

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 23, 1891.

A GREYHOUND LEGEND.

They ran through the streets of the seaport town; They peered from the decks of the ships that lay; The cold sea fog that came whitening down Was never as cold or white as this; "Ho, Starbuck and Pinckney and Henderson! Run for your shallops, gather your men, Scatter your boats on the lower bay." Good cause for fear. In the thick mid-day The bulk that lay by the rotten pier, Filled with the children in happy play, Parted its moorings and drifted clear— Drifted clear beyond reach or call, Thirteen children they were in all— All drifted into the lower bay!

Said a hard-faced skipper, "God help us all! She will not float till the turning tide!" Said his wife, "My darling will hear my call, Whether in sea or heaven she abide." And she lifted a quavering voice and high, Wild and strange as a seabird's cry, Till they staggered and wondered at her side.

The fog drove down on each laboring crew, Velled each from each, and the sky and shore; There was not a sound but the breath she drew, And the lap of the water and creak of oar, And they felt the breath of the downs, fresh blown. O'er leagues of clover and cold, grey stone, But not from the lips that had gone before.

They came no more. But they tell the tale, That, when fogs are on the harbor reef, The nickered fishers shorten sail; For the signal they know will bring relief; For the voices of children, still at play; In a phantom hulk that drifts away Through channels whose waters never fail.

It is but a foolish shipman's doubt, A theme for a poet's idle page; But still, when the mists of doubt prevail And we lie becalmed by the shores of Age, We hear from the mistyoubled shore The voice of the children gone before, Drawing the soul to its anchorage.

THAT PRETTY LITTLE SIMPLETON.

BY MARGIE F. HARRIS.

What a silly little thing she was, but how pretty! All smiles and dimples, rosy cheeks and fluffy brown hair, shading, laughing blue eyes! I thought, as I sat opposite her that day in the street car, and heard her girlish prattle, that I had never seen such a combination of silliness and prettiness. Her silly chatter provoked me desperately, for I was intensely interested in an article in the last Medical Journal, which had direct bearing on a complicated case I was going that morning to treat. An accident that morning to one of my horses and a stupid blunder of my coachman had forced me to take the car, and I felt as cross as a bear, and looked so, I know, for when I caught her eye she tossed her little head and turned away with a pout.

I heard enough about papa, balls, the opera etc. to guess that she was an idolized, only child and something of a belle. As I was too old to ignore the vacuum in the pretty head, for the sake of the pretty face, I was much relieved when Dora Copperfield—as I mentally styled her—and her friend left the car. It was strange, but after the first chance meeting, I was constantly meeting Dora. I caught glimpses of her nestling down in the cushions, as her carriage dashed with a flash and a glitter by my office. At the opera the ladies threw me in her neighborhood. She was with a fat, pompous-looking, middle-aged man, whom I took to be "papa." I mentally dubbed him "old money-bags," and hated him as heartily as I did his daughter—he looked so complacent and listened with such evident relish to her ceaseless, silly prattle.

One day I was summoned in great haste to the bedside of a patient whom I had attended a few times before. She and her daughter lived in a quarter of the city which my practice seldom called me, and among people only served for sweet charity's sake. Though these two were poor as many I attended free I could not dare refuse the fee they promptly tendered after each visit. Of them I knew nothing further than that they were ladies. There was a proud, independence, a dignified reticence that commanded respect. I was much attracted by them both; the mother was refined and gentle, and bore with fortitude her sufferings; the daughter was beautiful, proud, dignified, and bravely independent. It was anxious to help them, but the opportunity for doing so delicately and without the risk of offending had never yet presented itself, and not for my right hand would I have offended their pride, proud, reticent poverty. But on this visit the evidences of poverty were even greater.

The room was very bare; evidently they had been forced to pawn many necessary articles. The daughter was very pale and thin, and something like despair shone in the beautiful dark eyes. I found Mrs. Trevor very weak and low. After I had prescribed for her I sat like "Micawber," hoping "something would turn up"—that there would be some opening in the conversation where I might safely offer aid. I could not leave them in such destitution. I must help them—this was not their place and sphere, and they must be lifted out by some means. The mother was too weak to talk, and Miss was too much absorbed in her own sad thoughts for conversation, so I must take the dilemma by the horns. "Have you been taking wine as I prescribed, Mrs. Trevor? You are much weaker than when I saw you last, and I had hoped the wine would have built up your strength."

Miss Trevor seemed to struggle with herself. A burning blush suffused her face and neck. At last she raised her head proudly, and with a defiant air looked me full and steadily in the eye as she said in a low voice without a quiver: "No, Dr. Heathcote. We were not able to follow your prescription fully. The wine you sent mother was of great benefit to her, and I was able to sleep it, also, until last week, when she was taken much worse, requiring my unremitting attention, which forced me to stop sewing, my only means of support. But I had just finished some work for

a young lady, and as she owed me \$20, I trusted to that to tide me over, until I could resume work. But I have been unable to collect the money, and we are penniless."

Bravely said, my beautiful Spartan! I thought, as I looked at the fine, pale face with its troubled eyes. The Spartan youth, with the wolf gnawing at his vitals, suffered less than you did in making this confession. Behind that marble calmness, my beautiful Galatea what a Vesuvius must be throbbing and seething in your heart and brain! Injuries and injustice that you can't forget—neglect and coldness from those who should have befriended!

"Yes, doctor," said Mrs. Trevor, "Helen kept her troubles from me as long as she could, and has allowed me to want for nothing, but failing to collect the money due her has been a great hardship. The poor child has not tasted food since yesterday."

She covered her face with her hands and the tears trickled down through the thin fingers. I turned like one shot, and stared at that beautiful girl, standing so quiet, and composed. Staring! Staring! She, fit to be a queen, and suffering for bread! I stalked like a caged lion up and down the narrow room. "Oh, the heartless rich! The cold, heartless rich!"

"More thoughtless than heartless, I think, Dr. Heathcote." I stopped short as the cool, even tone fell on my ear, and marching up to her took both her hands in mine. I was old enough to be her father.

"Helen, why didn't you come to me? Why didn't you come to me?" The tears came to her eyes—the first I had seen there.

"We are such strangers to you. I would not have presumed—"

"Strangers be hanged! Excuse me, Helen. But, my child, you are too proud! There comes a time in the life of most, when we must accept help—when pride must be laid aside and we must stoop! Independence is a very fine thing, my dear, but the proudly independent man is not the one who gets the most good out of life, because closer drawn to his fellow man. Now, my dear, I'm going to get wine for your mother and nourishing food for you."

She put out her hand protestingly, and again that blush of humbled pride mounted her face.

"Your mother's life depends upon timely aid. You and I can have our reckoning by and by. I will look in again this afternoon."

Soon I had sent up wine, fruits and well prepared food to Helen and her mother. I could not dismiss them from my mind for a moment during my round of visits. I could understand the agony of humiliation that poor girl was suffering—as well as the fear and sorrow hanging over her from her mother's illness. Poverty had not been long with them; it was apparent that their better days had been recent. Then as I thought how that rich girl's thoughtless, heartless indifference and neglect to pay her, had aggravated Helen's shame and grief, my indignation knew no bounds, and when I reached Mrs. Trevor's humble room that afternoon, I had worked myself into a furor of anger against that unknown transgressor, Helen's late employer. I was boiling over with rage, which increased, if possible, when I found Mrs. Trevor worse and noted Helen's troubled, anxious face. After doing all I could for my patient, who soon fell into a doze, I called Helen out into the hall.

"Helen, give me the name and address of the person that owes you."

She looked at me inquiringly as I took out my note book and pencil, but said: "Miss Floy Garrison, 2010 L avenue."

I wrote it down hurriedly and with out another word was on my way to find this girl. I had but one thought—to bring her to see the sorrow she had caused. It might teach her a lesson and cause her to feel a little of the shame and mortification Helen had to endure.

When I drew up before 2010 L avenue a carriage stood before the door and a party of four stood ready to enter. A slender, middle-aged lady, a fine looking young man, "old money bags" and Dora Copperfield! Ribbons flying, curls blowing, draperies fluttering and merry laughter.

So Miss empty head was the culprit. I was not surprised at all. If I had been a knight of the middle ages I would of snatched her in my arms and rushed away with her, and after showing her the trouble and sorrow she had caused, immured her in a dungeon deep and dark, but as it was the practical nineteenth century, I must observe the conventionalities. So, while thirsting for revenge, I had to smirk and bow and introduce myself.

Yes "old money-bags" knew Dr. Heathcote quite well by reputation. Glad to meet him, "This" pointing to the middle-aged lady, "was his wife; the young lady was his daughter Floy, and this his nephew, Mr. Philip Everett, from the South."

I then politely requested Miss Garrison to accompany me to see a patient who was very low, who knew her, and in whom she would be interested. Floy looked inquiringly at papa, who said: "Yes, go."

Not a word was spoken during the drive, but when we stood in Helen's room I pointed to Mrs. Trevor's wasted form and said: "Behold your work." "Oh, what do you mean?"

The blue eyes were round and frightened and the roses had faded from her cheeks. I turned sternly upon her and said: "I mean that a girl as young and beautiful as yourself, as well born and as well bred, has been reduced to a dreadful poverty—a poverty such as you have never seen, but have cried over in novels; she has been struggling

bravely to keep back want and trouble from an invalid mother, while you are going to parties and balls; but out of your plenty you couldn't spare the pitiful \$20 she had earned by hard work. It would have been a small fortune to her and saved her heartaches and humiliation terrible to her proud nature!"

"Forgive me, oh forgive me, Miss Trevor, for my cruel, thoughtless, carelessness!"

She was crying and clinging to Helen, who stood away.

"I have been so wickedly thoughtless! I did not know there was so much want and suffering in the world! Can you ever forgive me?"

But before Helen could speak, there was a loud knock at the door, and when I opened it, Col. Garrison and Mr. Philip Everett stood before me. Col. Garrison explained that after I had left them with Floy he grew uneasy, thinking he had been too precipitate in giving his consent for her to accompany me, fearing my patient might be suffering from some contagious disease.

Here Floy threw wide open the door, and coming into the hall, threw herself into her father's arms and sobbed out the whole sad story.

But what was the matter with Helen? Was she about to faint? She steadied herself with one hand against a chair, while the other was pressed to her heart; her face was deadly pale, and her wine stretched eyes were riveted upon Mr. Everett, who, when he caught sight of her through the open door stepped forward with a glad cry of "Helen!" His manly, handsome face was radiant with happiness, and I heard him say:

"Found at last! I have searched everywhere for you, Helen!" "Can you still—"

"Do I still love you? Oh, Helen, how can you ask!"

And unmindful of us all she fell into his arms and wept out her sorrows and griefs upon his heart. I closed the door, and Col. Garrison, Floy and I discreetly withdrew farther into the hall.

After a few moments Mr. Everett and Helen came out. At last my beautiful Galatea was endowed with life. A look of happiness such as I had never seen there before shone in the dark eyes. Then Mr. Everett, in a manly, straightforward way, told their story. He and Miss Trevor had been children together in a far distant Southern city, and became engaged soon after both had left school, but after the death of Helen's father, nearly a year before, an unfortunate misunderstanding arose, which separated them, and Helen and her mother quiet, left the city leaving no trace behind them, and all these months he had been searching for them. Then that little simpleton, Floy, proved her head not quite empty by saying:

"Papa, Mrs. Trevor and Helen must go home with us, where we may repair, if possible, the wrong I did them."

And it was done just as Miss Rattlebrain proposed, and she proved herself the most faithful, untrusting, and devoted of nurses—the most unselfish and loving of friends and cousins; and before the wedding day came around, she and Helen were as devoted as sisters, and when that day did come, old Money-bags was the most generous of uncles. And when Helen kissed me good-bye that day, she said with happy tears in her pretty dark eyes:

"Dr. Heathcote, I will never cease to love and bless you! The brightest day of my life, except this, is that on which you rushed Floy in upon her avenging Nemesis!"

Before Philip left with his wife he told me, at Helen's request, what he told no one else—the story of their poverty and separation. Helen's father had been Philip's guardian, and after his death it was found that he had appropriated and squandered the whole of Philip's fine fortune, but in some way she learned it, and her grief, mortification and despair were terrible to see. She thought that Philip would scorn to marry the daughter of a dishonest man. So after she and her mother had settled their small fortune upon Philip—for both felt keenly the disgrace, and wished to make what reparation they could—they quietly left the city, giving Philip no hint of their destination.

"I knew she was a heroine!" I said, as I slapped Philip on the back.

Mrs. Trevor remained with the Garisons and Philip and his wife returned from their brief trip, then she went with them to their cozy home at Col. Garrison gave Philip on his wedding day. My gift to my beautiful girl was a complete silver service and a horse and phaeton; so I see the bright, happy face every day or so as she drives by and nods and smiles at me.

Well, it is always the unexpected that happens. When that boy of mine, Walter Heathcote, came back from college, ready for a partnership with his old father, what should he do but fall in love with that pretty little simpleton, Floy Garrison, and make her Mrs. Heathcote before I could say Jack Robinson.

INSULTED.—Wagg.—We had a terrible thunder storm as I came up in the train this afternoon. "Wooden weren't you afraid of the lightning?" "No, I got behind a brakeman." "Behind a brakeman? What earthly good did that do?" "Why, he was not a conductor."

—I was troubled with catarrh for seven years previous to commencing the use of Ely's Cream Balm. It has done for me what other so-called cures failed to do—cured. The effect of the Balm seemed magical. Clarence L. Huff, Biddeford, Maine.

Hats are large and in picturesque shapes; bonnets are small.

An Heir in a Prison.

J. Edwin Rayn, Who Will Inherit a Million, in the Penitentiary.

The heir of over one million has been found in the western penitentiary in Allegheny City. Early in the eighties an actor, whose stage name was St. Rayn, but whose real name was J. Edwin Rayn, became stranded with his company in New Orleans. He had the good fortune to rescue a wealthy Cuban, Louis De Amboise and daughter Edith an only child, from a deadly assault of two villains.

In the struggle St. Rayn was severely injured. The De Amboises nursed him back to life. The young couple fell in love, but the father demanded that his daughter should marry a cousin, Horace Leigh. She refused, and the lovers eloped and were married. The father forgave them. St. Rayn frequently attended himself, and Horace Leigh circulated stories, as a result of which De Amboise and his daughter were led to believe that the husband was unfaithful. A separation ensued. De Amboise and his daughter and the latter's child went back to Cuba. Leigh on his deathbed confessed his deceit.

De Amboise and his daughter also died, leaving an immense property to St. Rayn, who after a year's search was discovered to be an inmate of the Western penitentiary, convicted of a crime that had never been committed. In his wanderings after separating from his wife, St. Rayn worked at Jeannette, and became known to several people there.

The efforts to trace him brought agents of the estate in contact with a reporter, who aided them in discovering the identity of St. Rayn. Efforts are being made to have him set free on habeas corpus proceedings.

St. Rayn has told the story of his marriage and gave, without suggestion, names, date and facts which corroborate the romantic story of his life and proved him to be the heir to the De Amboise fortune.

Training Children.

Disorder in a child is inherent. It is just as natural for a boy when he comes into the house to throw his hat on one chair and his coat on another as it is for him to eat when he is hungry. The only way to get him out of this bad habit is to make him stop whatever he is doing, when the misdemeanor is discovered, and pick up the hat and coat and put them in place. He will soon remember to perform the duty when he comes in.

Girls are quite as disorderly as boys, but being more continually under the watchful eye of the mother, they are more quickly trained into thoughtful ways. The habit of taking care of things should early be instilled in children. It has a good effect upon the mind.

One often hears an indulgent individual say: "Oh, don't bother the child. Let her have her way. Her troubles will come fast enough." Such a method carries out completely wrong, for it gives the child so much suffering later in life. Self-control, learned early, smooths over many difficulties.

There is no more serious work in the world than that of training children. All mothers do not have the art. There is a time when the birch rod did the work. Now it is seldom resorted to. Patience and loving kindness are more effective weapons. As for the former, there should be no end of it; the latter comes naturally.

Minister Egan's Son Arrested.

The Chilean Government Must Satisfy the United States.

SANTIAGO, Oct. 19.—The Baltimore Legation still remains under the protection of the American flag. The junta refuses to grant them "safe conducts" and spies are continually watching the legation in the hope of being able to capture the refugees. The orders which were issued last week to arrest all persons entering or leaving the legation have been revoked on the protest of Minister Egan. Several persons were arrested, including Mr. Egan's son.

The Chilean government will shortly be notified that the United States will not be trifled with. Instructions to this effect have been received from Washington by Minister Egan and by Captain Schley, of the cruiser Baltimore, and both are preparing to act firmly. A strong feeling exists here against the American officials. An intimation is given that a fleet of American cruisers will soon assemble in Chilean waters.

The First Railroad.

The first timid experiment in railroads was made in Quincy, Mass., built in 1825, chiefly by Thomas Perkins and Gridley Bryant, of Boston. Its only purpose was for the easier conveyance of horse, of building stone from the granite quarries of Quincy to tide-water. It was the germ, however, of a mighty movement in the country. The first railroad in America for passenger and traffic—the Baltimore and Ohio—was chartered by the Maryland legislature in March, 1827. The capital stock at first was only half a million dollars, and a portion of it was subscribed by the State and the city of Baltimore.

Horses were its motive power, even after sixty-five miles of the road were built. But in 1829, Peter Cooper, of New York, built a locomotive in Baltimore which weighed on ton, and made eighteen miles an hour on a trial trip to Ellicott's Mills. In 1830 there were twenty-three miles of railway in the United States, which were increased the next year to ninety-five miles, and in 1835 to 1,098, and in 1840 to nearly three thousand.—Bryant's History of the United States.

—Salt Rheum with its intense itching, dry, hot skin, often broken into painful cracks, and the little watery pimples, often causes indescribable suffering. Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful power over this disease. It purifies the blood and expels the humor, and the skin heals without a scar. Send for book containing many statements of cures, to C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

Soldiers on Bicycles.

Tests Made in Connecticut Show Their Efficiency and Usefulness.

The little State of Connecticut promises to be the pioneer in adopting the bicycle to usage in its national guard, and at the recent State encampment the bicycle service, which had been established some time previous, was given a test of its efficiency and usefulness. The men rode safety machines, says the Army and Navy Register, forty-four caliber carbine and Colt's regular army revolver.

When mounted, each man carries his carbine slung across his back by means of a strap. The carbine has a capacity of twelve shots and the revolver of six shots, giving to the nine wheelman a total of 162 shots without pausing to reload. The weight of the carbine is five pounds. The manual used by these wheelmen was compiled by Lieut. Giddings, from United States Infantry and English cycle tactics. One of the tests to which the bicycle corps was put to at camp was a sham fight between wheelmen and a detachment of infantry and a squad of cavalry. They were also tested as messengers and the flag signaling, with which the wheel messengers competed, seems to have been slow.

Col. Daherty, of the Second Connecticut regiment, was supposed to be attacked on his flank when two miles from his camp. He sent a message of some ten or fifteen words to headquarters by means of the regular flag signal service, asking that a machine gun be sent to his assistance at once. At the same time he gave the message to one of the wheelmen for delivery. For the first half mile the message was carried by the regular service by a horseman to a house, from whose roof the first flag began to wave. The bicyclist reached his destination and delivered his dispatch in ten minutes, while the same message did not get in until forty minutes later through the ordinary signaling by flags. In fact, the gun had reached its position and was already firing in support of Col. Daherty, two miles away, when the message asking for it reached headquarters according to the usual method.

The Paris Rag-pickers.

A curious series of statistics establish the value of the refuse of the Paris streets. The figures seem incredible, and show that the rag-pickers discharge a duty of primary importance. Working at night, busy under the gas lights with hook and panier, the value of what they collect is estimated at £2,000 each day. Assuredly one half the lives. Of course the conditions of Paris life are exceptional: Population is very close, the tall houses are crammed with inhabitants, there are no gardens as with us—there are but the houses and the streets. The Parisians have a way of emptying all kinds of lumber and refuse into the streets, and then the rag-pickers gather in their harvest. A use is found for everything, and metamorphosis never ceases. All the details are interesting, though some are rather disturbing. Rags, of course, go to make paper; bits of glass are pounded and serve as a coating for sand or emery paper; bones after the process of cleaning and cutting down, serve to make nail brushes, tooth brushes, and fancy buttons; little wisps of women's hair are carefully unraveled, and do duty for false hair by and by. Men's hair collected outside the barbers' serves for filters through which syrups are strained; bits of sponge are cut up and used for spirit lamps; bits of bread if dirty are toasted and grated, and sold to the restaurants for spreading on hams or outlets; sometimes they are carbonized and made into tooth powder. Sardine boxes are cut into tin soldiers or into sockets for candlesticks. A silk hat has a whole chapter of adventures in store for it. All this work employs a regiment of rag-pickers numbering close on 20,000, and each earning from twenty pence to half a crown a day. With all the wonders of our great cities we have nothing quite like this.

Heads of Two Noted Men.

When the wise and witty Sir Thomas Moore was beheaded his head was stuck on a pole on London bridge, where it was exposed for fourteen days, much to the grief of his daughters. "One Roper, who resolved to secure it," says Aubrey, "as she was passing under the bridge, looking at her father's head, she exclaimed: 'That head has lain many a time in my lap; I would God it would fall into my lap as it did fall into her lap!' Probably she had bribed one of the keepers of the bridge to throw it over just as the boat approached, and the exclamation was intended to avert the suspicion of the boatmen. At all events, she got possession of it, and preserved it with care in a leaden casket until her death, and it is now inclosed in a niche in the wall of her tomb in St. Dunstan's church, Canterbury.

Sir Walter Raleigh's head in a red bag was carried to his wife, who caused it to be embalmed, and kept it with her all her life, permitting favored friends, like Bishop Godman, to see and even to kiss it. His son, Carow Raleigh, afterward preserved it with similar piety. It is supposed now to rest in the church of West Horsley, Surrey.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Providing Water for Wayfarers.

The providing of water for thirsty travelers has long been held a religious duty in the East. By the doors of the little-domed houses, covering the tombs of Mohammedan saints, are often to be found large jars of water, with a vessel to lift the cooling liquid to the lips of the passer-by. Many travelers must have seen the curiously figured earthen jar beside the door of the little well at Magdala. The villagers keep it constantly replenished with fresh water from the lake, such service to wayfarers being esteemed very well pleasing to the saint, whose last resting place is thus honored. There are certain fanatical religious sects in Syria who may never touch a vessel which has once touched the lips of a stranger; yet seldom will they refuse a drink of cold water to the traveler, although they must immediately destroy the vessel from which he has drunk.

Snap Shots for Women.

Large poppies have appeared on French brocades.

The milliners are taking well to the beau de soie ribbons. Fine ostrich feathers are quite noticeable among the elegant effects. Some very neat crepes are in striped designs, covered with tiny flowers. Many feather effects; in fact, all feather garnitures sell well, except long plumes.

Heavy corded bengalines for visiting and home gowns, in dark shades for matrons. Black Bedford cord jackets, having a trimming of mink, mouflon, Alaska sable, etc. Narrow mohair Hercules braid for trimming woolen gowns made in the plain tailor style.

Black silk and chiffon for gowns trimmed with jet for second mourning evening gowns. Opera cloaks of white camel's hair, tufted with long golden tan hairs in irregular dashes. Pink eiderdown wrappers, trimmed with satin ribbon and a jabot of point de Gaze lace.

Velvet basques, with skirt, sleeves and vest of plain or striped, smooth or rough woolen goods. Wedding gowns of lampas, introducing many silver threads, are about the most expensive seen. Velvet ribbon trimmings, with velvet corselets, peasant waists or girdles, as they are severally called.

Beautifully fine handkerchiefs, simply finished with scallops and a tiny dot or figure within each one. Pearl white silken fabrics are more favored than the bluish or dead white, or delicate cream shades. Visiting and carriage toilets are announced of brocades, small designs, with satin panels, vests, etc. Toques of cloth, to match or harmonize with street costumes as well as the more elaborate visiting gowns of cloth.

Satin bows will be used to hold in or fasten the folds of the waist. In fact, satin ribbon will be very much in vogue. Short evening wraps of white French cloth, broadcloth, etc., in the form of a cape, trimmed with ostrich feather bands. Sleeves, as predicted, will no longer be made as high on the shoulders, but what they lose in the height they will make up for in width.

Velvet peaches, with their foliage, on a deep cream satin, which set off the natural shades, are said to have made the beholder's mouth water. Ecru silk guipure, copied from old Venetian, is provided for covering bodices entirely, the elastic webbing being drawn tightly over a close fitting foundation without darts and as few seams as possible.

The light-weight silks will all be fashionable for home wear all through fall and winter, the darker colors being chosen. Dark-blue, green and brown foulard will all be popular, with rather large and highly but artistically colored flowers, and some few scrols and polka designs.

For the trimming of very handsome robes of brocade dressmakers choose work that recalls the pattern of the silk. Thus a very beautiful pale pink gown, brocaded with roses in "old" tints, will have a trimming, the upper portion of which reproduces the same flowers in similar colors, and the lower a regular lace pattern in ecru silk.

Heavy laces are fashionable, as the guipure de Renaissance, the Venetian guipure, the guipure d'art, the silk guipure and with jet sabochons. These guipure trimmings are used for dresses of cloths, vicuna and other woollens in the shape of Figaro jackets, plastrons, revers, collars, hip skirts, insertions, etc.

Blonde and, more lately, red-gold hair have been all the fashion for years past; now it has the turn of dark hair. Ladies are having their hair dyed black. In this, as in the matter of hair dressing we are of the opinion, that it is quite a mistake to follow the whims of fashion, and our advice is, leave your hair as Nature made it; be sure it suits your face and complexion better as it is than as you may make it.

An elegant Louis XV. coat of black velvet has cuffs and collar of Alaska sable, with a vest of cream satin heavily embroidered. Some of the famous Parisian "creators" of rare and beautiful carriage and evening wraps are again lining them with ermine, though the trimming is of brown fur nine times out of ten. Pearl gray will be worn greatly for evening, also cardinal, old rose and yellowish tan.

Capes now run from thirty-two to forty-four inches in length, and are of three distinct styles—faced in the back, with jacket front and back and cape sleeves with a close vest from under the loose fronts. Pokes are round pointed or square; velvet, fur and feathers offer a variety in the trimming line. When they are lined it is with brocade, glance or satin, but domestic wraps are not as often lined as those of English makers.

There is some pretty erameled jewelry made to imitate rosettes and bows of the narrow ribbon. The rosettes are rather formal and stiff-looking. But some of bows are very good and most successfully represent satin ribbon. They are worn in lace or mousseline jabots, and sometimes placed in black lace quillings on hats. But for the moment everything Russian is in great vogue, especially the jewelry consisting of real cabochons set in chased silver.

One may dress very inexpensively, and yet be fashionable, if only the general style is in accordance with modern taste. Thus, one of the pretty brocade delaines may be adopted instead of a plain tissue embroidered by the hand. The effect is nearly the same, if made up by a clever couturier. Brocaded or printed borders are arranged so as to form the trimming of the skirt and bodice; square or parked panels are described upon the skirt; a Figaro jacket, vest or plastron over the bodice. Two different materials are often combined, one plain, the other figured, and the modiste's skill consists in varying such combinations as much as possible, but always in the peculiar style which prevails in modern fashion.