OVER THE BALUSTERS.

Over the balusters bends a face Darlingly sweet and beguiling; Somebody stands in careless grace, And watches the picture smiling.

Tired and sleepy, with drooping head, I wonder why she lingers, And when the good nights" are said, Why somebody holds her fingers—

Holds her fingers and draws her down. Suddenly growing bolder.

Till her loose hair drops in masses brown,
Like a mantle, over his shoulder.

Over the balusters soft hands fair Brush his cheeks like a feather; Bright brown tresses and dusky hair. Meet and mingle together.

There's a question asked, there's a swift caress, She has flown like a bird from the hall

But over the balusters drops a "Yes"
That shall brighten the world for hir always.

-College Song.

A DEED. Mortals have all one ending Death!
It doth define the limit of their lives,
And knowing this the careless multitude,
With swelling ranks drift onward—
Onward, with a ceaseless and continuous roar
To that great Sea that washes every shore
Within the universe.

But fighting, struggling on the road of life, But fighting, struggling on the road of life, Perchance some poor and wearied form, Fired with the enthusiasm of a moment, Doth execute a great, a noble deed, And on the wing of reputation He soon becomes immortalized. The man may die, but yet the deed remains Fresh as the day the doer tasted Heaven. Attached his name, his form and sembland gone.

gone,
We can reprint the deed, but not the man,
And then we die, but still the deed lives on
From out the past unto Eternity.
Mark, then, the deed, and mark he well to

man— Let those on earth perform a deed who can. Joseph R. Wilson, in Philadelphia Ledger

ONE IN A THOUSAND.

"Yes, they're all going to be there-Nan and the two Farge girls, Jo Wardsworth—and oh, we'll just have a glorious time!" and Louise Alley looked up from the trunk she was packing, her dark eyes shining with an anticipated joy:

May Stillman, fanning herself vigorously with a paper novel, "making a martyr of yourself stewed up here in town half the summer. Here, let me help you shut that trunk," and May, who was by no means a sylph, promptly sat on the lid till the hasp clickered

in the lock. Mr. and Mrs. Alley had been spending June and July abroad, the trip claimed Louise, putting her hands out having been undertaken by the doctors instinctively. orders for Mr. Alley's health. But it was out of the question to take Bess. who was just five, and if she stayed pehind, Louise must stay, too, and as the house had to be kept open for Fred who was in business down town, the three lived there for the two months to-

And now the travelers had returned. and Louise was on the eve of with her brother and May Stillman for a fortnight's stay in the Adirondacks. They were to leave by the night boat that very day, and when May left to go home and finish her own packing, Louise turned to and helped her moth er with hers, for the rest of the family were going off at three to Long Branch.

It was a busy time, but everything was a labor of love for Louise, for was not every moment carrying her nearer to the joys that lay before her up in the north woods, where so many of her friends were already gathered, eagerly

expecting her? At last the Long Branch party were got off and Louise had gone up to her room to put on her traveling dress. But just as she took it from the hook the front door bell rang.
"Who can that be?" she said to her-

self. "I wonder if mother has forgot ten something and sent back for it. She slipped out into the hall and leaned over the ballustrade as Delia answered the summons.

"Does Mrs. Alley live here?" It was a woman's voice that asked the question, a high-keyed voice that Louise did not recognize. Then, on Delia's replying that it was Mrs. Alley's home, but that the lady herself was away, the visitor went on: "Yes, I know, but Miss Louise is in,

Louise, hearing this nearly lost her balance. A strange woman inquiring for her: and at such a time!

isn't she? She is the one I want to

She stepped hurriedly back into her room and glanced at the clock on the mantle. It was ten minutes to four. May was to call for her with the carriage at five. She must contrive in some way to get through with her call er within the next ten minutes. There were so many "last thing" to be

done. But now Delia appeared with the message. "Please, miss," she said, "there's an

old lady down stairs who wants to see you. She didn't send her name because she said you expected her.
"Expected her?" Louise repeated the

words mechanically. "Why, I don't expect anybody but Miss May. You're sure, Delia. it is not she, up to some of her tricks?"

"Oh, no, miss," responded the girl, "She's a sure enough old person, and she seems kind o' feeble. Her bag was pretty heavy for the like o' her to be

"Her bag !" gasped Louise, "Is she a book agent?

"No. miss, she's been travelin' in from the country, I take it, an' looks clean beat out. "Well, I will go down at once and

see what she wants. The expressman has called for the trunk, has he Delia ?"

"Yes, mise." her hand on the door, racking her brain and sat down by the window to try and get some glimmering as to the identity of the person awaiting her | quickly that she realized scarcely yet | place to have it done.

said that she was expected.

"It's some one who knows the rest of the family are away, too," sne mused, but this fact did not enlighten her in the least, and finally she went down, still mystified.

Nor was she any wiser when she entered the drawing room and beheld a little old lady seated on the sofa. The top of her head could surely come no higher than Louise's shoulder, her face was, yellowish and wrinkled with ago, and her gown was black and severely plain.

Louise was certain she had never seen her before. Her surprise, therefore, may be imagined when the caller rose to her feet, and, coming quickly toward her, reached up on tiptoe and kissed her on the forehead.

"I'd have known you anywhere, my dear," she said, "from your resemblance

to your mother." "Yes, but-but-" And here Louise paused. The old

ness of expression, seemed so confident that she was know that the young girl felt as though it would be almost like striking her to say that she had not even : the remotest idea who she was. "I looked for you at the station,"

went on the stranger, pulling Louise down to a seat beside her on the sofa, and gently smoothing with her wrinkled fingers the fair ones she still held, "an' I waited some time. Then I no, the great aunt hasn't died and left thought somethin' might have kept her a fortune, or even promised to you, so I inquired the way an' come mention her in her will, but she did over in the cars by myself. But I'm give Louise a mine she had taken for a most tuckered out. Can I go right up bad debt when she was out in Dakota. to my room? If I lie down for a spell I think I'd feel better."

Her room! She had come to stay then. Louise was utterly bewildered Matters must be straightened out at

Her room! She had come to stay then. Louise was utterly bewildered. "I'm very sorry," she began, "butbut I think you must have mistaken the house. Was it Mrs. Theodore Alley you came to see?"

The old lady, who had half risen from her seat, now fell back again with a little gasp.
"Mistaken?" she repeated. "There

"Well, you certainly deserve some fun if anyone does," rejoined her friend, Louise, Alley? Didn't you get my letter ? "I beg your pardon," said poor

Louise, beginning to grow very nel vous. "I don't know who you are." "Then you didn"t get my letter!" exclaimed the old lady promptly. "P'raps I ought to have fixed it differ-

ent, but I'm Abby Moorhead.' "Oh, mother's Aunt Abby!" ex-"I-I thought you were out in Da-

kota. "So I was, my child, but I got back this spring and was sick a long time up at my brother's in New Hampshire.'

"But how did you know where we lived we have only been here two years.' "That's what I'm going to tell you." ent on Miss Mooread. "It all came went on Miss Mooread. about so queerly. You see the railroad to the White Mountains runs through Conman, and, two weeks ago there was an accident and a passenger came to Timothy's for linen to bind up the wounds, an' if it wasn't Albert Bond."
"Oh, yes," broke in Louise. "He's

a very old friend of mother's. But at this point the old lady's body swayed to one side, and Louise sprang up and caught her in her arms. She was, as she had expressed it, "clean trekered out," and was now on the

erge of a swoon. Louise reached behind her and pull ed the bell, and presently Delia appeared, the picture of amazement.

"Here, help me up to my room with Miss Moorehead," and Louise, with compressed lips, gently put her arm around the old lady's back.

"Between them they got her up the stairs, where Louis applied restortatives, and presently she opened her eyes and looked about the daintily furnished room inquiringly. "Is it all right, my dear?" she said

teebly. "Yes, Aunt Abby, you must lie quiet for a while, and try to get some rest. I will darken the room and come back soon, and I want to find you asleep." "You are very kind, so like your mother," and the old lady's eyes fol-

lowed the fair young girl out of the And Louise? With lips still compressed she hurried back into the library, trying to feel that the struggle was all over, and that right had tri-

"The girls will be horribly disappointed, I suppose," she thought, "and

"Here the silver chiming of the tall hall clock striking the quarter after-four warned her that if she wanted to must send a note at once.

"I'll write to her first. If she comes here and finds I'm not going, there'll be a scene, I know," soliloquized Louise, as she pulled down the handle of the messenger call. "But how shall I keep her from it?"

An instant thought, and then she hurried on into the library, seizing paper and pen, and not taking time to sit down, dashed off the following:

DEAR MAY: Don't stop for me, Explanations at boat.

Louis. "There, I hope that isn't unjustifiable deception," and scribbling off the address Louise sealed the euvelope and called to Delia to give it to the messenger, who had just ap-

Then she rang for another boy and and sat down to write her note of explanation to Fred. This dispatched. she tiptoed into her own room, saw Aunt Abby was sleeping, and then Louise paused for an instant with went into her mother's appartments

The whole thing had come about so

in the parlor, some person who had what she had done, and kept thinking she was wasting precious minutes when it was nearly five and her traveling dress still hanging on its peg in the

closet. The sound of carriage wheels sud denly stopping startled her. Had May come after all, and must the battle be

fought all over again? No. it was at the Dryers,' opposite The girls were going away. There came the trunks down the stoop, then the goodbyes in the doorway and the flutterings of handkerchiefs from the carriage window till it turned into the avenue at the corner.

A lump rose in Louise's throat.

"It seems hard, almost cruel, when months, looking-But here she interrupted her own

thoughts resolutely. "No, the hard and cruel part would be for me to send that well meaning soul back, when she had come all this distance just to keep me company. It lady, whose face, when one came to isn't her fault that the letter went aslook at it closely, had a certain sweet- tray. All I must do is to keep her from knowing."

An extract from a letter written in October by May Stillman to Nan Wag-

"I've the greatest piece of news for you. You remember how Louise Alley disappointed us all so dreadfully by staying away from Saranac last summer, because a great aunt she'd never seen before came to visit her? Well-And now somebody has discovered that the Louise Mine, as they call it, is a regular little bonanza. Louise wanted to give it back then, but Miss Moorhead wouldn't hear of it. She's found out some way what Lou gave up when she staved home that time, and declares that Louise Alley is one girl of a thousand. Well, she is, besides being a girl with several thousand now.

Mark Twain's Pipe.

Same Interesting Anecdotes About the Humor ists's Old Cob.

Every one who knows Mark Twain knows that the pipe and he are simply inseparable. He generally smokes a granulated tobacco, which he keeps in a long check bag made of silk and rub-When he has finished smoking, he knocks the residue from the bowl of the pipe, takes out the stem, places it in his vest pocket, like a pencil or a stylographic pen, and throws the bowl into the bag containing the granulated tobacco. When he wishes to smoke again (which is usually five minutes later) he fishes out the bowl, which is' now filled with tobacco, inserts the stem and strikes a light- Noticing that his pipe was very aged and black, and knowing that he was about to go to France, where corn-cobs pipes are not, Jerome asked him if he had brought a supply of pipes with him. "Oh, no," the humorist answered,

"I never smoke a new corn-cob pipe. A new pipe irritates the throat. No corncob pipe is fit for anything until it has been used at least a fortnight." "How do you manage, then?" Jerome asked. "Do you follow the exam-

ple of the man with the tight boots-

wear them a couple of weeks before they can be put on? "No," said Mark Twain, "I always hire a cheap man-a man who doesn't amount to much, anyhow-who would be as well-or better-dead, and let him break in the pipe for me. I get him to smoke the pipe for a couple of weeks, then put in a new stem, and continue operations as long as the pipe

holds together." Mark Twain brought into France with him a huge package of boxes of cigars and tobacco which he took personal charge of. When he placed it on the desk of the steamer crossing the English Channel, while he lit a fresh cigar, he put his foot on this package so as to be sure of its safety. He didn't appear to care what became of the rest of the luggage, as long as the tobacco

was safe. "Going to smuggle that in?" asked

Jerome. "No, sir. I'm the only man on board this steamer who has any tobacco. I will say to the customs officer: 'Tax me what you like, but don't meddle with the tobacco.' They don't know what tobacco is in France."

STRENGTH AND HEATH .- If you are not feeling strong and healthy, try Electric Bitters. If "La Grippe" has left you weak and weary, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, gently aiding those organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with sick Headache, you will find speedy and permanet relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that this is the remekeep May from stopping for her she dy you need, Large bottles only 50c at Parrish's Drug Store.

A New Capital Destroyed.

DENVER, May 12 .-- Word has been received that the capitol at Santa Fe is ourning. The building cost \$250,000, and was a very handsome structure. Like all of the new capitols, it contained many of the best ideas relating to the planning of building for legislative purposes.

Smelts in Abundance.

Smelts are so abundant in the waters at Castle Rock, Or., that a fisherman standing on the shore with a scoop net s able to dip out in a few minutes more than he can carry away. Thousands of pounds of the fish have been taken in this way recently.

-The great reason for the success | put with it is an improvement. of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in its positive merif. It cures where other preparations fail.

- If you want printing of any description the WATCHMAN office is the

The Situation Upon Mars.

Is Mars Inhabited as Has Been Supposed ! Are the Canals so Plainly Observed the Engineering Work of a Superior Race of Men?-Facilities for Satisfactory Observations

From Westermann's Monat's hefter.

The first sight of Mars through an observatory telescope is almost terrifying, even for a person of good nerves. as if one saw the whole earth with its icy poles, as a solid globe floating overhead. One distinguishes clearly the dark blue seas and the brilliant, beaming, manyhued dry land-and on this the dry beds of a lititude of lakes, bays, gulfs, stream, and canals, these latter either paratie, to each other or crossing one an-I stayed here in New York those two other at right angles. As you continue to look you note the variations of color and of light and shade; and further that the outlines on one edge of the disk pass out of sight, while on the other landscape expands; you see that Mars revolves on its axis, and that the ends of the axis are the frozen poles, as with us. There is a further resemblance in the inclination of the axis, which provides that on this planet also the seasons follow each other in regular succession. The ice crust at the poles diminishes in Summer, affording demonstration not only that Mars is influenced by the sun's rays precisely as we are, but also that the air and water are identical with ours. In fact the meteorology of Mars is now being reduced

to a science. Judging the two planets by superficial characteristics, however, one must admit a condition implying a higher de-gree of development in Mars. The continents of the earth seen from a distance, present a very torn appearance, and ocupy scarcely a third of its surface, while Mars is girdled on both sides of the equator by one continuous main, and intersected by a network of canals and rivers, tie land occupying approximately threefourths of the whole area of the planet and the water only one-fourth, as a consequence of which it may be that its atosphere is less clouded and vapor-laden than ours. Peculiarly characteristic is the arrangement in which the geologi-cal nature of Mars has laid out the streams (canals?). All our streams, without exceptions, are tortuous; and all increase in width as they near the ocean. On Mars, on the contrary, the streams flow in straight lines, and are of uniform | the Rural Cemetery at Albany, N. Y. width from source to mouth. These streams, from seventy to 100 kilometers apart, have their banks so well defined as to suggest the idea that they are subject to intelligent regulation. It is hardly possible to conceive that two parallel canals intersected at right angles by a third, as in Ophir, land, can be the work of elementary forces of nature. The question suggests itself again by the two canals which flow from ocean to ocean, crossing each other at right angles in the centre. Not less questionable is the origin of the great blue Lake of the Sun in the centre of Kepler land, with its

three rectilinear canals connecting it with the ocean. Ever and ever recurs. Is it possible that the crust of a planet whose density is only seventenths less (sic) than that of the earth can be so yielding that the streams at their origin encountered no impediment to their direct course? Or have they really been regulated by the inhabitants of Mars-an engineering feat presenting, perhaps, few serious difficulties? But what most excites our astonish le, 1. e., it has its parallel canal along- of better. side of it, but visible at intervals only This has thoroughly perplexed all investigators. The earth has nothing analagous to aid us to a solution. On this ac count the return of Mars is looked for ward to with considerable interest. The improvement in optical instruments with in the past decade may probably help to solve the riddle, or, what is perhaps still more probable, may present still more riddles for solution. The occasion of Mars next return will be the first time for fifteen years that we shall have an opportunity of examining her South polar region. Apart from the scientific nterest which attaches to these observations it is an immense gain to our intel lectual culture to overthrow the pride born of ignorance, which in earlier centuries prompted man to regard this earth as the one-inhabited sphere of the universe. Equal rights for all planets appears to be the law of nature, which certainly has not expended all her forces on

this dark clod of ours. Some of the Grand Army boys may be interested in the following from Alex B. Pope, A. D. C., Commander Dep't. Tenn, and Ga. He says: "We have had an epidemic of whooping cough here (Stewart, Tenn.,) and Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been the only medicine that has done any good." There is no danger from whoop ing cough when this remedy is freely given. It completely controls the dis ease. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Frank P. Green.

His Figures Were not Square

She-"How did she happen to marry He--"He told her he was worth

million in round numbers." She--And ?" "He-"They turned out to be ciphers."

Death in a Skating Rink.

BUENOS AYRES, May 11 .- A large skating rink in course of destruction here collapsed to-day. Thirty persons were killed. The architects on the building were ar rested.

FRICASSED TRIPE. -Cut a pound of tripe in narrow strips. put a small cup of water or milk to it, add a bit of butter the size of an egg, dredge in a large teaspoonful of flour, or work it with the butter; season with pepper and salt, let it simmer gently for half an hour, serve hot. A bunch of parsley cut small and

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

Where They Are Buried

The Last Resting Places of Men Who Made American History.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.
The Presidents of the United States have been buried places very far apart. Washington was buried at Mount Vernon, sixteen miles from Washington; John Adams beneath the portico of the Unitarian Church in Quincy, Mass. In the church stands a memorial slab in his honor, but the body lies in a vault almost directly under the entrance. Thomas Jefferson was buried in the family cemetery at Monticello, Va; James Mad ison, in the family burying ground at Montpelier, Orange county, Va., and James Monroe in the Second Avenue Cemetery, between Second and Third streets, New York city, his grave being covered by a handsome open-work cag-

ing of iron. John Quincy Adams was buried in the vault with his father in Quincy; Anmiles from Nashville, Tenn., a domed temple covering his grave. Martin Van Buren lies in the Reformed Church Cemetery of Kinderhook, N. Y., and William Henry Harrison, first interred at Washington, was removed to North Bend. Ohio, where his vault was, until recently, much neglected. John Tyler was interred in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va., and no monument or stone has been erected over his grave. James K. Polk lies at the corner of Vine and Union streets, in Nashville, Tenn., an elegant monument under a canopy marking the spot. The remains of Zachary Taylor were first interred in the Congressional Cemetery at Washington, thence they were removed to Taylor cemetery, near Louisville, Ky., while Millard Fillmore was buried at the Forest Lawn Cemetery, near Buffalo, N. Y., and Franklin Pierce in Minot Cemetery, Concord. N. H. The body of James Buchanan lies in Woodward Hill Cemetery, Lancaster, Pa., and that of Abraham Lincoln in Oak Ridge Cem-

tery, Cleveland, and those of Arthur in Neck Broken, Yet Alive,

etry, Springfield, Ill., under a magnifi-

cent monument. Andrew Johnson was

buried in a private enclosure at the top

of a hill near Greenville, Tenn. The re-

mains of Grant were interred in a vault

in Riverside Park, New York city; those of Garfield in Lake View Ceme-

1 Wonderful Case Brought Before the Clinic of Jefferson Medical College.

One of the most wonderful cases that has ever appeared in the clinic of the Jefferson Medical College was shown to the students recently. He is John Allam, an old man of 64 years, who though his neck is broken still lives to tell the story of his misfortune. Dr. C. Edward Stout, of Bethlehem, who brought Allam to Philadelphia, owing to his great interest in the case, delivered a lecture to the students on rail-

way spine, which he illustrated with Allam, who was a shoemaker in South Bethlehem, slipped on a banana peel last July and fell to the pavement. Almost unconscious it was with difficulty that he was able to drag himself to his house but a few steps distant, where he lay for several days in a dazed condition. Several physicians were consulted who treated the sufferer for ment in connection with these canals is rheumatism and neuralgia but he seemthat almost every one of them is doub- | sd to become gradually worse instead

> Dr. Stout became interested in him and he was not long in coming to the conclusion that Allam's neck was disocated between the second and third cervical vertebrae, some of the small projections being fractured. To add to this the spinal cord is sprained. Since the accident Allam has only been able to speak with great difficulty, is tongue being partly paralyzed. It has been almost impossible for him to chew and life has been sustained through liquid nourishment though he has been able to est small morsels while lying on his back. At the clinic it was discovered that the patient showen many symptoms of railway spine, a

peculiar and rare disease. An apparatus has been constructed for him by which his head will be elevated, thus relieving the pressure on the spinal cord and it is hoped that Allam will be thus enabled to go on with his work as usual. He returned to Bethlehem the day after the operation.

"A Yard of Pansies."

Here is a chance for everybody to get, ree of cost, an exquisite Oil Picture 36 nches long, a companion to "A Yard of Roses," which all have seen and adnired. This exquisite picture, "A Yard the same size, and is pronounced by art critics to be far superior to the "Roses." The reproduction is equal in every respect to the original, which cost \$300. and is being given free with every copy of the June number of DEMOREST's the seventieth anniversary of the birthday of the publisher, and is worth many times the cost, which is only 20 cents, as every purchaser will get, practically free an exquisite picture, and to those who already have "A Yard of Roses" "A Yard of Pansies" will be doubly valuable, especially as accompanying it are full directions for framing either the "Pansies or Roses" at home, at a cost of a few cents. You can get the June number of DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE containing "A Yard of Pansies," of any of our local Newsdealers; or send 20 cents to the publisher, W. JENNINGS DEMOREST 15 East 14th St., New York.

Man or Woman, Ghost or Human.

We cannot say what will cure ghosts, ut many men and many women who look like ghosts rather than human beings, through sickness, would regain health and happiness, if they would try the virtue of the world-renowned remedy Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Torpid liver, or 'biliousness,' impure blood, skin eruptions, scrofulous sores and swellings, Consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs), all yield to this wonderful medicine. It is both tonic rooms are exquisitely furnished and beand strength-restoring, and alterative or blood-cleansing.

The World of Women.

The statue of Isabeila will bring to he sculptor, Miss Harriet Hosmer, the sum of \$25,000

The plain sleeve is no more. Even the morning sleeve has some odd little

wrinkle to give a dressy effect. Bangs will soon be out of date. Many who have high foreheads are brushing their hair plainly back, and it is very

becoming. Mrs, Marshal Ballington Booth is said to draw just \$7 a week for her services in the Salvation Army. She resides in a modest little home in Jersey City.

Mrs. Jenkins and Mrs. Coulton, the two women aliernates to the Minneapolis Convention from Wyoming, are said to be forcible speakers and energetic workers at the polls.

Mrs. Hopkins Searles' \$5,000,000 castle at Great Barrington, Mass, is now deserted and it is thought will eventually be made a State institution. As a home for demented old ladies it would not fall short of its original use. Since the fur boa has been compelled

to seek refuge on the shelf the liberty scarf has come into existence. These scarfs are of soft silks in all the changeable shades and are wound around the throat in a most effective manner. The woman to whom nature has been too generous in the matter of waist should not wear a belt at all, or if she did its width should not exceed two inches. A wide belt makes a large

waist appear larger. Narrow waist

bands of corded ribbon are the prettiest and the most popular. They accentuate the beauty of a slim round figure. The news of the opening of a graduate department for women in the University of Pennsylvania will be received with deep satisfaction not only by the students of that institution but by women all over the country. It sets an example which others are bound to follow, and to the educational optimist the

"good time coming" seems very near, The accessories of the shirt waist are legion, in the first place, the diamond shaped cuff must be worn, These come in stiff linen, with dots of various colors, The turn-down collar most in favor, and large, soft silk bows form the tie. The studs should be flowered to match the waist pattern, and the silk sash has wholly taken the place of its leather cousin. It differs also from the Gordon belt of last year, being wider, laid in heavier folds and finishing with a bow

on the side. To make a handsome bedspread from linen sheet have large diamonds stamped all over it, and work them in outline stitch with dark blue Scotch linen floss. Finish the edge with a crocheted edging. Another way is to fringe out the linen sheet all around, making a knotted fringe, Above the fringe make two or three rows of drawn work, through which is run blue or other colored satin ribbon, large hows of satin ribbon of the same color being

put at each corner. A lovely afternoon reception gown is of very finely corded crepon, in color a sort of opaline blending of pale pink and green. The draperies of the skirt made fuller than is usual nowadays, are lifted slightly on either side to expose a petticoat of dark green bengaline, each fold of the crepon on both sides being held in place by large, flat rosettes of green benaline. The bodice is made of the shot crepon folded into a deep Empire sash of the bengaline, of material are also made the full broad sleeves Large revers of dark green turn back from the bust to show a jabot of

antique ivory colored lace. Slender women are favored. The Jewish tunic is the name of a new costume for them, and it is very pretty and becoming. This garment, say the New York Telegram, is modeled after the Hebraic damsels of old, with many modifications, It consists of a long straight robe, shapeless and sleeveless, with a bias seam in the back. It hangs from the shoulders to the ground in straight folds, and must each time be arranged at the belt by the deft fingers of the wearer. It is made of ladies' cloth, and is not lined. The neck is cut like a child's slip, and a handsome blouse with sleeves is worn under it. Around the cut out neck is a handsome embroidery of gold spangles and threads in a heart shaped design, and the narrow embroidery of gold finishes the arm

holes. A peculiar gown was "built" of fine dark blue serge with a broad sage-green velvet hem edged with a narrow band of gold braid. The back of the gown had a narrow Watteau pleat coming from the neck and hanging quite loose from the waist, then merging cleverly into the demi-train. The plain tightof Pansies," was painted by the same noted artist who did the "Roses." It is the large transfer of the plain tightnoted artist who did the "Roses." It is the large transfer of the plain tightnoted artist who did the "Roses." It is belt closely embroidered with gold, while from the joining of the pleat at the back of the bodice came a deep flounce like fichu of the blue serge edged like the skirt with velvet and

braid. This fichu fell deeply over the shoul-MAGAZINE. This June number is a ders and was drawn into a sharp point at the waist. The hat worn with this rather eccentric get-up was of coarse black straw, with a flaring brim and tiny tall crown. This was trimmed with sage green ribbons and great bunches of field flowers and proved an effective finish to an original toilette.

Mrs. Elliot F. Shephard, of New York, Vice President of the Y. W. C. A. of the metropolis, some time ago built and furnished throughout, a home where refined women coming to New York might find a place to stay and meet with other refined and educated women. The Home, which is called the Margaret Louisa Home is a hotel with all the disagreeable features left cut. It is a place where transient visitors, (women only,) to New York city may go with perfect safety and meet with the greatest kindness. The Homeis designed particularly for working women, and the rates are very low. The small sum of fifty cents a night for a room and twenty conts each for breakfast and lunch and thirty cents for dinner furnishes one with such delightful comfort and luxury as can only be obing fitted by a woman for women their daintiness is said to be inexpressable.