It Isn't the Thing You Do.

It isn't the thing you do, dear, It's the thing you leave undo That gives you a bit of a heartache At the setting of the sun.

The tender word forgotten; The letter you did not write; The flower you did not send, dear, Are your haunting ghosts tonight.

The stones you might have lifted Out of a brother's way: The bit of a heartsome counsel

You were hurried too much to say; The loving touch of the hand, dear, The gentle, winning tone, Which you had no time nor thought for

Those little acts of kindness So easily out of mind, Those chances to be angels Which we poor mortals find They come in night and silence Each sad reproachful wraith, When hope is faint and flagging

With troubles of your own.

For life is all too short, dear, And sorrow is all too great, To suffer our slow compas That tarries until too late: And it isn't the thing you do, dear, It's the thing you leave undone, Which gives you a bit of heartache At the setting of the sun.

PEGGY'S SUMMER.

"This letter, Peggy," said the Mater, looking somewhat doubtfully over her glasses, "is from your Aunt Margaret."

"Is it?" Peggy swung her feet careless-ly. "Did you know, Mater, that Win Richardson is going to be at The Farms with us through August? Her mother has tak-en the Underhills' house." The Mater looked a little embarrass-

"Er- Peggy, dear, that's just the question! Do you count very much on going to The Farms? Would you be disap.

"Yes, I should!" interrupted Peggy, shortly. There was a pause. Peggy shook her red braid over her blue shirtwaist, and bit the end of it, as was her habit when vexed. Her mother sighed. Into the middle of the pause strolled Richard, the peace-maker, who was not the oldest of six for nothing, and who knew from atar

the signs of coming trouble. Well, Peggums, what's up?" he inquired, genially. Peggy's gray eyes turned slowly darker. Her chin grew square. "For three years," she began, tragical-

Year before last I was young enough to go to the shore with the children. The next year Ethel was sick, and I had to go with her to Grandmother's. The room had to be given by the street was sick, and I had to go with her to Grandmother's. The room had the beginning the street was sold chum last had to be given up to your old chum last year, because he took you to Maine. Now that I'm seventeen and nobody's sick and I can have Janet's room, something turns up. I don't think it's fair, and, if it's Grandmother's, I just won't go! So

"But it's not Grandmother's," said the Mater, mildly, and if you'll only listen,

Peggy—"
Dick sat down in the morris-chair and her braid lightly about her mouth, and, holding her down with one arm, made a polite gesture with the other. 're all attention, Mater," he re

marked, "proceed!" 'She's your father's oldest sister," said the Mater, with a grateful smile at Dick, "and she was named for his mother—just like Peggy. We've never seen anything of her, Pater and I, since we were married. She's a sort of invalid, I be lieve, and lives very quietly in an old farm-house in New Hampshire. She gave Peggy her silver mug and that coral cross, and now she writes that she'd like to have her for the summer, if we can spare her

"Ugh!" Peggy tore away from the braid. "She didn't mean to be sarcastic, I suppose, but she doesn't know that I'm easier spared than not, apparently A farm in New Hampshire! Let Ethe

"Now, Peggy, dear, be reasonable! She hasn't asked Ethel. And as for sparing you—you ought to remember that you are the third girl and that Janet and Ethel come first naturally. If only you could see, child dear, that being younger only means that you have more time before you!"
"Think, Margaret," whispered Dick,

sepulchrally, "that when you are sixty-nine you may sport at The Farms un-challenged! What bliss!" Peggy giggled, hysterically. The Mater

went on more earnestly. "And it seems so very fortunate just now, you see. The twins could have your room, and Pater doesn't feel that he can really afford to send them to the shore this year because he has to send Aunt Grace, too, when they go. And they're old enough not to be in the way, "And I'm old enough to be ou tof it!

muttered Peggy, crossly.

Dick pulled her hair gently and hugged

"It's too bad, Peggums, but I'm afraid you've got to!" he said, confidentially. The Mater took the hint and left the

"I know just how you feel old girl, and I know you had your plans laid for The Farms, but you know the Pater's in a sort of tight place this summer, and we've got to back him up. I'm not so dead set on staying at The Farms, myself, but when the Richardson boys wanted a tutor, I knew I ought to. You see, that will pay quite a little toward my Senior expenses. And six is a pretty big family, and it's hard to get things planned out, sometimes. Now with you and Janet asked away for the summer, and the boys here with us, quite a lot will get saved.

Now don't cry, Peg, you'll spot my tie!"
"Of course I will, Dick, dear—go, I mean—but it seems as if I was the only one to go to all the horrid places! Grandmother's and this and— Oh, all my new clothes! That lovely green organdie-and

only cows to see it! only cows to see it:

"There, there, spot it if you want to!
You're a brick, Peggy, and I suppose it's
tougher than they realize! Maybe you feel
the way I did when I couldn't go to
Washington with the fellows last Early

"The same thing?"

-do you suppose it's the same thing?"
Peggy hugged and thanked Heaven for uch a brother. "Y-yes! I s'pose it's just the s-same!"

"And I'll come for a week, dear, along about the middle, when you feel the worst, and play with you— I suppose the old lady 'll let me; I can sleep in the attic—and we'll tramp about and take our lunch, and maybe there'll be fishing."

"Oh, Dick, how dear you are! Will you really? Then I won't say another word!"
The Mater passed by the door a little later and smiled to herself as she caught the talk of rods and reels and wading-

boots. Peggy was Dick's pet sister.

As the preparations for the farms went on, and the twins grew boisterous at the prospect of the lake and the stream and donkey-carts and the clam-bakes, while Ethel importantly started a list of fascinating engagements and the Pater collected his golf things, Peggy's spirits drooped visibly, and any reference to Aunt Margaret proved a too efficient damper to conversation. But she tried her best, and whenever she saw the Richardson boys and remembered the long, hot hours that Dick would pass with them digging at Greek and mathe matics, she scolded herself into some

thing approaching amiability.
Only once did she burst into angry tears, when Ethel thoughtlessly begged her for a treasured lace collar.

"Oh, come, Peggy, you won't need that there!" she urged. "How will the natives know if you wear your last year's clothes? They don't know that lace is awfully stylish this year, do they? I'd wear ginghams all day, if I were you—do give it to me!"

Peggy's eyes flashed, and she drew her the reasons I'm going is that she was so kind to father—Mater said she was! And rich country cream. I shall change my dress every afternoon!"

in-hand of mine! There were crumbs of comfort by the

way, for Pater sent her wheel up ahead and only a vague jealousy of this English of her; Dick lent her his second-best girl who knew her father's sister better jointed rod; Mother made her a fascinating shade-hat; and Ethel, in a penitent mood, offered her side-saddle and ridinging shade-hat; and Ethel, in a penitent mood, offered her side-saddle and riding-habit in case there should be anything to breath. A very beautiful old lady, all in ride on the farm. She was even able to laugh when the twins solemnly presented her with their miniature garden set, say-ing that Dick had said she'd probably rake the hay and milk the cows, and that these might prove useful to her! And when Dick's chum, Arthur, sent her a spirited pen-and-ink sketch wherein a scenes and beautiful old chairs and talanky, barefoot maiden in a gingham sunbonnet picked berries into an enormous tin pail, over the title, "A Square slender little figure. sunbonnet picked berries into an enormous tin pail, over the title, "A Square Peg in a Round Hole," she promised to was a great deal in having the Pater tell her that she'd never disappointed him said. "Let me see you closer, little Mar-yet, she confided to Dick." garet!"

yet, she confided to Dick.
She folded the green organdie into the trunk with a sigh and dropped a tear on the new shade-hat; it would have been so jolly to wear it on the rocks with Win Richardson! Win pitied her very much. brave smile, and answered Dick's warnings not to let the ice freeze in her pitcher-as it always did in the country-and not to mind eating cold greens, with the kindly advice not to try to teach the Richardson boys much more than he knew, and then the train rolled away. She knew they would laugh at her if she confided to them her schemes for studying "lots of German," writing essays enough for next winter, and making most of her Christmas presents, but she began detailed plans for all these on the train, with intervals of wonder about the aunt she had never seen. She was kindly, to begin with; her letter had been very sweet and simple. She had a sense of humor, or she would never called herself "a dull old lady;" nobody who was really dull would have said that. And she appreciated the condition of things, evidently, for she had assured the Mater that she would do her best to entertain her namesake in any of the simple ways at her command. Dick had suggested

"cold greens" that Dick had foreseen to be her portion. What were the rest doing now? Eating supper on the rocks, probably, and Dick was playing the mandolin. Then they would sail up the river, later, and sing in the moonlight—and she would be in a country bedroom any the would be a country bedroom any that the would be a country bedroom any the wo she would be in a country bedroom, crying for them! She bit her lip and shook the dust from her jacket. No more of this! Whose father had said his daughter had never disappointed him yet?
"Valley Hill! Valley Hill! All change?"

called the conductor. Her heart beat quicker; what would Aunt Margaret be like? She was sixty—would she come alone to the station? Her eye took in the platform quickly. Several turnouts were drawn up there Several turnouts were drawn up therenice-looking horses they were, and people of the summer-visitor sort drove them.
Out of a particularly pretty little basketphaeton a tall, slender young woman
jumped lightly and ran with outstretched
hands to Peggy. She was six or seven
years older than her guest—for that Peggy was her guest her warm welcome
showed—but her fresh red-and-white coloring, her thick, smooth, glossy hair, and oring, her thick, smooth, glossy hair, and her low, musical voice made the difference in age less noticeable than the difference in nationality. She was clearly

an English girl. "This must be little Margaret!" she said, eagerly, "Oh, we are so glad to see you?

'We? We?" repeated Peggy, vaguely climbing into the phaeton, her hands itching to drive the little brown cob.
"Yes—Aunty and I. I am Uncle Albert's niece, you know. You never knew him? I live with Aunty, now."
"Oh!" said Peggy.

They drove through the little country They drove through the little country town, cool and green in the late sunset, winding and turning with a tumbling stream which the road followed closely. In front of a large Colonial house they stopped suddenly. The driver blushed deeply and interrupted Peggy's admiration for the massive pillars, the broad porches, the beautiful lawns, where tennis and croquet grounds were laid out between evergreen hedges.

"Before we go in," she said, shyly, "I ought to tell my name, oughtn't I? I am Adelaide Thornton."

with me— She can do anything. But she seems younger than Janet.

"You see, it will be a real house-party,"

Peggy followed her guide up the beautiful winding staircase, through a long, quiet hall, broad as a room, into the daintiest bay-windowed bedroom in the world. The bed, dresser, and chairs were covered with pale-green chintz; even the matting on the floor showed a green vine. "Uncle Richard wrote that you were gray-eyed and had auburn hair," said Adelaide, blushing again, "and we thought you would like this. Your luggage has come, and after tea I will take

you in to Aunty."

Peggy fixed her hair and unlocked her trunk in a dream. As she hesitated what to put on, a glance out of the window re-vealed Adelaide, rosy and fairer than ever in soft, lace-trimmed white skirts, and she hastily drew out the green or-

"Gingham! sunbonnets?" she murmured to herself. "What would they say?"

She went slowly down the shining stairs, lost in admiration of the lovely old-time furniture, glossy and slender-legged, the antique bowls that held the flowers, the air of graceful, dignified quiet that seemed a hundred times more self up to an astonishing height.

"I'd be ashamed to go to a place and not to take my nice things?" she announced, bitterly. "I shall wear just what I would at The Farms! She's as much my aunt as Aunt Grace, and one of the reasons I'm going is that and one of the reasons I'm going is that the wear of the reasons I'm going is that the wear of the reasons I'm going is that the wear of the reasons I'm going is that the wear of the reasons I'm going is that the wear of the reasons I'm going is that the wear of the reasons I'm going is that the wear of the reasons I'm going is that the wear of the restrict of the reasons I'm going is that the wear of the restrict of the dusty, clattering train. Adelaide met her at the threshold of a long, low-ceiled dining-room, and talked pleasantly to her in her deep, English voice, while a white-aproned maid served.

"'Cold geeens'"! thought Peggy, with a

I shall change my dress every afternoon!"
Peggy's rain was never far from her thunder, and the Mater, coming in just then, found her wiping her eyes on the collar, while Ethel cowered under the unsparing rebuke of indignant Dick.

"—And she's quite right, too, and looks at the thing decently. I swear I'd rather have her represent the family than anybody else! Perhaps you didn't hear that Aunt Margaret helped the Pater through college—? Look here, Peggums, if you'll stop that I'll give you that big blue four-in-hand of mine!"

"Cold geeens'"! thought Peggy, with a giggle.
"Nothing—nothing at all!" she murmured, "only something my brother said that I was thinking of!"

"Now I will take you in to Aunty—she is quite looking forward to seeing you," and Adelaide led the way up-stairs again, across into the left wing of the house. Aunt Margaret had grown quite mysterious by now; the vision of a plump lady with short skirts driving her new-found niece in a rusty buggy to an accompaniniece in a rusty buggy to an accompaniment of voluble family history had faded

than she did had taken its place. lavender silk, with a tiny lace cap on her silvery head, and a little ebony crutch by her side—a veritable fairy godmother—sat by a long French window in the fad-

She held out her hands as Peggy passepartout it and hang it in the library. They were all very kind to her and promised to write often, and there and kissed her forehead lightly. "This is Richard's daughter, is it?" she

Peggy blushed under the searching

The old lady smiled, well pleased. "Oh, we hold our own, the Wilburs! she said. Then more gravely, and disyou are the young lady who came up in the country to amuse your old aunt, my dear. She takes it very kindly of you. Peggy blushed furiously.
"I—I didn't want to come at first," she

confessed, honestly.

The old lady smiled again. "So Richard wrote me," she answered, quietly. "He and I understand each other, though I haven't seen him for

many a year. I suppose you wonder

Peggy nodded, too excited to speak. "Well, I asked him to let me tell you, and it's no long story. I married an Englishman, my dear, and I planned for your father to come out with us to Eng-land and settle there, but he wouldn't hear of it. I was much older than he, and I felt that I was right; he did not like my marriage to begin with, and he rebelled at my plans to settle his career The hot day wore on through noon to evening. She was dusty and tired of the cars, and hungry enough to long for the "cold greens" that Dick had foreseen to be her portion. What were the rest do-

"Now I have come back to Americato die here, I suppose. My Margaret died-Richard sends his to me to show me that our stupid quarrel is over and done! It was my fault; I should not have tried to arrange his life.

"Will you try to love your Aunt Mar-garet a little?" Peggy kissed the soft, wrinkled hand she held, and her eyes answered the question.

"That is right, my dear—and now call Adelaide—I am very tired. Ask her to tell you my plans, and tell me if you think of anything better. Good night, little Margaret!"

Three days later the family at The Farms received a letter of a length un-usual, even for Peggy. It was incoherent, but effective, and ended in one enthu-

"And Adelaide is the most beautiful girl I ever knew—she has a kitchen gar-den every Thursday for the little poor children, and I help with the singing. She rides beautifully—rises dreadfully to her trot—and there is a horse for me. Lady mean. She keeps the house and manages. Aunt Margaret says she meant for ages. Aunt Margaret says she meant for me to invite five or six of the girls to stay through August if I like, and when I said Dick was coming for a week, she said yes, and to bring three or four friends with him and there was fishing—trout. They can have the East Wing—tell him he needn't sleep in the attic! I don't see Aunt Margaret often—she is like a real god-mother. But you go in at night and tell her about things, and she is pleased at that, I think. She says I am most like Pater—I showed her all the pictures—and that she doesn't wonder I am his 'nearest daughter.' What a cunning thing that is to say, fisn't it? Ask him if I am! Adelaide does German every day

"You see, it will be a real house-party, when they all come. Win Richardson was dying to go to one. It will be such fun to ask her! Did the Pater know how grand it was here? I think he did—Aunt to meet them, in through a cool, wide hall filled with the scent of summer roses and dark with polished wood and wainscoting.

"You see, it will be a real house-party, when they all come. Win Richardson was dying to go to one. It will be such fun to ask her! Did the Pater know how grand it was here? I think he did—Aunt Margaret only laughs when I ask her. Perhaps there will be a real house-party, when they all come. Win Richardson was dying to go to one. It will be a real house-party, when they all come. Win Richardson was dying to go to one. It will be a children was dying to go to one. It will be a children was dying to go to one. It will be a children was dying to go to one. It will be a children was dying to go to one. It will be a children was dying to go to one. It will be a children was dying to go to one. It will be a children was dying to go to one. It will be a real house-party, when they all come. Win Richardson was dying to go to one. It will be a children was here? I think he did—Aunt Margaret only laughs when I ask her. Perhaps there will be a real house-party, when they all come. Win Richardson was dying to go to one. It will be a children was dying to go to one. It will be a children was dying to go to one. It will be a children was dying to go to one. It will be a children was dying to go to one. It will be a children was dying to go to one. It will be a children was dying to go to one. It will be a children was dying to go to one. It will be a children was dying to go to one. It will be a children was dying to go to one. It will be a children was dying to go to one. It will be a children was dying to go to one. It will be a children was dying to go to one. It will be a children was dying to go to one. It will be a children was dying to go to one. It will be a children was dying to go to one. It will be I said, and I am very, very happy. I wear the shade-hat a great deal to drive in. Give my love to them all, and tell Dick to hurry up. I suppose he will bring Arthur, and he can work a new picture instead of the Square Peg one. It will have to be a beautiful one!

"With lots of love. -By Josephine Daskam Bacon, in Harper's Bazaar.

The Animal Sense of Location. For a long time naturalists have been

experimenting with various forms of ani-mal life with a view to determining whether such animals possess "a sixth sense," one that enables them to seek out desired places, even when they have been transported a great distance there-

way was the French scientist Fabre. whose investigations concerned chiefly the wasp family.

Fabre painted the abdomen of each of

and then deposited all the cylinders thus filled in a tightly closed box that was caruntil a light brown. ried over two miles from the place where the nests were found.

When the wasps were liberated, they flew off in various directions. Fabre re-turned to the nest about five hours after the liberation, to observe the wasps that were coming and going. He soon found four wasps whose breasts were painted with the white pigment; and it was not long before the others so water.

adorned arrived. It was contended, from these experiments, that the evidence showed that the wasps could not have found their nests either by the sense of smell or by that of sight; and it was therefore maintained that they were possessed of a sixth sense, called by some the "sense of location" or

orientation." Further experiments were of still greater interest. Nine wasps were caught, painted white, and taken to the centre of a city, some four miles distant from their nest. These wasps at once flew up above the roofs of the city, and immediately took a southern course toward their nest. The next day five of these wasps were

found in the nest. Another member of the wasp family that appears to possess the sixth sense referred to is the "parasite wasp," that one which lays its eggs in the cells of the "mason bee." Upon the completion by the mason bee of its cells, eggs are de-posited in it, and food is placed by these eggs for the use of the young bee when it shall be hatched. When these measures have been taken, the mason bee thinks to clinch the matter by sealing the cell under clay. The clay, in turn, is surrounded with a wall of mortar made of mud, and around this is placed a wall of earth baked into a solid mass by the sun. Now, about the time the egg has hatched into the larva, comes the parasite wasp. It stalks over the wall with its sensitive feelers daintily sounding this and that bit, and, at the precise moment that it reaches the spot whereunder the

task consuming a number of hours. the open sea, in most cases. The seal dives under the floe, and swims about until she hits upon a spot that is sheltered from the sea and the wind. Then she rises, breaks the ice, and constructs a vaulted chamber under the snow. Here the young ones are safe until they attain a growth sufficient to enable them to

take to the water. Now, the only entrance to this hut is through the opening in the ice, and this can be reached only after swimming at least a mile and a half to two miles un der water. Naturalists aver that the striped seal swims away from her dwellstriped sears within away from her dwell-ing every morning to fish in the open sea; that she has absolutely no guide for her return voyage; that there is entire darkness in the water under the ice; that the bottom of the floe presents the same appearance everywhere, but that, nevertheless, the seal finds her home every night as surely as if her road were as brightly illuminated as a city street.

There are some people who think that fresh air and out door exercise will keep a man in perfect health. Yet a trip through a farming country will discover any number of farmers suffering with stomach trouble. It's the usual story: Too much work, too little rest, and unsuitable diet. Whenever the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutri-tion become diseased, the whole body is menaced, through the consequent lack of nutrition and the corruption of the blood supply. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures "stomach trouble," renews the assimilative powers, purifies the blood, nourishes the nerves, and gives vitality to every organ of the body.

To Prosecute Expectorators.

Chief of police John W. Ryan, of Dallas, Tex., has instructed the patrolmen to enforce the ordinance prohibiting spitting on sidewalks and in public places. This was done at the instance of Fred W. Bartlett, commissioner of fire and police. He said several had suggested to him the advisability of commanding respect for this law of the city and that he was glad to do it. glad to do it.

"Received your 'Medical Adviser' and I think it one of the greatest books of the age," writes Mr. M. H. House, Charlestown, Franklin Co., Ark. Thousands of people have expressed similar opinions of the value of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It is sent

FROM THE WOMAN'S CLUB.

Guaranteed receipts contributed by the Publicity Committee.

BEEFSTEAK PIE. n narrow strips and then in 2 inch lengths. Put these pieces of beef in the bottom of a 4 pound butter crock only enough to cover bottom of crock, then a nerous sprinkling of sifted flour, salt and pepper, and lumps of butter. Then another layer of the meat. alternating with the flour and seasonings until the in oven for 4 or 5 hours, replenishing with hot water as it cooks dry, as this will make a rich gravy, to be served with the meat. Then hot biscuit crust cut in squares, placed on a deep hot meat platter is arranged and the meat and gravy poured over.

CREAMED EGGS FOR LUNCHEON. One half dozen hard boiled eggs cut in halves, make a white sauce as follows. says M. Calle, the well-known coiffeur, in 2 teaspoons of butter, 2 tablespoons of the July "Strand," but let me hasten to

CORN PUDDING. Fabre painted the abdomen of each of a dozen wasps with white pigment; thrust each insect into a small paper cylinder, spoon of butter, 1 tablespoon of sugar, salt to taste. Bake in moderate oven

> CANNED CORN. 9 pints of corn cut off the cob, one cup of sugar, one cup of salt. Mix and let stand for awhile, put in a granite kettle and let it come to a boil, stirring occasionally. Can in glass, putting corn in solid, if not enough juice add boiling

RICE WAFFLES. One and one-half cups of cold boiled rice, 1½ pints of flour, 1 cup of thin sour cream, 1 tablespoon of sugar, 1 teaspoon of soda, 1 teaspoon of salt, 3 eggs. Beat eggs and sugar together and add to the rice and salt. Stir soda into the cream, add to first mixture, and finally the flour. Bake in hot buttered waffle irons.

SCALLOPED TOMATOES. Scald and peel one-half dozen tomatoes. Set them in a buttered bakingdish, sprinkle with pepper, salt, and a dust of powdered sugar. Cover with buttered dry crumbs, and bake until brown.

CORN OYSTERS. Scrape, or grate the corn from the cob, then to 1 coffee cup of corn take 2 eggs. Make a batter of a little milk and flour seasoning with salt, stir in corn, drop by spoonfuls and fry in hot butter. Serve 5 persons.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING. 1 quart milk, 1 pint of fine bread crumbs, 3 eggs, 1 cup of sugar and 2 quarts of melted chocolate. Beat together well and flavor with 1 teaspoon of vanilla. Bake in a buttered dish. Serve with cold whipped cream.

BAUBERRIES.

cup sugar, juice and rind of 1 lemon. To consider the case of other than insects in this connection, attention may be called to the actions of the striped seal, that builds her house many miles from hour.

RICE SOUFFLE. Make a roux of one tablespoon of butter and one of flour, heated and stirred together in a saucepan. When smooth pour in one cup of heated milk with one teaspoon of baking powder. Remove from fire, and when luke warm, beat into the sauce 1 cup of cooked rice and 3 eggs, beaten separately. Bake in pudding dish in quick oven.

SCALLOPED APPLES.

Pare a dozen apples and slice thin. Butter a dish, put in a layer of apples, then a layer of sugar, cinnamon, butter and flour, then another layer of apples, etc., until the dish is full. Bake slowly for one hour.

glad to wed for. It is a sname, fore, to squander the fortune provided by the fairy god-mother, Nature. Yet, we see girls fair as the budding roses, suddenly lose their beauty and fade, as the rose fades when the worm is at its heart. Face lotions, tonics, nervine, and other but the face grows thin show the yoke of the dress. Silk buttons will effectively trim the blouse. A short winted tab extends in front and back is the square fortune which many a man of wealth is womanly organs to the general health, and point her to that almost unfailing cure for feminine diseases. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This med works wonders for women in the restoration of lost fairness. It is a true beautifier, restoring the womanly health, and with health are restored the curves and dimples, the bright eye and smooth skin which are the charms of beauty.

Distribute Health Regulations.

Several thousand cards have been print-

ed by the Erie health department with rules for the management of communica-ble diseases and contacts, revised up to date by City Health Officer J. W. Wright. These cards will be distributed among physicians and nurses, who will again be impressed with the necessity for their observation if the community is to be observation if the community is to be saved from ravages of disease. The quarantine regulations are issued in brief form for the information of the general public. Placards are authorized for every communicable disease on the list that is to be guarded against by people keeping away from the patients infected.

— Friend Smelts.—Make a thin batter of one beaten egg, a cupful of milk and one even tablespoonful of flour, add a pinch of salt. Cleanse the fish, removing the heads, and sprinkle with salt. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan and when hot rour in half the batter and

Watch Vacant Lots.

On vacant lots we will soon see a vegetable growth of weeds that will hide tin cans, antiquated bed springs, deceased cats and all manner of evil. It has been observed that on vacant lots where the weeds are kept down few of such objects are thrown, so that property owners close about could well afford, if only from a sanitary standpoint, to keep the weeds cut down or plowed under. FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN DAILY THOUGHT.

Get into the habit of looking for the silver lining of the cloud, and when you have found it con-Take a round steak not too thick, cut tinue to look for it, rather than at the leaden gray in the middle. It will help you over many hard places .- A. A. Willits.

The habit of ridiculing everthing and everybody is one that every woman should avoid. We always find in others what we look for. It is such a mistake to cultivate the habit of looking for the meat is all in the crock, with the flour, salt and pepper on top. Cover this with cold water placing a plate as cover. Bake to whom one dreads to introduce one's friends, for one is sure that these friends will come under the merciless and scorching light of ridicule. The worst of it is, these unfair, self-appointed critics are usually more open to ridicule themselves than are their victims.

I will not go so far as to say that "arflour; melt butter and stir in flour, then say at once, therefore, that the arrangeeen transported a great distance thereom.

Among the first to experiment in this over eggs and serve in dish garnished those who have not studied the art of the coiffeur. For example, if a woman is endowed by nature with a long face—that is to say, a face longer than that of the average woman—there is one golden rule that she must always bear in mind when arranging her hair—namely, to do it as artistically full at the side as possible always, of course, talking care not to overdo the fullness. Again, the woman with what I think may best be described as "a round face" will be wise to keep the fullness of her hair at the side within bounds, and to dress her hair in front as high as she reasonbaly can, thereadding that length to her face which she lacks. One more golden rule. woman with a suggestion of an oval face should, as far as possible, endeavor to preserve that suggestion of "ovalness" by dressing her hair "ovally."

Many years' experience has proved to me that, beyond all manner of doubt, a woman may make or mar herself by the manner in which she has her hair dressed. To the average French woman this remark will surely come more or less as a truism, for your modern French woman possesses more truly artistic instincts in this direction that the average English woman, who all too sudden studies the formation of her face when giving directions for the dressing of her hair.

A specialist on the subject of rugs says that in furn'shing a room the rug should be chosen first. Then the decorations should be decided upon, that they may above all things be in harmony with the rug. Walls toned to harmonize with rugs are better than those papered.

That friendly feature of fashion that can be traced to the ancient Greeks and Romans is helping womankind to achieve beauty at small cost. Tunics are still salient facts in the story of styles and, it may be added, are more attractive and

varied than ever.

The commendable point in summer tunics is the fact that a new tunic transforms an old gown. If your silk frock, your linen dress or your chiffon evening gown be of last year's making, it can be brought up to this year's plane of modis-tic merit by the addition of a tunic. Here are the latest models that show a differ-

that has stood the test of seasons The batiste model seen recently has a deep-pointed yoke and a wide border formed of lines of soutache braid. The front peplum resembles a short, round apron, and the back is cut in similar line. This model slips on over the head, and is fastened at the sides by means of lin-

en-covered buttons. What is more attractive than a net tunic over a silk dress? Here we have opportunity to use Arabian or ratine lace in an irregular border, which can sur-round a top trimmed with the heavy lace. The back is made on the same straight line, and a silk girdle holds the tunic in

For evening a panier of chiffon, trim-med with beads and embroidered on the edges, is an important feature. It can cover the satin dress worn with it except at the skirt. The draped fichu, the slashed skirt and the bunch of silk roses are new points to be observed. Any evening dress of last year will form the founda tion for the separate tunic of today.

The linen or lawn frock is not exemp

The old rhyme rings true in that line. The woman who has a fair face has a fortune which many a man of pelow the waist line in a large panel. A

Last in the tunic story is the square tunic made of allover lace and point de venice bands. Medallions are set in and a lace girdle completes the idea. The ease with which a transformation can be affected is convincing to the prac-tical and the lover of the beautiful.

German hemming was formerly employed—and is now—when a seam should lie very flat. The raw edges of two pieces of cloth are turned down once, the fold toward the seamstress, so that the smooth top of the lower one should not touch the edge of the ways. touch the edge of the upper, but is just below it. The lower one is then felled or hemmed to the cloth against which it is laid—like hemming it upside down; when completed the upper fold should be laid over the lower edge and felled down. —Needlecraft.

tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan and when hot pour in half the batter and into this place the smelts, side by side as close as they can be laid, covering the whole bottom of the pan. Over the whole pour the rest of the batter and fry to a delicate brown. When both sides are browned cut in squares and serve very

---There are many good newspapers published, but none that is quite as good as the DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN. Try it.