indoor games to divert his mind may give him needed rest. Good reading is another excellent form of recreation, and no farmer's house should be without access to a good library, to which should be added a subscription

to some good farm journal and such other periodicals as his means will permit.

It should be the duty of every farmer to lay aside a certain amount of money each year for some means of enjoyment, something in which the entire family can

be benefited. Not only good reading matter and sports, but also music-a piano, an organ or a graphaphone, for in-stance—something that will give life to the surroundings and make the winter

evenings enjoyable. Attractions like these will go a great way toward keeping the boys and girls on the farm. Many farmers are entirely too selfish when it comes to home enjoyments. They care too little for the family's entertainment. Let sunshine into the home and there will not only be a longer lease of life, but there will be so much pleasure that the work on the next day will be more easily

performed, and life will surely be worth living for.

Loss of flesh is generally a sign of loss of health. It is surely so when the body begins to show a marked decrease of its normal weight. There is a certain fixed relation between the height and the weight which is reckoned on by insurance companies in their estimate of risks, and any marked variation from the scale about the arms snugly. Swan'sdown trims many of the paler-hued dresses. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and organs

of digestion and nutrition, increases the supply of pure, rich blood, and so builds up the body into sound health. A gain in weight, by the addition of good, sound "Discovery flesh follows the use of the in almost every case.

Visitor: Yes, it was so cold in into coal before leaving the chimney.

cracked ice to keep them from laying violet, green, pale yellow and fushia red hard-boiled eggs.

The first change of life, the time when the girl becomes, in Nature's purpose a woman, is a critical period in every girl's history. Mothers should use every vigilance not to permit the establishment of conditions which will involve a tremendous penalty in later years. Nothing could be wiser than to suggest the use of

Straw beads are the latest trimming for straw hats. These are made in chains and girdles of about three-quarters of a yard in length, and are composed of big, round and oval beads threaded alternately. They can be had in all black or in various colors, and are quite the newest things in the world of millinery.

Another bead novelty is a toque-turban composed of large and small white coral beads, the only trimming of this being one huge conventional flower formed entirely of white coral, which is set in the very front of the toque.

On many of the simple morning tub frocks the collar and cuffs are the sole trimming. There are all sorts of arrangements of these collars, some of which are more on the order of a fichu instead of a plain collar.

These fichu-like collars are generally made of net or lawn and are arranged in folds around the neck opening of the frock, the ends fastening at the belt under a buckle or rosette.

The majority of bridesmaids' frocks are made up in corn-color, blue, mauve, champagne or apricot tones, though the rule is that any light, delicate tone which the bride may fancy is suitable for it. Picture effects rather than strictly fashionable ones are sought for in such dresses, but these, of course, are made to conform to prevailing ideas in dress.

Just now all girl attendants' dresses are short and narrow. They run to the ex-tremely slim dress with perhaps a foot trimming (either a band or embroidery) and seamless sleeves or those that close

Heavy gray linen is much used for the background for embroideries which are be employed as house decorations. Bed rooms and living rooms for country houses are furnished in gray in many instances, and the linen is used for bed hangings, cushion covers, table cloths and window hangings. Ambitious needle-women are embroidering these articles in quite elaborate designs in several colors. For one bed room a set of hangings for Host: Pooh, that's nothing; I was in Florida two years ago, and it was so warm that they had to feed the chickens on cracked ice to keen them form laving of wood fairies and fuschias in tones of

> Although there are only 400 women among the 5,000 students at Cornell University, they won 15 out of 27 places in the society of highest scholastic stand-ing. What significance will the antisuffragettes in the sex discover in that?

For a spring salad slice Brazil nuts, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription at such broken paradise nuts or broken buttera time. It establishes regularity, quiets nuts are delicious sprinkled over a green the nerves, and gives a healthy balance salad that is dressed with mayonnaise or to the whole body. "Favorite Prescrip- oil and vinegar. These nuts are so rich politeness that I see was quite wast-tion" contains no opium, cocaine or other that they need little else besides the narcotic, and is entirely free from alcohol. green to make a substantial dish.

Alaska when I left that smoke froze back Host: Pooh, that's nothing; I was in

the presiding officer. The vice president had said: