

Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., Nov. 13, 1891.

A MAGIC WORD.

If a merchant has goods, but customers none,
And rain stares him in the face;
If his credit's at zero, his creditors run
From morning till night to his place,
Is anything helpful to trace up this man,
If only the remedy tries?
Can any one tell of a trade bringing plan?

Concurs—

"Why, tell him to advertise!"

If a man preparation to cure all the ills
Of suffering people on earth,
No matter if taken in liquid or pills,
In some Yankee drug store find birth,
What should the man do, and do big and bold?
What is it that captures the prize?
What gathers the sheekles from young and old?

Concurs—

"Why, bless you, to advertise?"

If a man takes an acre or two of a farm
That's worthless and fully plowed out,
And cuts it up in nice sized lot lots,
And an auctioneer hires—to shout;
Then if he plants some short wooden stakes
To show where each sized lot lies,
What is it he does—and the money he makes?

Concurs—

"You bet he will advertise!"

And so the world over, this magical word
The coffers of wealth opens wide,
Its power extends where language is heard,
For ages its usefulness tried,
A man who once uses it, with good sense,
No other plan ever he tries,
But sticks to it close, gathers dollars and pence—

Reader—

"Why don't you advertise?"

A CONSUMING FIRE.

BY C. A. P. AND E. W. F.

He is a man who has failed in this life, and says he has no chance of success in another; but out of the fragments of his failure he has pieced together for himself a fabric of existence more satisfying than most of us make of our successes. It is a kind of triumph to look as he does, to have his manner, and to preserve his attitude toward advancing years—those dreaded years which he faces with pale but smiling lips.

If you would see my friend Hayden, commonly called by his friends the connoisseur, figure to yourself a tall gentleman of sixty-five, very erect still and graceful, gray headed and gray bearded, with fine gray eyes that have the storm tossed look of clouds on a windy March day, and a bearing that somehow impresses you with an idea of the gracious and pathetic dignity of his lonely age.

I myself am a quiet young man, with but one gift—I am a finished and artistic listener. It is this talent of mine which wins for me a degree of Hayden's esteem and a place at his table when he has a new story to tell. His connoisseurship extends to everything of human interest, and his stories are often of the best.

The last time that I had the honor of dining with him, there was present, besides the host and myself, only his close friend, that vigorous and successful man, Dr. Richard Longworthy, the eminent alienist and specialist in nervous diseases. The connoisseur evidently had something to relate, but he refused to give it to us until the pretty dinner was over. Hayden's dinners are always pretty, and he has ideals in the matter of china, glass, and napery which it would require a woman to appreciate. It is one of his accomplishments that he manages to live like a gentleman and entertain his friends on an income which most people find quite inadequate for the purpose.

After dinner we took coffee and refused cigars in the library. On the table, full in the mellow light of the great lamp (Hayden has a distaste for gas), was a bit of white plush on which two large opals were lying. One was an intensely brilliant globe of broken gleaming lights, in which the red flame burned strongest and most steadily; the other was as large, but paler. You would have said that the prisoner heart of fire within it had ceased to throbb against the outer rim of ice. Langworthy, who is wise in gems, bent over them with an exclamation of delight.

"Fine stones," he said; "where did you pick them up, Hayden?" Hayden, standing with one hand on Langworthy's shoulder, smiled down on the opals with a singular expression. It was as if he looked into beloved eyes for an answering smile.

"They came into my possession in a singular way, very singular. "When I was in the West last summer, I spent some time in a city on the Pacific slope which has more pawnbrokers' shops and that sort of thing in full sight on the prominent streets than any other town of the same size and respectability that I have ever seen. One day, when I had been looking in the bazars for something a little out of the regular line in Chinese curios and didn't find it, it occurred to me that in such a cosmopolitan town there might possibly be some interesting things in the pawn shops, so I went into one to look. It was a common dingy place, kept by a common dingy man with shrewd eyes and a coarse mouth. Talking to him across the counter was a man of another type. Distinction in good clothes, you know, one is never sure of. It may be only that a man's tailor is distinguished. But distinction in indifferent garments, that is distinction indeed, and there before me I saw it. A young, slight, carelessly dressed man, his bearing was attractive and noteworthy beyond anything I can express. His appearance was perhaps a little too unusual, for the contrast between his soft, straw colored hair and wine brown eyes was such a striking one that it attracted attention from the real beauty of his face.

"On the desk between the two men lay a fine opal—this one," said Hayden, touching the more brilliant of the two stones. "The younger man was talking eagerly, fingering the gem lightly as he spoke. I inferred that

he was offering to sell or pawn it.

"The proprietor, seeing that I waited, apparently cut the young man short. 'I'll give you—' I heard the other say, but the young man shook his head, and departed abruptly. I found nothing that I wanted in the place, and soon passed out.

"In front of a shop window a little further down the street stood the other man, looking listlessly in with eyes that evidently saw nothing. As I came by he turned and looked into my face. His eyes fixed me as the Ancient Mariner's did the Wedding Guest. It was an appealing yet commanding look, and I—felt constrained to stop. I couldn't help it, you know. Even at my age one is not beyond feeling the force of an imperious attraction, and when you are past sixty you ought to be thankful on your knees for any emotion that is imperative in its nature. So I stopped beside him. I said: 'It was a fine stone you were showing that man. I have a great fondness for opals. May I ask if you were offering it for sale?'

He continued to look at me, inspecting me calmly, with a fastidious expression. Upon my word, I felt singularly honored when, at the end of a minute or two, he said: 'I should like to show it to you. If you will come to my room with me, you may see that, and another' and he turned and led the way, I following quite humbly and gladly, though rather surprised at myself. "The room, somewhat to my astonishment, proved to be a large apartment, a front room high up in one of the best hotels. There were a good many things lying about that obviously were not hotel furnishings, and the walls, the bed, and even the floor were covered with a litter of water color sketches. Those that I could see were admirable, being chiefly impressions of delicate and fleeting atmospheric effects.

"I took the chair he offered. He stood, still looking at me, apparently not in haste to show me the opals. I looked around the room.

"You are an artist?" I said. "Oh, I used to be when I was alive," he answered, dreadingly. "I am nothing now. And then turning away he fetched a little leather case, and placed the two opals on the table before me.

"This is the one I have always worn," he said, indicating the more brilliant. That chiller one I gave once to the woman whom I loved. It was more vivid then. They are strange stones."

"He said nothing more, and I sat in perfect silence, only dreading that he should not speak again. I am not making you understand how he impressed me. In the delicate, hopeless patience of his face, in the refined, unobtrusive accents of his voice, there was something struck a note of self-abnegation, of aloofness from the world, pathetic in any one so young.

"I am old. There is little in life that I care for. My interests are largely affected. Wine does not warm me now, and beauty seems no longer beautiful, but I thank heaven I am not beyond the reach of a penetrating personality. I have at least the ordinary instincts for convention in social matters, but I assure you it seemed not in the least strange to me that I should be sitting in the private apartment of a man whom I had met only half an hour before, and then in a pawnbroker's shop, listening eagerly for account of matters wholly personal to himself. It struck me as the most natural and charming thing in the world. It was just such chance passing intercourse as I expect to hold with wandering spirits on the green hills of paradise.

"It was some time before he spoke again. "I saw her first," he said, looking at the paler opal, as if it was that of the spoke, on the street in Florence. It was a day in April, and the air was liquid gold. She was looking at the Campanile, as if she were akin to it. It was the friendly grace of one lily looking at another. Later, I met her one meets other people, and I was presented to her. And after that the days went fast. I think she was the sweetest woman God ever made. I sometimes wonder how he came to think of her. Whatever you may have missed in life," he said, lifting calm eyes to mine, and smiling a little, "you whose aspect is so sweet, decorous, and depressing, whose griefs, if you have griefs, are the subtle sorrows of the old and unimpassioned—I remember his phrases literally. I thought them striking and descriptive, counted Hayden—"I hope you have not missed that last touch of exaltation which I knew then. It is the most exquisite thing in life. The Fates must hate those from whose lips they keep that cup." He mused awhile, and added, "There is only one real want in life, and that is comradeship—comradeship with the divine, and that we call religion."

"Your definitions are literature," I ventured to suggest, "but they are not fact. Believe me, neither love nor religion is exactly what you call it. And there are other things almost as good in life, as surely you must know. There is art, and there is work which is work only, and yet is good."

"You speak from your own experience?" he said, simply. "It was a home thrust. I did not, and I knew I did not. I am sixty-five years old, and I have never known just that complete satisfaction which I believe arises from the perfect performance of distasteful work. I said so. He smiled.

"I knew it when I set my eyes upon you, and I knew you would listen to me and my vapidness. Your sympathy with me is what you feel toward all forms of weakness, and in the last analysis it is self sympathy. You are beautiful, not strong," he added, with an air of finality, "and—I am like you."

"I enjoyed this singular analysis of myself, but I wanted something else. "You were telling me of the opals," I suggested.

"The opals, yes. Opals always made me happy, you know. While I wore one, I felt that a friend was near. My father found these in Hungary, and sent them to me, two perfect jewels. He said they were the twin halves of a single stone. I believe it to be true. Their mutual relation is an odd one. One has paled as the other brightened. You see them now. When they were both mine, they were almost equal in brilliancy. This touching the paler, is the one I gave to her. You see the difference in them now. Hers began to pale before she had worn it a month. I do not try to explain it, not even on the ground of the old superstition. It was not her fault that they made her send it back to me. But the fact remains; her opal is fading slowly; mine is burning to a deeper red. Some day hers will be frozen grey, while mine—mine—his voice wavered and fell in silence, as the flame of a candle fighting against the wind flickers and goes out.

"I waited many minutes for him to speak again, but the silence was unbroken. At last I rose. 'Surely you did not mean to part with either stone,' I said.

"He looked up as from a dream. 'Part with them? Why should I sell my soul? I would not part with them if I were starving. I had a minute's temptation, but that is past now.' Then, with a change of manner, 'You are going?' He rose with a gesture that I felt then and still feel as a benediction. 'Good-by. I wish for your own sake that you had not been so like my poor self that I knew you for a friend.'

"We had exchanged cards, but I did not see or hear of him again. Last week these stones came to me, sent by some one here in New York of his own name—his executor. He is dead, and left me these.

"It is here I want your counsel. These stones do not belong to me, you know. It is true that we are like, as like as blue and violet. But there is that woman somewhere. I don't know where, and I know no more of her story than he told me. I have not cared to be curious regarding it or him, but they loved once, and these belong to her. Do you suppose they would be a comfort or a curse to her? If—if—the connoisseur evidently found difficulty in stating his position. "Of course I do not mean to say that I believe one of the stones waned while the other grew more brilliant. I simply say nothing of it; but I know that he believed it, and I, even I, feel a superstition about it. I do not want the light in that stone to go out, or if it should, or could, I do not want to see it. And, besides, if I were a woman, and that man had loved me so, I should wish these opals." Here Hayden looked up and caught Langworthy's amused tolerant smile. He stopped, and there was almost a flush upon his cheek.

"You think I am maudlin—doting, I see," he said. "Langworthy, I do hope the Lord will kindly let you die in the harness. You haven't any taste for these innocent green pastures where we old fellows must disport ourselves, if we disport at all. Now, I want to know if it would be—indicate to attempt to find out who she is, and to restore the stones to her?"

Langworthy, who had preserved throughout his usual air of strict scientific attention, jumped up and began to pace the room.

"His name?" he said. "Hayden gave it."

"I know the man," said Langworthy almost reluctantly. "Did any one who ever saw him forget him? He was on the verge of melancholia, but what a mind he had!"

"How did you know him, Langworthy?" asked Hayden, with pathetic eagerness.

"As a patient. It's a sad story. You won't like it. You had better keep your fancies without the addition of any of the facts."

"Go on," said Hayden, briefly. "They live here, you know. He was the only son. He unconsciously acquired the morphia habit from taking quantities of the stuff for neuralgic symptoms during a severe protracted illness. After he got better, and found that what had happened to him, he came to me. I had to tell him he would die if he didn't break it off, and would probably die if he did. 'Oh, no matter,' he said. What disgusts me is the idea that he has taken such a hold of me.' He did break it off, directly and absolutely. I never knew but one other man who did that thing. But between the pain and the shock from the sudden cessation of the drug his mind was unbalanced for a while. Of course the girl's parents broke off the engagement. I knew they were traveling with him last summer. It was a trying case, and the way he accepted his own weakness touched me. At his own request he carried no money with him. It was a temptation when he wanted the drug, you see. It must have been at such moment, when he contemplated giving up the struggle, that you met him in the pawn shop."

"I am glad I knew enough to respect him even there," murmured Hayden, in his beard.

"Oh, you may respect him, and love him if you like. He died a moral hero if a mental and a physical wreck."

"And the woman?" asked the connoisseur.

"Keep the opals, Hayden; they and he are more to you than to her. She—in fact it is very soon—I believe that she is to marry another man."

"Who is—?"

"A gilded calf. That's all."

Langworthy took out his watch and looked at it. I turned to the table. What had happened to the dreaming stones? Did a light flash across from one to the other, or did my eyes deceive me? I looked down, not trusting what I saw. One opal lay pale as pure as lifeless, as a moon seen in length. The other glowed with a yet fiercer spark; instead of coming from within, the color seemed to play over its surface in unrestricted flame.

"See here!" I said. Langworthy looked, then turned his head away sharply. The distaste of the scientific man for the inexplicable and irrational was very strong within him.

But the old man bent forward, the lamp light shining on his white hair, and with a womanish gesture caught the gleaming opals to his lips. "A human soul!" he said. "A human soul!"

Irrigating Thousands of Acres.

An Elaborate System of Canals Under Way in New Mexico.

Some of the projects for irrigating arid lands in the West and the remarkable results of previous irrigation were described and illustrated in the *Sun* a few months ago. Since then, at convention of engineers in Salt Lake City, the subject of irrigation has been discussed in all its branches, but the effect of the discussion will not be felt for some time. The purposes of the convention were to consider matters pertaining to the reclamation of the arid public lands of the West, and to petition Congress to cede to each State and Territory the arid land within its borders for purposes of reclamation, for the support of its public schools, and for such other public purposes as the Legislature of each State or Territory may respectively determine. The number of engineers who are becoming interested in irrigation is increasing, and the enterprises are the principal topics in Salt Lake City, Leadville, and Denver. It is believed that mining and hydraulics are the coming sources of profit for the civil engineer.

A project that has attracted considerable attention is the construction of an elaborate system of dams and canals in the valley of the Pecos River in the northern part of New Mexico. The river rises northwest of Santa Fe and flows in a southerly direction toward Fort Sumner, N. M., and then, a little to the east of south, across the territorial line into Texas where it joins Rio Grande. It is a mountain stream subject to alternate floods and drought until it reaches Roswell, N. M., whence for a distance of about one hundred miles its course is so tortuous that its length is about 250 miles. The land of the valley between Roswell and Pecos, about thirty miles south of the territorial line, are broad and level, of the choicest limestone soil, and with a total area of nearly 1,000,000 acres, of which fully 400,000 are below the level at which it is practicable to deliver water from the Pecos. Most of the land is covered with greasewood and mesquite. To irrigate the lands requires no leveling of the surface for the distribution of the water, the natural slopes being sufficient.

Of the three sections into which the lands of the Pecos Valley may be divided, the first, in the mountain regions northwest of Santa Fe, is too high for agricultural pursuits, although it has good grass land. The second extends from Roswell to the Hondo River to Seven Rivers, and broadens out into a plain of many thousands of acres of fine agricultural land, with spring and marshes on the east side of the river which forms deep streams and rapid current from thirty to sixty feet in width and constitute the Hondo river as a branch of the Pecos. That is the water supply of the upper canal system, which is there entirely independent of the Pecos. The third section extends from the canon eight miles above Eddy to some miles below Pecos city. It is from twenty-five to thirty miles in length, and has the richest agricultural land in the valley. It has a steeper slope than lower down, and the soil is lighter and more sandy.

For irrigating the second and third sections of the valley companies have constructed four separate canal systems, and the most important has been described in the *Engineering News*. Three dams head the most important canal systems in New Mexico. The dam of the Northern Canal is across the Hondo River near Roswell, whence a canal runs to and across the South Spring River, where a pick-up weir has been built which turns the water southward through a main canal to the Peliz River; a distance of twenty-five miles, bringing under cultivation 60,000 acres of agricultural land. That canal is to be extended to a length of fifty miles, and with proper storage reservoirs may be extended for the irrigation of 100,000 acres more of productive land. The middle dam is across the Pecos River below the canon, about six miles north of Eddy, and from it a main canal runs along the east bank for four miles to a bifurcation, whence the principal branch crosses the river on a flume and extends down the west bank for fifty-five miles to the Delaware River, bringing under irrigation at least 150,000

On the Texas line the eastern branch extends twenty miles down the valley, terminating in a lake and bringing under irrigation 60,000 acres of rich sandy loam. A part of the same system, is a short branch heading on the east side of the river about fifteen miles below Eddy, and having on its line a large storage reservoir. The third, or southern canal system, of the company is now under construction, the water to fill it being diverted from the Pecos River by a large dam just south of the Texas line. It is to be twenty-five miles in length, and it will irrigate about 70,000 acres in Texas.

The principal canal, and the one that is the most interesting to engineers on account of its construction and magnitude, is the middle canal just below Eddy. It is the diverted from the river by a great dam, built of loose rock and earth, 1,600 feet in length on its crest and fifty feet in height at the highest point. The dam follows a gap worn through a limestone ridge. Besides diverting the water the dam forms a great storage reservoir about seven miles in length and one mile and three quarters in width. It is the shape of the letter L, with the angle pointing up stream and the long arm abutting against the canal head. The long arm is 1,070 feet in length. The short arm, which is wholly of earth, is 230 feet in length, with an averaged height of about two feet. At the end of the dam furthest from the canal is an ample wasteway in the limestone rock.

The canal head at the east end of the dam is in a rock cut thirty feet in width, twenty-five feet in depth, and 500 feet in length. Below the rock cut the canal is forty-five feet in width at the bottom, and seventy-five feet at the top, and it will carry a depth of six feet of water. Its grade is sixteen inches to the mile. It has been excavated through a light, sandy loam. The first part is four miles in length to the bifurcation, the embankment having been thrown up wholly on the lower side wherever the canal was in a side hill excavation, so that the floods caused by arroyos entering the upper side become pounds or reservoirs of fair size into which the waters of the canal spread. At the entrance to the canal the water is controlled by two sets of regulating gates, and at the point of bifurcation are two more sets.

From the bifurcation the canal crosses the low valley of the Pecos river and the stream by a high terreplein, or raised woodwork embankment, and a great wooden flume. The first terreplein, leading to the river, is 1,600 feet in length and 105 feet in width at the base. With a maximum height of 24 feet. On the other bank of the river the terreplein is only 300 feet in length. The flume between them is 475 feet in length and 25 feet in width, with a depth of eight feet of water. After crossing the river the canal has a bed width of 25 feet with a depth of six feet of water. It passes to the westward of Eddy and goes through the main part of the valley eight or ten miles back from the river, and it has been completed as far as Black River, across which a high flume is to be constructed.

Besides the main canal are laterals more than a hundred miles in length, from four to six feet in width, and with a depth of water from one to two feet. Laterals several hundred additional miles in length are to be cut. The lands through which the system runs are principally government lands, and considerable sections have been entered by settlers.

A Judge Giving Testimony.

Chronic Catarrh—Twenty Years—Settled on Lungs—Could Get No Relief—Permanent Cure at Last.

NEW VIENNA, CLINTON CO., O.
Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co.—Gents: I take pleasure in testifying to your medicines. I have used one bottle and a half, and can say I am a new man. Have had the catarrh about twenty years. Before I knew what it was it had settled on my lungs and breast, but can now say I am well. Was in the army; could get no medicine that would relieve me.

Yours truly,
W. D. WILLIAMS,
Probate Judge of Clinton County.

While it is a fact that Per-na can be relied on to cure chronic catarrh in all stages and varieties, yet it is not often that it will so quickly cure a case of long standing as the above. Hence it is that so many patients fail in finding a cure because of their unwillingness to continue treatment long enough. Many people who have had chronic catarrh for five, ten, and even fifteen years, will follow treatment for a few weeks, and then, because they are not cured, give up in despair and try some thing else. These patients never follow any one treatment long enough to test its merits, and consequently never find a cure. It is a well-known law of disease that the longer it has run the more tenaciously it becomes fastened to its victim.

The difficulty with which catarrh is cured has led to the invention of a host of remedies which produce temporary relief only. The unthinking masses expect to find some remedy which will cure them in a few days, and to take advantage of this false hope many compounds which have instant but transient effect have been devised. The people try these catarrh cures one after another, but disappointment is the inevitable result, until very many sincerely believe that no cure is possible.

CATARRH IS A SYSTEMIC DISEASE, and therefore requires persistent internal treatment, sometimes for many months, before a permanent cure is effected. The mucous lining of the cavities of the head, throat, lungs, etc., are made up of a network of minute blood vessels called capillaries. The capillaries are very small elastic tubes, which, in all cases of chronic catarrh, are congested or bulged out with blood so long that the elasticity of the tubes are entirely destroyed. The nerves which supply these capillaries with vitality are called the "vasa motor" nerves. Any medicine to reach the real difficulty and exert the slightest curative action in any case of catarrh must operate directly on the vasomotor system of nerves. As soon as these nerves become strengthened and stimulated by the action of a proper remedy they restore to the capillary vessels of the various mucous membranes of the body their normal elasticity. Then, and only then will the catarrh be permanently cured. Thus it will be seen that catarrh is not a blood disease, as many suppose, but rather a disease of the mucous blood vessels. This explains why it is that so many excellent blood medicines utterly fail to cure catarrh.

Colds, winter coughs, bronchitis, sore throat and pleurisy are all catarrhal affections, and consequently are quickly curable by Per-na. Each bottle of Per-na is accompanied by full directions for use, and is kept by most druggists. Get your druggist to order it for you if he does not already keep it.

A pamphlet on the cause and cure of all catarrhal diseases and consumptive sent free to any address by the Per-na Medicine Company, Columbus, Ohio.

The beauty craze has revolutionized society and Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has revolutionized the treatment of coughs and colds.

—Madame Modjeska and Clara Louise Kellogg are accused of smoking cigarettes.

Facts for Woman.

WOMAN'S POWER OF APPRECIATION. It takes a woman, says *M. and D.*, to appreciate.

A tender word when she has failed in some undertaking.

A gracious word when she has made some slight mistake.

One of the latest fads is the "engagement cup and saucer."

Umbrella handles of black wood carry the monogram in gold.

An indulgent word when she is peevish and "out of sorts."

Dim blue and a rare tint of old rose is affected by blonde women.

An ingenious word when she asks advice upon some important event.

A generous word when she is tired out with petty worries and says something unkind.

Rubenstein's mother has died at Odessa at the age of 86. She was her famous son's first teacher in music.

Huge ties of soft twisted silk, a yard and a half or two yards long and of bright hues, are a late autumn gown smartener.

Five bands of black velvet in graduated lengths, finished with a rosette, fall over the back draperies of a shadowy green gown.

Among the ostrich feather trimming is an odd variety which presents a row of tiny Prince of Wales tips attached to a narrow leather band.

The girl who has not a mink bonnet some other fur to swathe her delicate throat these sharp autumn days is not to be counted among the swells.

A pretty idea in the festoon flounce is carried out by turning over the top in a hem and running in it a ribbon that matches some one of the shades in the gown.

A soft felt hat with a crease on top, that goes by the name of "Alpine," is worn by the girl who apes her English fashion and cares not a rap how she looks. Isn't it ugly?

The "real name" of E. Werner, the German novelist, translations of whose stories are so popular in this country, is Elizabeth Burtenbinder. She is a spinster, and lives in Berlin.

A recent wedding in England was a gray one. The bride, past her first youth, wore gray silk en train, and the five bridesmaids gray cloth costumes with long coats and waistcoats of gold brocade.

In Holland at every railroad crossing stands a woman waving the signal flag of danger as your train passes. Railroad officials will tell you that no accident has ever been caused by a watchwoman's carelessness.

Miss Tillinghast, of New York, pupil of La Forge, the artist of the wonderful St. Thomas Church paintings, is one of the most successful woman designers of stained glass in the city, and is an architect of houses as well.

All fluffy effects, no matter how fascinating, should be eschewed by the short, stout woman. This it will be a difficult matter to do, for skirts are fur-edged, cloaks weighed down with fur and every other hat encircled and banded with feathers.

They are not worn under the bodice, but are a part of the dainty grille or belt of fine leather, embroidery, velvet or passementerie. Some woman however, attach them to the skirt band beneath the girdle. In this way they become as they are ornamental.

Philadelphia teachers to the number of 2,500 have appealed to the powers that be to have their salaries paid monthly. They are the only city employees who are compelled to wait three months for their pay, the men teachers being on the monthly list.

Mrs. Potter Palmer is to drive the last nail in the Woman's World Fair building. The lady managers of Wron-tana, at the suggestion of Mrs. J. E. Richards, are having the building gilded, silver and copper. It will be forwarded to Chicago as soon as completed.

Annie Jenness-Miller has picked up her bifurcated garments and shaken the dust of New York from her commonsense boots forever. Her residence now, says the New York *Sun*, is in Evanston, Ill., and her latest project is the founding of a national school of physical culture.

A jaunty outfit for the small boy of family is made of gray corduroy. A deep white collar and brilliant scarf with a Tam O'Shanter of the material decorated with a quill completes the stylish suit. Fashionable mothers are attempting to introduce hosiery that matches the tones of the scarf.

The newest sofa pillows have the cover of India silk gathered full into a rill on all four sides and are tied about with a broad ribbon crossing each way and made into a full soft bow in the centre. Very attractive yellow pillows are made in this simple style, crossed with a deep orange band tied in an Empire knot.

Hygiene has found an ally in the fashionable whim which brings into prominence suspenders. While extremely sensible they are, like everything which womankind favors, decidedly decorative. Many of them are elaborately ornamented and finished with cunning bows fastened upon the shoulders.

Quilted cloaks will take the place of furled ones. That they are certain to be adopted is assured from the fact that they are not so heavy to carry around, can be better fitted to the figure and protect the gown from shedding fur. In evening wraps the recent tints or satin give an artistic finish to the loveliest models.

The fair students of Wesleyan University at Middletown are jubilant over their victory won against the faculty. A regulation had been made restricting evening calls by the young gentlemen upon the young ladies, and a system had been arranged of visiting permits by cards whose issue was limited. So severe were the criticisms of the press and so open the rebellion of the students that the faculty have decided to remove the restrictions and leave the matter to the good sense of the young ladies, who claim that they are old enough to have properly and to manage their own affairs.