

Bellefonte, Pa., April 1, 1892

THE THINNING OF THE THATCH. Oh, the autumn leaves are falling, and the days are closing in,
And the breeze is growing chilly, and my hair
is getting thin!
I've a comfortable income—and my age is thirty-three;
But my thatch is thinning quickly—yes, as quickly as can be!

I was once a merry urchin-curly headed I was called,

And I laughed at good old people when I saw
them going bald;
But it's not a proper subject to be likely joked about, For it's dreadful to discover that your roof is

I remember asking uncle-in my innocent surprise—

How he liked his head made use of as a skating rink by flies;
But although their dread intrusion I shall manfully resist,
I'm afraid they'll soon have got anohter rink

When invited to a party I'm invariably late, peeping pate— Though I coax my hair across it—though I brush away for weeks,
Yet I can't prevent it parting and dividing into streaks!

I have tried a hair restorer, and I've rubbed my head with rum, But the thatch keeps getting thinner, and the new hair doesn't come— So I gaze into the mirror with a gloomy, vacant stare,
For the circle's getting wider of that open
space up there l

People tell me that my spirits I mass.

low to fall,
And that coming generations won't have any
hair at all—

Well—they'll never know an anguish that
can adequately match
With the pangs of watching day by day the
thinning of your thatch.
—Punch. People tell me that my spirits I must not al-

TALL JANE.

"You don't mean that's Jane's skirt, Mrs. Ward?" 'Yes, I do."

"Why, it's larger than yourn." "I know It. She's taller than I be. She's grown all out of everything lately. I've let down tucks an hems, an pieced at the top, an now her pink gingham is most up to her knees. I had to buy her this new so she'd look decent to go to school. Jane, come

here a minute.' Then Jame came in hesitatingly. Her small head, with its mat of fair braids, drooped forlornly, her slender shoulders were bent. She pulled down her pink skirt nervously, trying to make it longer.

"Stand up here 'side of me," ordered her mother. "I want Mrs. Mason to see how much taller you be."

Jane's pretty young face flushed pink. She stood beside her mother, and the tears started in her eyes, al though she tried to smile.

"You can't get through the door if you don't stop pretty soon, Jane," laughed Mrs. Mason, who was visiting the Wards. "I never see such a sight. An she ain't over fourteen?"

"She ain't fifteen till next month." replied Mrs. Ward. An if she don't from her grief, whatever it might be. git her growth till she's eighteen I don't know where she'll be. Her father tells her he's goin to hire her out by an by for a telegraph pole."

Jane laughed feebly when her mother and Mrs. Ward did. Then she stole | She stumbled over a protruding nail, back to the doorstep, and the tears and everybody tittered, and the teach rolled down her cheeks. It was nearly time for her to start to school. Presently her mother came with her dinner pail. Here's your dinner," she "You'd better start before long, so as not to hurry. It's a pretty warm

"Yes'm," said Jane. She kept her face turned away from her mother so her tear stained eyes should not be no-

"You shall have your new dress to wear to-morrow," said her mother as she finally started with her school books under her arm and the dinner pail swinging. "You shan't wear that short thing again."

Jane tugged at her pink dress skirt as she went out of the yard; she even stooped a little to make it look longer. Nobody knew how sore Jane's heart was over her height. She had a mile to walk to school, and she never thought of anything else all the way. Presently she came to a large white

house, with a crabapple tree in the front yard. Mary Etta and Maria Starr lived there, and she saw the flutter of their blue dresses at the gate. They were waiting for her. "Hullo!" said Mary Etta as Jane drew near.

"Hullo!" responded Jane, trying to make her voice cheerful.

Maria was eating a crabapple and did not say "hullo!" but presently both she and her sister stared wonderingly

at Jane. "What's the matter?" asked Mary

Etta, finally. "Nothin's the matter."

"Yes there is too. You've been cryin."

Jane said nothing.

"She's mad," said Maria. Mary Etta lingered. "What's the matter?" she asked again, quite lov-

ingly. "Nothin's the matter. I wish you'd let me alone," cried Jane, with a burst of tears. That was enough. Mary Etta and Maria hurried up the road, with switches of their blue starched skirts, and Jane plodded miserably on behind.

Poor Jane was the tallest girl in school, and not only that, but the tallest scholar: not one of the boys was as tall as she, and not only that, but she was taller than the teacher. It him; she could see his slender should did seem to Jane that the the committee ought to have chosen a teacher white shirt, and his handsome face who was taller, just out of regard to gazing ahead adstractedly as he the becoming and suitable appearance of the school. A stranger might almost have taken her for the teacher, especially since her hair was done up.

When the bell had rung. Jane sat at her desk, her pink shoulders and her pretty, pink face above all the others. She looked like a tall, pink hollyhock | crying cause you don't come in, and I

moment for her. The committee came to visit the school, and a strange gen-tleman and his wife came with them.

Jane distinctly saw this strange lady turn her white plumed head toward her, then whisper to her husband. Then she saw him look at her and ask one of the committeemen who that tall girl was. She could tell what he said over her serene face between its soft curls of black hair.

her. She did not dream that the lady had noticed her because her face was so pretty, and not because she was so

The geography class came and the visitor were still there. Jane filed out with the rest. She thought she had her lesson perfectly, but she missed in bounding Uruguay, and had to go down. A little bit of a girl in a long sleeved apron went above her. She had a conviction that the visitors were up girl with her hair done up miss-

However, the change brought her next to Robert Carnes; he shuffied his bare toes uneasily on the line, as he voice; then he cast a quick, shamefaced, but wholly sympathetic glance at Jane, which she felt rather than saw, but it comforted her. She and Robert were near neighbors, and when they were children had played together a great deal.

But the worst came when one of the committeemen addressed the school. and in the course of his remarks said distinctly that intellect was not to be measured by size, and he often noticed that the smallest scholars had their lessons much better than those who were taller and older. Jane felt that he referred to her and little Hattie

Boker and the bounding of Uruguay. Her cheeks burned hotter and hotter. Maria Starr, who was three desks off in the same row, leaned forward antil she see her and tittered. Mary Etta, in the seat behind, pulled her sister's arm to make her stop, but she did not heed.

Jane saw the committee and the strange lady and gentleman go out, while the teacher stood courtesying at the door, and all through a nearing cloud of tears. When the door closed after the company she hooped her arms around her face, and laid it down on the desk. The teacher came and stood beside her, and asked her what the matter was. Jane only shook her

"Are you sick?" asked the teacher,

bending low over her.
"No, ma'am," sobbed Jane. She would not say another word, and the teacher went back to her desk and calla class. "Jane," she said presently, in a clear, authoritative voice, "You may go out and get a pail of water." The teacher meant it very kindly it was considered quite a privilege to

get a pail of water, and then pass around in a tin dipper; she thought it would serve to distract Jane's mind But it was dreadfullfor poor Jane to pull herself up to her full height and crawl slowly down the aisle, with her arms crooked in a pink ring around her face, and all the school looking.

er called out, "Hush!" sharply. Jane went out with the water pail. but instead of filling it from the pump near the school house she sat it down on the platform and fled desperately down the road to a little bridge over a

brook. Her mind was made up, she would not go back to school, she had never been so miserable in her life, and the misery was all the greater because she was ashamed of it and ashamed to confess it. She did not want to tell even her mother that she minded so much because she was tall: she crouched low down in the bushes and wept. Presently she heard a quick patter

of bare feet on the bridge, then a break

"Hallo!" called a hesitating voice. Jane made no sound. "Ho, you needn't play you ain't there," said the voice. "I see you come in here. I was looking out of the window. I raised my hand when teacker asked where you was, and she sent me out here to fetch the water, and tell you to come in.

Jane looked up and saw a boy's face peering down at her from the top of the bank, his brown cheeks flushing, his red lips parting in a bashful laugh. "I ain't ever going back to school, Robbie," said Jane with a sob. All the old childish comradeship seemed to come back to her, she had not seen much of him for a year or two; she had played more with girls.

"I don't care, you're the prettiest girl in school anyhow," said Robert in a shamefcced way.

"Why, Robert Carnes! I ain't."

"Yes, you are."
"Oh, Robbie—maybe I shall be taller than I am now.' "I don't care if you are, you'll always be the prettiest. Come along.'

"I ain't going back to school." "Teacher won't like it." "I can't help it."

"Oh, come along."
"I won't." The girl's pink face turned up toward him like a pink flower from the bushes. There was a look in it that the boy knew that when his old playmate said "I won't" in that tone, she didn't.

Robert seated himself on the bank and began to whistle. Jane looked at ers in his little homemade blue and

"Why don't you go back to school?" she asked hesitatingly.

"Oh, I ain't going back if you ain't." "Why not, I'd like to know?" "'Cause I ain't. Say, Mary Etta has got her head down on her desk

apples to put in your desk." Jane said nothing. Robert whistled

Jane waited a minute. "Well, I'll come," said she. "You go ahead and get the water."

There was a leap of bare feet over the bridge, and Jane came out from the swarm of flower butterflies, with by the motion of his lips. Then he undefined conviction that brought com-told his wife, and a little smile stole fort in her childish heart, that howundefined conviction that brought comever tall she grew, although she might outgrow all her dresses, she would nev-Jane thought she was laughing at er outgrow love. - Mary E. Wilkins in Boston Globe.

Richest Woman in the World.

She Has an Income of Twenty-Five Million and Lives Like a Queen.

The richest woman in the worldsuch she has long been acknowledged --is Dona Isadora Cousino, sometimes known as the "Crœsus of South Ameri-Her various homes are in and ca." saying, "What! that great, tall, grown | near Santiago in Chile. She traces her ancestry back to the days of the Spanish conquest. She has been a widow for about ten years, but even during her husband's lifetime she managed her own property, worth many milbounded Venezuela in a high, sweet lions, which came from her ancestral estate.

The Cousing estate-now representing the property of her late husband. as well as her own, with the increments due to her executive ability, which is said to be greater even than ber husband's, consists of millions of money in bank, of cattle and sheep, of coal mines, of copper and silver mines, of iron steamships, or real estate in the cities of Santiago and Valparaiso, smelting works, of railroads and farm-

ing lands. From her coal mines alone Senora Cousino is said to have an income of \$80,000 a month, or \$960.000 a year. This income from one form of wealth alone represents a branch of her estate which should be considered, at a fair capitalization of its income, to amount to \$25,000,000. The extent of her coal property, however, is known only to herself: but whereas it costs only \$1.35 a ton to mine her coal, she readily realizes for it \$7.50 a ton. Her own fleet of eight iron steamships carries her coal and ore to market.

She owns every house in the town of Lota, which has 7,000 inhabitants, also nine tenths of the houses in the mining town of Soronel. The town of Lota is her favorite residence. There she has a magnificent mansion in the center of the finest private park in the world. It is supplied with all the luxuries that untold wealth can procure, brought to her very doors from the ports of Europe, Asia and Africa by

her own steamships. She has another park and palace about an hour's drive from Santiago vineyard at Macul has upon it a single cellar 500 feet long by 100 wide which is kept constantly full of wine, and supplies the markets of all Chili. She has another large estate about 30 miles trom Santiago, also a great town-house in that city built mostly of red cedar brought from California. This house is decorated by Parisian artists; it is said, by those who have seen it, to be finer than any residence in New York

The income of Senora Cousino is put at \$25,000,000 a year, and South Americans say her estate would realize not less than \$200,000,000. This would make her not only the richest woman but the richest person in the world.

A Marvelous Aqueduct.

England's Efforts to Fight Famine and Drought in India.

While it is true that California and Colorado have made great progress in irrigation development since the Amercan settlers first grappled with the subject yet there are many lessons to learn in the various branches of the science. It is a fact that there are many Californians who fancy that they "knew all about errigatin' they want to," but a little inquiry will show that these same self-satisfied irrigators are still in the depths of ignorance with regard to the subject of which they knew so much. The greater number of irrigators in the State, however, are intelligent men anxious to learn all they can which bears upon this subject, and these will be interested in a stupendous work recently

completed in India, India, it should be premised, presents what are undoubtedly the most ancient irrigation works in the world, and also lays claim to some of the most extensive and costly systems of the present day. The English Government, led by the necessity of making provision against famine, has taken a lively interest in irrigation enterprises, and in its hands a large amount of expensive canal construction has been carried out.

One of the most extensive enterprises of this kind is the Sirhind Canal, which has a total length of 4,950 miles, of which 503 miles are navigable, that being one of the prominent features of nearly all of prominent Indian canals, and affording a practical demonstration of the feasibility of a similar enterprise in California, which is now under discussion. The Sirhind Canal cost \$12, 000,000, of which \$400,000 was expended in headworks, \$6,500,000 in actual canal construction, and the balance in right of way and other features.

By far the most extensive irrigation system in India is that of the Ganges Canal, which supplies water for 4,000,000 acres and has a length of nearv 4,000 miles. One of the leading features of this, as of the other Canals in India, is the elaborate and substantial character of the works by which the water is diverted from the parent stream and the canal carried across water courses which cut its channel. No such works are seen in any other part of the world. To carry the Ganges Canal through certain districts the tracks of mountain torrents had to be crossed in many instances. Some times torrents had to be diverted in other directions. and sometimes they are provided with broad channels of masonary to carry them peacefully over the bed of the canin a bed of daisies. This was a trying seen Maria passing along some crab al. Monster wires had to be built across

the big rivers whence the supply of wa- Scrod is young codfish and is very deliter is taken, and the canal carried cate and appetising.

across broad streams on aqueducts. Escalloped Chicken.—Free the chick-The Ganges Canal, for instance, crosses the Solani River on an immense aqueduct three miles long. The aqueduct consists of earth work approaches, which carry the canal across the low valley subject to overflow, and fifteen arches the normal bed of the river. Over this aqueduct flows a stream 200 feet broad and twelve feet deep.

On a portion of the same system an immense aqueduct has just been com-pleted across the Kali Naddi River. This structure is known as the Nadrai tension of the irrigation scheme of the Upper Ganges Canal, conceived and constructed by Sir Proby Cantley about the time of the mutiny, and was opened in the year 1876. In the year 1888-89 the Lower Ganges Canal had 564 miles of main line and 2.050 miles of minor distributaries, and irrigated 519,022 acres of crops. From this it will be seen how important a line of irrigation this canal constitutes, and how urgent the reconstruction of the aqueduct was. The new aqueduct replaces one of much smaller size—viz.: five spans of 35 feet, which was damaged by a high flood in October, 1884, and completely destroyed by another high flood in July, 1885

The Kali Naddi, for the greater part of the year, is a very insignificant stream, some 50 feet in width only, but on the date mention it was swollen into a river a mile wide and in places 25 feet deep. In addition to the construction of the Nadrai aque-duct all the railway and road bridges below it were also destroyed and many

villages swept away,

The proportion of the foundation to the superstructure of the new Nagrai aqueduct can be gathered from the fact that three-fourths of the expenditure of

is now hidden below ground. The foundations consist of 268 circular brick cylinders or wells, as they are groups of five each by abutment piers. The abutement piers consist of a double row of 12-feet wells, spaced two feet apart, and the ordinary piers of a single row of 20 feet wells similarly spaced.

The wells are all sunk through a strafeet thick, into a substratum of sand. The wells are all hearted hydraulic lime concrete filled in by skips, and in each pier the wells by corbeling out the brick work, are joined together for the superstructure of the pier.

The total quantity of well-sinking was 15,019 lineal feet, or nearly three | salt. miles, and was executed by hand and steam dredging. It was commenced in May, 1886, and completed in May, 1888. The arching was commenced in November, 1888, and finished in April, 1889.

The well-sinking and arching went on night and day, the work being lighton the finest plantation in Chili. Her ed by ten are lights of 2,500 candle pow-

er each. The solidity of the great arches and piers and the fine sweep of the bastionlike wings all unite to give an idea of vast strength and stability, while the monotony of such a large surface of facade is relieved by the effect of light and shade obtained by the bold corbeling out over the spandrels to form a support for a road way on either side of the canal and the long horizontal lines of the cornice and railings are broken up by a

tower at each end of the abutment piers. Under the care of the British Government irrigation enterprise in India is making great headway. Among the systems that have been commenced and partially completed within a comparatively recent period are the Soonsekala and Bellairy Canals, from the Poombudra River, 350 miles long; the Soane, just completed from the river of the same name, to carry 4,500 cubic feet per second, with a capacity to irrigate about 1.000.000 acres: the Sirbind Canal, from Sutlei River, to cost \$15,000, 000; the Lower Ganges Canal, to carry 6,000 cubic feet per second; the Orissa Canrl, built by the East Indian Irrigation Company, all of which are very large enterprises, some of them rivaling the Ganges Canal in magnitude and importance. To these may be added the Agra Canal, from the Juma, and the Eastern Ganges Canal. All of these except two have been built or restored by the Government, which owns all of them but one.

-Dyspepsia's victim's are numbered by thousands. So are the people who have been restored to health by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

-The children's health must not be neglected. Cold in the head causes catarrh. Ely's Cream Balm cures at once. It is perfectly safe and is easily applied into the nostrils. The worst cases yielding to it. Price 50c.

Menu for a Tempting Dinner.

Recipes for the Soup, Fish, Meat, Salad and Dessert.

MENU FOR A DIN NER. Oysters on the half shell. Oysters on the half shell.
Bisque of beef soup.
Broiled scrod, garnished with sliced lemon
and parsley.
Escoloped chicken.
Potato balls and baked onions.
Eggs and lettuce salad
Desert—Charlotte russe
Cheese straws and salted peanuts.
Coffee. Bisque of Beef Soup—Use a pound of

beef (have the butcher cut it in small pieces), a quart and a half of cold water, half a pint of milk, a quarter of a cup-ful of rice, half a cupful of strained tomato, half a teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper; put the meat and bone into the soup-pot with the cold water and heat slowly to the boiling point; then skim the liquor carefully and set the soup-pot back where its contents will only simmer, during the next three hours. At the end of that time strain the liquor and return it to the pot. Wash the rice thoroughly, and after adding it to the bisque cook for half an hour; then put in the milk and seasoning and boil up once. The addition of the tomato com pletes the soup.

Broiled Scrob-Place on a well-greased gridiron, broil delicate brown, spread with butter, sprinkle salt and pepper over it, remove to a hot platter, garnish with sliced lemon and sprigs of parsley

en from the skin, bone and fat and chop it rather coarse. To one pint of the meat add a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper and one teaspoonful of salt. A gravy is then made by this rule . Put a tablespoonful of butter into a small fryof masonry of fifty feet span each across ing pan, and when it is hot add a gen erous teaspoonful of flour, stir until the mixture becomes browned and then gradually add a cupful of cold water; Flecked gray woolen gover the gravy boil three minutes and season with salt and pepper. Put alternate of summer days at the shore. layers of gravy and chicken into an escalloped dish, having three of gravy and aqueduct, and it was designed as an ex- two of meat; cover lightly with grated bread crumbs and cook in the oven for

twenty minutes. Potato Balls .-- With a vegetable scoop out a quart of balls from raw potatoes and put into cold water. A quarter of an hour before serving put into a saucepan with boiling water enough to cover and cook for twelve minutes.

After pouring off all the water dredge with salt and a little pepper and pour upon them a little melted butter.

Baked Onions .-- Take four good-sized onions, wash clean, but do not remove the skins; boil three-quarters of an hour in boiling salt water, changing the water twice. Turn off the water and lay the onions on a cloth, then roll each in a buttered piece of tissue paper, twisting ing it at the top to keep it closed, and bake in a slow oven about half or three. quarters of an hour. When tender all through peel them, put in a dish and brown slightly, basting with one tablespoodful of melted butter frequently. This will take perhaps fifteen minutes. Serve in a vegetable dish and pour over melted butter seasoned with pepper and salt.

Egg and Lettuce Salad .-- Boil hard eight or ten eggs; chop and wash some fresh, yonng leaves of lettuce and mix money and time were consumed by what with the eggs. Pour over it the salad

dressing. Cheese Straws.—Take well-beaten biscuit dough, roll it out as thin as posalways called in India, all sunk fifty-five | sible and sprinkle it out as thin as possifeet below the river bed. There are fif-teen bays of 60 feet, divided into three cheese over it. Fold the dough together roll it out again as thin as possible and sprinkle with grated cheese. Repeat the process until the cheese has been used three times, then roll it out thin again and cut into narrow strips as long as the middle finger. Bake a light tum of stiff yellow clay, averaging 15 brown in a slow oven. Tied in bunches with narrow ribbon they look very pretty.

Salted Peanuts.—Shell and put into boiling water to remove the skin; turn artistic success from start to finish. them into a hot buttered frying-pan and keep there long enough to brown; re- dark blue and yellow, with a blue velmove from the pan and sprinkle with vet bodice made something like an Eton

A Judge Giving Testimony.

An Important Case Summoned Up As Follows -Chronic Catarrh-Twenty Years-Settled on Lungs--Could Get No Relief-Permanent

NEW VIENNA, CLINTON CO., O. Dr. S. B. Ha tman & Co .-- Gents: I take pleasure in testifying to your medicines. I have used about one bottle perfectly straight vest of plain cloth exand a half, and can say I am a new man Have had the catarrh about twenty Before I had settled on my lungs and breast, but can now say I am well. Was in the gauntlet cuffs, also braided. army, could get no medicine that would relieve me. Yours truly,
W. D. WILLIAMS,

Probate Judge of Clinton County. While it is a fact that Pe-ru-na can all stages and varieties, yet it is not often that it will so quickly cure a case of easily unless in expensive material. people who have chronic catarrh for five which the lined garment possesses. ten and even fifteen years, will follow treatment for a few weeks, and then, because they are not cured, give up in despair and try something else. These patients never follow any one treatment long enough to test its merits, and consequently never find a cure. Its a wellknown law of disease that the longer it has run the more tenaciously it becomes | be spared. fastened to its victim.

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

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

Colds, winter coughs, bronchitis. sore fections, and consequently are quickly curable by Pe-ru-na. Each bottle of Pe-ru-na is accompanied by full directions for use, and is kept by most drug-and streamers of the same. gists. Get your druggist to order it for you if he does not already keep it.

A pamphlet on the cause and cure of sent free to any address by The Pe-ru-na ried man 240 acres and to a single man. Drug Manufacturing Co., Columbus O. 120 acres of good coffee ground.

The World of Women.

Fewer searskins more cloth jackets. Mahogany is the right thing for furniture again.

Carriage blan kets for babies of white Bedford cord.

Many Japanese silks in plain and printed styles. The beau-catcher, a stream of ribbons.

down the back has again revived. Flecked gray woolen gowns, with mannish skirts and cravats, suggestive

Elizabeth Strong, the young American artist whose pictures were hung in a prominent place in the last Paris Salon, s a girl from California who has made er own way in the art world.

New York has a woman embalmer of the dead. She is one of four in the United States and of six in the world. Her name is Miss Heaton Dart and she makes about \$5 on each body she embalms. The late Anna Sharp, of Lancaster,

bevueathed her entire estate of \$5,000 to the First Methodist Church. Naomi Frances Resh. who died last week, left \$1,00 to a Mennonite Church at Lancaster. Her estate is valued at \$20,000. Miss Laura Clay, daughter of Cassius

M. Clay, of Kentucky is a close and diligent student of politics and is sufficiently well posted to run a party or engineer convention. Few men have as clear and comprehensive a grasp of national questions as she has, A long cloak of soft dark brown cloth

was buttoned on each hip with four great rough pearl squares. A short cape, which came only to the waist, had no trimming save a very full vest of an exquisite quality of brown faille. It was very simple, but rich and effective. Another pretty costume which was particularly appropriate for receptions

and afternoon concerts was of bright dark blue satin mervetilleux, with fine wavy red lines an inch apart all over it and tiny green spots between these glowing bars. The skirt was plain gored, demisrained and flounced round the bottom under a full ruche of migonette green velvet. The bodice was seamless, and folded into a belt of the velvet which fastened on the side with a dainty rosette. The collar and cuffs were simply copies of the belt, being bands of velvet finished with rosettes. The sleeves where the regulation "leg o' mutton," and the entire gown though combining such contrasts of color, was an

A traveling dress is of a neat plaid, in jacket and a full vest of yellow crepe. the sleeves are full to the elbow, and have tight-fitting cuffs of the velvet, The hat to be worn with this gown is of a combination straw in blue and vellow trimmed only with a large Alsatian bow of blue moire ribbon and odd little pins in curious enamel.

A handsome spring jacket is made of cheviot of blue-gray color. The long basques are slashed at the seams and trimmed with a blue-gray braid. A tends from the neck to the bottom of the basques, and the opening on either side is trimmed with

If one is obliged to purchase a cheap coat there are rules by which it may be becoming and serviceable, Black-a good, honest black, and not a rusty, dusty substitute-will wear better and be relied on to cure chronic catarrh in | be more satisfactory than any other color. Tans and fawns are apt to spot long standing as the above. Hence it is lined coat is more economical than one that so many patients fail in finding a much cheaper and unlined. The uncure because of their unwillingness to lined soon has a flimsy look and never continue treatment long enough. Many has the air of substantial respectability one is a deft needlewoman an unlined coat may be lined at home with good sateen or farmer's satin, but the undertaking is by no means an easy one. The sleeves should always be lined with silk, and then the coat will slip on easilyjover any dress, and much tugging

and consequent ripping and tearing will SPRING MILLINERY.

The thing that particularly impressed the writer was the great prevalence of green, Charteuse green particularly, which is used on almost every hat, whether it crops out in the faintly-tinged spikes of flowers, the brim or in tuft of ribbon nestled under the brim, or in the entire body of the hat. Combinations of green and coral, green and heliotrope and green and black are seen on almost every one of the pattern hats.

Crowns are new and striking; the Oxford, which is the typical motar board, vies with the stove-pipe for popular favor. Both are pretty, aud it is hard to choose when a deft arrangement of lace and feathers, ribbon and jet would render even a coal scuttle charming. On the bonnets the long strings are not supposed to fly in the breeze, but are to be decorously fastened in a loose bow just below the ear. A charming example illustrating this style was of the very popular creamy Point d' Irlande lace with a fine cut jet crown, the intersection of crown and rim being outlined with a tiny puffing of black crape. Velvet, jet and lace loops formed a pretty trim-ming for the front and long velvet ends tied on the left side.

Perhaps you will think this was a mourning hat : the writer did until she was informed that black crepe is to be used quite extensively on colored bonnets and gowns this season. It was pretty, but for festive occasions a little of it would go a long way, as owing to our ideas, which have been foistered by years of social observance, crape signifies mourning and is ever a reminder of the sable trappings of woe.

In direct contrast to the foregoing is just the most delightful little traveling hat you ever saw-one of those fancy braids in a mixture of ecru, brown and throat and pleurisy are all catarrhal af- turquoise. It has the Oxford crown in dark blue and the trimmings are blue corn flowers, brownish yellow marigolds

The Nicaraguan Government is making the most liberal offers to intendall catarrhal diseases and consumption ing coffee growers. It gives to a mar-