

FOR YOU TO MEMORIZE.

Do not drop the fruit you're eating. Neighbor mine. On the sidewalk, sewer, or grating. Neighbor mine. But let us and I should quarrel. Listen to my little moral. Go and toss it in the barrel. Neighbor mine. Look! Where'er you drop a paper, Neighbor mine. In the wind it cuts a caper. Neighbor mine. Down the street it madly courses, And should fill you with remorse. When you see it scare the horses. Neighbor mine. Paper cans were made for papers. Neighbor mine. Let's not have this fact escape us. Neighbor mine. And if you will lend a hand, Soon our city dear shall stand As the cleanest in the land. Neighbor mine.

DISILLUSSIONMENT.

Hello, Zeke," cried somebody from the road down in the hollow in front of the house. A man's head and shoulders were seen gliding mysteriously across the edge of the field that sloped gently from the house to the road. A little way in front of the man the gold-tipped horns of a team of oxen were bobbing slowly up and down, now glimmering through the thin grass, now clearly visible above it. "Hello, Frank," old farmer Curtis barked back, stopping half-way between the barn and the house with a big milk-can in his hands. "Been to the well?"

"No," drawled Frank; "but I guess I'll be goin' to-morrow. At that moment the gold-tipped horns vanished behind a wall of green leaves, and a second later the man was no longer to be seen. Still the old farmer stood where he had stopped, gazing dreamily into nothingness. "I think you're the only one around here that hasn't got a pair of oxen," I said.

"Them be steers Frank's drivin'," my host replied after a pause, speaking as if to nobody in particular. "And I've seen a finer pair only once in all my life."

"Why haven't you got a pair yourself?" I persisted, my curiosity piqued by a strange something in his manner. "Had a pair once, and hain't had no others since, and I'm goin' on seventy-one now," he said, moving toward me as if half lost in some dream. Then he sat down on one of the steps leading up to the back porch, placed the milk-can on the ground in front of him, and let a hand rest on either knee. The sunset wind brought a faint crunching sound from the direction in which the wagon with its team and driver had disappeared. As long as it could be heard, the old man turned his head to catch it.

"I was only a little feller then," he said when the silence around us was complete once more. "I hadn't got through with school even, when my father says to me one day: 'If you'll break in a pair o' steers, I'll let you have 'em for your own.'"

"Of course, my father was a good man—everybody said so—but he was kinder cold and hard. When he wanted had ter be done, and when he showed a favor, it looked much bigger 'an if it had come from somebody else. That there day he made me the happiest boy in this whole State."

"When the steers come, they was black and white, and perfect'ly matched, taller than I was myself, and they'd long, straight horns with gilt knobs on the tips—just like them steers Frank was drivin' by down there."

"For a while he rubbed the white stubble on his chin in silence. Then he placed his elbows on his knees, propped his head on his hands, and went on a little more thoughtfully than before. "They was the finest steers I ever seed, and I let nobody handle them but myself, and I just growed to love 'em. I fed 'em and watered 'em with my own hands. I kep 'em as shinin' and smooth as could be. I drove 'em in and out, and talked to them just like they was brothers o' mine, and I'd rather 'ha' step' with 'em out in the meadow or in the barn than in my own bed. And soon they minded every word I said, and I'd only to call 'em and they'd come, and I never needed no stick to drive 'em."

"I guess I must ha' had 'em close to a year, and 'twas summer again, and I come home from school one day, when father says to me kinder offhand: 'There's a man wants to buy them steers,' says he."

"But them steers be mine," says I. "He's willing ter pay mighty good for 'em, too, if he can have 'em right off," says father as he hain't heard me at all.

"But you said—" says I, and that was as far as I got. "You're a fool," father rips out, speakin' reel sharp, and then he says a little more quiet like: "Them ain't the only steers in the world."

"But," I tried for the last time, and then father looked as he useter when something didn't please him—just like stone, that was. And he says to me: 'I Guess your mother wants some wood to get supper.'"

"And I knowed there'd be no use talkin' to him when he spoke like that. "The next day I was settin' in my particular place at school, which was where I could see out through the window and clear up the road and run by right outside. And I see a man coming along with a pair o' black and white steers. And I see the sun shinin' and blinkin' on the gilt knobs on their horns. "There's only one such pair o' steers hereabouts," says I to myself. And with that I up and calls the teacher I want a drink from the bucket outside. The man with the steers come up right then, and as he sees me he stops and looks at me kinder curious, and the steers stop and look sideways at me, too. "Where'd you get them steers?" says I to the man. "Up the road yonder," says he, keepin' his eyes still on me. "And I paid as much as seventy-five dollars for 'em. That's a pretty big price for a pair o' young steers."

"You got 'em cheap at that," says I. "I guess I did, says he. 'If only I get 'em home all right.' "Oh, they'll go along all right," says I. "Well," says he, "the man I bought 'em of says to me as I was goin': 'If you get

by the school with 'em," says he, "then you're all right after that, but there's a boy down there as I don't know what he be up to if he sees you comin' along with them steers."

"Oh, I guess you'll get by the school all right," says I. "All I've got to say is—'em good to them steers. They're well broke, and they're gentle as can be, and you won't need no stick if you only speak kind to 'em."

"So you're the boy," says he. And then he thinks a while and gets on again. "I kinder thought so, and I'm beginning to wonder—"

"Oh, I guess father knows what he's doin'," says I. "And you've got a long way to go before you get home."

"And with that I went back and set down in my place as before, and somehow, as luck would have it, teacher didn't ast me no more questions that day.

"I'd ha' given anything to put my arms around them steers after the man drove 'em off, but I just dasset—for I knowed I couldn't trust myself that far. "That's nigh on sixty year ago now, and I'm fella' kinder foolish about it yet."

He raised his head and stared at some point lying up on the hills beyond the grain-covered fields. For a minute or two neither of us spoke. Then he said: "Of course, I knowed right along 'twas no use for me goin' against father when he'd made up his mind."

"Why did your father do it?" I asked. "He didn't need the money, I know. "Oh, I guess 'twas just this way and I never ast him," the old man answered. "When I come home that night, I didn't say a word of the steers, and father wasn't the man to speak first. But I could see him watchin' me out o' the corner of his eye. And next morning I went to school, and still I didn't say nothin', and so it went on for some weeks, I guess, when father says to me one night: 'Praps you'd like to break in another pair o' steers?'"

"I've broke one pair," says I, lookin' hard at him. "And I'll never break another, if I live to be a hundred."

"That was the last word as ever passed between us of steers. And I never had a pair since. You see, it wasn't that the steers was took away from me—though I'd growed more fond of 'em than of any thing I can think of—but 'twas that he'd broke his promise. That I couldn't get over. Somehow the world didn't seem quite the same since. I guess I've been about as well off as most people, but somehow I've always felt things might ha' been different—"

"Sakes alive, if you ain't talkin' of them steers again," broke in his wife, as she emerged from the kitchen wiping her hands on her apron. "Here I been waitin' for that milk—and, my land, if I don't believe you think more of 'em steers than you've ever thought o' me!"

"The old man rose with a grin on his face, gave his trousers a hitch, and picked up the milk-can again. "No," he replied, shaking his head. "If you'd up and die on my hands, I'd never have another—"

"You're a fool, Zeke Curtis," snapped his wife, withdrawing into the kitchen. "Yes, that's what father said, too," mused the farmer, speaking once more to nobody in particular. "But I guess he meant it kinder different—and, as I said afore, they was just a pair o' steers, but when they was gone, the whole world was changed for me, and it ain't never been the same again."

Once more he let his glance sweep the wide fields and the circle of blue, forest-crowned hills beyond them. At last he said almost in a whisper: "What I'd like to know is how life might ha' looked to me if father hain't sold them steers!"

Then he turned and walked slowly into the kitchen, still shaking his gray head.—By Edwin B. Jorkman, in Collier's.

A Shower of Manna.

Some time ago there was forwarded to Paris for analysis from Asiatic Turkey a specimen of an edible substance that fell during a copious shower of rain in the vicinity of Mardin and Diarbekir. It was stated that the substance in falling had been plentifully sprinkled over a considerable area of country.

The inhabitants came out and eagerly gathered up the substance and with it made excellent bread. The "manna" was floury, palatable, and nutritious.

The Parisian chemists say that the sample of the "manna" sent them was in the form of small globules about the size of millet seeds, and that the mass, yellowish on the outside, was perfectly white within. It was pronounced to be a vegetable substance of the lichen family, scientifically known as *Lecanora esculenta*.

This lichen is frequently found in the most arid mountains of the desert of Tartary, where the soil is calcareous and gypseous, and grows on the ground amid the pebbles from which it is to be distinguished only by the closest scrutiny. Considerable quantities of lichen are found also in the desert of Turkestan and in other parts of western Asia.

Parrot, the traveler, brought home a quantity of this substance as long ago as 1828. It had fallen in a shower in Persia and was said to have covered the ground to a depth of several inches. Cattle ate it eagerly, and the inhabitants gathered it in quantities.

It is regarded as likely that this lichen, abundant in the country where it fell, had been drawn up by a water-spout—not an infrequent phenomenon there—and, after being carried by a vaporous wind at a high altitude, had fallen to the earth again in a rain shower.

Nail 106 Years Old.

A 90 penny cut nail that is just 106 years old is some curiosity and it is now in the possession of L. D. Gulich, of 511 21st avenue, Altoona, a carpenter, who thirty-one years ago helped to remodel the Elias Howe house in Philipsburg, when that residence had weathered the winters for seventy-five years. The nail was manufactured in Bellefonte, and was the first nail works in Pennsylvania. The iron was in those days melted and run into pigs when it was cut into nails. This particular spike was found by Mr. Gulich, driven into a piece of hemlock and when first driven it would hold an even ton before pulling out. The Elias Howe house was one of the first houses built in Philipsburg in the good old days when Mr. Philips who founded the town, was living.—Altoona Times.

What Did She Mean?

"I'm quite a near neighbor of yours now," said Mr. Bore; "I'm living just across the bay." "Indeed," replied Miss Smart, "I hope you'll drop in some day."

The Soul of the Dog.

When the faithful shepherd-dog kills the sheep and attacks his master, psychologists say that, however fatal the dog's impulse, it is not inexplicable; that, like men, dogs have periods of suffering from inherited instincts, the instincts of the little wolf of India, the ancestor of the dog. At such times the mind of the dog returns to the condition of primitive savagery.

Fear plays an important part in the paroxysms of both dog and man, but fear is not the only factor. During the atavic impulse the dog ceases to be a dog, and yields to the instincts still latent in his nature, despite the eliminating work of thousands of years of civilization. Then, terrified by some mental vision, or seized by some dormant hereditary impulse, he breaks the ties uniting him to the master of his love, and becomes the criminal, the killer of man, the cruel exponent of the right of might.

At such periods the dog feels nothing but a huge impulse to destroy. The sheep-dog has been known to rise from his sleep, at dead of night to do his work of murder, and to return to his place on the hearthstone to sleep and to awake in the morning gay, caressing and apparently untroubled. Perhaps it is the dim consciousness of his evil ancestor that gives the bravest dog fear of punishment. In the mind evolved by ages of civilization lurk the instincts of carnage; the instincts of a time when to kill was the necessity of life, and when, at the last desperate moment, the dog felt before the fury of a beast stronger than himself. The natural impulse to give chase to the fleeing, and the desire of fight for its own sake are characteristic expressions of the atavic instinct, the sudden loosening of the atavic instinct of the wolf, when the dog, called to defend his master against an enemy, runs in with eyes starting from their sockets and with fur bristling, to set his teeth in friend and enemy alike.

Students of animal mentality cite the case of a dog whose character was so changed by acute pain that his condition amounted to madness. When in his crisis of agony he believed himself to be the victim of an attack from men, then, under the impression that men were his enemies, he was ready to kill.

Such a phenomenon occurs in the mind of the dog who kills the sheep or attacks his master. The violence of the atavic animal feeling, the feeling of the wild beast, is to kill, because for centuries he lived by killing. At such times the feelings attaching him to domesticity, to civilization, to his master, and to his duty, are temporarily lost, to be found only when the crisis has passed.

The same phenomenon is seen too often in humanity, when the untamed savagery of the brute reacts; when with nerves exasperated by fury, by fear, or by greed, the man falls to the level of the beast of prey. In time of peril by sea, and at times of other public excitement, many show the instincts of the lowest ages of primitive barbarity.

The dog is like the man; he is what man has made and is making him; he has all the feelings—good and bad—of his master; but he can dissimulate even to hypocrisy.

The faculty most highly developed in the dog is the emotion of tenderness. It is unperceived, all too often, because dogs have but a feeble means of expressing their feelings, and because the majority of masters care little how they feel, but he who can interpret their attitudes, their gestures, the antinome of the tail moved by all the springs of the spinal nerves; he who can read the pathetic language of their imploring eyes—knows all their grief. It is impossible to imagine anything more acute or more profound than the feelings of longing of the animal for human sympathy.

The dog is a mass of vibrating nerves; nerves so tense and so hard worked that ten years is the average length of the useful life of the species. With few exceptions dogs are broken down by the excessive use of their nerves. The dog is the victim of his emotions; he pleads incessantly for the love of man; his life is a long current of effort and of anguish, broken for brief spaces by the joy occasioned by a kind word. He is timorous, gay, amiable, easily amused; he tries to do his things as they come; but under his tremulous complacency lie deep feeling and undying memory.

The Land of Chestnuts.

The home of chestnuts is in France, where they are as common as beans in Boston. On such an extensive scale are they cultivated in the French Republic that in one factory alone, at Lyons, there are handled over fifty-five million pounds every year. The nuts are, of course, the chief luxury, but among the poorer classes the smaller chestnuts, or *chataignes*, are eaten.

The chestnuts are peeled and boiled and placed for three days in a vanilla syrup; then they are drained, coated with a thin layer of vanilla, and prepared for shipment.

It has more than once been suggested that the United States should go extensively into chestnut-growing, it being held that, as sugar is much cheaper here than in France, the candied product would soon undersell the French article. However, as marron trees do not yield profitably till they are ten years old, there is no immediate prospect of a reduction in the price of the candied nuts.

Young Mothers.

Are not always wisely guided when they choose some medicine to give them a strength adequate to nurse baby at their own breast. The need at this time is real strength, strength which lasts. So-called "tonics" and "stimulants" do not give real strength. They give a temporary support and a stimulated strength, which does nothing to balance the drain of the mother's vital forces by the nursing child. Of all such preparations those containing alcohol are most to be dreaded. Many a child has begun the drunkard's career at his mother's breast. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes motherhood easy and gives to those who use it, a real strength, which the baby shares. It contains no alcohol, whiskey or other intoxicant and no opium, cocaine or other narcotic. It is the best medicine for woman and woman's ills which has ever been prepared.

Deduction.

"It is no wonder the police fail to get knowledge of fights." "Why so?" "Well, a mill is a cent, isn't it?" "Yes, but what of that?" "Doesn't it take ten mills to make one cent."

The Soldiers Who Went to War in '61.

The States were uniforming their soldiery as best they could in that summer of 1861—New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania usually in blue, the Vermonters in gray, turned up with emerald, as benefited the Green Mountain boys. The one Western brigade in the newly formed Army of the Potomac came clad in gray throughout, not to be changed for the blue until late in September. But for variety, New York City led the country. A second regiment of Fire Zouaves had been quickly formed, as dashing in appearance as the first. Abram Duryea of the old militia (with a black eye, solemn-faced little regular as second in command, soon to become famous as a corpse leader) marched forth at the head of a magnificent body of men, the color guard, nearly all seven-footers, all the scarlet fez and breeches of the favorite troops of France. Zouave rig was by long odds the most pleasing to the popular eye in the streets of the big city—and, less happily, to Southern marksmen later—for all in a day the improvised wooden barracks were thronged with eager lads seeking enlistment in the Zouave regiments. Baxter's in Philadelphia, Farnsworth's (Second Fire), Durand's (Fifth New York), Bendis' (New York) and "Billy Wilson's" in New York, the last an aggregation of street Arabs, well known to the police, promptly accepted more for municipal than national reasons, promptly mustered and then shipped to a sand spit in the gulf, as far as possible in the streets of the big city, where they could do no harm to anybody.

To cater still further to the love for the spectacular and the picturesque, still more distinctive regiments were authorized—the Garibaldi Guard—mainly Italians, under Colonel DuTassy, in a dress called the Bersagliere; the D'Epinay Zouaves, French and would-be-Frenchmen, in the costliest costume yet devised, and destined to be abandoned before they were six months older; still another French battalion, also in Algerian costume— *Les Enfants Perdus*. Last Children indeed, once they left New York and fell in with the campaigners of Uncle Sam. Then came the Chasseurs, in very natty and attractive dress, worn like the others, lost their identity of the universal, most unbecoming, yet eminently serviceable blue flannel blouse and light-blue kersey trousers, with the utterly ugly forage cap and stout brogans of the Union Army.—From the Volunteer Soldier of 1861, by General Charles King, U. S. V., in the American Review of Reviews for June.

Real Estate Transfers.

W. E. Hurley, sheriff, to Elizabeth G. French, Oct. 11, 1911, tract of land in Howard Twp.; \$4305. Elizabeth Smith to John Augustus Arm. Oct. 16, 1911, tract of land in Bellefonte; \$1700. John W. Dale et ux, to Amanda Motherbaugh, Sept. 16, 1911, tract of land in College Twp.; \$2450. Luther M. Houser et ux, to Nannie H. Ailman, Oct. 18, 1911, tract of land in College Twp.; \$1. Nannie Houser Ailman et ux, to Luther M. Houser, Oct. 18, 1911, tract of land in Ferguson Twp.; \$1. L. H. Musser et ux, to J. W. Bruss, July 18, 1911, tract of land in Huston Twp.; \$1. W. E. Hurley, sheriff, to David Chambers, Oct. 11, 1911, tract of land in Milesburg; \$100. G. Fred Musser, Admr., to Albert C. Minale, Oct. 19, 1911, tract of land in Bellefonte; \$1200. Harry L. Bower et ux, to John Bower, Oct. 11, 1911, tract of land in Howard Twp.; \$650. Walter J. Dumm to Clarence L. Dumm, Sept. 1, 1911, tract of land in Walker Twp.; \$1425. John C. Lingle et ux, to Henry Lingle, Sept. 21, 1911, tract of land in Penn Twp.; \$75. Abram E. Halm et ux, to John V. Bower, Oct. 6, 1911, tract of land in Philipsburg; \$1400. Anna H. Hoy et ux, to Charles Wesley Korman, Oct. 14, 1911, tract of land in Bogs Twp.; \$589.75. Sarah B. Kline to Andrew I. Musser, Oct. 20, 1911, tract of land in Aaronsburg; \$1. Abraham Baird to Amanda Horner, Sept. 22, 1911, tract of land in Spring Twp.; \$1. Roland Lucas et ux, to Wm. H. Steele, Oct. 1, 1911, tract of land in Spring Twp.; \$40. A. C. Leathers et al, to M. C. Gephart, Oct. 2, 1911, tract of land in State College; \$1. S. T. Williams et al, to Aaron Steele, Aug. 12, 1911, tract of land in South Philipsburg; \$25. Edward J. Gehret to Marietta Miller, Sept. 9, 1911, tract of land in Bellefonte; \$1600.

You take a bath for the outside of your body to remove accumulations and dead matter. Does not the inside of the body need an occasional bath think you, to help rid it of clogging and effete material.—Nature's waste which has lodged in some canal of the body and is poisoning the blood current with its corruption? Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cleanses the inner man, purifies the blood, strengthens the stomach, builds up the muscle. The same invigorating results which follow a bath, follow the use of "Golden Medical Discovery." Don't suffer with constipation. Use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets and be cured.

Marriage Licenses.

Harry J. Markle, of State College, and Anna M. Reed, of Benore. Willis B. Bathgate, of Lemont, and Amelia M. Neese, of Bellefonte. Wendel L. Bartholomew, of Howard, and Katie M. Kemery, of Castana. Rev. Frank P. Fisher, of Petersburg, and Mary Edith Buck, of Warriors Mark. W. H. Kinto and Grace L. Clark, both of Manns Choice.

"That word in season how good it is." "That word in season is just what it is spoken by Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. The word it speaks may be a word of counsel or of caution, a word of wisdom or of warning, but it is always a plain word and practical. This great book of 1008 pages and 700 illustrations is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for book in paper covers or 31 stamps for cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Tool He Used.

"I was throwing up dirt from an excavation in the pavement one day," said an old laborer, "when a little old chap with white hair stopped to look on. I was as big as two of him. After a minute or two I rested on my shovel and looked up at him. Said I: "If you had to do work with a shovel for your living you'd starve to death before you could make a trench deep enough to bury you in."

"I thought that was a smart thing to say, and I laughed. Then he answered me. He was a slow speaking man with a sort of drawl.

"I might—starve—as—you—say," he said, "and yet I—have—a—trade—in which I use—a—tool—very—much—like—yours. In fact—many—people—who—work at my trade—use—the—tool—to—shovel dirt and filth—with—as—you—do—will—yours. This—is—the—tool."

"He handed me a steel pen. "Is it a joke?" I asked. "It—is—a—tool—to—make—the—with," he nodded. "That—is—part—of—my—trade. My name—is—Twain—Mark Twain."

"I have the pen yet," concluded the laborer, "and no dirt was ever shoveled with it."—New York Globe.

More Than Gratuitous. Apropos of the custom of some hostesses to invite professional artists to their houses in the expectation that they will amuse their guests free of charge, a story is told of Stue, Berthe Bady, the famous Parisian artist, who was invited to a social gathering and asked by the hostess to recite. She consented, and then, in order that there might be no mistake about the matter, the hostess said:

"How kind it is of you to work for us in this friendly manner?" "The emphasis on the word 'friendly' was so marked as to show clearly enough that the service was to be gratuitous. After the recitation was over Mue Bady took a silver card tray from a footman, and, imitating the musicians in the cafes chantants, she made a tour of the drawing room and collected whatever contributions were offered, and they were substantial ones. Then she handed them to her hostess and left the house.

Lightning's Queer Ways. As every one knows, it is dangerous to stand near a tree during a thunderstorm, but if any one is so foolish as to do it he will do well to lean against the tree. If he does this the charge goes in at his shoulder, burning it, and then passes down the skin along the middle of the back. Arrived at the legs, it may run along one or both. It will seriously burn the knees and other prominent parts, get out through the stockings or bore a hole through the boots or destroy the boots altogether. But if he stands near a tree or wall without being in contact the stream of lightning may jump to the lead bones and cause instant death. If it doesn't do this it will probably burn the hair and travel over the skin of the head, going down the front of the body or getting inside it and doing terrible damage.

Brevity. Robert Louis Stevenson was a close student of style and has left more than one interesting discussion of the technique of writing. In a letter to R. A. M. Stevenson, dated October, 1888, he says:

"There is but one art—to omit: Oh, if I knew how to omit I would ask no other knowledge! A man who knew how to omit would make an 'Hlad' of a daily paper."

To men engaged in editorial writing (which in America is the art of making ideas effective before a vast audience) and to young men and women in college who are planning to enter journalism we recommend the above few words of Stevenson's be committed to memory and put into practice.—Collier's Weekly.

A Comet's Three Parts. A comet has three parts. The nucleus is the bright, starlike point which is the kernel, the true potential comet. Around this is spread the coma, a sort of luminous fog, shading from the nucleus and forming with it the head. Still beyond is the delicate tail, stretching away into space. And this to the world in general is the comet itself, though always the least dense of the whole. Sometimes entirely wanting or hardly detectible, the tail is again an extension millions of miles in length. Although usually a single brush of light, comets have been seen with no fewer than six tails.

Shear' in Installments. Sheep are put to double use in the northern part of India, in the Himalayas. They are driven from market to market with the wool still growing, and in each village the owner shears as much wool as he can sell there and loads the sheared sheep with the grain he receives in exchange. After his flock has been sheared he turns it homeward, each animal carrying a bag of grain.

Got His Reward. Old Maid—But why should a great strong man like you be found begging? Why—Dear lady, it is the only profession I know in which a gentleman can address a beautiful woman without an introduction.—London Sketch.

Transferred Wealth. "How are you getting along in the law business, old man?" "I have one client." "Is he rich?" "He was."—Boston Transcript.

It is better to find excuses for others than for ourselves.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Leisure for men of business and business for men of leisure, would cure many complaints.—Mrs. Tave's.

A girl with an assortment of jobs and frills should study the colors most becoming to her and fashion a number of odd tailor bows and knots of velvet and ribbon to pin at her throat as a sort of fastening for the neckwear. She will be surprised at the smart effect given by the touch of color.

One who wishes to gain in flesh should eat slowly, chewing everything until it simply disappears, and with it plenty of cream, butter and olive oil should be taken.

The pretty fashion of having a touch of fur has been revived.

The simplest trimming on a black hat is made of wired loops of white tulle, the rather thick wash cloth that dressmakers and milliners will gladly accept this season. If one has a knack of twisting bows into graceful shapes, then this trimming lies at your hands ready to place in a becoming shape.

True, the idea seemed done to death abroad this year, but we have seen little of it in America, and it will make a strong appeal to the woman who wants a smart hat that is not expensive and who would like to change the trimming as the winter advances.

The novel and popular trimming for fur hats and flowers made out of thick colored worsteds, the kind that is used for knitting. Huge roses of raspberry red and deep purple are mixed in with green worsted leaves and placed in a wreath around a motor bonnet of fur.

These are also used on hats of scratch felt and velour. They are considered quite the thing for the morning, and if your taste leads you to one of these most becoming and convenient affairs of crushed velour or felt, do have one or two worsted roses on it with their coarse green leaves as a background.

You will be in the fashion and you will like your hat. Raveled silk twisted into the semblance of fur forms a popular trimming for hats; it is used on afternoon ones more than the collapsible velour ones. And it is especially smart on the large soft hats of white suede that are lined with black suede.

Gold and silver fringe is used to edge caps or to mingle with fur or to trim bows. Only young girls should attempt this unless the fringe is put well up on the crown and does not come near the face. If you want a really smart-looking rosette for a simple hat, make it of bullion fringe mounted on canvas; you will find it ornamental and quite a good touch.

Every hat that looks like fur is not made of fur; remember that. There is a new material brought out by the manufacturers called taupe velour, which is made to exactly resemble moleskin. It is in the same color and has the same stamping. It is used for trimming fur hats, and for separate wraps.

There are shirtwaist boxes galore, innumerable dress chests and many improved receptacles for use in the woman's room but the latest novelty is the result of an ingenious brain which conceived the possibilities of having a dress box, full length, to match the hardwood floor in her room.

A cheap frame was constructed of pine, lined throughout with white oilcloth, the edge glued on the outside. This was covered with linoleum, a clever imitation of oak in two shades. It was glued to the outside and the raw edges were covered with tan leather strips, held in place with brass studs. The hinges and lock were of brass. Two stout straps, were tacked to the inside of the lid making a good receptacle for holding two parasols, says an exchange. Ball-bearing casters completed the dress box and the owner paid much less for this treasure than a fancy one would cost at any store.

The "grouchometer" is the latest invention of Parisian psychologists. All that is required to make one is to take a scrap of paper and write in the order of their importance the various causes that one has had in one's life for being crabbed and morose. Whenever one's disposition is bad the list is to be consulted to see if it is worth while to be disagreeable. The folly of being ill-tempered at a trifling incident when the death of a friend or a serious illness is recalled by the list, immediately is apparent.

Many thousands of Parisians are said to be employing this device, and observers declare that never before were so many smiling faces seen on the boulevards as now.

Baked Ham.—Choose a small, thin-skinned ham and scrub well. Put into a kettle, cover with cold water to which is added one cup molasses. Bring to a boil and simmer until ham is tender. Remove from water and place in a baking pan. Trim off rind and some fat, leaving a layer half an inch thick. Stick full of cloves, cover thickly with dark brown sugar, moisten with one cup sherry, white wine or cider. Place in a moderate oven and bake slowly for two hours. It is better to cook the ham longer in the oven and less time in the water, as it is less likely to drop apart, in which case it is extremely difficult to carve.

Honey Nougat.—Put into a saucepan over the fire one pound of clear honey. Boil until it makes a hard ball when dropped into cold water. Have the whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Remove the honey from the fire, stir into it one cupful of almonds cut into lengthwise strips that have been heated in the oven. Pour over the whites of eggs and beat up until light and foamy. When it begins to harden drop in spoonfuls onto a greased plate or paper.

Plum Conserve.—Cut up and cook six and a half pounds of plums. Some water must be added. The quantity depends upon the kind of plum—whether juicy or dry. When they are soft they must be rubbed through a sieve to take out skins and stones.

Peel and cut up four oranges. Pare away the white inner skin and grate the rinds of two. Pulp them as you have the plums. Mix in four pounds of sugar and boil all together for half an hour, stirring often to prevent burning. Put into glasses and seal. Crabapples may be used instead of plums.