

## THE SARATOGA HOP.

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS DESCRIBES THE GAY FUNCTION.

It Was Pleasant Enough for the Young Dancers, but the Chaperon Withered Away Among Moldering Mothers—Emotions of the Young and the Not Young.

Mr. W. D. Howells' novelette "An Open Eyed Conspiracy," in *The Century*, contains the following description of that important social function, a Saratoga hop:

She and the evening were equally fitted for the event to which they seemed equally dedicated. The dancing was to be out of doors on a vast planking, or platform, set up in the heart of that bosky court which the hotel incloses. Around this platform drooped the slim, tall Saratogan trees, and over it hung the Saratoga sky, of a nocturnal blue very rare in our latitude, with the stars faint in its depths, and by and by a white moon that permitted itself a modest competition with the electric lights of the city everywhere. There was a great crowd of people in the portico, the vestibule and the inner piazzas and on the lawn around the platform, where "the trodden grass" sent up the sweet scent of bruised weed in the cool night air. My foolish old heart bounded with a pulse of youth at the thought of all the gay and tender possibilities of such a scene.

But the young people under my care seemed in no haste to mingle in it. We oldsters are always fancying youth impatient, but there is no time of life which has so much patience. It behaves as if it had eternity before it—an eternity of youth—instead of a few days and years and then the frosty pow. We who are young no longer think we would do so and so if we were young, as women think they would do so and so if they were men, but if we were really young again we should not do at all what we think.

We should not hurry to experience our emotions; we should not press forward to discharge our duties or repair our mistakes; we should not seize the occasion to make a friend or reconcile an enemy; we should let weeks and months go by in the realization of a passion and trust all sorts of contingencies and accidents to help us out with its confession. The thoughts of youth are very long, and its conclusions are deliberate and delayed and often withheld altogether. It is age which is tremulously eager in these matters and cannot wait with the fine patience of nature in her growing moods.

As soon even as I was in the hotel I was impatient to press through to the place where the dancing was, and where I already heard the band playing. I knew very well that when we got there I should have to sit down somewhere on the edge of the platform with the other frumps and fogies and begin taking cold in my dress coat and want to doze off without being able to, while my young people were waltzing together or else promenading up and down, ignoring me or recognizing me by the offer of a fan and the question whether I was not simply melting. I have seen how the poor chaperon fares at such times. But they, secure of their fun, were by no means desirous to have it over or even to have it begin. They dawdled through the thronged hotel office, where other irresponsible pairs were coming and going under the admiring eyes of the hotel loungers, and they wandered up and down the waste parlors and sat on tete-a-tetes just to try them apparently, and Miss Gage verified in the mirrors the beauty which was reflected in all eyes. They amused themselves with the extent of the richly carpeted and upholstered desolation around them, where only a few lonely and aging women lurked about on sofas and ottomans, and they fell to playing with their compassion for the plebeian spectators at the long veranda windows trying to penetrate with their forbidden eyes to the hop going on in the court far beyond the intermediary desert of the parlors.

When they signified at last that they were ready for me to lead them on to the dance, I would so much rather have gone to bed that there are no words for the comparison. Then, when we got to the place, which I should never have been able to reach in the world if it had not been for the young energy and inspiration of Kendricks, and they had put me in a certain seat with Miss Gage's wraps beside me where they could find me, they went off and danced for hours and hours. For hours and hours? For ages and ages, while I withered away amid moldering mothers and saw my charges through the dreadful half dreams of such a state whirling in the waltz, hopping in the polka, sliding in the galop and then endlessly walking up and down between the dances and eating and drinking the chill refreshments that it made my teeth chatter to think of.

I suppose they decently came to me from time to time, though they seemed to be always dancing, for I could afterward remember Miss Gage taking a wrap from me now and then, and quickly coming back to shed it upon my lap again. I got so chilled that if they had not been unmistakably women's wraps I should have bundled them all about my shoulders, which I could almost hear creak with rheumatism. I must have fallen into a sort of drowse at last, for I was having a dispute with some sort of authority, which turned out to be Mrs. March, and upbraiding her with the fact that there were no women's wraps which would also do for a man, when the young people stood arm in arm before me, and Miss Gage said that she was tired to death now, and they were going.

Differentiated.  
"Ostriches swallow rocks to help grind their food."  
"Yes, and poor, down-trodden man grinds his own food and gives the rocks to his landlady."—*Detroit Free Press.*

## New York Boys.

"Mister, won't yer give us er lift?" The speaker was a boy of 10, with an expression of weariness on his face. The one spoken to was a youth of about 23, with a shade of a mustache. The object referred to was a bag about three feet high, which seemed to be filled with some heavy material.

"Certainly, my boy," replied the youth, "I'll help you on with it."

True to his word, he grabbed the bag around the center and proceeded to lift it on to the boy's shoulder. Suddenly, unaccountably, yells and shrieks came from within, and the object, whatever it was, began to kick with such force that the youth dropped the bag and proceeded to hold his hands to his stomach as if in great pain.

The boy and several bystanders were shaking with laughter. A moment later the top of the bag opened, and a lad of 8 scampered away as fast as he could run.

"Fooled!" yelled all the boys at the youth as they scampered after the youngster.

That is what they call the "bag game." It is something new, and it originated on the east side, but who invented it no one knows. The idea simply is to get a ferocious youngster to enter the bag and then have some unsuspecting person lift it. The yells and shrieks and kicks will not fail to upset his mental and perhaps physical equilibrium, and the youngsters will have a great laugh as a result.—*New York Herald.*

## An English Road.

Take the road that leads from Stratford to Coventry, and you will have taken the loveliest road in all England. So say the travelers, and here is a story that looks as if there might be a grain of truth in the statement. An American woman who crossed the Atlantic announced her intention of driving rather than "railroading" through Great Britain. "Well," observed a neighboring English woman, "you won't find a lovelier drive throughout the land's length and breadth than that from —" "Yes, she will, too," interrupted another Englishman. "Of course I don't know the road you're thinking of, but whatever it is it can't compare with the one I have in mind." The argument upon the subject at length waxed so warm between the two that the American suggested that each write his "drive" upon a slip of paper, the slips to be handed to her and not opened until she had set foot on British soil. This was agreed upon. And when the American woman opened the slips she read upon the first, "From Stratford to Coventry," and upon the second, "From Coventry to Stratford."—*New York Sun.*

## Heirs for the Heiress.

This curious advertisement, addressed to lonely old ladies or gentlemen with an assured income, appears in a London newspaper:

A couple, of highest social position and old family, wishing to educate their children well and having a large, comfortable country house one hour and a half from town, are anxious to meet with a lonely old lady or gentleman with a good income, who, in return for every care and pleasant society, would make a home with them and contribute toward expenses, and possibly make them or their children their heirs. No one with less than £1,500 a year need reply. Highest references would be given and required and a month's trial allowed. Carriages and horses kept. Best society in moderation and most comfortable and happy home guaranteed. Seasons in London or winters abroad if desired. Personal interview desired. No objection to invalid or to any creed.

## Tartar Medicine.

Formerly musk was used as a medicine in various parts of the world, but doctors in civilized lands do not hold musk in high repute. In China it is still thought to be a very good medicine, but the Chinese have queer notions about cures and charms. Abbe Hue, a distinguished traveler, says that when a Tartar doctor finds himself without his drugs and medicines he is not in the least embarrassed. He writes the names of the needed drugs on slips of paper, and these, being rolled up in little balls, are swallowed by the sick man. "To swallow the name of a remedy or the remedy itself," say the Tartars, "comes to precisely the same thing."—*Noah Brooks in St. Nicholas.*

## An African Salt Works.

Karembwe's is one of the salt making villages; a sandy clay is dug out of the marshes and placed in gus funnels. Water poured on this dissolves the salt. The solution trickles through the green filter into a trough, after which it is boiled and strained, and a fine, large crystal salt is obtained. It is a great trade in this part of the world. All villages make salt, which is put up in loads about five inches in diameter by four feet long. All these people, the Waitawa, are very polite. Most of them hail you with, "Mornin!" they do not seem able to manage the "good."—"Glave in the Heart of Africa" in *Century.*

## Mere Force of Habit.

Distinguished Foreigner—I think the voices of English girls very sweet, but they would be still more musical if conversation were carried on in a lower tone. London Belle—We make a good deal of noise, but you must remember our favorite amusement is concert going, and one gets in the habit of loud talking trying to make one's voice heard above the music, you know.—*London Tit-Bits.*

## House Plants.

Many a little woman nearly cries her eyes out because her house plants die inch by inch when she "takes such good care of them." The fact of the matter is, house plants in gaslighted rooms simply die a death of torture. You will have to give up gas or the plants.

## Cheap Labor.

People in general cannot understand the doings of a student of nature. Especially quite ignorant persons are apt to conclude, when told that the objects of his search are fossils or minerals, that under this explanation is concealed the purpose of securing some buried treasure, for that is the only thing that would induce them to dig. Mr. A. L. Adams relates an amusing instance of this reasoning.

While excavating a large cavern on the southern coast of Malta we had dug a trench in the soil on its floor some six feet in depth in quest of organic remains. The natives in the vicinity, hearing of our presence, came in numbers daily to witness the proceedings, interrogating the workmen with reference to the object of our researches, of which the workmen were about as ignorant as themselves.

One afternoon three stalwart fellows paid us a visit, and while they sat on the heap of dirt staring down into the dark ditch below I dropped a Spanish dollar on a shovelful of earth, and the next moment it lay with the soil on the heap. Picking it up in a careless manner, I put it into our luncheon bag, and a few minutes afterward our friends disappeared, muttering to one another as they went.

Great was our amusement the next morning to find that our trench had been carried fully four feet below the level we had gained on the previous evening. Not only that; several other excellent sections of the floor had been made by the natives in expectation of finding buried treasure.—*Youth's Companion.*

## London Barber Shops.

An interesting feature of the east end barber shops is the rack of pigeonholes filled with shaving mugs, each bearing, usually in German text, the name of the owner. The shaving mug is evidently esteemed a valuable advertising medium, for many a mug bears, in addition to the owner's name, some emblem of his business. The undertaker puts on his mug the picture of a richly appointed hearse, with all the proper trappings of woe. The butcher decorates his mug with shoulders of mutton, pigs' heads and linked sausages. The dentist displays the traditional double row of annoyingly perfect teeth. The fireman's mug bears the illuminated picture of a fire engine.

Vain and handsome men adorn their cups with photographs of themselves. Others place beneath their names some inscription—a sentiment from the poets or an old German rhyme of good cheer. A child's photograph occasionally appears on a shaving mug, and now and then a coat of arms is emblazoned above the owner's name, for coats of arms are as abundant in the east end as elsewhere in town. Sometimes it is a national coat of arms, German, Austrian, Swiss or Italian, displayed in honor of the deserted fatherland.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

## Like a Boy.

The son of a down town merchant was found crying when his father returned home last night, as that gentleman told a reporter this morning.

"What's the matter, Tommy?" asked the merchant.

"I had a fight with Charlie," was the tearful reply.

"Well, you ought not to fight. It served you right to get whipped, I guess," said the father.

"But I didn't get licked. I licked him," sobbed the boy.

"Well, what are you crying about then?"

"Why, if I had let him lick me, he couldn't hurt. And I never thought about that, so now I have to fight his big brother, about my size, and I can lick him, and I'm going to, because I'm mad at him. Then I've got to fight the biggest brother, and he's three sizes bigger than me, and won't I catch it!" And Tommy refused to be comforted.—*Washington Star.*

## They Were All Losers.

"Oh, I wonder whose pocketbook this is?" said a man, stooping down and picking a wallet out of the gutter.

Immediately a crowd gathered.

"Who lost a pocketbook?" he asked.

"About 10 out of a crowd of 20 immediately spoke up and said that they had been so unfortunate.

"Then what kind of one is it?" asked the finder of the man nearest him.

A detailed description followed, and still another and another, but the real owner did not materialize.

"It's a funny thing," finally said the man who had found the pocketbook, "that there should be so many people here together who had lost pocketbooks."—*Louisville Commercial.*

## The Way Out of It.

A hater of tobacco once asked an old negress, who was addicted to the pipe, if she thought she was a Christian.

"I spects I is," was her reply.

"Do you expect to go to heaven?"

"Yes, indeedy."

"But the Bible says nothing unclean shall enter there. Now, the breath of a smoker is unclean. What do you say to that?"

"Well, I reckon I leave m' bref be-hin' when I enters dar."—*Washington Times.*

## Glue.

In making glue break the sheets into small pieces, cover them with strong vinegar and let them soak a few hours. Then heat to boiling. When the glue becomes cold, it should be like a jelly. When the glue is to be used, the vessel containing it should be placed in a dish of boiling water to soften the glue.

The wheat of southern countries contains more albuminoids than that grown in temperate or northern zones, and hence is better suited for the manufacture of macaroni.

In 1828 Havana was desolated by a fire which destroyed 250 houses in the best quarter of the city.

## Rossetti and His Impossible Women.

It is said that Rossetti never learned to draw. The same is said of many painters, and the French say it of all Englishmen. It is certain that the want of close study as a young man hampered him all his life, and that he was never sure of perspective, distances, etc. We are not going to quarrel with Rossetti's birds and butterflies and flowers, because none such sang or flew or bloomed anywhere but in paradise. If he had mastered technical difficulties with pre-Raphaelite "sincerity," they would have been as beautiful and less unreal. But in painting flesh and hair and drapery, in combining brilliancy of color like that of Memling with depth and gradation like that of Leonardo, no English painter ever excelled him.

Exception is taken to the monotony of Rossetti's women, drawn from two or three types. The fault must be shared with almost all painters. There is the Raphaelite type of face, the Correggeseque, the Titianesque, and so on. What the objectors mean is probably that they do not like the type. It is so entirely void of criticism would be impertinent, and we can only say, without expressing a judgment, that to our eye the lips, the throats, the fingers, of Rossetti's beauties have something in them which is not quite human, but is like the flesh of sirens, hours or lamias, those magical beings who capture the passions of men, but not their hearts.—*Quarterly Review.*

## The Load of a Dust Storm.

Blown dust is a general and familiar nuisance to housekeepers over the entire west. A minimum estimate, verified by direct observation, for the quantity of dust settling on floors during such storms is about a fourteenth of an ounce of dust on a surface of a square yard in half a day. A maximum estimate made on the basis of the above newspaper accounts would be at least five pounds to a square yard of surface for a storm lasting 24 hours. If we then suppose that a house that is 24 feet wide and 32 feet long has open crevices, which average a sixteenth of an inch in width and have a running length in windows and doors of 150 feet, the wind may be supposed to enter half of these crevices with a velocity of five miles per hour for the time the storm lasts, or for 24 hours. The dust may be supposed to settle on not less than 85 square yards of surface, including floor space and horizontal surfaces of furniture. The minimum estimate, based on these figures, gives us 225 tons of dust to the cubic mile of air. The maximum estimate would be 120,000 tons.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

## A Rhapsody on a Mutton Chop.

When a primitive man wants breakfast, he takes a sheep, kneels upon it, holds it between his legs, and cuts its throat. He skins it, and, taking a slice out of it, fries it on the coals for breakfast.

We also demand not less imperatively outlets for our breakfast, but we manage it another way. We procure an individual some way off to kill the beast, and another out of our sight to cook it. We have a paper frill put round the bone to disguise it, and set a pot of flowers straight before us to look at while we eat it—but to the sheep—to the sheep—it can make little difference which way it is eaten! We still do our unclean work, but we do it by proxy. And it may be questioned whether what we gain in refinement we have not lost in sincerity.—*Fortnightly Review.*

## A Famous German Doctor's Work.

Consumption is now known to be curable if taken in time—the German remedy known as Otto's Cure, having been found to be an almost certain cure for the disease. Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Coughs, Colds, Pneumonia, and all throat and lung diseases are quickly cured by Dr. Otto's Great German Remedy. Sample bottles of Otto's cure are being given away at Reynolds Drug Store. Large sizes 25c. and 50 cents.

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WE have just received a large line of Piece Goods and samples, embracing the very latest styles of Foreign and Domestic Suitings for Fall and Winter wear, which we are prepared to make at Hard-time Prices. We cordially invite the public to call, examine our goods and get prices. Special attention to Cleaning and Repairing.

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and prices away down. We have just received a New Stock of Clothing, Hats and Caps. We are selling

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all-wool blanket. When we speak of "Our Factory" we mean the Reynoldsville woolen mill. No shoddy goods from them.

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For Men, Boys, Ladies, Misses and Children, in fine wool, part wool, cotton, fleeced lined, all styles and sizes.

Oneita Union Suits, cotton and wool, two garments in one. These cold days will make you look out for heavy underwear. You'll find this store is all right in quality and price.

## Flannels

All grades, price and quality, from the fine French flannel to the heavy lumberman's.

## COATS AND CAPES

We've lots of wraps and will receive more soon as they are made. The most correct styles and latest cut.

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