

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., May 27, 1892.

A LITTLE SONG FOR BEDTIME.

A little song for bedtime,
When, robed in gowns of white,
All sleepy little children
Set sail across the night.
For that pleasant, pleasant country
Where the prettiest flowers blow,
'Till the sunset and the sunrise
For the slumber islands, ho!

When the little ones get drowsy
And the heavy lids drop down,
To hide blue eyes and black eyes,
Gray eyes and eyes of brown,
A thousand boats for Dreamland
Are waiting in a row
And the ferry-men are calling
For the slumber islands, ho!

Then the sleepy little children
Fill the boats along the shore,
And the dipping of the oars,
In the sea of sleep makes music,
That the children only know
When they answer to the boatman's
For the slumber islands, ho!

Oh, take a kiss, my darlings,
Ere you sail away from me,
In the boat of dreams that's waiting
To bear you o'er the sea;
Take a kiss and give one,
And then away you go,
As sailing into Dreamland,
For the slumber islands, ho!

—Boston Courier.

A RECIPE FOR A DAY.

Take a little dash of water cold
And a little dash of prayer,
And a little bit of sunshine gold
Dissolved in the morning air.

Add to your meal some merriment
And a thought for kith and kin,
And then, as your prime ingredient,
A plenty of work thrown in.

But spice it all with the essence of love
And a little whiff of play,
Let a wise old bird of heaven above
Complete the well-made day.

OLD BLACKBURN'S NOTE.

You will not acknowledge the debt and pay me?"

The words were spoken by a young lady as she rose from a chair in old Amos Blackburn's cheerless sitting-room. There was a note of despair in her tone; but nevertheless, her pretty black eyes flashed scornfully and her hands inside her muff doubled up into fists.

"No, I won't. I have said so, and that's all," snarled old Blackburn from his rustic rocking chair. In which he sat shivering before a hearth whereon he was trying to force two slender hickory sticks to yield sufficient heat. He was a very spare and wrinkled old man, with a hard face and little eyes that glittered coldly and cruelly. His clothes showed miserly neglect, and the knit zephyr cap which protected his bald head, looked tired and discouraged with its misshapen life.

He accompanied every word of his snarl, with an angry tap of his bony cane upon the hearth bricks; and when he had finished, pointed it toward the door.

"Very well," answered Alice Cardon, "I'll see what can be done to make you acknowledge it."

There was some indication of a pretty foot being stamped, and the certainty of a door being slammed as she went out. But once outside the shakily gate, and in the street, her spirits quickly vanished, and but for her well-down her fair cheeks.

She couldn't endure the thought of going home to her mother and little sister Eleanor with news of her failure. The mother had failed, and now she, who had believed and assured the others she could coax the hard old man into compliance, had failed too. What they were to do now she did not know.

This was the situation of the little family; Mr. Cardon had been a well-to-do farmer, and they had lived happily without a thought of the dark days that were to come. Misfortune and the father's sickness had clouded their skies, crops had failed, cattle had been swept away by disease and they had been compelled to sell part of the old farm. Old Amos Blackburn had been one of the purchasers, but had made so poor a mouth about his poverty, that Mr. Cardon, hard-pressed, had accepted \$500 in cash and a promissory note for \$1,500 at two years for the balance.

But alas! before the two years were gone, the father had succumbed to his calamities, leaving the three women to fight them alone. Barely enough ready cash was left to live upon. They rested easily, however, in the expectation of the payment of the note; but, misfortunes like birds, fly in flocks. When the rent became due, the widow looked through Mr. Cardon's papers and failed to find it. She and Alice hunted everywhere but it could not be traced.

They knew old Amos' reputation for miserliness and cruelty, but the mother could not believe that he would refuse to recognize so honest a debt. She had called upon him a few days after the note expired, and had found him sitting upon the old rustic chair.

"Mr. Blackburn," she had said, "your note for \$1,500 is due."

"Yes," he growled, looking around at her, and waving his cane as if he wished he could strike her for reminding him of it.

"But, sir," she had said, with an utter lack of tact, "we have lost your note. We couldn't find it anywhere."

"Oh! ah!" he said, with an ugly grin of delight, "you have lost my note, have you?"

"Yes, sir, but of course you will acknowledge the debt anyhow and pay us the money. We need it so sorely."

"Of course, I'll acknowledge the debt and pay you the money," he had repeated, trying to mimic her pleading with his cracked voice. "Of course I won't do anything of the sort."

"You can't mean that you will not pay us the money you so justly owe."

"Why can't I?"

"Because it isn't right. You own it, and if you have any conscience, sir, you will."

"Conscience!" he mocked; "what's that? What is that?"

"Probably you do not know," she said contemptuously.

"No, I don't, and I ain't goin' to pay no money."

She could not move him, and left him in despair.

In the interview with Alice which closed as we have seen in the same heartless manner, he had been insulting. She had threatened, had told him many plain things that would have cut most men, but all her shafts had fallen broken from the case-hardened old man.

Mother and sister were watching for Alice, and going up the winding path to the little house, she tried hard to walk bravely, but they saw she was crushed, and when inside with the mother's arms around her, she broke down and it was many minutes before she could tell how she had failed. It was a hopeless family consultation; they knew not what was now to befall them, except being forced to sell their home. They had many friends, but pride would not permit the seeking of help.

"It is so unfortunate just at this time," said the mother, "for Mr. Wilrow," she paused to note the blush the name brought to Alice's face—"was here while you were gone. He was so thoughtful. He came to say that there was a chance at the bank to invest five hundred or a thousand dollars, and he thought perhaps we might wish to take advantage of it. Oh! Alice, he is such a gentleman, and I do not see why you dislike him so. My heart ached so that I almost told him the straits we are in."

"But you did not tell him, mother?"

"No, I did not, but I am sure he would have been glad to help us. Indeed, Alice, we need a man's help, and if you could only swallow your pride and go to Mr. Wilrow, I'm sure he could see a way out."

"I could not think of doing so, mother."

The evening shadows dropped upon the little group as black as their troubles, and neither mother nor Alice noticed how soberly little Eleanor sat. She had listened intently to all they had said, and now sat studying. She was but 8 years old—a very interesting little maiden—of whom Mr. Herbert Wilrow seemed especially fond. She could not forget how he had noticed her, talked to her, and on the street, bowed and tipped his hat to her. To her, he was the finest gentleman in the world and she couldn't quite understand why Alice wouldn't go to him, nor why she shouldn't go herself and tell him all about their troubles. He seemed to her just the one to help them, and she resolved to go the very next morning without telling her mother or Alice.

A sunny smile lighted up Mr. Wilrow's face as he looked out through the teller's window at the little girl gazing up at him—so bright and refreshing in the dull routine of the work.

"Please, Mr. Wilrow," she said, "can I speak to you a few moments?"

"Certainly you can," he replied, "come right back into the cashier's room."

He opened a little gate for her and led her into the room, brighter and richer than anything she had ever seen. It made her think that all Mr. Wilrow had to do was to take the loads and loads of money there and give it to them. So she told him innocently all their trouble; she couldn't understand it all exactly, but old Mr. Blackburn owed her mother money on a piece of paper, and wouldn't give it to her; and they were dreadfully poor, and didn't know what to do; and how Alice just wouldn't come herself, and how she had come without telling them; and he must be sure, deed-in-double sure, not to tell them she had told him.

"I'm very sorry," he said kindly, but seriously, "and I think I can help you. I'll do my best, and all for you, Eleanor."

"But more for Alice, won't you?" the little maid said shrewdly. "I just can't see why Alice is so afraid of you, and what makes her face get so red when we talk about you when you don't seem me one bit. And all the time, Mr. Wilrow, I just believe she likes you and pretends she doesn't, one day when passed on the other side of the street, she stood at the window and watched you till you turned the corner, and—"

"Eleanor, your sister knows best. Run now to school. Be sure you don't tell them you have told me, and I will help you if I can."

Eleanor's visit rejoiced Wilrow. He loved Alice Cardon, but she had been so distant and cold with him that he had given up hope. The little maiden's tell-tale words had revealed her love, and the possibility of helping her. The matter was one which must be handled with tact, however, for Alice was very proud, and, for himself, he did not wish to hasten her nor to make her choice of him one of mere gratitude.

Fortunately, a possibly way to hold old Blackburn was made known to Mr. Adam Martin, one of the bank's depositors who came in shortly after. He put on his hat to go immediately to old Amos, but at that moment he recollected that a short time before Mr. Cardon's death, he had brought a small tin box to the bank to be kept in the vault. He hurried to the safe and found the box. He at once called a messenger boy and sent him to the Cardon cottage with the box and a note, stating that he had happened to find it in the vault, and thought it might contain something valuable.

By this time many people had collected around the teller's window, so that he was compelled to put off his visit to old Amos, and there he leave him, to follow the box.

Mrs. Cardon and Alice received it, the former with a thrill of hope, the latter with a blush. The mother knew where the key was, and it was with tremulously eager hands that it was

placed in the lock and the lid of the box thrown back.

"Thank God," exclaimed the widow, "there is the note."

"Oh! mother," cried Alice, "can it be true? Here, help me put on my things. I'll go right away to old Mr. Blackburn. I can't wait until I shake that precious piece of paper at him!"

Old Amos sat in his chair, meagre fire, briar case, cap, ugly face and all just as we have seen him. His snail quickly joined the rest when Alice entered.

"What d'ye want now?" he growled.

"I've come," she said, with courage in the consciousness of power, "to see if your conscience has awakened."

"I ain't got such a thing," he snapped.

"I know that. But haven't you yet decided to take pity on us and pay us what you owe?"

"No, and I never will."

"How, then, will you compel you to?"

"How," he snarled defiantly.

"With this."

She advanced to him and shook the paper in front of him. He started and grabbed at it almost as a wild beast might, but she sprang back, saying—

"Now, Mr. Blackburn, you will just please give me a check for \$1,500 with interest for two years."

"I'll do nothing of the sort. The note says, 'I promise to pay James Cardon,' but it don't say nothing of payin' a darter of his Begone with you; I don't owe you nothing."

Alice shrank from him. She had never thought of this and her courage quickly gave place to fears and anxieties of the delay of a law suit. But she forced herself to answer him,—

"We will have to sue you."

"Sue ahead. I don't keer. Git out the house, I don't owe you nothin'; git."

"Don't be afraid of the brute, Alice."

It was the voice of a strong man, and both turned and saw the man himself, Herbert Wilrow. He quickly came to Alice's side as if surprised at her presence there and asked her to explain. She did so, and Wilrow, turning to the miser, said,—

"You refuse to pay the note, do you?"

"Well, the man is dead."

"Do you refuse?"

"Yes, I do."

"Very well, sir. Mr. Adam Martin came into the bank to-day with \$1,600 that he owes you for a house, and he authorized me to debit it all you made the promised repairs. I'll just transfer that money to Miss Cardon. There's some justice in this world, you wretch, and I'm glad I happened here just in time. If you don't this instant draw a check in favor of Mrs. Cardon for \$1,500 and two years' interest, Mr. Martin will throw the house back on you miserly hands and you will be out \$1,600 and with a lawsuit against you for this note. What do you say?"

"You're mighty hard on a helpless old man," whined the wretch, "but I guess, it's your best policy. Here is a check I've filled up for \$1,650. Sign it."

A few moments later they were out in the bright winter sunshine; Alice with the precious check in her pocket, hope and courage in her heart, keeping company with another feeling there which showed itself in her face and which forced itself into words of confession before they reached home.

And little Eleanor could not quit understanding anything afterward, why Mr. Wilrow picked her up and kissed her so hard, or why Alice tried to look reprovingly at her and failed.—*Yankee Blade.*

What the Flowers Express.

The language of flowers is a study at once interesting and innocent, cultivating as it does a taste for the works of nature, filling the soul with the sweet emotions and presenting to view one of the most enchanting phases of a beautiful world full of wonders.

Following are a few of the best known flowers and the sentiments which they represent:

Sweet alyssum, worth beyond beauty; apple blossom, preference; bachelor's button, single and selfish; white carnation, purity; cherry, softness; candidium, indifference; carnation pink, woman's love; Chinese chrysanthemum, cheerfulness under misfortune; clematis, mental beauty; columbine, folly; red clover, industry.

Dahlia, signifies dignity; white daisy, innocence; faded leaves, melancholy; forget-me-not, remembrance; jonquil, affections returned; lily of the valley, return of happiness; mirtle, love in absence; pansy, you occupy my thoughts; rose, I am worthy of love; snowflake, haughtiness; yellow rose, infidelity.

A MILLION FRIENDS.—A friend in need is a friend indeed, and not less than one million people have found just such a friend in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds. If you have never used this Great Cough Medicine, one trial will convince you that it has wonderful curative powers in all diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money will be refunded. Trial bottles free at Parrish's Drug stores. Large bottles 50c. and \$1.00.

A Fast Growing Vine.

The Kudzu vine is probably the most rapid growing plant in the world. It belongs to the bean family. The leaves look something like a lima bean, and was once called Dolichos japonicus. It will grow easily sixty feet in three months. It was introduced into America by the Japanese during the Centennial exhibition. It is said that in its own country it has flowers like bunches of wistaria. For some reason American summers do not seem long enough for it. It rarely blooms.

Constipation is caused by loss of the peristaltic action of the bowels. Hood's Pills restore this action and invigorate the liver.

Great Improvement.

The Electrocuting of Murderer Tice Without the Repulsive Features.

Joseph L. Tice, the Rochester wife murderer, paid the penalty of his crime last Wednesday in the death chair. This execution was robbed of all the revolting features of the previous electrocutions and was declared the most successful execution since the electric death law went into effect.

Four short electrical shocks of about 1700 volts each were given the man instead of two long ones, and the medical men and electricians agree that this is a great improvement. The doctors who made an examination immediately after the shock say there was absolutely no trace of pulsation. Death must have been instantaneous.

Tice spent a very restless night. Soon after midnight he was awakened to be shaved, and the rest of the night was spent in pacing his cell. It was evident that he was much agitated, but he was completely over come with nervousness as daylight broke.

Dr. Sawyer, the prison physician, had exacted a promise of Tice that he would close his left hand and open his right hand as he took his seat in the fatal chair. If he was conscious after the bolt struck him he was to try to close his right hand. When he took his place in the fatal chair Tice placed his hands in the position agreed upon, but at no time was there the slightest movement of them.

Tice's body was buried in a quicklime grave in the prison yard.

After completing a three months' term of imprisonment for drunkenness, and expressing his intention of killing his wife, with whom he had quarreled, he sharpened a knife for the purpose and going to the house where she was employed he stabbed her three times.

Mr. O'Toole's Embarrassment.

The humor of the Celt is proverbial, and there is scarcely a situation which the Irishman fails to grasp and to deal with in its proper light. On an old colony train a day or two ago, two natives of the Green Isle approached a group of men who were playing whist in the smoker. "Is there a lawyer here?" asked one. One of the gentlemen glanced up and designated his partner at the game, a lively young wool dealer of Boston.

"What is the case?" asked the wool man. The speaker explained that he had recently married a young girl by the name of Agnes Brennan. It had turned out that the bride, for reasons of her own, had given a false name, and that her true name was Maggie Brown. The wool man listened attentively to the tale, and then gravely advised the man to take out a new license and marry the girl over again under her true name.

"Bedad," broke in his friend. "Ye'r a be-gamist. 'Ye've married two women. Ye've married Agnes Brennan and Maggie Brown."

"She's Mrs. O'Toole. I'll have you know," said the victim with dignity.

"Three women, then! Ye've married Agnes Brennan and Maggie Brown and Mrs. O'Toole."

"Oh! no," broke in the wool man. "One name as simply a misnomer."

"Miss Nomer, too. An' did ye marry her too. Poor woman ye've married! Bad luck to ye, ye old scoundrel!"

Mr. O'Toole is at a loss to know how to settle the complicated matter in which he has become involved and would welcome any friendly advice.

An Awful Tragedy!

Thousands of lives have been sacrificed, thousands of homes made desolate by the fatal mistake of the "old-school" physicians, still persisted in by some, notwithstanding the light thrown upon the subject by modern research, that Consumption is incurable. It is not. Consumption, is a scrofulous disease of the lungs, and any remedy which strikes right at the seat of the complaint must and will cure it. Such a remedy is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a certain specific for all scrofulous complaints. It was never known to fail if given a fair trial, and that is why the manufacturers sell it under a positive guarantee that if it does not benefit of cure, the money paid for it will be refunded. The only lung remedy possessed of such remarkable curative properties as to warrant its makers in selling it on trial.

Jaeger was Assisted in His Stealings.

BERLIN, May 16.—The investigation made into the accounts of the Rothschilds' banking house at Frankfurt, immediately after the flight of Jaeger, the chief cashier, became known, showed the cashier had been assisted in his stealings by some one else connected with the house. To-day Herr Gerloff, who held an official position in the house, was arrested for complicity in the frauds.

Late Arrivals.

"Andrew, are you going to the village?" "Yes, wife." "Then don't forget to bring me a bottle of that Kemp's Balsam for Coughs and Colds, the medicine that cured Aunt Mary's cough after she had foolishly let it run along until she had about given up ever getting rid of it. Remember Kemp's Balsam, Andrew, and take not other. You can get it at any of the drug stores."

Cornell's New President.

ITHACA, N. Y.—A special meeting of the Trustees of Cornell University was held to-day. The resignation of President Adams was accepted. Resolutions of respect and commendation were adopted.

Prof. Jacob Gould Schurman was then elected President by a unanimous vote. No other name was suggested. Prof. Schurman has been at the head of the Sage School of Philosophy at Cornell University during the past six years.

It's a wonder that firemen are not always taking cold, because they so frequently get water in their hose.

Take Care of Your Hair.

Men complain that baldness is so much more prevalent among their sex than with women. For this trouble there are many theories. Some contend that the frequent washing given to men's hair is conducive to its loss. Others that the high silk hat is responsible for most of it. Yet others, again, that men being out around their business so much more than women naturally keep their heads covered more, and thus produce an unhealthy perspiration of the scalp, which causes the hair to fall. The latest theory which we have heard advanced, but which seems to contain much reason, is that tight fitting hats stop the flow of blood to the scalp and so produce baldness. Women who do not wear light little bonnets wear hats which are in no way heating or oppressive to the head, although to the masculine observer they may seem cumbersome or obtrusive.

If a lady's hair is very thin, before she tries any restorer, the head should be rubbed with the fingers every night for half an hour. If the scalp is perfectly clean, the pores of the skin do not wear light bonnets wear hats which are in no way heating or oppressive to the head, although to the masculine observer they may seem cumbersome or obtrusive.

In washing the head soda should not be used, but two teaspoonsful of carbonic acid and an egg beaten up in the basin of water. Sufficient salts of tartar dissolved in boiling water to form a lather keep the hair light as well as clean. Coconut oil, too, is excellent for promoting the growth of the hair. If there is much dandruff, an ounce of white precipitate, mixed with half a pint of creosote, should be rubbed into the scalp every night for a week, at the expiration of which time the head should be well washed and bathed with camphor and borax. With a clean brush remove any exfoliation which may have been thrown out. Quill bark stirred into hot water till a lather is formed, then a sponge dipped in and the head well rubbed, is also a good remedy.

Baby Superstitions.

Roumania mothers tie red ribbons around the ankles of their children to preserve them from harm. Ethiopian mothers tie small bits of assafetida to the necks of their offspring for the same purpose.

In old Ireland a belt woven from women's hair (blonde and brunette in equal numbers) is placed about the child's waist to keep the "banishes" away.

In Holland the new mother insures the future good fortune of her child by putting salt, garlic, bread, cheese and meat in its cradle.

Welsh and English mothers frequently put a knife in the cradle with a newborn infant to ward off colic and other infantile diseases. The Welsh mother casually throwing in the sugar tongs.

In Lower Brittany the baby is put through a regular gymnastic exercise, which winds up with the head being soaked in oil, this latter to "solder up the seams of the cranium."

Among the Voges peasants' children born at a new moon are supposed to have their tongues better hung than others, while those born at the last quarter are supposed to have little or no powers of expression. A daughter born during the waxing moon is supposed to be extraordinary precocious.

The Grecian mother, before putting her infant in the cradle, turns three times around before the fire, singing her favorite lullaby, this is to ward off evil spirits.

In several parts of the United States to rock the empty cradle is an omen of baby's death; in Scotland the same performance is believed to insure the coming of another occupant for it.

In Spain the newly arrived babe has its face brushed with a pine bough. In Turkey amulets of various kinds are put on the baby's toes, fingers, ankles, wrists and neck as soon as it comes into the wicked world. If its father be a priest, mud-cakes steeped in milk are plastered on its little forehead.

In London a book is put under baby's pillow to insure aptness in educational matters, and money is put in its bath as a guarantee of financial success.

Peachbloss Porcelain.

The peachbloss porcelain is of Chinese manufacture, and is about 3000 years old. It is not, as sometimes supposed, the designation of a particular shade of color, but a rare and peculiar glaze, which not merely covers the surface of the vessel, but penetrates the entire texture of the article, so that if the same be broken the internal structure is identical with that of the surface. The method by which this result is reached is unknown, and much money has been expended in vain to discover it. The ware is in a sense, therefore, the result of a happy accident.

Specimens of it are rare in China to-day, where it is prized as highly as anywhere else. Most of that of which there is definite knowledge was taken from China by the Dutch in the days when they monopolized the trade with that country, and from Holland has made its way over Europe. The specimens in this country have almost all of them come either from Holland direct or by way of France, whither pieces of it were early carried by the Dutch, ar using unusual interest among the French.

In almost every neighborhood throughout the west there is some one or more persons whose lives have been saved by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, or who have been cured of chronic diarrhoea by it. Such persons take especial pleasure in recommending the remedy to others. The praise that follows its introduction and use makes it very popular. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Frank P. Green.

Irish guilpue, laid over some delicate tint, is used for foot trimming and pants.

The World of Women.

The Consolation of the Six Footer.

"Little maiden tell me true
What sort of a man most pleases you?"
She blushed and hung her pretty head.
" 'Tis Hymen I like best," she said.

Black sun umbrellas, with D. esden handles, are very stylish.

The old time organdies, made over shot silks, are about the daintiest thing out.

The full puffed sleeves, falling rather low on the arm, are most popular for evening robes.

The black velvet "dog collar" on which jets are studied has become fashionable again.

Wide baby sashes of moire or fancy ribbon will be very much worn with summer dresses.

Straw hats have the crowns cut out and soft silk Tam O'Shanter ones put in that are very pretty.

The perfume salts for the room, inclosed in a cylinder of glass with a top of silver, has found a place.

For a dancing slip the colored Valenciennes net are wonderfully pretty made up over a silk foundation of the same tone.

A pretty trimming for white and light dresses consists of three rows of falling loops of baby ribbon, a band nearly nine inches wide.

Gaze de Chambrey is coming into use again. It is of soft, supple texture, exquisite in its colorings, and fall in graceful folds about the figure.

Mrs. Susan C. Yeomans, of Walworth, N. Y., appointed by Governor Flower a trustee of the New York State Asylum for Feeble-Minded Women, is a sister of ex-President Cleveland.

Celia Thaxter, the poetess, is a tall, handsome woman of 67, whose snow white hair ripples above a dark face and brilliant but dark eyes. She spends every summer at the Isles of Shoals.

Miss E. Jean Nelson, who recently carried off the honors of an interstate collegiate oratorical contest in Minneapolis, was accorded a rousing reception on her return to De Pauw College.

Burmah must be a heavenly place for women. In that country the members of the fair sex select their own husbands and when they tire of them procure a divorce for the asking and marry again.

A woman who, in this age of slender women, is stout, must beware of dresses that are not long enough in front. Also a conspicuous border or trimming at the bottom of the skirt does not become them.

Queen Margaret of Italy fills up Byron's ideal of a lovable woman in being fair, fat and forty, and is one of the most learned and popular ladies in the country—one who would have been an ornament to her sex in any walk of life.

Mrs. Chauncey Dewey says of her daughters; "One accomplishment that I am anxious to have them all acquire is that of reading aloud well. I consider that a very necessary part of a good education, and also that they should learn to enunciate their words clearly and correctly."

All sashes are arranged to give a pointed effect. The old time Roman ribbon reappears. Most elaborate patterns have become a feature of the warm weather styles. They not only carry out the brilliant effect produced by the changeable silks, but are broadened and striped as well.

Cheviot gowns are always in favor and the blue and dull blues lead of the pace this year and will be made simply, some with only silk buttons as trimming, others with tiny braids, but all minus any attempt at heavy or elaborate effects. In these the Russian blouse will be seen some, but the coat-like back, in many instances reaching to the edge of the bell skirt, is the most fashionable.

Every girl must have at least a dozen belts to accompany her outfit. The newest are of silver, steel and blue, lead of the well cut, well-hanging bell skirt, and the three-quarter coat, with its overlapped seams, silk lining and half manish, half negligee air, its loose blouse in silk or muslin, in any color Madame or Mademoiselle may choose, and topped off by a jaunty little hat not overloaded with trimming, but running rather to taut, natty effects, with ribbon and stiff quilts as the principal adornment.

It is generally admitted that heavy perfumes are not in the very best taste, though a woman should always carry about with her delicate and faint odor, usually the extract of some flower. Use sachets in the drawers where your linen is laid. One clever woman keeps long bags filled with vert-ver, ground orris root and lavender hanging among her gowns. In place of any liquid perfume, she wears sewed on the inside of her corsets, long, thin sachets, that can be easily ripped out and renewed frequently.

Corduroy gowns in navy blue and tan are made with the loose shirt fronts in silk and long three quarter jackets.

Black satin house shoes are coming in favor for home wear. They correspond daintily with the fashionable spun silk and Lisle thread black hosiery. A stylish buttoned boot promised for the spring will have a patent leather vamp, with a Scotch cloth top. The popular shadings are tan and gray, and they are to match the suitings that "on dit" will be worn in a few weeks.

In the cotton crepes one will see many pale yellow ones, trimmed with ruffles of white net, on which three rows of baby ribbon will be sewed. The waists will be cut with the little round necks that just reveal the snowy throat, and bring more prominently forward those fascinating tendrils at the nape that prove so irresistible when dampness makes them curl up into regulation love locks of long ago. Sashes, regarding the width, will come prominently to the fore. They are not to be tied in the ordinary bow knot, but sans loops. The long ends will fall from full choux to the very bottom of the skirt.