

A Kiss for Mamma.

The car was all ready, the aeronaut saying
A few hot words ere he sailed away
To the far, blue sky, where the envious straying
Made perfect the glorious summer day;
While thousands and thousands were gathering, aghast
To wish him good journey, and bid him good-bye.
A wee little maid with her sunny hair falling
Back from her beautiful childish brow,
Spang away from her nurse, her baby voice calling:
"And please Mr. Ma, may I do now?"
I want to do up with you in the sky,
To find my own mamma, an' 'tis'er dood-bye."
He kissed the sweet face, while the tear drops were
shining
On many a cheek hardened with care;
He clasped the arms round his neck fondly twining
And sailed from the life to one standing there,
But a sweet voice rose to him, clear and free,
"Tell mamma I'm dood girl, an' 'tis'er dood-bye!"

MY ELIZA.

As a boy I had but one great trouble
in the world, and its name was Eliza.
"My Eliza," Godmother Richards called
her. She was a very nightmare. I am
sorry to say that news of her demise
would have given me intense joy. But
that was my Godmother Richards' fault,
for but for her I should never have cast
a thought upon Eliza or any other girl.
My Eliza was nothing new to me.
When I was in rucks this model little
girl, a year my junior, was spoken of
ecstatically whenever Godmother Richards
came to the city. She was her
other go-child, a model of grace and
oath and obedience. "I shall bring
her up for Billy," Godmother Richards
would say. "They shall be little man
and wife. Don't you want to send a kiss
to your Eliza, Billy—a nice sweet one?"
At four I used to send it. At eight I al-
lowed it to be taken. At ten I hid in
my godmother's ample skirts and wept
and refused my lips. Whereupon God-
mother Richards would say:

"Well, well, there's not too much mod-
esty in this age. I don't mind a little
of it," and afterward give me something
good to eat from her pocket and tell me
that Eliza sent it with her love.

It was hard to bear then, but nothing
to the persecution it became at sixteen
years of age. Then I was obliged to
hear what pieces my Eliza could play
upon the piano—how much French she
could speak—how she had put on long
dresses—how much handsomer she was
than anybody my godmother knew, and
in short, how it was the hope of the old
lady's heart to bring us together some-
day and make a match of it. Even the
dislike I had to quarreling with the
fairy godmother who could convert my
pumpkin of a hope into a coach and
horses with a wave of her pen, could not
make me exhibit any show of compen-
sency when Eliza was spoken of.
I scooped in silence and refused to praise
and had the satisfaction of hearing my
godmother, who, being a little de-
thought all the world so, inform my
mother, in a stage aside, that actual-
ly the dear boy was head and ears in love
with Eliza already, as she was with his
dear girl.

"Dear girl," I used to mutter, when
safely out of hearing, "dear, indeed, a
fect little puss; I wish she had died
before she was christened—Eliza, too,
all hideous names."

This sort of thing went on until I was
twenty-two, growing even worse with
time, and fast approaching a climax.
We were to be introduced to each other
before long; a meeting was on the tapis.
We were ordered to be mutually stricken
with love at first sight—to do court-
ing in the shortest possible space of
time, and to live there after with God-
mother Richards, who confessed to hav-
ing divided her property between us
with a view to our ultimate union. Ac-
cording to her account of affairs, the
young lady would throw no obstacle in
my way, "but felt as though she knew
me already."

"Forward little wretch," I said to my-
self. "She is perfectly disgusting. No
power on earth shall ever make us ac-
quainted." Perhaps my brother Tom
who introduced "My Eliza" into his con-
versation in the most trying manner,
and who drew a picture upon our bed-
room wall of our imaginary meeting,
wherein she fell into my arms in highly
dramatic style, the whole figure, Tom
being no artist, having square heads and
duck feet, excited my wrath against the
young lady to a pitch to which it could
scarcely have arisen otherwise, and de-
termined me more decidedly in my res-
olution.

I was shaving in the early morning
when some one at my door cried, "Don't
mind me," and in came Godmother
Richards, with her black silk cloak and
big green umbrella, with her cap in a
paper and a little basket on her arm.

"Prepare yourself for a joyful surprise,
my dear Billy," she cried. "She has
consented at last to meet you. I am go-
ing to have you both, with your parents,
at my house for a week. Wednesday is
the day, and if you can't manage to
make her say "yes" in that time, why
you're not worth of your godmother."
Then the old lady sat down upon a
chair and fanned herself.

The surprise had made me gash my
chin furiously, and I turned upon her
with anything but an amiable counte-
nance.

"I hope she has not been annoyed on
my account," I said, sarcastically. "Don't
urge her to meet me, I beg. I wouldn't
have her do anything disagreeable to

please me."
But Godmother Richards did not see
the sarcasm.
"Don't be angry, Billy," said she,
"Girls are naturally timid, and she
knows how smart and handsome you
are, and is just a little afraid of you.
She thinks ever so much of you, and is
always talking about you, and asking
questions about you. Don't be angry
with your Eliza."

I didn't use wicked language, but I
wanted to. My Eliza!
"You'll be there, of course, Billy,"
said my godmother, "and look your best.
Blue neckties do become you, and those
whiskers are growing. I'm sorry you
cut your chin between 'em; put on a bit
of court plaster. Now, be sure to come.
You'll admire her so, I know, Billy."

And my godmother departed.
Go voluntarily to meet "My Eliza?"
Never! That afternoon I packed my
trunk and fled the house, determined
never to return home, or give my god-
mother a clue to my whereabouts as
long as "My Eliza" awaited my coming.
"Let her leave her confounded money
where she pleases," I said, apotrophiz-
ing my absent godmother. "No one
shall saddle me with a wife against my
will."

My cousin, the Crimps, took summer
boarders. Their house was like the New
York omnibus, made of gutta percha,
and always could be stretched to hold
one more. Thither, therefore, I posted
without ceremony, and was received
with joy.

"And we can accommodate you, Cousin
Brown, with an attic room, if you'll
put up with that," said the old lady.
"We had a very nice room yesterday,
but now it's occupied. But you've lost
it for a young lady, so you won't mind."

So I declared that I did not mind, and
meant it; when at the tea-table the
young lady in question dawned upon
me. A little brunette, with a rosebud
mouth, and hair that waved and kinked
in the most magical manner.

Miss Lizzie Smith by name, as my
hostess informed me.

That night when I laid my head upon
my pillow, I felt that I had met my fate.
I did not seek to fly it. I talked with
her; I sang with her; I rowed her on
the river, and drove her about in the
Crimps' motor.

I said a good deal about youth and
health, and a disposition to keep my-
self, being worth any number of legacies,
and was glad after all that it was over,
and went on boating, and driving, and
croqueting as before. Until one day I
received a sudden shock, on learning
that Miss Lizzie Smith was going home.
We were to part then. I resolved
that we should not be separated before
I knew whether she really liked me well
enough to make me happy.

So the next day I drove her over to
an old fort she had longed to see, and
having reached the spot, found ourselves
alone amid crumbling stones and rank
grass and tangled bushes, just as I hoped
I should. Within the fort a great block
of stone lay, with moss upon it, thick
and green and spongy. There I made
Lizzie seat herself, and stood beside her.

"Lizzie," I said, "we haven't known
each other very long, but I have known
you long enough to be sure that I love
you with all my heart and soul. Will
you be my wife, Lizzie?"
Lizzie hung her eyes down and blush-
ed and said nothing.
"Can't you like me well enough?" I
asked, bending over her.

"I—I think I do," faltered Lizzie.
"But the thing is, what will they say
about it?"
"They?" I queried, venturing to steal
an arm about her waist. "You mean
your parents?"
"Yes," said Lizzie, "and my god-
mother."

Visions of my godmother flashed
across me.

"You see," said Lizzie, between laugh-
ing and crying, "she's a very peculiar
old lady, and really did consider herself
bound to teach me my catechism. Most
sponsors think giving you a silver spoon
is enough, you know. That was very
well. But why should she think she
must choose me a husband, I don't
know."

Again my godmother rose before my
vision.
"But she did," said Lizzie, hysterical-
ly. "And that is not the worst of it,

She thought when he was chosen I must
like him. Oh, that horrible Billy, how
I have hated him! a nasty, red-haired
little puppy, I am sure. His very name
is insupportable. Bill, bah! My Billy
she will call him. He used to send me
kisses and sugar-plums and his love—his
love, indeed! until I did wish he would
have the measles or whooping-cough
and not get well. It was wicked, but I
did; and to end it all the little wretch
really thought I was in love with him,
and intended to meet him at my god-
mother's. Then I could stand it no
longer. I quarreled with Godmother
Richards, refused to meet 'My Billy'—
ugh; the little puppy!—and made
mamma send me here for a month. I
shall be left out of her will—Godmother
Richards, you know—but I could not
be married against my will for a million
—nor for the whole world; and I'd die
before I'd so much as speak to that
dreadful Billy. Oh, what is the matter,
Mr. Brown?"

"Matter!" I groaned; "matter! I
can't believe it. You—see—I—"
"Oh, dear, what is it, Mr. Brown?"
cried Lizzie.

"I believe," said I, with the calmness
of despair, "that you are 'My Eliza.'"
"Godmother Richards does call me
Eliza. I was christened so, but I hate
the name," said Lizzie; "and you—
good gracious! You're not 'My Billy!'"
Then there was a grand tableau. It
ended with a peal of laughter from
Lizzie.

"So I ran away from you," she said.
"And I ran away from you," cried I,
in tragic tones.

Then I told her all, and we looked
solemnly at each other.
"We have such common names," said
Lizzie. "Miss Smith and Mr. Brown.
It never entered my mind that you were
'My Billy.'"

"How could I dream that you were
'My Eliza?'" I said. And then:
"Well, no matter. Lovers always do
the same things, I believe."

Suffice it to say that I drove Lizzie
home as though the little light wagon
were a triumphal car; and the next day
we went together to our godmother's.
The shutters of the house were closed,
and everything was very quiet. After-
ward I understood that the disappoint-
ment had caused my godmother to take
to her bed with the idea that she was
extremely ill. No one answered our
first knock, but at the second an upper
window creaked, and a night-capped
head was stuck forth. Then there came
a little shriek, and an exclamation, ve-
hement if ungrammatical.

"Gracious goodness, it's them. I was
going to alter my will to-morrow, and
here's her with her Billy and him with
his Eliza. Open the door, Dinah."

And in five minutes we were admit-
ted, embraced, forgiven and congratula-
ted.

We have been married a great many
years now, and have never regretted it.
Indeed, we are an extremely happy
couple. But Lizzie always assures me
that no power could induce her to call
me "Billy," and I certainly would never
think of speaking of my wife as "My
Eliza."

Judging by Appearance.

Some years ago then arrived at the
Cataract House, Niagra Falls, an odd-
looking man whose appearance and de-
portment were quite in contrast with
the crowds of well-dressed and polished
figures which adorned that celebrated re-
sort. He seemed to have just sprung
from the woods; his dress which was
made of leather, stood dreadfully in
need of repair, apparently not having
felt the touch of a needle for many a
long month. A worn-out blanket that
might have served for a bed, was
buckled to his shoulders; a large knife
hung on one side, balanced a long, rusty
tin box on the other, and his beard un-
cropped, tangled and coarse, fell down
upon his bosom, as if to counterpoise
the weight of the thick, dark locks that
supported themselves on his back and
shoulders. This being, strange to the
spectators, seemingly half-civilized, half
savage, pushed his steps into the set-
ting room, unstrapped his burden,
quietly looked around for the landlord
and then modestly asked for breakfast.
The host at first drew back with evident
repugnance to receive this uncouth
form among his genteel waiters, but a
few words whispered in his ear satisfied
him, and the stranger took his place in
the company, some shrugging their
shoulders, some staring and some laugh-
ing outright. Yet there was more in
that one man than in the whole com-
pany. He had been entertained with
distinction at the tables of princes;
earned societies, to which the like of
Cuvier belonged, had bowed down to
welcome his presence; Kings had been
complimented when he spoke to them
in short, he was one whose fame was
growing brighter when the fashiona-
bles who laught at him, and much-
greater than they, shall have been for-
gotten. From every hilltop, and deep
shady grove, the birds, those blossom
of the air, will sing his name. The little
wren will pipe it with her matin hymn;

the oriole, coral it from the slender grass,
ees of the meadows; the turtle dove
roll it through the secret forests; the
many-voiced mocking bird, pour it
along the air; and the imperial eagle,
the bird of Washington, as he sits far
up on the blue mountains, will scream
it to the tempest and the stars. He
was Audubon, the ornithologist.

Coffee.

The average American family begins
and ends the day with coffee that is
unless nervous and bilious mem-
afflict the household with their nerve
or livers. The generous breakfast cup
is wine and medicine to many a worker
while the dainty after-dinner cup should
be "nectar fit for the gods," but on tra-
grant berry of Araby, what slops are
offered in thy name! Coffee has little
direct food value, but although not
nutritive is a valuable food adjunct by
preventing the waste of tissues. It is
well attested that a giving amount of
food will go farther if accompanied by
coffee, while every soldier has proved
its power to relieve sensations of hunger
and fatigue. Its effect as a stimulant
varies with individual temperament,
physical condition, and whether taken
regularly or rarely.

Physicians generally agree that it is
harmless when taken without milk.
Others assert that some elements of
the coffee with milk makes a leathery coat-
ing on the lining of the stomach that
hinders digestion. It is a native of
Africa, and the varieties are due to
soil and climate, which affect the flavor.
The raw berry grows ripener and better
flavored by being kept. It easily ab-
sorbs other odors; in fact a few bags of
pepper have been known to spoil a
ship's cargo of coffee. Never buy it
ground, for it will contain false parts of
chicory, peas, beans or wheat. Buy it
roasted, for the roasting is more evenly
done by machinery than is possible in
private kitchens. Keep in glass cans,
and grind as it is needed.

The aroma characteristic of coffee is
a volatile oil, and the superior method
of making is that which develops the
oil in the greatest degree. If the coffee
is boiled, of course the aroma escapes
with the steam, while the old custom
of putting in egg to enrich the color
really destroys the flavor, for it pre-
vents the secretion of the oil by incus-
tating itself on the kernels. Count Rum-
ford introduced the process of filtering
and for this a French coffee biggin is
indispensable. It is a two-story coffee-
pot with two tin cylinders fitting into
each other and containing strainers
through which the water gently percolates
upon the ground coffee. After pour-
ing on the boiling water keep it
warm but do not allow it to boil. This
method is simplicity itself, and as the
nose of a biggin is covered not a whiff
of the fragrance can escape till it
reaches the cups, where rich and strong
it has a fine, smooth fragrance. A fa-
vorite proportion is one-third Mocha and
two-thirds Java.

Vienna coffee is made by putting
three teaspoonfuls of whipped cream
into a quarter of a cup of boiled milk
and filling up with filtered coffee. What
is called *cafe au lait* is simply a pint of
milk and a pint of filtered coffee brought
to a boiling point.

A hostess regards with satisfaction
the coffee that rounds out her dinner,
for she offers "only the cups that leave
a friendly warmth," knowing they will
inspire the best conversation of the
hour. The table is at its best, too, for
the fruits, flowers sweetmeats remain,
while fingerbowls and their embroidered
doilies make pleasing harmony of color
in olden time the large silver urn and
solid heavy service suggesting Dr. Hol-
mes' saying, "Large heart never loved
little cream-pot," were placed before
stately matrons who asked each guest if
he preferred his coffee black or "with
trimmings." This custom is still a fa-
vorite, only modern silver assume lighter
more graceful shapes. There is no finer
test of a lady's grace and ease than this
way of serving, but the coffee surely
loses its first freshness by being trans-
ferred to silver. Many ladies have it
poured at the sideboard by a servant,
who passes the tiny cup on a lacquer
tray, accompanied by richest cream and
cubes of sugar in a small jug and bowl
of choice ware. People of means some-
times allow the guest to serve himself
from a *cafetiere*—a long slender vessel of
hammered silver or niello work. When
entertaining informally in winter, a
charming way is to pour the coffee in
the library or family room. For this
a lady may use a small round table
with a white cloth with needle-work
border, and she is indeed happy if she
can show a quaint "willow" set, brought
over the sea by an almost forgotten an-
cestor, and spoons worn smooth by the
jaws and sorrows of a century.

Variety and harmony may be secured
by cups and saucers identical in shape,
but different in color and decorations.
A barlequin effect is often enjoyed by
having no two alike. Nothing can sur-
pass three delicacy and refinement of the
egg-shell china from Japan. The social
cherry influence of gathering around the
open fire, cup in hand, and the home-
like feeling of being thus included in a
family circle, warms the heart of the
most stolid old bachelor. A final felici-
ty is given if the cups are passed by
the children of the household. Bridget
rejoices in this custom, for she gains an
early access to the dining-room, and
"gits me work done up." In summer,
in a country house, the coffee may be
easily served on the rustic table of a
piazza, where tree and bird and sunset
glow, supplement birdness' efforts
to "drive dull care away."—*McVeytown
Journal.*

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