

Bellefonte, Pa., October 3, 1919.

THE SIMPLER SUCCESS.

I'm not denying that it's fine
To claim the gold that's in a mine
Or make some needed thing so well
That for a profit it will sell.
In every sort of world success,
There lies a lot of happiness.
But this is something that I know,
It's fun to see the roses grow.

There are successes other than
The sort which brings great wealth to
man;
Not all the joy nor all delight
Are born of fears of skill and might,
And some who never rise to claim
The splendor of undying fame
Have found success in other ways,
And lived their share of happy days.

Some find their happiness in gold,
And some in deeds of noblest kind;
Some find it in uncharted seas,
Some in the fellowship of trees;
Some in the blossoms of the rose
Attain the joy the rich man knows,
And by that road to happiness
Achieve the summit of success.

Who breaks the ground with spade and
hoe
Is thrilled to see the roses grow;
To him the tender buds of spring
Unfold delight and gladness bring.
And in the beauty blooming there
He'll well repaid for all his care.
Success is not alone in gold,
Sometimes in humble things it's told.

THE PERFUME CLERK.

Long aisles smelling of soap and
essences; an electric fan running over-
head; on the right, a display of um-
brellas and gloves; in front of the
counter, stout women, thin women,
awning-striped skirts and tailored
models; behind the counter, girls with
fluffy hair and powdered faces, and
one girl especially who was called
Rosalya—those were the things that
Alice Hall saw when she closed her
eyes. When she opened them, she
saw the growing wheat that was of
such vast importance to her country,
and muddy water flowing lazily in
ditches or spreading over a field. She
had just finished irrigating for the
day.

The times of the perfume counter
seemed long ago, and that girl called
Rosalya not herself. When she first
went to town, Alice Hall had begun
to spell her name "Alys"; then she
had taken Rose as a first name, for an
aunt she had; and finally, somehow,
she was Rosalya.

Only, John Mason had never learned
that name. He had refused point-
blank to learn it. John was the only
real thing, it seemed to her now, in
all that time during which she had
worked at the perfume counter. She
had been engaged to him all the while.
Because she had always hated her life
on her uncle's farm she had gone to
the city; at the same time John had
left her mother's place and found
work in the city, too.

Seated on the doorstep near the
pinto beans, Alice laid her head wea-
rily against the frame. While they
were in town, she and John used to go
almost every night to the motion pic-
tures. That seemed strange now; and
it seemed stranger still that she had
liked it all so much.

Into her life as a perfume clerk
who was beginning to save finely for
her wedding had dropped a great
bomb—the war. At first it sputtered
as if it were never going off; and at
last it seemed to make no personal
difference to her. Then suddenly it
had torn her life to pieces. She was
not sorry for that—she had changed
so—except that John was gone. In-
side the house she heard her mother
cough, and she went to take her a
drink of water.

"It's sweet of you, child, to come
and help on the plants," said her
mother. "It was a comfort to be
needed. Farm laborers were no-
where to be had. She and John's
brother, Roscoe, who lived in the
gray cottage across the fields, and
Roscoe's wife, Mildred, were caring
for the crop.

"You've always hated farm work,"
gratefully resumed John's mother.

"No—really, I like it."

It had never been the work that she
hated; it was the logeliness of the
country; especially the dark, quiet
nights, when there is so much time to
think and to be afraid. She tried to
think how brave John had been; she
tried to be brave herself. But she had
always been afraid of darkness and of
quiet, and of death. She would not
think; that might lead her to guess
something that she was not to know
while her heart was weak from her
last attack of rheumatism.

"Dear me!" Alice continued, "I
shouldn't want to be selling perfume
with the world begging for wheat."

"Did you look in the R. F. D. box
today?" John's mother asked.

Alice nodded and went on rapidly:
"All the people with boys at the front
tell the same story. There'll be no
letters for weeks, and then seven or
eight will float in on the same mail.
You mustn't think because we don't
hear—"

Her voice broke; she went out of
the room hastily and wandered down
to the road, where the zinc mail box
was nailed to a tree. There was noth-
ing inside; she had known that there
would be nothing. When she put her
hand in to feel, a sick sensation came
over her—she was remembering the
day when she had found a franked
letter that was not in John's hand-
writing.

It was addressed to his
mother, who had been very ill that
week, and Alice had opened it. She
would never forget the words written
in the strange hand:

"Reported by Swiss Red Cross as
prisoner in Germany."

First she had given the letter to
Mildred; then she had gone back to
the house. It was dinner time, but
food seemed to choke her—because
probably John was hungry.

A month had passed without further
word. Then one afternoon Mild-
red had beckoned Alice to come into
her house; Roscoe had opened the
mail box that day.

Alice remembered that afternoon
clearly. Mildred had closed the door

to keep out the children. Then Ros-
coe had said:

"We have news. It is really good
news. John isn't a prisoner any more
—he's free."

Alice had guessed at once—she had
not needed the line, "Reported dead
by Swiss."

Probably they would never learn
more than that bare fact.

She turned from the empty mail
box tonight and went through the big
front yard, under the old trees where
she and John used to swing as chil-
dren. Then she crossed the irrigat-
ing ditch and in the deepening dusk
wandered at the edge of the wheat.

She had come in the early spring and
had seen the grains of wheat fall in-
to the ground to die—and now, before
long, they would bring forth fruit.
She had seen them leap up from the
earth, bright and strong in the sun;
but the fields were darkening now.
She could hear owls in the trees by
the river; overhead the nightbirds
still screamed as they chased gnats.

Alice was afraid again. When she
was a little girl, her mother had died;
and after that Alice had always been
afraid. Now, she was afraid of
everything; but especially afraid to
have John die. Sometimes, when it
was dark and the frogs made a noise
in the ditch, or the wind blew, she
almost resolved to run away back to
the lights and the picture shows. She
ought not to have to live during the
war. She was not fit. The stars
frightened her—strange worlds that
no one knows about—and those dim
fields, across which she could not
see.

It was a hot night. A bank of
clouds rolled up out of the west. Alice
went in and locked the windows.
John's mother had always slept with-
out turning a key; John was like her,
not afraid of things that might be in
the dark. That night Alice made the
house so close that she could not
sleep.

She lay awake—she thought—until
nearly midnight. Then, suddenly,
she sprang up in bed, and her heart
thudded against her breast. She
could hear Mrs. Mason breathing.
What had sounded to her like a step
outside the window must have been
the rustling of the cottonwood trees
in the wind. But she put on part of
her clothes and went into Mrs. Ma-
son's room; she wanted to speak to
some one. But John's mother was
sleeping so quietly that Alice would
not disturb her; she crept back to bed.

A few minutes later she sprang up
again. This time it was not the wind
she had heard, for the air was now
still. Some one was on the porch.
She heard the knob turn softly.

She knew what John's mother
would have done in her place; but Al-
ice could not make herself go to the
door and look out through the glass.
She lay with her heart pounding at
her chest like a workman's hammer.
At last she slipped out of bed and,
putting on her wrapper and slippers,
crept to the window.

The moon was overcast, but
through the clouds a dim light re-
lieved the darkness. Alice could see
the big lilac bush—and the swing.
She could see the porch also, and no
one was there. A shudder and a chill
shook her body. She did not know
what she dreaded—she was wonder-
ing what terrible visitor had been on
the porch a few minutes before.

After a time she crept back to bed
and lay with wide-open eyes, listen-
ing. It grew very dark outside. The
damp air was like a sponge, muffling
everything. Then the wind rose; so
she could not be sure whether she
heard the wind or soft footfalls going
round the house to the side porch.
There was a hammock on the side
porch, where John used to sleep on
hot nights. The hooks and chains
creaked; she did not know whether
the wind was blowing the hammock,
or whether the intruder had brushed
it aside, in order to approach the side
door.

She thought she would just lie there
and wait for morning. For a long
time she heard nothing, except Mrs.
Mason's breathing. The intruder,
she thought, had gone away. Final-
ly the fatigue of a hard day of work
overcame her resolution, and she fell
asleep.

Her dreams were so bad that she
soon awoke. It was raining hard;
there was thunder in the distant
mountains and now and then a white
flash of light. She knew, although
she did not know how she knew, that
she and Mrs. Mason were not alone
in the house. For a moment she sat
up in bed and could not move—the
pounding of her heart made her so
sick.

At last she slid to the floor, still in
her wrapper and the pale-blue kid
slippers with gold buckles that she
used to wear when she was a perfume
clerk.

Then in the room over her head
she heard just such a creaking step
as that which probably had roused
her from her sleep. She went into
Mrs. Mason's room. That time John's
mother stirred and asked as if half
awake:

"Did John get in?"

"No. This is Alice," replied the
girl.

Her voice was steady, as if she had
not been a coward, as if perhaps she
could meet her test. She opened a
door into the hall. There was a light
in the room at the head of the stairs.
When she saw the lamplight filtering
through the shadows of the staircase,
all her courage went. She unlocked
the hall door. Roscoe's cottage was
three quarters of a mile away.

But she could not be such a coward
as to go to leave Mrs. Mason alone.
She turned back.

"Alice," said Mrs. Mason, "John
got home, didn't he?"

Alice stationed herself just outside
the door leading into the hall. "No,"
she answered; "you were dreaming."

Then she heard some one coming
downstairs.

"No, she isn't dreaming!" said a
voice. "She heard me. I was so
afraid—her heart, you know—I broke
in like a thief when it began to rain.
But—"

He forgot the rest of his sentence
—forgot everything when he saw Al-
ice at the foot of the stairs. "Al!"
he cried. "Al! Why, Al, I telegraphed
to your boarding house—why, Al-
ice!"

Before Alice had come to herself,
his mother called again, and they ran
into her room.

He picked his mother up in his
arms, as if she had been a baby. Then

he laid her back into the chair where
she slept because her heart was so
weak that she could not lie down.
Now and then he patted her shoulder
and laughed; and Alice, who stood on
the other side of the chair, laughed,
too, but wiped her eyes. The Masons
were not fearful.

Evidently John had been ill, for his
face was as white as a baby's; she
guessed it was pneumonia, since he
had been sent all the way to the dry
air of the Rockies to recuperate. He
looked questioningly at Alice over his
mother's head; and the girl knew just
what he meant: "Have you heard
any report about me?"

Alice nodded.

His eyes questioned again: "Has
mother?"

Alice shook her head violently:
"No! And don't you dare startle
her!"
In his face, white from the hard-
ship and the illness that had followed
it, some old scars showed. Once,
when he was a child, he had caught a
bobcat and tried to train it for a cir-
cus animal. He had got those scars
as he was trying to teach it to stand
up on its hind legs. Suddenly Alice
burst into laughter. Why had she
not known that John would get out
of the prison camp? If anyone es-
caped, it would be Private Mason, U.
S. Engineer!

"What are you laughing about?"
His eyes were shining as he asked;
but he knew.

"What are you children whispering
about?" asked his mother. "John,
come round when you can see you."

"I'm going to tell her about it, Al-
ice; I won't hurt her. Mother does
not scare worth a cent, you know.
Say, mother, I've been a prisoner.
It's a fact! Bunk Sackett and I made
a break for it and got away; and the
little German camp commander felt
so bad about it he reported us both
'died of wounds.' And I've got a fur-
lough. What was the use letting you
know I was coming? I didn't know
it myself till I started, and I was sure
to be here before a letter."

He stopped speaking, abruptly.
Outside, hail had burst from the
clouds of the night. It thundered on
the roof in a shower like the shrapnel
of the battlefield. Alice gave a lit-
tle gasp of relief that he was out of
the shrapnel now. Surely he had
done his "bit"; he would not be sent
back.

"It's glorious to be at home," he
resumed; "but I want to get back—
as quickly as possible."

He looked at Alice, whose eyes had
clouded.

"It's an awful thing—war," he said;
"but now that it's come I don't want
to miss my part of it."

"A light that Alice had sometimes
seen on his mother's face shot across
his.

"Aren't you afraid of being killed,
John?" Alice asked the question be-
fore she thought. She had not meant
to say such a thing before his moth-
er; but his mother smiled to herself
in the next moment.

"Of course I am sometimes," her
son replied. "You see, that's some-
thing I don't fully understand. We
always seem to be needlessly afraid
of mysteries, and we're always find-
ing out that they're harmless. I'm
sure of this: if we knew about death,
we'd know we were fools to fear it."
His mother broke in eagerly: "Yes,
we won't think about it; we hide our
heads, or we run away from it to
lights and company; and when it
comes, perhaps all it'll mean"—she
looked at her newly returned son—
"perhaps it'll be the face of some one
we love."—By Marianne Gauss, in
The Youth's Companion.

"Her Ambition."

Three little State College girls
were playing together recently, and
as children are wont to do, they begin
to build castles in Spain. Girls like
they indulged in grown-up ambition
in regard to Prince Charming.

"When I get married," said one lit-
tle tot, "I'm going to marry a doc-
tor, and when you get sick you will
have to come around and wait your
turn in my husband's office."

"When I marry," said the second
youngster, "my man is going to be a
big business man. He's going to
have nice stenographers and you and
Margaret will have to come to his of-
fice, on the first day of each month,
and say 'good morning.'"

Margaret was scornful of either
ambition. "I don't want a man quite
so prominent as either a doctor or
business man," she said discreetly.
"What is to hinder one of those nice
stenographers making love to your
husband, or all the good-looking pa-
tients that come to the doctor's office
from wanting your hubby? My man
is going to be an automobile agent,
and then no one else is going to want
him except myself."—By H. W. Wea-
ver.

One of Those Pacifists.

"Did you see that?" yelled the ex-
cited man in the Panama hat. "That
robber of an umpire calls Gilligan out
at third and Rafferty never comes
within a foot of touchin' him."

"It looked that way to me, too,"
admitted the man beside him. "Still,
I dare say the umpire could see the
play better from where he was than
we could from up here."

"Ah, go on home!" retorted the oth-
er savagely. "You ain't got no busi-
ness goin' to a ball game. You're
one of those blamed pacifists, that's
what you are!"

The Australian Way.

A gentleman who hailed from Aus-
tralia came to St. Andrews for a
three months' holiday. He had a
very faint idea how to play golf. En-
gaging a caddie he proceeded to go
around the course. When driving his
first tee, he knocked his ball about
five yards, and after that he could not
take a drive without lifting the turf.
His caddie became irritated and said:
"Hi, sir, whar did ye learn to
play golf?"

The gentleman said, "In Australia."
"Weel, sir, if ye gang on in the way
ye're daein' ye'll soon be hame."

A Dangerous Mission.

Jack—Have my photograph taken
before I see your father? What's
the idea?

Madge—You may never look your-
self again.

MAKE YOUR OWN VINEGAR.

Simple Directions for Making Vine-
gar; Fruit Should be Sound and
Ripe. Many Wild Fruits
Can be Utilized.

Vinegar is one of the condiments
which every good cook regards as a
necessity on her pantry shelves. Used
with discretion, food to which it is
added will be transformed into a rel-
ish and will give zest to an otherwise
insipid meal. Along with other pro-
ceries, vinegar has gone up in price
since the great war, until in many
parts of the country 50 to 60 cents a
gallon is now the retail market price.
The making of vinegar at home is a
simple process and not many years
ago was practiced by nearly every
one who could obtain the necessary
fruit juice. With the present high
price of vinegar there has been a re-
vival of this old household art. Those
who have set up a vinegar keg or
barrel, secure a superior product and
at the same time beat old High Cost
of Living.

Vinegar is usually made with ap-
ples, although grapes and oranges
are also used to some extent. Cer-
tain other fruits, such as blackberries,
figs, peaches, watermelons (after
concentration of the juice), sorghum
and cane syrup have been used with
good results. Many wild fruits, such
as the blackberry, elderberry, and
persimmon, which frequently are not
completely or properly utilized, will
make excellent vinegar, the United
States Department of Agriculture
suggests. As a matter of fact, any
wholesome fruit or vegetable juice
can be used for vinegar making, pro-
vided it contains sufficient sugar.
Some fruits, such as the guava or
Kieffer pear, contain only 5 to 8 per
cent. of sugar, which is not sufficient
to make a strong satisfactory vine-
gar.

Fruit used for making vinegar
should be sound and fully ripe, for
ripe fruit contains more sugar and
consequently produces a stronger
vinegar. Partially decayed fruit is
no better for vinegar making than
for eating and should not be used.
Select sound, ripe fruit, wash thor-
oughly, and remove all decayed por-
tions. Crush either in a machine
made for his purpose, such as a cider
mill, or for small quantities a food
chopper. Squeeze out the juice in a
press and put into a clean barrel, keg,
or crock for fermentation.

Great care should be taken to have
all the utensils thoroughly cleaned
and to handle the fruit in a cleanly
manner. If old kegs or barrels, es-
pecially old vinegar barrels, are used,
they should be cleansed thoroughly
and all traces of the old vinegar re-
moved. If this is not done, the old
vinegar will interfere with the alco-
holic fermentation and possibly spoil
the product.

After the juice has been squeezed
out add a fresh yeast cake to every
five gallons of juice. A good fer-
mentation often results from chance in-
oculation with the wild yeast of the
air. This is the method ordinarily
followed in making cider vinegar.
Experiments have shown, however,
that a much stronger vinegar can be
made by using yeast to start the fer-
mentation. Work the yeast up thor-
oughly in about one-half cup of the
juice and add to the expressed juice,
stirring thoroughly. Cover with a
cloth to keep insects from it and al-
low to ferment. The best tempera-
ture for fermentation is between
eighty and ninety degrees. Do not
put in a cold cellar or the fermenta-
tion will be too slow. At eighty to
ninety degrees alcoholic fermentation
will usually be complete in from
three to four days to a week, or
when "working" starts, as indicated
by the cessation of bubbling. The
next step in the process is acetic acid
fermentation, during which the alco-
hol is changed into acetic acid.

After the bubbling stops it will be
found advantageous to add some
good, strong, fresh vinegar in the
proportion of 1 gallon of vinegar to
3 or 4 gallons of fermented juice.
Usually, however, no vinegar is added
and the inoculation of the fer-
mented juice with acetic acid bacte-
ria is left to chance. This change in
acid is usually produced a more or
less satisfactory product, but if vine-
gar is added, the results are much
better. Instead of vinegar one may
add a good quantity of so-called
"mother." If "mother" is used, how-
ever, use only that growing on the
surface of the vinegar. Vinegar
"mother" which has fallen to the bot-
tom is no longer producing acetic
acid.

After adding the vinegar, cover
with a cloth and keep in a dark place
between seventy and ninety degrees.
Do not disturb the film that forms,
for this is the true "mother," and do
not exclude the air. Taste the juice
every week and when it ceases to in-
crease in acid or is as sour as desir-
ed, siphon off and store in kegs, jug,
or bottles. Fill and stopper tight. If
this is not done, the acid will gradu-
ally disappear and the vinegar will
"turn to water." The same bacteria
that produces the acid will also de-
stroy it if allowed to grow unhinder-
ed. If the directions are followed, es-
pecially as regards temperature, the
process will usually be completed in
six weeks to two months, where only
a few gallons of juice are used.

Many fruit juices are turbid after
fermentation while others, particu-
larly apple vinegar, may clarify
themselves spontaneously. One of
the simplest ways of filtration to use
in the home manufacture of vinegar
is to thoroughly mix about a table-
spoon of fuller's earth or animal char-
coal with a quart of vinegar and fil-
ter through filter paper.

It is a common practice with many
people to make household vinegar
from fruit parings and cores, cold
tea, and even from the water in which
potatoes or other vegetables are boiled.
Sugar, or course, is added, just
as in the case of fruit juices that do
not contain sufficient sugar.

KEEP THESE DON'TS IN MIND WHEN
MAKING VINEGAR.

Don't put the freshly pressed juice
into old vinegar kegs or barrels with-
out thoroughly cleansing and scald-
ing. But if, however, the barrels
have a protective coating of rosin
and paraffin on the inside, do not
scald, for hot water will remove the
coating. Old barrels with vinegar in
them or the addition of vinegar di-

rectly to the fresh fruit will prevent
it from ever making vinegar.

Don't add "mother" to freshly
pressed juice. It will spoil the juice
for vinegar making. Add surface
"mother" only after alcoholic fer-
mentation (bubbling) has ceased.

Don't add old "mother" from the
bottom of an old vinegar barrel. Add
only "mother" from the surface and
good strong vinegar.

Don't put in a cold cellar. Fermen-
tation either will be entirely pre-
vented or will be very slow, sometimes
continuing for two years.

Don't store in full barrels and ex-
pect it to make vinegar. Barrels and
kegs should be filled half full and laid
on sides. Holes should be bored in
each head just above the juice and the
bung hole left open to give circula-
tion of air. Cover holes with cloth to
keep insects away.

Don't put in too warm a place or
expose to sunlight in summer to hasten
fermentation. It may prevent it.
The best temperature is between 80
and 90 degrees F.

Don't add adding vinegar, expose
to bright light. It may prevent acetic
acid bacteria from growing.

Don't, after vinegar is made, leave
it exposed to the air. The acid will
gradually disappear and it will "turn
to water."

Don't, if unsuccessful, think your
"cellar won't make good vinegar."
Either the fruit did not contain
enough sugar, or you, unconsciously,
perhaps, failed to follow some im-
portant step in the directions. Even
in vinegar making "practice makes
perfect."

Limestone Solves Problem of Fuel.

High prices and threatened short-
age of coal for the approaching win-
ter have no particular dread for one
Lancaster countian at least. This is
Christian H. Habecker, of Dohrers-
town, Pa., who has solved the fuel
problem by burning limestone in his
heater. It is well known that this
sort of rock generates a great heat
when properly ignited, but doubtless
very few persons have ever thought
of burning it for the mere purpose of
creating warmth.

It is a capital substitute for wood
and coal or, probably better, an ally.
It is in this same sense that Mr. Ha-
becker uses the crushed stone. He
mixes coal and limestone and from
the combination secures sufficient
heat for his large residence.

Limestone rock is quarried in large
quantities in Lancaster county and
can be bought at seventy-five cents
to one dollar per ton. Mr. Habecker
reasoned that to use this sort of rock
for heater and furnace purposes
would serve the limited coal supply
and be a money saving measure for
the consumer as well.

Furthermore, the use of this cheap,
but good fuel for heating houses,
gives a double purpose for farmers
at least. Burning rock releases the
lime, which thus burned is consid-
ered a better land fertilizer than lime-
stone in raw state ground into small
particles.

Of course the primary motive in
this burning of limestone in house
furnaces and heaters is warming the
building, accomplished by Mr. Ha-
becker in experiments in zero weath-
er. He had no trouble in securing
the most desirable of temperatures in
using from one-half to two-thirds
coal and the balance limestone.

His plan is to have a bin or scut-
tle of each at hand and to feed the
fire shovel by shovel. Used thus,
much heat is secured from the lime-
stone as from coals, and all danger
of possible explosion is eliminat-
ed.

A first requisite is a freely burn-
ing fire of wood and coal as a bed,
following which he adds the coal-
limestone "fifty-fifty" mixture.—Ex.

First Railroad in America.

The Quincy railroad, or, as it was
known in the beginning, the "Experi-
ment Railroad," which was construct-
ed to carry granite blocks for the
Bunker Hill Monument, at Boston,
was the first railway in America. The
first cars on this primitive line were
drawn by horses.

The line, known as the Vazie Rail-
road was put in operation out of Bang-
or, Maine, in 1836, the Quincy road
antecedating this several years. The
Bangor road began with two locomot-
ives of Stephenson's make in Eng-
land. They had no cabs for the driver
or fireman on their arrival in this
country, but rude affairs were soon
attached. Wood was used for fuel.

The first cars were also made in
England, a carriage much like a big
stage coach being placed on a rude
platform and trucks. The capacity
of each car was eight passengers. In
the beginning the one train on the
line made about twelve miles in forty
minutes, and the people of the
country round about marveled at the
speed it made.

The rails on these pioneer railways
were made of strap iron, spiked down
to scantlings.

The Boston & Lowell, Boston &
Providence, and Boston & Worcester
railroads were all opened for traffic
in 1835.

No Need for Farmer to Plant Poor
Seed Corn.

This year's corn, over most of the
United States, is good corn, the kind
of corn that a man can plant with
greatest assurance of getting a good
crop. There is no knowing what next
year's corn will be. It may be late,
caught by early frosts, soft, and un-
fit for seed. The farmer who looks
ahead, say corn experts of the Uni-
ted States Department of Agriculture,
will save enough seed corn out of this
crop to meet his needs for two or
better still, for three years.

The old cry, of course, will be raised
that there is not time at this busy
season to select seed corn even for
one year's planting, to say nothing of
two or three years. It does take time

—but it takes less time to select the
corn now than it will take spring
after next to scour the country for a
crib of old corn or, failing that, to
find seed farther south. Fortunately,
the right way is the least expensive
and safest way. Also, it enables the
farmer to go on growing the strain
of corn that has "made good," instead
of getting something haphazard that
he knows nothing about.

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

There is perhaps no strength so great
and abiding as that which follows from a
resisted temptation. Every dangerous al-
lurement is like an enchanted monster,
which, being conquered, loses all his ven-
om and changes at once into a king of
great treasure, eager to make requital.—
John Oliver Hobbes.

Individualism is the cry of the
times; hence one may wear wide
flounces and another straight and
narrow frocks hung with fringe or
beads.