

Belleville, Pa., March 18, 1892

IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE.

A boy will stand and hold a kite From early morn till late at night, And never tire at all. But, oh! it gives him bitter pain To stand and hold his mother's skein The while she winds the ball.

DRIVEN TO MARRIAGE.

Everybody declared that Hugh Colewood ought to be the happiest man in Greenville.

He was young, handsome and well educated; then, just as he was preparing to fight his way to fame with poverty arrayed against him, he had suddenly been made the sole heir to the fine old estate of his eccentric aunt, Miss Betsy Colewood, recently deceased.

What more was necessary to the happiness of a gay young fellow like Hugh Colewood? Nothing, it seemed to the envious bachelors.

However, there were conditions, or one at least, in his aunt's will which caused him no little uneasiness. He must love and marry the girl of her choice, one whom he had never even seen.

Hugh Colewood caught up his aunt's last letter to him and read it again and again, hoping to find some little loophole to escape from the galling condition.

But it was there in merciless black and white. This is the part that worried him:

"If you cannot comply with my wishes for you to meet Ethel Wayne and love and marry her, you forfeit your heirship to my estates. Ethel's mother was my dearest friend, and if you marry her daughter it will be fulfilling my fondest desires. You cannot help loving her.

"I could not rest in my tomb peacefully and know that Ethel was not mistress of my estates, and you, dear boy, the master. My lawyer, Mr. Cranston, will arrange for you to meet Ethel, as he is one of her guardians. You know how thoroughly I despise old bachelors, therefore I give you warning that I will not allow you to inhabit my houses and lands as one of that disagreeable, crusty order."

So had written the eccentric spinster, Hugh nibbled the ends of his mustache impatiently as he pondered on the conditions which the will imposed. Hugh loved the Colewood estates, and could not bear to think of giving them up. Now, if the will had not specified whom he must marry, but left the selection of a wife entirely to himself, Hugh believed that he would have enjoyed the romance of hunting for a bride.

He picked up his hat and rushed from his room, going up to the hotel where Mr. Cranston was stopping, while he arranged some business matters with Hugh.

"Hello, Colewood! Have a seat, said the lawyer, scrutinizing the flushed face and nervous manner of his visitor. He was just wondering to himself if the unexpected good fortune had turned young Colewood's head, when his visitor remarked:

"You are aware of that one peculiar feature in my late aunt's will, Mr. Cranston?"

"Light at once dawned upon the lawyer, and there was a twinkle in his eyes. How ever, he asked indifferently:

"To what peculiar feature do you refer, Mr. Colewood?"

"The one that absurdly commands me to marry a girl that I have never seen."

"Oh, that!" returned Mr. Cranston. "You are a lucky fellow, Colewood. That's the best part of the fortune."

"It's the most exasperating part," Hugh cried desperately. "How can a fellow love and wed to order?"

"Well, it's a deal of time and bother saved to the wooer," remarked the lawyer, puffing. "I've no doubt Ethel Wayne will suit you better than any selection you are capable of making."

Hugh Colewood flushed warmly at the lawyer's cool observation and he spoke hotly.

"I'm sure she won't suit me, sir. The estates can go to charity for all I care. I don't love any woman, and I love my freedom too well to marry yet awhile. I don't want to be thrust upon any woman for the sake of a fortune, and I don't suppose Miss Wayne cares two straws about the absurd condition in my aunt's will."

"It is very likely, although Ethel had the greatest respect for the late Miss Colewood, and was very careful to honor all her vagaries," returned Cranston, much amused over young Colewood's excitement. "However, I hardly feel able to state whether the girl would accept Miss Colewood's last great vagary in the shape of her impulsive nephew, or not."

"I shall not give her the opportunity," said Hugh, nettled at the lawyer's words.

"Hold on, Colewood. Let's drop nonsense and come to business. You like your aunt's estates, but you cannot retain them without complying with her wishes. You have never met the girl whom your aunt has chosen. Perhaps it will be proven that you are neither of you opposed to fulfilling the condition.

"At least, you must meet. I will

arrange that. Ethel will pass the summer with my sister in the country and I'll manage it for you to spend a few weeks with them. You can very soon tell whether the condition is wholly obnoxious or not. What do you say?"

"I will do as you advise, thank you, sir," replied Hugh, who had now cooled off and was trying to take a business view of the strange situation.

Four weeks later Hugh Colewood was speeding away from Greenville on the morning express, bound for a little town among the blue hills of Virginia.

When he stepped from the train he was disappointed to find no one waiting to convey him to the country home of Mr. Cranston's sister a distance of eight miles.

He was in the act of asking the way to the best hotel when a buggy came rapidly up the station and halted.

The station agent hurried forward to meet the driver, who was a slender young girl, with bright, dark eyes and hair as golden as the June sunbeams touching those hills.

"Is Mr. Colewood, of Greenville, waiting here to ride out to Mrs. Thurston's?" inquired the fair driver in a sweet voice which won Hugh's interest at once.

"I am here and waiting, thank you," returned Hugh for himself, smiling pleasantly as he came forward on the station platform.

"I came to drive you to Mrs. Thurston's," she answered simply.

"Shall I take the reins?" he asked as they started away.

"No, thank you; I like to drive," she answered.

"It was too bad for you to take so long a drive for a stranger," he remarked as he stole a side glance of admiration at the girl's form in dainty blue.

"Oh, I don't mind the distance at all; besides, I rather had to come," she replied; "I did not wish to go with the young folks, who are having a picnic this morning over on Laurel hill, and Uncle Jerry was sick, and of course he couldn't come for you."

"Then Mrs. Thurston and Miss Wayne never drive, so they made a virtue of necessity and sent the last resort of the place," and she laughed merrily.

"It is too bad my coming prevented you joining the picnickers," he said.

"I shall not be able to forgive him-self."

"That's nothing. I am enjoying myself now too well to think of Laurel hill," she returned brightly.

"Thank you, and at the same time let me assure you that I, too, am enjoying myself excellently well," and Hugh bowed to the young girl, whose eyes drooped beneath the warm light of admiration in his blue ones.

"I hope you will enjoy your visit, Mr. Colewood," she said, to change the subject. "I know Mrs. Thurston and Ethel will do all they can to make your stay pleasant."

"Thank you; I've no doubt I shall find it pleasant," returned Hugh. "You, too, are one of Mrs. Thurston's summer household, I suppose?"

"Yes," with a smile. "You see I am a distant relative to Mrs. Thurston; then Miss Wayne is my cousin and exercises a kind of cousinly guardianship over me, which no doubt is very necessary."

"So you are Miss Wayne's cousin? I do not remember hearing Mr. Cranston mention you. I did not expect to have the pleasure of meeting any ladies but Mrs. Thurston and Miss Wayne."

"How unkind in Mr. Cranston not to prepare you for this meeting," and there was a roguish gleam in her eyes which Hugh did not see. "I had up to date regarded Mr. Cranston as one of my very best friends, but to ignore me so utterly, when he knew I would accompany Cousin Ethel here, looks like downright intentional neglect."

"You have not given me the pleasure of knowing your name," said Hugh both amused and pleased with his pretty driver.

"Oh, I'm a Wayne, too," she answered laughingly. "Ethel Estella Wayne, variously nicknamed, as you will observe later on."

Two Ethel Waynes! Here was a real surprise for Colewood. Why had Cranston not mentioned that strange fact to him?

If the Ethel Wayne referred to in the will was only tall animated and generally captivating as the one by his side Hugh thought it might be an easy matter after all to obey that condition which had so vexed him.

Colewood received a cordial welcome at Mrs. Thurston's pleasant home. He found Miss Wayne to be a tall, dignified girl of about twenty-three, with coal black hair and deep gray eyes. She was as unlike her little merry hearted cousin as it was possible to be.

Yes, Hugh decided she was just such a woman as his eccentric aunt would be likely to select as the wife of her heir.

In the weeks which followed Hugh's arrival he saw a great deal of Miss Wayne, although much of her time was divided between her taste for literature and in remonstrating against the innocent pranks of her cousin.

It did not require a long time for the young man to realize that he could never love Miss Wayne as the man should love the girl whom he intends to marry.

He made another important discovery, that his life would be a failure without the little cousin to furnish sunshine and wily cheer for his own home.

He resolved to let Miss Wayne have one half of his aunt's estates and the orphan asylum the other. He would marry the girl of his own choice, provided he could win her, and boldly fight his own way through life.

Having so decided, Hugh set out for a stroll along the river, feeling more manly for his resolve.

He came suddenly upon a little figure in white, reading in a little viney nook by the river's side.

"Wait, Estelle," he called, for she had started to run away; "I shall leave to-morrow, and I have something to say to you which you must hear."

The telltale flush which swept over face and neck at his words might have given some hint of an easy surrender. However, in a moment she had regained that customary piquancy which had more than once exasperated Hugh.

"I'd be sorry to have you leave us with any burden on your mind," she said provokingly.

"It is needless for me to tell you why it was arranged for me to meet Miss Wayne here," he said, unheeding her light words. "You know, I suppose."

"Some slight idea, I believe," she returned, fingering her book.

"Well, I may as well tell you that that condition in my late aunt's will can never be fulfilled."

"And why not?"

"Because I love another," he cried passionately. "Oh, Estelle! can you not see how tenderly, how ardently I love you? Without you I shall make a failure of life. Won't you show mercy, Estelle?"

"Oh, Hugh! would you marry a poor girl when you have a chance to win a dignified bride and retain those princely estates?" she asked.

"Yes, darling. I prefer you with love in a cottage to the wealthiest woman with all the estate in the world!"

"Rash statement, young man."

"It is true. Do not torture me longer, Estelle. Can you not love me a little?"

"No."

"Then you do not love me?"

"I'm afraid I do."

"Do not mock me, Estelle."

"I am not mocking you, Hugh," in a very sweet voice.

"Then you do love me a little?"

"No, not a little, but very much."

He would have caught her to his breast, but she eluded his arms, crying: "Oh, there's Uncle Cranston!" and she rushed forward to greet the little lawyer, who had approached them unseen.

"It is useless for me to ignore facts," said Mr. Cranston pleasantly. "I did not mean to overhear your conversation, but I arrived unexpectedly and thought I'd hunt up my sprite here and surprise her. I see you understand each other pretty clearly."

"Yes, sir," said Hugh bravely; "I have decided to enjoy life in a cottage with this dear girl rather than keep the estate with Miss Wayne."

"Love in a cottage! Oh, that's too good!"

And Mr. Cranston broke into a hearty laugh, in which the girl finally joined him.

"Will you have the goodness to explain what amuses you so much in my statement?" asked Hugh, not a little nettled.

"Pardon me, Colewood. But, really you are the victim of your own blunder."

"Blunder? I don't understand you, sir," returned Hugh.

"Of course not," and the lawyer laughed again. "This sprite, whom you took to be the unimportant little cousin, is in reality the Ethel Wayne referred to in your aunt's will. I did not tell you that there were two Ethels, so while she was driving you over here you jumped to the conclusion that Miss Wayne at the house was the Ethel."

"You see I have been told all about your amusing mistake. Ethel would not explain her real identity with the girl whom your aunt had selected for you, and, as the other ladies believed you knew, you have remained the victim of your own mistake."

Six months later the condition in Miss Colewood's will was cheerfully obeyed.—Gibson in Boston Globe.

An Offensive and Defensive Railroad Combination Formed.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 8.—The Ledger in its financial article will say: We can announce officially that Vice President E. B. Thomas and Second Vice President George H. Vallant, of the New York, Lake Erie and Western railroad, met President McLeod and other officials of the Reading railroad in this city yesterday, and after several hours' conference agreed to enter upon an alliance offensive and defensive, upon which the two properties should be worked in the future.

The close alliance for many years between the Delaware and Hudson company, Pennsylvania company, and Erie railway, including all their anthracite coal interests, makes this action of the Erie company important in connection with the Reading company and its allies in developing the anthracite interests of Pennsylvania, and it will largely prevent the serious disturbances in traffic rates and coal prices which have occurred in past years.

This voluntary action of the Erie is also regarded as demonstrating clearly the excellent foundation laid already by Mr. McLeod for the future working of the Reading interests and the coal roads generally, thus securing harmonious co-operation by these companies, so that it is believed the public will now be better served than ever before, and without any increased burdens.

Now TRY THIS.—It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a Cough, Cold, or any trouble with Throat, Chest or Lungs, Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is Guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at Parrish's Drug Store. Large size 50c. and \$1.00.

—Jonny—Johnny if you don't go in the house this minute and get your overshoes, I'll tell your mother." "Tell on then, I ain't a caring—we've thrown away our rubbers and taken to Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup we have."

—The Prince of Wales has lived a remarkable life—50 years without a drop of reign.

The Hargreaves' Diamonds.

The Last Act of a Drama in Real Life. How Mrs. Osborne Brought Disgrace Upon Herself and her Husband.—Nine Months at Hard Labor in Prison for Lying.

LONDON, March 10.—Mrs. Florence Ethel Osborne was found guilty in the old Bailey court yesterday on charges of larceny and perjury and sentenced to nine months imprisonment at hard labor. She pleaded guilty to both charges.

There was a large attendance of fashionable people at the court room. The galleries were almost entirely filled with ladies. Mrs. Osborne was very weak and seemed to pay no attention to the proceedings. She wept bitterly throughout, and when she pleaded guilty to both charges against her, her voice could hardly be heard.

This is the finale of what has been a case celebre in London society for over a year. The mysterious theft of the Hargreaves' jewels occurred Feb. 19, 1891. No arrests ever took place for the crime but gradually it began to be whispered that the jewels had been pawned by a young woman whom rumor identified as Mrs. Osborne, the young and beautiful bride of Captain Osborne, an officer in the army.

THE SENSATIONAL SLANDER SUIT.

Then came the sensational slander suit brought by Mr. and Mrs. Osborne against the Hargreaves, in which the most prominent attorneys were engaged. The sudden collapse of the prosecution by the withdrawal of the attorneys for the Osbornes was quickly followed, proof positive showing that Mrs. Osborne had sold the gems and got £550 from Spink and son, well known and fashionable jewelers.

Mrs. Osborne and her husband quickly disappeared after this denouement, but were traced by detectives to the continent, and when escape was no longer possible returned, and Mrs. Osborne gave herself up to stand for trial for the theft and the admitted crime of perjury in swearing to the affidavit charging slander.

The crime of Ethel Osborne will go down into history as one of the most strange, pitiful and unnecessary ones on record. It is a story of a young, beautiful and accomplished woman who, reared in the lap of luxury, trained and educated in exceptionally refined and exclusive circles, and blessed with every thing that could make her life a season of sunshine and happiness, deliberately threw all these advantages away in order to gratify a passing need for money and thus stamp herself as a criminal in the eyes of God and man. Never was there a greater sacrifice of a good name for a consideration so small and contemptible.

SEE STOLE FOR LOVE.

Florence Ethel Elliot was the beauty of the family and the favorite of her wealthy grandfather, John Elliot. Her parents had always been pensioners upon the old man's bounty, and at their death he supplemented the slender fortunes left to the children by an allowance of \$5,000 a year and a residence, the Boltons, at South Kensington, a fashionable suburb of London. This allowance, added to the \$30,000 each which had been left to the three Elliot children by their parents, would have been sufficient for their needs had they been content to live moderately and within decent economy. But this was not what they had been accustomed to or fitted for.

Ethel Elliot met and fell in love with tall, handsome Arthur Osborne. He was a captain in a marching regiment, Osborne's, a favorite with his brother officers, the life of the mess room and hero of his men. But he was poor. Outside of his regimental pay, which didn't do much more than foot his mess bills and his regimental expenses, he had only a few hundred a year—the usual allowance of a younger son of a younger son. For this reason their marriage was deferred.

Then, while visiting the Hargreaves, Ethel Elliot learned the existence of these jewels and the secret drawer where they were kept. The temptation came upon her to steal them, which she did to gratify a passing need for money and thus stamp herself as a criminal in the eyes of God and man. Never was there a greater sacrifice of a good name for a consideration so small and contemptible.

HER HUSBAND'S STEAFEST LOYALTY.

The one bright spot in the dark cloud of shame and sorrow is to be found in the conduct of Captain Osborne. He knew that Ethel Elliot was under a cloud of suspicion for the theft at the time he married her. But he had such confidence in her truth, honesty and honor that he would not insult her by doubts. And he never faltered in that belief until the damning evidence of her own signature upon a bank note, part of the proceeds of the sale of the stolen jewels, was placed in his hands. Then the lightning struck him.

And yet, after all this, the chivalry of the man shone forth. Dazed by his misfortune and disgraced by his wife, he gathered himself together, and the man, the soldier and the husband again asserted himself. She had made him the subject of the world's scorn; or, still worse, of its pity. But she was his wife. He had promised to "love and protect" her, and as a man, as a soldier, he has stood by her loyally through it all.

A HISTORY OF THE CASE.

The case originated in a libel suit last December by Mrs. Osborne, formerly Miss Ethel Elliot, against Major and Mrs. Hargreave of Torquay, for slander, imputing that she, on a visit there, had stolen Mrs. Hargreave's jewels. Mrs. Osborne was at the time of the theft Miss Florence Ethel Osborne and on the best of terms with the Hargreaves family, the latter being in the Prince of Wales' set. Miss Elliot was a cousin of Mrs. Hargreave and they were on the most intimate terms.

Mrs. Hargreave had very valuable jewels, which she kept in a secret cabinet, and it is said that the secret of this cabinet was known only to her husband to herself, to a friend of the name of Englehart and to Miss Elliot.

When several of the most valuable pearls were missing suspicion was at first directed to servants and others. Mrs. Hargreave seems to have called in as an adviser in the crisis her friend Englehart. Mr. Englehart seems to have

fixed his suspicions at once upon Miss Elliot. Mrs. Hargreave hesitated to think her cousin guilty, but she authorized Englehart to investigate on her behalf and he soon obtained evidence that left no doubt in the minds of Major and Mrs. Hargreave and of Englehart that Miss Elliot was guilty and that she had sold the pearls to Messrs. Spinks & Sons, the well known jewelers.

At the libel trial Mrs. Osborne made an excellent impression on the witness stand and a verdict in her favor seemed probable, when an unexpected incident exposed her guilt and put a sudden end to the trial. Mrs. Osborne had exchanged for Bank of England notes the gold she received for the stolen pearls. Just after Mrs. Osborne had testified a letter was received by the Judge, which he handed over to the counsel in the case, Sir Edward Clarke, solicitor general for the Hargreaves, and Sir Charles Russell, for Mr. Osborne.

This letter set forth that Benjamin & Sons, tailors, had been visited on February 23 last by a lady who gave the name of Mr. Thompson. This woman had requested a letter to their bank, the Piccadilly branch of the National and Provincial, asking the bank to change £550 in gold into notes. The firm had applied her with a check unless before her marriage and therefore had a sufficient acquaintance, in their opinion, to justify compliance with the request. Miss Elliot obtained the notes and she disposed of one £50 note at the Messrs. Maples, Tottenham court road for linen. This note she endorsed "E. E. Elliot," and gave orders that the linen was to be marked "C. A. Osborne."

The letter which led to these revelations put an end to the case, and a verdict was delivered for the Hargreaves, Sir Charles Russell apologizing also in behalf of Captain Osborne for the charges made and the annoyance caused them. Mrs. Osborne fled to the Continent.

Upon the conclusion of the case two warrants were issued for Mrs. Osborne, one at the instance of Spink, the jeweler who had bought Mrs. Hargreave's jewels, and the other at the instance of the Treasury officers. The jeweler claimed that Mrs. Osborne had fraudulently obtained from him a check for £550, and the officers charged her with having committed perjury.

Mrs. Osborne returned to London and surrendered herself to justice.

Birthday Cakes.

Such as delight the Soul of Sugar Loving Youngsters.

The custom of having a special cake, round and frosted, for the birthday gives a pleasure to the smaller children of a family, and sometimes to the older ones, which, once begun, no amount of toys or costly gifts can take the place of. The cake need not be rich or difficult to make, for the fact that it is specially prepared gives the plainest loaf a flavor not commonly tasted. It must, however, be frosted and decorated, and cut by the happy child's own hand, in order to secure this mysterious sweetness. In nearly every home one kind of cake wins favor above all others, and this is the one par excellence for the birthday cake although for wee little ones scarcely out of babyhood a simple sponge or angel cake is the least harmful of all the tooth some species.

CANDLE CAKES.

Surrounding cakes with candle, one for each year, is a German custom. The candles are melted slightly at the end, and then stuck on the edge of stiff white paper, which is put between the cake and its plate, and is cut two inches larger than the loaf.

RED, WHITE AND BLUE CAKE.

Tiny little flags, whose sticks will run easily down into the cake and float the stars and stripes, during the birthday feast are liked by both boys and girls. The plate it concealed by a fringe of red white and blue tissue paper. The paper is folded in strips, and then cut like fringe, and the circular form given it by tacking little plaits in it with needle and thread. The fringe is laid on the plate first, and the cake nestled in it.

SUGAR HEARTS AND FLOWER CAKES.

Pink sugar hearts on white frosting, with a fluffy pink paper fringe, delight a little girl and make an apt St. Valentine's cake. Favorite flowers arranged in fern fronds, smilax, or their own leafage never fail to please, while candy stars and mottoes gratify a child who has just learned to read.

CANDY RABBITS.

The name and date spelled out with colored sugar and caraway seeds, however awkward the lettering, give a satisfaction far greater than the effort expended. Candy rabbits and little cupid will bring a shout of joy from the younger children, while Santa Claus, with his sprig of a Christmas tree, will be voted "just right" for a December baby.—Agnes B. Ormsbee, in Harper's Bazar.

—Little Jonnie, on seeing a skeleton for the first time, exclaimed, "Why, then they skinned her mighty close, didn't they! She looks worse than Aunt Jane did, before ma gave her that bottle of Favorite Prescription!" "Aunt Jane" was so completely worn out, by profligacy, perical difficulties and nervous prostration, that she was a constant sufferer, night and day, but Dr. Perry's Favorite Prescription acted so promptly and favorably upon the uterus and other organs, that she suffers no pain at any time, and her general health was never better. As a remedy for all female weaknesses, as a strength-giving tonic, and quieting nerve, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or price (\$1.00) refunded.

—Mrs. Taylor, of Little Washington, Pa., is known as the Oil Queen, because she accumulated a fortune of \$3,000,000 by personal investments in the Ritchie county fields.

—A richly dressed lady stopped a boy trudging along with a basket, and asked, "My little boy, have you got religion?" "No ma'am," said the innocent, "I've got potatoes."

—Ely's Cream Balm is worth its weight in gold as a cure for catarrh. One bottle cured me. S. A. Lovell, Franklin, Pa.

The World of Women.

Mrs. Cockrell, the Senator's wife, has been chosen Regent, for Missouri, of the Daughters of the Revolution.

Miss Fanny Crosby, the famous hymn writer, is blind, but in spite of her affliction is cheery and happy.

Ribbons to right of us, ribbons to left of us, ribbons behind us, particularly the latter, are, I fancy, ferreunners, if I can say so, of a revival of the Watteau backed gowns.

Besides the favorite reseda green, there are also sage, asparagus, pale undine, gazon (or turf), bourgeon, the color of the first green shoots on buds, and also darker leaf green.

Flax tints are shown, and there are blue shades that are almost lilac. Sable brown remains in favor, and violet is in great variety, from the lightest shades to the darkest purple-blue.

The best poker player in New York is a mite of a blonde woman. She wears glasses and is as chipper and cheery as if she were not laying waste the pockets of her friends each hour and each evening.

The silk shoestring is laid upon the shelf; its reign is over, Silver and gilt cords are the fashion at present. At the end of each cord is a diminutive rosette. Twisted cord of black and silver or black and gilt is highly popular.

The first hint of Spring comes to us bearing the rumor that pink is to take the place of blue upon bonnets. Black velvet will continue to be the most popular bonnet material, and Spring fashions finished off by loops of pink ribbon will be the popular trimming.

Miss Alice Longfellow, the poet's eldest daughter, bears a marked resemblance to her father in eyes, and expression. With her uncle she lives in the old homestead at Cambridge, Mass. On either side of this are the homes of the poet's two married daughters — Mrs. Dana and Mrs. Thorpe.

Another Felix gown was made with a princess effect. It was of mauve lady's cloth with a square yoke of pale blue chiffon. The yoke was outlined with a steel passementerie studded with turquoise. This trimming was also used on the sleeves and formed a bodice effect for the front of the waist. In the back, down one side of the skirt; was a jabbeau of mauve corded silk.

There was, for example, a house dress of brown serge for the same young woman who was first to wear the traveling gown. It was a princess frock with a narrow ruffle of brown silk about the bottom of the skirt and cut off to form a peasant bodice, laced behind. The bodice yoke had puffings of cream wool and there were cream-colored puffed sleeves, finished with lace ruffles.

Black watered silks are among the new things in the shops; they are striped with scarlet or a deep and vivid yellow and draped with black lace in the making. The Muscovite silks are more beautiful, if less striking, with their small bouquets of pale roses on lustrous grounds. Green and pink are the reigning colors and the world must be made to laugh in, or so the shop folks would have us think, all the combinations are so gay.

I noticed at a recent very fashionable wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, that the bride's mother wore a small Empire bonnet tied under the chin with a small bow and ends that reached the hem of her gown in front. For months the Parisians have been trying to introduce this fashion among their London customers, who have never taken kindly to the immense "ties." Perhaps, after the "lead" given them by this fashionable matron, they may now step where before they feared to tread. It is a silly style at best though, and must be exceedingly uncomfortable.

A mother who speaks from experience says: "There is nothing like a coarse towel and friction for an out and out cure of eczema," says this mother in Israel. "It never roughens the skin; on the contrary, it makes it smooth and soft and beautifully fresh. With my children I have always had wash cloths of flannel with which the whole face is well rubbed and afterward well rubbed with a coarse towel with plenty of friction, and they take with perfect equanimity this rather heroic treatment. This rather vigorous method, if begun by a novice, may at first cause the complexion to appear blotched and perhaps a little rough, but this will speedily disappear and the skin will become accustomed to the treatment and will gain perceptibly in color and freshness."

Another pretty waist may be made with little trouble from the brocaded coat that you wore with so much satisfaction last season, but that now you have folded away wondering why you were ever so extravagant enough to buy it. Cut the close-fitting front entirely out of it to the second dart. Make your cutting as irregular and notched as you will. Cut the sleeves off at the elbow or just below it. Match the color of the flowers in the brocade in crepe de chine, which is the softest and most serviceable material in the list; gather it in full at the throat, letting it fall loosely down to a becoming distance below