

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. 27, 1891.

AROUND THANKSGIVING TIME.

From gold to gray
Our wild sweet day
Of Indian summer fades too soon;
But tenderly
Above the sea
Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's moon
In its pale fire.
The village spire,
Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance;
The painted walls whereon it falls
Transfigured stand in marble trance!
—Whittier.

A REAL THANKSGIVING PRIZE.

She couldn't cook a turkey
Or make a pumpkin pie
And as for frying doughnuts
She simply wouldn't try.
She couldn't set a table,
Her bread would never rise,
And yet her husband called her
His sweet Thanksgiving prize.
For all though on all housekeeping
Her faculties were lame,
She had a hundred thousand
In her own sweet name.
—Truth.

CINDERELLA

And Her Wonderful Pumpkin Pie.

BY CURTIS DUNHAM.

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I, upon reading this Thanksgiving story, you should be displeased at the apparent disrespect shown to time-honored methods of telling such stories, you will please remember that I have merely set down the facts, and that, further than regards the manner of presenting those facts, I cannot be held responsible. The twins, Rob and Mary, are the real culprits, for it is they who furnish not only the plot but also the spectacular effects, which, as every one knows, are decidedly out of place in orthodox Thanksgiving stories. In order to find and rebuke these young gentlemen you would have to get off the train at the old New England town famous for its House of Seven Gables and proceed thence along a wagon road quite a distance into the country back of the town. You will know when to stop if you keep a sharp lookout for an extremely ancient pear tree, with a stone wall built around it, which stands alone in a field on the left-hand side of the road. This field is a part of the ancestral homestead of the Dunley family, and if you should go into the parlor of the spacious farm house, a little farther on, under the hill you would see above the mantel a water color sketch of the ancient pear tree including a very pretty girl sitting on the stone wall with a big basket of pears on her arm. In the lower corner of the picture you would find the signature of Philip Turner. The pretty girl in the picture is a fair representation of the youngest of the exceedingly attractive trio of Dunley daughters, as she appeared just a month before Thanksgiving day a year ago. Though christened Ruth, her diminutive person and dainty manners had won for her the name of Cinderella, and none of her acquaintances ever thought of addressing her by any other. Her sisters, Dorothy and Mary, were sensible as well as accomplished girls and recognized belles of the neighborhood. As for Philip Turner, that big, blonde-whiskered young painter, who looking for a quiet summer retreat early in June, had stopped at the Dunley homestead, delight with its simple comforts and the charms of the surrounding landscape, and refused to proceed a step further. The twins whose seventeenth birthday had been selected by the President as the day for the national annual feast and thanksgiving, were a pair of slight, rather delicate youths of great artistic temperaments, but a trifle stupid concerning the practical things of life, as you shall presently see.

About a week before the greatest day of all the year at the Dunley homestead, Rob and Roy were rehearsing some flute and guitar selections in their den under the eaves of the spacious farm house when Rob, lying down his instrument and smoothing the pickers out of his lips, observed:

"It was very thoughtful of the President to request the people of the United States to celebrate our birthday, wasn't it, Roy?"

"Very, indeed," assented the other twin, as he put a fresh E string on his guitar. "I think we ought to do something extraordinary in honor of the occasion."

"So do I. Why not practice some new selections and invite the family and guests to a grand concert after dinner?"

"That would be a good idea," said Roy, "if the family could be induced to regard our musical efforts with proper seriousness. The family have been giving us of late, I am sure of it."

"I have it," said Rob suddenly. "The notion has been haunting me for several days. We will disguise our music with a little dramatic performance to which it will act as an orchestra accompaniment and in which the others will be invited to take part. Until just this moment I have been unable to decide upon an appropriate subject for the dramatic sketch which, of course must be original. Now it is all plain to me. When dinner is over, all but dessert, we will hold a competitive pumpkin pie examination, the girls to be the contestants and Mr. Turner the judge. Each contestant will enter to spirited music bearing her pie, and when the judge has sampled it she will retire to slow music. Judgment having been rendered, the performance will end with a grand musical finish. What do you think of that?"

"It's a first rate idea," said Roy, heartily, "and"—lowering his voice—"I think it will settle a question that has been bothering me a good deal lately. Judges are rarely free from prejudice. Mr. Turner has been here ever since early in June. He has sketched and painted everything the country affords and still he doesn't go. The pumpkin pie examination will settle—"

"Whether it is Dorothy or Mary," interrupted Roy eagerly. "Precisely, though everybody knows that their pies can't come within sight of Cinderella's. Mr. Turner won't know whether he is eating pie or prunes."

"My own private opinion is in favor of Dorothy," said Rob, "for since it has become too cold to sketch out doors he has been giving her painting lessons in the dining room."

"Very true, but while Dorothy is practicing with her colors in the dining room you will more than likely find Mr. Turner in the parlor teaching Mary to speak French."

"Besides, there may be some significance in the name of Cinderella."

"Nonsense," replied Roy with conviction. "He has only put her in the pear tree picture because she is little and cute. Cinderella is out of the question. It is either Dorothy or Mary and the competitive pumpkin pie examination will settle it. Let's try. Make me no Gaudy Chaplet over again. That will do for entrance music."

All unconsciously of the twins conspiracy the other members of the Dunley household readily agreed to participate in the proposed entertainment. Mr. Turner declared that he should go to training at once. Not another morsel should pass his lips until the contesting pies were placed before him for judicial inspection.

"But where do I come in?" inquired Mother Dunley.

"The best thing you can do is to make Dorothy's and Mary's pies for them," replied Rob, maliciously, and had his ears well boxed for his impudence.

As the great day drew nearer exquisite odors rose from the kitchen and mingled with melodious strains, which descended from the den under the eaves, where the orchestra seemed to be in a perpetual state of rehearsal. Whenever the musicians found it necessary to invade the lower regions in search of refreshments they sometimes found Dorothy and Mr. Philip Turner discussing painting in the dining room, or Mary and Mr. Philip Turner in the parlor exchanging confidences in the French language, but they always found Cinderella in the kitchen enveloped in a tremendous white apron. From early morning until long after dark this wonderful white apron and the little lady inside of it—I say little lady for Cinderella had been "finished" at a fashionable boarding school and was the heiress of a wealthy grand-mother—held undivided sway in that kitchen. The twins made a joke of it, and professed to be overawed by the white apron.

"Do you sleep in it, Cindy," asked Rob one day as he washed down a lunch of apple pie with a mug of cider.

"No," answered Cinderella sweetly, "but I cook things in it that would melt in the mouths of people who wouldn't listen to your fiddling. Run along now, sonny."

The twins attached no importance to the actions of Mr. Philip Turner so long as that gentleman left painting alone, conversed in the English language and kept clear of tete-a-tetes in the parlor and dining room. They thought it very amiable and condescending in him to spend a couple of hours in the kitchen peeling apples or caeking hickory nuts for Cinderella.

Two grandmothers, one grandfather, three uncles and their wives, one aunt and her husband, half a dozen cousins and the minister and his wife—these were the fortunate guests at the memorable Thanksgiving feast. No previous celebration of its kind at the Dunley homestead had equaled it from any point of view. The customary limit as to guests had been raised six or eight plates at the urgent request of the twins who declared that the performance would fall flat if presented to empty benches.

I shall make no attempt to describe the extraordinary superiority of this particular Thanksgiving dinner over any eaten anywhere else or in any other year of our independence.

A program of the entertainment to be given between roast and dessert had been placed beside each plate. As the fifteen-pound turkey, the juicy sirloin of beef and the tender roast pig melted away before the common assault of champagne appetites these programmes increased in importance. When, at last, the twins excused themselves and presently reappeared with music and instruments, they were greeted with tumultuous applause. The opening bars of Von Weber's favorite waltz was the signal for Dorothy, Mary and Cinderella to disappear, with their disappearance Mr. Philip Turner assumed an aspect of judicial gravity that convulsed the orchestra and caused the audience to entertain serious doubts regarding Von Weber's judgment in matters musical. Presently three short raps on the kitchen door caused the orchestra to realize the importance of its task. The music changed to, "Make Me No Gaudy Chaplet," the kitchen door opened, and

(Enter DOROTHY, majestically, bearing a tray covered with a snowy napkin, which she places before PHILIP as music ceases.)

DOROTHY—(removing napkin)—"Will your honor graciously design to partake of this Thanksgiving pie made by my own hands from a pumpkin grown on Dunley farm?"

PHILIP—"With pleasure, fair lady. (Eats a generous segment of the pie with evident satisfaction.) Ah, these are things which make life worth living!"

ROY—"To Roy, excitedly"—"That settles it. It's Dorothy!"

Exit DOROTHY to slow music, bearing tray to kitchen. As she returns and resumes her place at the table music changes to "Napoleon's March Over the Alps," and

Enter MARY, merrily, bearing tray which she places before PHILIP. Music ceases.

MARY—"Will your honor condescend to taste this Thanksgiving pie made by my own hands from a pumpkin grown

on Dunley farm?"

PHILIP—(devouring a section of the pie greedily)—"Willingly, fair lady. (helps himself to more pie.) Ah, the blessing of a perfect appetite!"

ROY—(to Rob, excitedly)—"That settles it. It's Mary."

Exit MARY to slow music, bearing tray to kitchen. As she returns and resumes her place at the table music changes to, "See the Conquering Hero Comes" and Enter CINDERELLA, simply in her usual dear old white apron bearing tray which she places before PHILIP.

There is no doubt but that the twins intended their selection of Cinderella's entrance music to be regarded by the audience as a delicate bit of satire. They were, therefore, not a little astonished at the hearty applause which greeted her speech to the judge. As Mr. Philip Turner gravely attacked the third pumpkin pie in the competitive series the twins observed that Cinderella, strangely agitated, was unable to leave her place behind Philip's chair for the reason that her small right hand was firmly clasped in that young gentleman's otherwise unoccupied left.

"Something extraordinary is going on here," whispered Rob to his twin brother. "What on earth is Cindy blushing so for?"

"Is it possible that we have been deceived?" ejaculated Roy, allowing his instrument to fall clattering to the floor.

"Be still, Mr. Turner is going to make a speech!"

The artist had risen and was standing beside Cinderella with her hand still clasped in his. Father Dunley's eyes were moist and Mother Dunley's rested fondly on the blushing little girl in the big white apron. The minister smiled benignly. The grandparents aunts, uncles, and cousins beamed approval from their respective sides of the table. No one seemed surprised but the twins, who looked on in open mouthed amazement. Mr. Philip Turner drank a glass of water, drew a little nearer to the big white apron, and said:

"From long experience as a judge of pies, particularly those of the pumpkin variety, I have learned that the question narrows itself down to one very important point—the crust's the thing. In the present competition none but the expert, like myself, could have detected the slightest point of superiority in any one of the contesting pies over the other two; but, as I said before, long experience, and the cultivation—at great expense—of a nicely discriminating sense of taste, enabled me, not without difficulty, however, to discover in one of these pies a certain flaky lightness of crust that I have never before seen equaled. Having obtained, some weeks ago, the consent of the proper authorities (here Mr. Philip Turner bowed gracefully to Father and Mother Dunley, while the twins nearly collapsed with astonishment) I take this occasion to present to you, in the person of the future Mrs. Turner, the most expert maker of pumpkin pies this great and glorious country has thus far produced."

"Amen," said the minister heartily, and amid tremendous applause Philip and Cinderella resumed their seats.

"Every body knew it but us," whispered Rob to the other crestfallen twin.

"Keep still," returned Roy, "or you will give us away. I feel like an idiot."

Then ended the gayest, happiest, most perfect Thanksgiving dinner ever given at the Dunley homestead. When the first embarrassment of the scene had worn off no one was gayer or happier than the little girl in the big white apron. If, three or four days before the present Thanksgiving day, you had chanced to call at the Dunley farm house you would, in all probability have discovered Mrs. Philip Turner, in identically the same white apron formerly worn by Cinderella, making pumpkin pies in the Dunley kitchen while discussing with Mr. Philip Dunley the disadvantages of a life in a flat.

Points in Cider Vinegar Making.

L. R. Bryant, secretary of the Cider and Cider Vinegar Makers' Association of the Northwest, recently had the following to say in *Prairie Farmer*:

The essentials for making cider vinegar on a small scale are a grinder to grind up the apples into a fine pulp, a good press to extract the juice, barrels to store the product in, and, of course, a good supply of decent apples.

Ordinarily good windfalls will make good material for vinegar, but care should be taken to reject all immature, wilted and rotten apples. When the cider is made it should be put into good iron bound barrels and ranked up out of doors, but in the shade, and allowed to ferment. The barrels should be placed on timbers or poles elevated from the ground sufficiently to allow the contents to be run off into other barrels.

On the approach of freezing weather rack off the vinegar stock into clean barrels (only three-fourths filled) by means of a faucet placed in the end of the barrel, or preferably with a siphon made of five-eighths rubber tubing. This should be raised an inch above the bottom of the barrel to avoid drawing off the sediment. All settings should be put into a separate barrel. The barrels can now be ranked up in their winter quarters, the bungs taken out and remain undisturbed until the contents become good vinegar, provided they are kept in a furnace heated cellar or artificially heated room.

An ordinary cellar is too cool to make vinegar quickly, and if such a place is used for winter storage the barrels can be removed to a common shed on bright, clear winter days, remembering to rack off to rack off the contents before a barrel is moved. Never put barrels in the sun in hot weather, as they will be spoiled and the contents lost. When the vinegar is thoroughly made a cool, dry cellar is an excellent place to store it, and the barrels may be filled and bunged up.

To make good cider or vinegar use good, clean apples; exposure to heat and air will make vinegar; to have bright, clear vinegar free from must, rack it before moving it, if it has been standing any length of time, and thoroughly clean the barrels as soon as emptied. Good vinegar cannot be made out of a large quantity of water and a little cider. Strong, late made cider may bear the addition of a little water, but that made early in the season will not.

PROCRASTINATION.—"Did yer father lick yer, Jimmie?"

"Yep."

"Did yer put the joga by in yer pants?"

"Yep."

"Then what yer cryin' fur?"

"Ah—h—h—I didn't have time to get me pants on—Boo—!"

—Adam might have been the "goodness of men since born" but it doesn't appear that he ever did anything especially good for his large family. What a lasting blessing he might have left behind if he could have made Salvation Oil and kill pain.

I have been a great sufferer from dry catarrh for many years, and I tried many remedies, but none did me so much benefit as Ely's Cream Balm. It completely cured me. M. J. Lally, 39 Woodward Ave., Boston Highlands, Mass.

In Ancient Times.

There was a Feast of Thanksgiving From Time Immemorial.

Thanksgiving Day is not an American idea. Ages and ages ago in empires long since fallen one day of each year was set apart for thanksgiving to the Creator. In this country it was not observed in the West and South until after the war, but in New England it may be said to date from the middle of the seventeenth century. Over 3,000 years ago Moses instructed the Israelites to keep a feast after they got established in the Holy Land. They called it the feast of the Tabernacle, and for eight days, following the close of the harvest, they dwelt in booths made chiefly of green boughs, and feasted on corn, wine, oil and fruits. In the course of time a splendid ritual for the feast was adopted, including much singing in responsive choruses. Somewhat of similar character, in which slaves were allowed to take part, and all criminals except murderers. The Romans had a similar feast in honor of Ceres, goddess of grain.

The Saxon had a "Harvest Home," and after them the English, which festival was observed in a sort of way in some of the American colonies.

In the year 1621 the Pilgrim fathers tried to celebrate, but it was rather a gloomy affair. In 1623 a ship loaded with provisions failed to arrive and Gov. Bradford appointed a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer, but the expected ship arrived and so the made it a day of thanksgiving.

Ninety Indians, under Chief Massasoit, took part. In 1631 the Puritans ran out of provisions, and Feb. 9 was named as a day of fasting and prayer. As in the other case, the ship arrived, and they had a feast instead. June 15, 1637, there was a general service in all churches of New England, to give thanks for the great victory at Fort Mystic over the Pequots, and on the 22nd of October following a general service and feast, in honor of Peace and the settling of some religious differences.

Forty years later Gov. Andros ordered the people to give thanks on the first day of December; but they hated Andros and didn't thank him a cent. Several persons were arrested for treating the proclamation with contempt, but this struck the home authorities as rather ludicrous, and his conduct was disapproved.

Thereafter Thanksgiving was pretty generally observed in all England and the States settled by her, the governor naming the day.

George Washington recommended to Congress the naming of a National day in 1789, for the adoption of the constitution. It was done, and the day was generally observed. In 1795 the proceeding was repeated. James Madison appears to have issued the first Presidential proclamation on the subject, in 1815, in honor of the return of Peace. Forty-eight years passed before President Lincoln issued the second one, in 1863. Since then every President has followed the custom and the day is Nationally observed at last.

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Edison's Workshop.

Acres of Buildings Filled With Wonderful Things.

Mr. Edison was recently found by a reporter working away in his shirt-sleeves at some device he was striving to perfect. He had one of his inventive streaks on. It was at his great laboratory in Llewellyn Park, N. J.

In one corner of the room was a washstand, and the rest of the space was taken up with bottles, machines, and other articles of experiments. The room in which Mr. Edison sleeps when at the laboratory is quite as simple. This laboratory covers several acres. Its original cost must have been more than \$500,000, and it takes, it is said, more than \$100,000 a year to run it.

It is the most complete laboratory in the world, and no inventor in history has ever had any thing like it. In its storeroom he has pieces of every known material substance, he says from a spool of cotton to the eyeballs of a United States Senator. There are more than 25,000 different articles in the storeroom and some of them cost \$1,000 an ounce.

The workshops of the laboratory cover more than four acres of floor space, and the great brick building, with its big windows, looks more like a factory than a place for experiments. Everything in it is complete, from its mechanical rooms to its musical department, and you will find no finer photograph gallery anywhere in the country.

"Do you think that the inventions of the next fifty years will be equal to those of the last?" asked the reporter.

"I see no reason why they should not. It seems to me that we are at the beginning of inventions. We are discovering new principles, new powers, new materials every day, and no one can predict the possibilities of the future. Take electricity. When we get electricity directly from coal, alump as big as this tumbler will light and heat a whole house for hours and a basket full would run a factory for a whole day. In the generation of steam we get only fourteen per cent of the coal. In electricity we get ninety six per cent."

"Shall we ever have flying machines?"

"Yes, I think so, but it will not be on any plan now proposed. I have a different idea in regard to such matters, but I am not ready to experiment with it yet."

The conversation here turned to the telephone, and Mr. Edison talked about his telephone to the sun. There is in the New Jersey mountains a vast mass of iron a mile long and of about the same width, which runs straight down into the earth for several miles.

"The telephone," said Mr. Edison, "is made by running a wire around the top of a magnetic bar, and this machine, when charged with electricity, enables us to register the sound which comes in contact with it. We are using the immense natural bar of iron of the New Jersey mountains as the basis of our telephone. We have wound miles of wire around its top, and have formed an inductive circuit, in which we will have the most powerful of electric currents. We expect through it to hear the noises made on the sun, and the explosions which are supposed to be constantly going on there, will, I believe, within a few weeks be heard right here. We have been working at the matter for some time, and have it just about ready for testing."

We have by no means reached the perfection of the telephone. Improvements are being made all the time, and the day will come when every one will have his telephone. Long distance telephoning is growing, and the only restriction on the possibilities of the telephone is in the sympathetic contact of the electrical wire with the rest of nature."

Mr. Edison said that many photographs were in use, and he believed they would be used eventually everywhere. In his laboratory he showed the reporter his last invention in connection with the photograph, which he calls the kinetograph, which is almost as wonderful as the phonograph itself.

With the phonograph you can take a song of Patti from the lips of the diva and can reproduce it before an audience in all its intensity a year later and 1,000 miles away. By the kinetograph, with the aid of a stereopticon, you can throw upon a screen a picture of Patti just as she looked and acted when she was singing the song, and one of the great exhibitions of the future will be the reproduction of great speeches and songs in this way. You can reproduce a pantomime with the kinetograph, and you can make Chauncey Depew deliver the same after dinner speeches, scores of times with the same gestures and the same smile, if you once get him before it. It is done by instantaneous photography of the man who is to be reproduced. The machine takes him in a second, and it so works that it takes 2,760 photographs every minute while he is speaking, or forty-six pictures every second. These photographs are taken on a long strip of gelatine film, and in reproducing them they are made to revolve before the eye as fast as they were taken.

The result is that the eye does not see the forty-six photographs, but it sees only the one with the motions and gestures of the man. One of these machines in motion represented one of Mr. Edison's employees taking a smoke, and you can see the man raise the cigar to his lips, turn his head, and blow out the smoke just as natural as if in life. Another set of photographs represented a boxing match, and it was as realistic as if the men were actually fighting before your eyes, and it some times took a dozen photographs to make a single motion.

Mr. Edison expects to show this machine in its perfection at the Columbian Exposition. The machine was a nickel-in-the-slot machine, and it will probably be on the market in a short time. The strip on which the photographs are taken is about as wide as a tape measure, but the figures are magnified through a glass in looking at them.

Pennsylvania is capturing the large iron contracts of the World's fair. So far the contracts for the great tower and Machinery hall have been awarded to Pennsylvania firms. The latter is to be erected by the Reading Iron Company. The building is to be constructed of iron and stone and will be 850 by 500 feet.

The short shoulder cape reaching to the little below the waist line is fully as popular this season as it has been for the past year or two. This garment is pretty convenient and reasonable in price, and is suitable for all times, occasions and places. It can be put on the first cool day in autumn, and with a jacket can be worn all winter.

Jackets are made close fitting at the back, loose box front, raised sleeves, deep facing and Medici collar. Seal jackets with mink sleeves are dressy and do not have the look of age that plain seal imparts to the wearer. Seal, mink, krimmer, marten, moufflon and Persian lamb are all used in combination. Seal and moufflon is a fashionable combination for children's coats.

Mary Anderson, according to Dr. Griffin, her stepfather, (and erstwhile blooming, booming press agent), "is sweeter, happier and prettier than ever, and her married life is simply a dream. She has no intention of ever returning to the stage, and has never had any such desire nor expressed since her marriage any wish to do so. When she married she put the stage away forever."

Capes made of mink or marten are very fashionable, as are also those of astrakhan and other materials. Capes of mink or cape seal are pretty, inexpensive and wear very nicely. Capes of monkey fur are not so popular as heretofore. This material wears well, but the fur needs an occasional glazing to make it look well. Cloth capes trimmed with beaver or camel's hair are fashionable. They are sometimes lined with the same fur with which they are edged, and not infrequently they are made with a hood, edged with fur, as is also the medici collar now frequently worn.

When you wish to look particularly pretty in the house—

Be sure that your boots match your gown. You can get kid or suede of any color you desire.

Be sure that the ribbon bow upon your slippers is so big and fresh that it covers up all defects and blemishes.

Be sure that your stockings are thin enough to give half a glimpse of the white skin underneath.

Be sure that the ruffles in the neck and sleeves are perfectly fresh.

Be sure that the chiffon fichu at the neck is as dainty as possible.

Be sure—be very sure—that the bit of ribbon with which you tie your braid or which is stuck upon the side of your coil in tantalizing old-fashioned style is as fresh as it was when it came off the roll.

Be sure that there are dainty love curls around your neck and ears.

Be sure that some where upon your dress there is an enameled loop or bow to match your gown.

Be sure to have little bags of sachet powder sewn in the lining where they will be out of sight but not out of mind.

Be sure to have all loose ends and loops caught down with pretty stick pins.

The World of Women.

A St. John (N. B.) woman is at the head of the ice trade in that city.

"Tiger" cloth is used as a trimming, as bands of the skin of this animal were used six years ago.

All in all the prevailing fashions in fur are pretty sensible and fully as easy on the pocket book as they usually are.

There are now 120 incorporated women's clubs in the Federation of Clubs, of which Mrs. Charles Emers on Brown is President.

John G. Whittier sent Frances E. Willard, on her birthday, a bit of stone from Oak Knoll, Danvers, with the expressed wish that he "had a diamond to send in its stead."

Nearly all the imported costumes have moderate trains, the report that short skirts were to be worn being erroneous or applying to gowns intended exclusively for walking.

And finally, be sure if you have put powder upon your face to powder also your ears and neck, because nothing is more apparent than powder upon your face and not upon the neck.

Strive to keep these things clear; your eyes, your complexion, your conscience; these things soft, your hair, your hands, your heart; these things clean; your lips, your name, your mind.

A green moirai with black stripes is arranged over a black skirt with three deep slashes in the outside skirt, which permit the under one to show. A narrow black silk passementerie outlines the slashes.

Miss Lenore Snyder, the young prima donna who has been so successful in pleasing London audiences, is a Western lassie, and, like Geraldine Ulmar, Emma Eames and other noted stage vocalists, is a graduate of a church choir.

Says the Chicago Herald: A leading fur establishment of the city has just completed for a prominent Chicago lady a mink ulster in which are 125 finest New England mink skin, and 300 tails. The seams in the garment represents 25,000 cuts.

The unlined dress skirts of this autumn are a considerable step toward dress reform. They are delightfully light and easily managed, and are provided with hooks and straps which in rainy weather keep them from the ground.

Miss Anna Dickinson is sadly broken in healthy, and her mental troubles are not improving. There is but little in the unbecoming and haggard appearance in the lady to suggest the brilliant-minded and forceful woman Anna Dickinson was twenty years ago—or five.

Miss Sarah Bodiker, of Chicago, has won the \$50 prize offered by Mrs. Potter Palmer, the president of the Lady Managers of the World's Fair, for the best design for a seal for that body. Miss Bodiker had nearly seventy competitors, and the award was made by St. Gauden, the sculptor.

It is proverbial that a man must ask his wife's leave to thrive. It is quite as true that a woman must ask her husband's leave to be bright and amiable. Sugar by fermentation turns to acetic acid. "The sweetest soul that ever looked through human eyes" will turn sharp and bitter under the ferment of rasping marital criticism.

The short shoulder cape reaching to the little below the waist line is fully as popular this season as it has been for the past year or two. This garment is pretty convenient and reasonable in price, and is suitable for all times, occasions and places. It can be put on the first