Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Feb. 19, 1892

WHEN MY RIGHT HAND WAS LEFT.

Once when my right hand crippled lay,
I made use of its brother,
And tried to wear the time away
By scribbling with the other,
Which surely did the best it could,
Its efforts were gigantic;
But tricks it plaid which I think would
Make any scribbler frantic.

You see, it ne'er before had been
Called on to do such duty,
And pardonable was its sin
For making beauty "booty."
What could I do? Chastise it? No!
'Twas only a beginner;
And then my right, stunned by a blow,
Was really the sinner.

My left! It made "with" look wich."
It "ponder" turned to "pander,"
And "sick" became a sickly "sich,"
And "yonder" changed to "gander."
It turned a "dog" into a "hog,"
A "lassie" into "lasses,"
A simple "prig" into a "frog,"
And "guesses" into "gasses."

And when I this quotation made:
"Love is the soul's sole master."
This is what my left—hander said:
"Love is the soul's desaster."
Oh, my! if my right hand just then
Had held a sand-club in it,
Sad might the consequence have been
For its old mate that minute.

Well, Well! it did the best it could
To imitate its brother,
And showed its will was ever good
By working for the other.
And since the right is duty full
Again does, through all weather,
It and its old mate once more pull
In partnership together.

THE WISHES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Antoine Lireux, a farmer of Joncheres, stood before his dwelling examining the roofing of thatch with an anxious air.

"One already sees the moss has made a new covering," he murmured. "The verdure has gained a new start, and the loft will become as damp as a cave. But those of the town think that this is sufficiently good for a peasant."

"Whom do you term those of the town, my good friend?" asked a voice behind him.

The farmer turned his head quickly and found himself in the presence of his landlord, M. Favrol, who had just arrived in time to hear his querulous reflection. He saluted him with a slightly disconcerted air.

"I did not know the proprietor was here," he said, without responding to the question.

"But you thought of him, did you not?" replied M. Favrol, smiling. "I see that you are always the same, my poor Antoine; always seeing only the thorns of the roses, and in life only its trials."

Lireux shook his head.

"Our master speaks at his ease," said he sourly, "for he has money enough to do what he pleases."

"Because I am pleased to undertake only what I have power to accomplish," observed the proprietor. "To limit one's desires according to one's resources is a rule of conduct which you, perhaps, have forgotten to put into your catechism."

"It would be of more value to me not to forget to put in my pocket a good contract for rent," replied the peasant. "It is not needful to reproach poor people to much for their desires because they have not the means to carry them out. It seems to me that one might very well, without too much fatiguing the good God, ask for a roof which should shed the rain and never attract vermin, unlike this evil thatch."

"That is to say, you still retain that idea of yours of having a covering of tiles?"

"So much so that if I can get enough to bear the expense myself I will have one yet, and see a hibitation much more healthy and my grain well guarded."

"But think you, my friend, that you will be more contented?"

"I ask nothing more of the lord nor of our landowner."

"Zounds! I can have a true heart," said M. Favol. "Although I regard the expense is as unprofitaole for you as idle for me, I wish to assure myself that this will be the means of complete satisfaction to you. You shall have the roofing of tiles, Master Antoine, and on the return of fair weather I will send the workmen."

Lireux, surprised by this unexpected concession, thanked his landlord with effusion; and when they had parted entered the house to annouce to his family the good news.

Part of the day was employed by him in examining the consequences of this transformation of the roof. Besides the new aspect which it gave to the farm-house, there would result, in the cutting the wood work of the garrets, some serious consequences. But Antoine perceived immediately that one might double the attic space by raising the walls upon which the girders rested. This discovery completely changed the course of his ideas. He now only thought of this enlargement and what profit might be drawn form it. Without this modification the new roof would be a change deprived of any importance. One might as well have things as they were in the past.

Behold, then, our peasant again in his black humors, and deploring with bitterness the want of money which continually hindered him in the execution of his plans. As he was obliged to betake himself to M. Favrol's house to pay his rent, the latter, remarking his careworn appearance, asked the reason. After some hesitation Lireux avowed his new preoccupation.

This is not a request, at which, I can make to our master," he continued. "It is sufficient that he has promised to raise the roof. He is not obliged to do it and poor people have no rights but what are allowed them."

"You might add that they have these in common with the rich," replied M. Favrol; "but I see it is difficult to cure you of your discontent One desire gratified gives birth to another. I wish however, to attempt a cure; you shall have the attic walls raised."

Now the farmer declared that such a promise filled him with gratitude, and he returned to Joncheres in the best of spirits.

When, some days afterward, a contractor sent by M. Favrol came to examine the work to be done, Antoine asked him, in the course of the conversation, what could be done with the old timber.

"Nothing at all, I suspect," said the contractor. "This wood is for rural constructions, and not capable of sustaining anything but thatch. One can use it in a barn; however.

"Exactly; and ours is too small," said the farmer.

"Have you space for a large one?"

Just at the entrance to the stable. It will take some of the garden space. I will go with you and show you."

They went together to visit the spot which the contractor did not fail to find admirably suited for a new building. He pointed out to Lireux all the advantages that would result from having a large shed by enlarging the stables and digging a pit for muck. It would be the means of completing the improvements begun and would give the farm a superiority visible over all those of the neighborhood, and utilize the old carpentry work, which was to be replaced. Without this complement of expenses the intended changes would not give results proportionate to the cost, and M. Favrol would act against his best interests.

Lireux's reply was that he feared to make the request.

"He has already reproached me for not being satisfied," said he; "and he would not understand that what I said was for the farm rather than for myself. Had I the wherewithal I would immediately build without begging of any one: but poor people are obliged to rest satisfied with a good idea."

"You need not trouble yourself about that," said the contractor, who did not understand that there was any better use to put money to than to employ it in building; "I will speak to the gentleman, and without question he will decide for it."

Left alone the farmer proceeded to ruminate upon the ideas of the master mason, which had been explained to him, and made the necessary calculations, and how the constructions would be more profitable. Given the outbuildings, it would be necessary to substitute a winter granary for a summer one. The enlargement of the stables would permit of his increasing the number of animals he could stall, and the muck pit would utilize the waste of the beasts. Evidently these works, of which he had not thought at first, were indispensable additions. If he could not carry them out now there would follow a disappointment most pitable. But M. Favrol could not, without hardness and injustice, refuse them to him.

Nevertheless, several days passed and he had no word from the contractor. His impatience became agonizing. He went to the house of the master mason, who lived in the village at some distance, but did not meet him. He returned still more anxious. According to appearances, M. Favrol had refued. He would not increase the expenses by adding the outbuildings.

Lireux was in the midst of his vexation at these reflections when he heard himself called by name. It was the contractor, whom he perceived on a high scaffolding where he was directing some of his workmen.

"Well, the affair is settled, Father Antaine," he said.

"What affair?" queried the farmer, who did not dare to guess.

"Parbleu! that of your house and barn."

"Our master consents?"

"We shall begin work next month."

"Come down and tell me all about it while we drink a glass together." cried Antoine joyously. "Let me know how it was all arranged."

The master mason left the scaffold and joined Lireux in the hostelry. He told Antoine that the proprietor had merely laughed, without making any objection, and had requested the contractor to give a detail of all the alterations to be effected.

Antoine resumed his homeward route completely reassured. On his arrival there he proceeded to the place destined to receive the new erections, and distributed in advance the space for the greatest service. The former entrance became quite impossible in the new plan, so it was required to lay out a path across the garden. There was a hedge to cut through and a ditch to fill. He decided to do this himself, and without speaking to M. Favrol. But this took away from cultivation another piece of the garden, already reduced in extent by the construction of the extensions. This was a loss for which the proprietor of Joncheres could not refuse to indemnify him. Unoccupied land could certainly be found on the other side of the road, and Father Lireux judged that he would be able to make clear his title for compensation. He now decided to call on M. Eavrol under pretext of wanting to know the date when the repairs would commence.

"Well, Friend Lireux," said the proprietor, on preceiving him, "I hope you are satisfied?"

"Poor men have the right to complain when they lack bread," responded Antoine, with reserve.

"That is a precept of resignation truly Christian," replied Favrol; "but it seems to me that you must have some other things to ask for. Have I not accorded you all you requested?"

"I am, very much obliged," said the farmer, somewhat coldly; "but our master knows that a toiler lives by the land, and to take away some furrows is like taking from him a piece of bread."

"And who pretends to take any from you!" demanded M. Favol.

"Excuse me," said Antoine, a little embarrassed. "It is the granary of our master, and the roadway to reach it takes part of the garden. I do not know that I am complaining, but if our master would permit me to use a little bit of the ground opposite the farm it would be a compensation."

M. Favrol regarded the farmer with an unscrutable eye.

"Ah, very well," said he. But it seems to me the little bit of ground is about an acre."

"I could not say as to that," returned Lireux. "I have never measured it; but it is something for poor people like us, but nothing to our masters."

"One moment," said the landlord. "It is necessary to reckon up, my friend You see the extent to which your successive desires have reached. It comes to 2,420 francs. Add the acre of land, and there will be 3,500 francs to expend to satisfy your desires for less than one month. At this rate it will be necessary, to content a 'poor man' like you, Master Antoine, 40,000 livres of rent, which is to say more than I possess. And still you are not happy; for after the promise to put tiles on your barn you began to wish for something else, always restless and always complaining. You see, then, that wealth can do nothing for those who do not know how to use the advantages they have. The ancients told in their fables of the daughters of a king who were condemned in the infernal regions to continually draw water in buckets without bottoms. It is precisely so with you, Friend Antoine. The happiness after which you have vainly chased chased since your youth you will never, as you hope, overtake. It is not in riches, nor in power, nor in anything that gathers about our lives. God has put it nearer our own door. He has put it within our own selves."

"Old Rip's" Lovely Southern Home.

Close by the Teche, in the land of Evangeline, in Louisiana, is the lovely home of Joe Jefferson, where ex-President Cleveland recently buried himself away from the turmoil of politics for a short time. Sallie Todd writes pleasantly about the beautiful place in the St. Louis *Republic*.

It lies not far from the shores of the Gulf of Mexico—near enough in fact to be fanned perpetually by the soft breezes from that southern sea, infusing a warmth and glow around that beautiful home as forever to impart to it, even through winter's reign, and over its flowers and shrubbery and forest, a spring-like beauty and verdure. The house, a handsome structure—indeed a charming little villa—is on an elevation that rises some fifty feet above the general level of the broad prairie, amid a cluster of the loveliest and stateliest live oaks—a tree that is the chief pride and ornament of our Southern forests—and encircled, almost hugged as it were, by a lake of the purest crystal.

But the climax of the home is not yet reached. Wait until you have entered the portals of the cozy mansion, and then if you have an eye for the beautiful in art you will be charmed with the furniture, embellishments and decorations of the many handsome chambers.

In the furniture you see the most pleasing specimens of the antique in wood, shape and style—old oak, mahogany, brass—rare table and cabinets of teak wood and buhlwork, handsome bedsteads of rare marquetry, and low, quaint-shaped bureaus and tables of the same make. Then, too, are ormolu clocks and mirrors of exquisite workmanship, and lastly wide-open fire places of the old Southern style, beautifully tiled for wood fires. But why say more! I could never get through the catalogue of the charms, beauties and conveniences of this perfect home. Suffice it to say that it is in its entirety, in its surroundings and appliances a crowning monument to the refined and æsthetic taste of the renowned owner.

The Rise of Poor Women.

The Chicago Globe discourses of chambermaids and washerwomen who have lived to occupy high positions. It says:

The rise of the wife of London's Lord Mayor is another instance of the democratic tendencies of the times and the overthrow of the social nobility which has so long ruled the world. She was a chambermaid at a fashionable hotel in West Kemp, where David Evans, alderman of the ward of Castle Raynard and now Lord Mayor of London, used to stop during the hunting season. He fell in love with the pretty girl who waited on him and in a manly and democratic spirit proposed to her and was accepted. So now the humble servant is elevated to one of the highest social positions in the world's metropolis, and will in the future entertain royalty and the most distinguished men and women of the nations.

Her experience, however, is not unique. The wife of Jules Greevy, ex-President of the French republic, was his washerwoman before she sat in the palace. Many women of the highest social prominence have risen from humble surroundings. Ever since the days of King Cophetua, who made the beggar maid his queen, there have been courageous enough to ignore the sneers of the lofty and to marry the women of their choice, in what ever circumstances they found them. Brave old Andrew Jackson was proud of his beloved wife till the the day of his death, in spite of her homely manners and her unfamiliarity with the ways of the polite world, and his Secretary of War married the daughter of a tavern keeper.

But at no time have men of prominence picked their wives from the modest walks of life with greater frequency than at present, and the custom is growing. It is carrying out democracy in earnest, and what is best of all, the men never seem to regret their choice.

The Chili of To-Day.

Her Natural Advantages and Disadvantages Her Commerce Resources and Revenes.

There is a very widespread and popular impression that in its topographical and climatic aspects Chili is a desolate and Godforsaken land of snow-clad mountains nitrate deserts and rainless skies. It is a mistaken idea.

To be sure the shape of the country is against its prosperity and growth, for with nearly 2600 miles of sea front and an average width between the Pacific's surges to the west and Bolivia and Argentine on the east of only 120 miles, it will be seen that there is opportunity for the population to grow in but two directions, up the sides of the Andes from north and south along the narrow valleys and the still narrower strip of land lying between the foothills of the mountain range and the Pacific.

The area of Chili in square miles is 293,970, and in 1885, before Balmaceda's troops helped to reduce the population, was 2,526,969. Its coast line affords but few good harbors, the best one being that of Talcahuano, a little town of 2500 inhabitants, situated on the southern part of the coast. The harbor is very well protected, has plenty of room and it is here that a United States fleet would touch first after passing through the Straits of Magellan or rounding Cape Horn.

A great deal of discussion has been aroused over the problem whether or not in case of war, the Chilian navy would attempt to prevent the passage of our ships through the Straits of Magellan. It is hardly probable that they would. In the first place they could employ their navy to better advantage, and in the second they would be doing a vast amount of work for nothing. The time required for a steamer to double the Horn is not so great that a commander would not rather risk it than jeopardize the safety of his ship by passing the straits if he felt that there was danger from torpedoes or other devilish devices of modern naval warfare in his road.

The next harbor in point of safety after Talcahuano is Porto Coquimbo. The town has 600 inhabitants. It is unimportant of itself, but seven miles inland is the city of Coquimbo which has about 16,000 inhabitants and is the seat of a bishop.

Of course, the most important, but by no means the best, harbor is that of Valparaiso. The city is situated on a semi-circular bay that is well sheltered on the east south and west; but is exposed to the winds and waves on the Northern side. The city contains about 98,000 inhabitants· It is built for the most part on the sloping sides of the hills that come down almost to the water's edge. The best parts, the aristocratic portions of the city, are on the hill sides and would afford an excellent target for the guns of a hostile fleet. The city could be reduced to a wreck in a few days if the 15 forts which defend it could be silenced. When Admiral Munez, on March 16, 1866, with the Spanish squadron on his back bombarded this town it was only a matter of a few hours to cause damage which the Chilians afterward reckoned up cost over $10,180,000. This little episode is one cause for the hatred which Chili manifests toward Spain as well as toward the United States. Santiago, the capital has about 100,000 inhabitants,

The people in the seaports do a thriving trade with the rest of the world, for to the numerous ports there came in 1888 9880 vessels, with a tonnage of 8,730,329, nearly one-half of which was owned by Chili and displayed the native flag most of the remaining vessels being British. In the same year the value of the exports $73,000,000, so that Chili has a fair balance of trade in her favor. As in other South American countries, however, the great bulk of the trade is with Great Britain. Of the exports of 1888, $56,000,000 went to Great Britain and only $2,000,000 to the United States.

Notwithstanding the character of the country, which tries the skill of the railroad engineer at every step, Chili has a large number of railroads, and through most are of no great length, the aggregate is 1748 miles, Owing to the expense of their construction, over one-half the roads are owned by the State 748 miles being under State control, having cost the Government over $48,000,000. It has 10,000 miles of telegraph lines, 314 being owned by the Government- An average of 1,500,000 messages are annually sent over these wires.

Chili combines all the varieties of climate and soil to be found on the globe, and as a result these divide it into sections or zones. First there is the northerly zone, which includes the Deserts of Atacama and Tarapaca with their vast mineral deposits. Here are to be found the nitrate, guano, and silver which make this region the richest per square mile in the world, and from which the Government derives vast revenues. Rain never falls in this zone.

The rain falls in the second zone only in Winter. It is an agricultural section with a rich alluvial soil which is rendered doubly productive by an extensive system of irrigation. All the large cities of Chili are found in this zone. The third zone until within the past few years was in the possession of the Indians, but it has been redeemed and is a valuable country. It lies to the south and east and has a climate like that of Ireland or the Middle United States. The fourth comprises the vast forests lying far to the south and as far down as the Straits of Magellan.

There are but two classes of people in Chili, the rich and the poor. The majority of the population belong to the latter. They are for the most part greatly oppressed, but plucky and courageous. A system of landlordism such as prevails in Ireland, makes the rich richer and the poor poorer in Chili. The rich landowners live in Santiago or Valparaiso, where they spend the money made on their estates rented out and managed by overseers in the interior.

But, no matter how poor the people may be, every family has its horse and nobody ever starves. The wealthy class class are apathetic. They take life easily, the men passing a few hours in business and the rest of the day at the club, while the woman go to mass and gossip. The poor have no time for either diversion or religion, except on feast days and Sundays.

The roto, or rough of Chili, can give the hoodlum of the United States points on brutality and inhumanity. When kept from drink and fed on plenty of beans, or perrotos, the roto can do an amount of work that is simply marvelous. It was this class that stirred up all the trouble and killed two of the Baltimore's men, which has led to the present threatened war.

The recent rebellion against the Balmacedan Government was the most costly war that Chili ever indulged in. If the rebels had not been backed by some of the wealthiest people in the country they would have failed, despite their unwonted courage and endurance. The newspapers of Chili estimate that the expenses of the Congressional party reached $15,000,000 of which Senora Don Juan Edwards, the mother of Don Augustins, contributed $885,000 from her own fortune.

As a whole, the Chillians are arrogant impetuous, and in their relation with the other countries of South America have long stood like a young bully with a chip on his shoulder. There is no love lost between Argentine, Paraguay Brazil and Chili. As for Bolivia and Peru, they are the bitterest enemies that Chili has on the continent, for both have been compelled to submit to her arrogance and both have felt the iron rod of her power on the battle field. These nations would be staunch allies of the United States in the event of the present trouble culminating in war.

Color and Color Blindness.

Color blindness is a serious defect wherever found. It is especially so in seafaring men and in those employed on railroads. Possibly it is less important in a soldier, although it must impair his efficiency materially. Nor is it possible to repair the defect by education or study apparently, for it is generally agreed that color is due to sensation. According to Wursch and Young, the normal eye has only three color sensations—a red, a green and a violet--and the apparent color of any light which falls on it depends merely on the relative intensities of the excitement produced by the light on the three organs of sense corresponding to these sensations.

In color blindness one or more of these organs of sense is wanting or imperfect. The most common form, Daltonism, depends on the absence of the red sense. From the experiments of Holmgren on two persons each of whom was found to have one color blind eye, the other being nearly normal, it was found (what could otherwise have been only a matter of theory) that those persons could describe the various colors with one eye, but there was a dead uniformity of color while looking with the other eye. Thus was obtained a description of color blind vision in terms of normal vision.

The old arsists considered that there really were three primary color-sensations—blue, yellow and red. But Helmheltz and Maxwell have now conclusively proved that the three primaries are red, green and violet. Certain mixtures of violet and green can be made to give a blue, which accounts for nearly the half of the spectrum from the blue end, when combined, appearing of that color; and red and green will also give a yellow—most mixtures, however, giving one of an orange shade.

It is commonly imagined that blue and yellow mixed in certain proportrons produce green. The true source of the green was pointed by Helmholtz. It is the one color that is not freely absorbed either by the yellow or by the blue pigment The yellow pigment removed the greater part of the blue, indigo and violet rays, the blue pigment removes the greater part of the red, orange and yellow. Thus the light which finally escapes is mainly green.—*United Service Magazine.*

Gave Up All For Gems.

Her Heart Ensnared by Beauty of Yellow Pearls.

The expense of collecting precious stones is great, and yet fashionable women have developed a passion for this sort of thing, and are said to make heroic sacrifices in order to gratify the new whims.

Their fancy for turquoises has fairly doubled the former market value of those pretty blue stones, while no diminution in the price of pearls and brilliants is possible until the present craze is abated.

Not infrequently the idea is to possess diamonds of a peculiar tone, to the exclusion of all other colors—blue, rose, straw or pure white—and when that is the case the jewel-box is emptied of every treasure to gratify this taste.

One woman of most luxurious habits, whose whole heart has been ensnared by the rare beauty of yellow pearls, not only "put by her maid," as the English say, but denied herself tailor suits and imported bonnets for two seasons for the sake of these favorite gems.

A string full is the desire of most women's heart's, and the prettiest gift a god-mother can bestow is the nucleus of such a necklet for her baptismal daughter. It is easy to add a jewel for every birthday and Christmas; so when lady baby is grown no one is worse for the spherical bijoux encircling her throat. —*Illustrated American.*

Abbreviations in Letters.

Emerson said that "in a letter any expressions may be abbreviated rather than those of respect and kindess; never write 'Yours aff'ly,'" But, be it said with all respect, this smacks of pedantry. The close of a letter is mere formula, and is precisely that part which, in writing to a friend, may without risk of misunderstanding be cut short or dispensed with. But no haste or degree of familiarity excuses careless expressions in the letter itself. Written words stand by themselves; the tone of the voice and the glance of the eye, which often convey more than half the meaning, are not there as footnotes; many and many an unintentional sting has been planted by a clumsy phrase or halting expression. The same principle holds good in conversation.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

——Two trains between Berlin and Potsdam had to stop in the woods between the two cities because the Emperor was hunting across the track.

The World of Women.

Miss Francis E. Willard, president of the W. C. T. U, will have a summer cottage built at Mount Desert.

Bedford cords, crocodile cloth which is a woolen crepe crepons and challies are the favorite dress materials this spring.

Marian Harland has written a new novel, called "His Great Self." It is a story of colonial life in Virginia.

The Queen of Holland uses the purest white writing paper, very thick with crowns and armorial bearings of gold, scarlet and blue,

Small butterfly bows of squares of embroidered silk are shown for the neck; indeed there is a passing fancy for all kinds of bows at present.

In Oxford ties or low-cut shoes, Suede patent leather, bright dongola. and patent leather are the favorite materials.

White and black are daintily combined in slight morning dress. Dresses of black cashmere or crepon are worn with a sash of white satin and a collarette of white guipure.

The silk Roman sashes are the rage again. They come in all the tints of the rainbow and have a very deep silk fringe, making a graceful back drapery to a plain evening gown.

Violets, usually the sign of the approach of spring, have made their appearance much earlier than usual this year. A toque of green velvet with fan of thick white lace and a bunch of violets back and front is one of the nattiest models showing this ever fashionable flower.

Dressy hats are often extremely small as to be little more than the foundation for an upright aigrette, loop or tips at the back; and toques or round hats have become almost equally diminished in size, Contrary extremes are reached by wide brimmed varieties, and bonnets are well nigh the only shapes in which moderation appears.

Gay smoking pillows are made of the striped Turkish scarfs arranged so that the stripes must run down the centre of the pillow. The edges are then worked with eyelet holes and laced together cords finished with bright little tassels. The cords are short, requiring several to lace one pillow, and a succession of the pretty tassels falls almost like a fringe down the pillow with odd and pleasing effect.

Mme. Rosa Bonheur evidently is not anxious to impress the public with the idea that she is a very quick worker, for in a letter to the Paris *Figaro* she contradicts the statement made that a picture of hers, entitled "Des Chevaux Battant le Ble," has been sold for 300,000 francs, by saying that the work mentioned was commenced fourteen years ago, and is promised to the Brothers Tedesco.

The swell dress-reform young woman is wearing a Grecian robe gown. These robe dresses come in all the delicate shades of cashmere, and are deeply embroidered in silk the same color as the dress. One exquisite creation was of gray cashmere with deep gray silk embroidery in the daisy pattern. Under embroidery was a flounce of pink chiffon embroidered in silver. On the waist was a narrow chiffon trimming. A combination of green and violet made another striking robe dress.

A few notes on new styles in shoes follow: Colored patent leather is soon to be *en-regle*, and the correct colors are olive green, blue, bright cherry, cream, canary and with Black, of course we always have with us. Heretofore yellow and brown laces have been worn with black patent leather, and black laces with russet goods have been permissible, but in future the shoelace must exactly and positively match the color of the shoe, and every conceivable color and shade are to be worn.

Mrs. Virginia Meredith, a wealthy widow of Indiana, is mentioned as chief of the department of live stock at the World's Fair of 1893. Her qualifications for the position are, that she is recognized as the best informed authority on the subject of stock; that she is a successful stockbreeder in her own State, where she has valuable herds of fancy cattle of her own raising, and her management of her own stock farms show her knowledge of the subject and her ability to reduce it to practice.

Sleeves will be developed along the course already indicated in the winter costumes. They will be full at the shoulder rather than high, and they will wrinkle down the arm, just as do the sleeves of the Russian peasants. This is an ideal sleeve, such as an artist loves, and if one wants an artist's expression of it they will find it in the pictures of Burne-Jones. To produce the effect the dressmaker will curve at top so that the fullness droops, or else she will gather it full along the inside seam, which is the only seam or, better yet, she will cut it much longer than the arm and pull it up onto the lining and fasten it there.

The Russian Blouse is coming, for weeks it has been making its way to favor. and spring will see it in full bloom. It is a long, belted over-garment reaching nearly to the knee. It has no seams at back or front, and is double-breasted, or fastened invisibly. Sometimes the skirt is slashed twice in the front and twice in the back, but never in the middle of the back, The long sleeve wrinkles along the arm and is close to the wrist, and there may be a loose hanging upper sleeve. The modiste will tax ingenuity to produce variations upon it, She will at times cut it open down the front, over a long vest. and this will necessitate fitted seams in it. She will box plait the back; and she will gather it on the shoulders. When heat forbids the high muffled neck, she will make a turn-over collar, or one that lies flat and spreads out over the shoulders. Finally, the upper sleeve, which the peasant devised for warmth, she will slash, and puff, and catch up about the shoulder, and transform into an ornament.