

THE STORY OF LIFE.

Only the same old story told in a different strain; Sometimes a smile of gladness, and then a stab of pain; Sometimes a flash of sunlight, again the drifting rain.

Sometimes it seems to borrow from the rose its crimson hue; Sometimes black with thunder, then changed to a brilliant blue; Sometimes as false as Satan, sometimes as Heaven true.

Only the same old story, but oh, how the changes ring! Prophet and priest, peasant, soldier and scholar, and king— is not Yellowstone the warmest hand clasp leaves in the palm a sting. Sometimes in the midst of even, sometimes in the mid-day strife; Sometimes with dove-like calmness, sometimes with passions rife. We dream it, write it, live it—this weird, wild story of life.

TRAGEDY OF A LITTLE LIFE.

BY BELLE C. GREENE. The person travelling through Wyoming territory cannot judge of the whole by what he sees through the car windows. The railroad is built for the most part through the desert, and it must be remembered that these few hundred miles of barren waste stretch away into fertile lands, acres upon acres rich in inexhaustible treasures of coal, iron, gold, stone, oil and timber, and for natural scenery—is not Yellowstone Park itself in Wyoming?

But barren as the desert plateaus are, many small towns have of necessity sprung up along the track of the railroad, one of which is Green River, so called from the turbid little creek that runs through the place. No description can give more than a suggestion of the real desolation of the spot. There is not a tree nor bush nor blade of grass, nor any living green thing, nothing but sand and clay and the face of the country is whitened everywhere with the horrible alkali deposit that poisons the air and makes throat and eyes sore. The little settlement is gathered quite compactly about the railroad station, and is gloomily overshadowed by a mountainous elevation of ridges or terraces crowned by a huge castle-like but of sandstone—a wonderful freak of nature, called thereabouts "Castle Rock."

There is almost no rain fall during the whole year, and the soil is such that absolutely nothing can be raised; all food supplies are brought in over the railroad. The only articles of commerce the region affords are fossils and petrified objects, for the most part fishes, which are found some fifty miles further on at another place called "Fossil."

Green River numbers about 500 inhabitants, consisting mainly of railroad employes and their families. Their houses are as comfortable as one usually finds in obscure western towns, and they have a church, two hotels, a half a dozen nondescript stores and 11 liquor saloons! And this brings me to my story.

Not long ago in journeying home from a trip to the Pacific Coast I stopped over at Green River for a day or two. I needed rest, and I confess that the terrible desolation of the place had a strange sort of fascination for me. Mine host of the hotel was a good-natured German, whose family consisted of wife, two little girls and a kitchen full of Chinamen.

I made friends with the little girls, Greta and Hilda, and after supper they invited me to accompany them to a "Band of Hope" meeting to be held in the little church I had seen across the way. I was surprised and delighted to hear of such an organization in that apparently benighted spot, and, taking a hand of each, we stumbled along in the darkness over rocks and sand, tin cans, broken bottles and all sorts of refuse till we reached one little street where our way began to be lighted by feeble rays from smoky kerosene lamps in the stores and saloons. The latter observed were filled with men, and in some cases with women too, and there were music and dancing, the clinking of glasses and loud laughter.

—In one place a fight was going on, but no one seemed to interfere or indeed to take much notice. Even the little girls, my companions, only looked back with mild curiosity and remarked "Another fight!" "Do they occur often?" I asked. "Oh, yes; most every night," was the reply.

A little further on, through an open door, we saw a man and a boy playing violins. They were surrounded by a crowd of men, drinking and playing cards. The music was so good that I paused instinctively to listen. The boy was a mere child, and the glimpse I got of his little face interested me. "Who is he?" I inquired of my companions.

"Oh, that is Henny Mosseck," said Hilda, "and that man playing with him is his father—the man Henny play again to-night; the teacher'll feel awful bad!" We were soon at the church door, and I followed the little girls in. It was an unfinished, barn-like room, but a great stove glowed red-hot in the center, for, though it was April, the nights were yet cold. Forty or fifty children were assembled, and on a raised platform at the farther end of the room were a cabinet organ, a few chairs and a little desk. Beside the desk stood their teacher, Mrs. Aggood. I learned later that this young woman was the wife of a prominent railroad employe living here, and being an earnest Christian as well as a strong temperance woman, she was doing what she could to save the children from the evil influences around them and train them to sober and right habits.

After receiving us politely the teacher proceeded with the exercises. She first sat down to the organ and led the

children in singing a temperance song, then she questioned them in relation to alcohol and its effects upon the health, after which they repeated passages of the Scripture referring to the subject, and one little girl recited a poem, "Never Touch It," very prettily. There was more singing, more questions and answers, then the roll was called. They all responded briskly to their names, only a few being absent. Henny Mosseck," was called, and no answer. The teacher paused and cast a quick glance over her little flock.

"Is Henny sick?" she asked. "No," spoke up Hilda, "he is playing again with his father at the 'Star' to-night. We saw him as we came along."

The teacher sighed and looked troubled. "How many have been in saloons the past week?" was the next question. Several hands were raised, though with evident reluctance. "How many went on errands?" Every hand remained up and every face expressed relief. "Their parents send them to buy beer or liquor," the teacher explained aside to me.

Just here the door was pushed timidly open and a little boy stole in and tiptoed lightly up the aisle. He wore no hat, and he carried a violin under his arm. It was little Henrique, the boy I had seen playing in the saloon as we came along. The teacher spoke kindly to him, and I heard him whisper excitedly: "Oh, teacher! I ran away! I've been playing again at the 'Star'—father made me—and oh! he is awful drunk! I try to get out, but he is so I ran away! But, oh! if they should happen to want any more music then father would miss me—and—" he shuddered and looked fearfully toward the door.

"Please, please, teacher," he added nervously, "I wish you would let me sit beside you! I'm—I'm afraid!" She spoke to him reassuringly, gave him a seat beside her and proceeded with the exercises. All who had a verse to repeat, a song to sing or a story to tell were allowed to contribute to the entertainment. Two little girls spoke a dialogue, one very small boy begged leave to show how well he had learned to turn a summersault, whereupon a dozen clamored to be allowed to do the same, but all were smilingly denied.

Meanwhile the look of afflict had gone out of little Henrique's face, and he was laughing and enjoying with the rest. It was about time to close when the teacher turned to him and said: "Will you play a piece for our visitor to-night, Henrique?" accompanying the request with an encouraging smile.

He flushed redly, but did not hesitate for a moment. He picked up his violin and marched to the front of the stage, and with a little jerky bow began to play.

It was a sad, simple little air, and after playing it once through he embellished it with what were evidently his own variations. His performance may have been very crude, but it was certainly a remarkably effective one. He seemed to put all his heart into it, and a very sad little heart it must have been, for I felt the tears on my cheeks before I knew it. Suddenly in the midst of a bird-like passage he stopped short and darted to the teacher's side, his dark eyes turned toward the door and dilated with fear. "There's father! there's father!" he cried, and he'll kill me for running away! Don't let him get at me—oh, don't!" A man had opened the door and was now stumbling across the room, shouting out oaths and threats and flourishing a heavy stick as he came.

Mrs. Aggood rose, and throwing one arm protectively round Henrique, she faced the intruder, calmly waiting till he reached the platform.

"Good evening, Mr. Mosseck," she said in a clear voice, "will you sit down?" and she offered him a chair. He rudely thrust her aside and kicked over the chair, making a dive for Henrique, who evaded him by dodging behind Mrs. Aggood. "No! I won't sit down!" he shouted, "I've come after my boy!" making another dive at him. "Thought you'd skin away from me, did ye? You just wait till I get my hand on you—I'll flay ye alive! you young rascal!"

He hurled his stick aimlessly, and it flew to a distant part of the room, and just then, making a mistake, he suddenly lost his balance and fell sprawling on the floor; whereupon the children forgot their fear as to indulge in a general giggle.

This enraged the drunken man all the more. He scrambled to his feet cursing savagely, and Mrs. Aggood's attention being turned for the moment towards the scholars, he succeeded in getting hold of Henrique. Clutching him by the collar, he swung him round and round as if he had been a reed in his hand, and when he at last loosened his hold the child, dizzy and faint with fear, staggered forward a few steps and fell, his back striking heavily on the sharp edge of the platform.

There he lay on the floor, white and still, a tiny stream of blood slowly oozing from his lips and dripping on his violin, which strangely enough, he had managed to keep a hold upon through all. A moment the father stood looking down upon his work as if horror struck, then uttering a loud despairing cry, he turned and fled from the spot, as fast as his trembling limbs could carry him. Almost immediately, however, he reappeared accompanied by a woman whose comely face wore a look of agony and dread. She threw herself down beside the unconscious boy, moaning and weeping and calling him by every dear name.

"Oh, Henny, Henny, darling! Speak to me!" she cried. "Speak to your miserable mother!" The father stood by speechless,

dazed; not till the teacher suggested that the child should be taken home and cared for did he seem to rouse himself, then carefully and with great tenderness he lifted the little form in his arms, and followed by the weeping mother, carried him home and laid storatives as were at hand and sent for the only physician the place afforded. The child soon recovered consciousness but lay, still with his eyes shut moaning pitifully.

Upon examination it appeared that he had sustained internal injuries so severe that it required little skill to foresee that the result must be fatal. When he at last opened his eyes his mother bent over him and spoke his name.

"Do you suffer much?" she asked. "Yes; oh, yes!" he answered, his gaze wandering from one face to another, "and, mother! I see—I know—you think I am going to die." He tried to lift his hand to her face, but dropped it with a moan of pain. His mother's tears were his only answer.

"Mother, mother!" he continued. "I wish you wouldn't cry. I am not sorry to die—only for you and father. You know it is not pleasant here—but there—I shall see trees and green grass and sweet smelling flowers—and I shall hear the birds sing—and I shall play with the angels." He paused and looked wistfully about, as if searching for something. "My violin?" he said.

His mother laid it on his breast, and he looked at it fondly, a pleased smile hovering round his lips. "I shall play with the angels," he repeated, softly—"never any more at the 'Star'—never! If only I could know that you would not cry and mourn for me—too much."

But his mother only sobbed and clung to him, wildly beseeching him not to die, not to go and leave her. She couldn't live without him—she could not!"

For some moments he lay regarding her very sorrowfully, now and then uttering a faint moan, which all his brave little will could not repress. "But, mother," he asked at length, his eyes brightening eagerly; "could you not let me go, if father would promise never to drink any more never to play at any saloon again? It would be worth while, then, to save father! I'm only a little boy, you know—and father—is big and strong, and so good, so kind—when he has not been drinking! You love him, don't you, mother, dear—mother, dear?" He looked at her wistfully, beseechingly. "I can't die and leave you—so," he said.

"But you must not die—you must not!" she groaned. "I cannot think of him now—and, besides," she added bitterly, "he will not promise—he never will!" All this time the wretched man had been kneeling on the other side of the bed, his face buried in the bed clothes. As his wife uttered those despairing words he lifted his head and looked at her.

"It is true I could never make it up to you never make it up to myself!" he said, brokenly. "Oh, if I could undo this accursed night's work with the sacrifice of my own worthless life—!"

The father rose to his feet, and lifted his right hand to heaven. "Father, dear father," interrupted the gentle little voice, "only promise! That will make up for all—it will, oh, it will!"

"My son," he said, solemnly, "whether you live or die, I swear to you, I will never drink another drop of liquor, nor touch another card, nor play in a saloon! I swear it, so help me God!" The child smiled softly, and turned his glazing eyes upon his mother.

"I am glad! It is worth while to die for father—mother!"—and he fell back into his mother's arms and died.

When I awoke next morning, after a restless night, my first thought was of the little boy whose martyrdom had been the means of turning one soul, and perhaps through him, many more in time to a better life. I looked out over the desolate little settlement, where no beauty of nature, nor cheering sight nor sound met the eye or ear—nothing but the dead brown barrenness of the desert, the dusty roads, the blackening buildings and the gloomy shape of "Castle Rock" frowning down continually, and I was glad in my heart of little Henrique, that he had gone and left it all, My sympathy was for those who remained behind.

Ripe Fruit and Liquor.

Any whiskey drinker can easily satisfy himself as to the effect of ripe fruit in controlling the appetite for spirituous liquors, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The man who can take a drink of whiskey or beer after eating two or three ripe peaches, apples or pears—any ripe fruit, in fact, that is a little juicy—has a peculiar appetite, to say the least. It is no difficult thing to cure the liquor or morphine habit whenever a man fully decides that he wants it cured, especially if he is accustomed to a sufficiency of nourishing food. An impoverished diet is the cause of very much of the drinking among the poorer classes. The deficient supply of nitrogenous food creates a demand in the system for a stimulant. To cure that class you must feed them.

Cholera in St. Petersburg.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 18.—That the cholera is now here is officially admitted. A report just issued shows that there were 154 cases of the disease and thirty-one deaths from it in the city between August 1 and 12.

Thus far only the working people have been attacked by the scourge. The conditions under which they live invite the disease, and through ignorance they passively resist the endeavors of the authorities to improve the sanitary condition of their dwellings.

—Fine job work of ever description at the WATCHMAN Office.

Aluminum's Future.

Interesting Account of the New Metal's Rapid Advancement.—It is Useful, Soft and Cheap.

Aluminum is fast taking the place among the metals of every-day life. One of the surest indications of this is that we find it quoted on the commercial price lists along with tin, lead, zinc, copper and iron. The true meaning and importance of such an incident is apt to be underestimated by the general public, says a writer in the Chicago Inter Ocean. This new and beautiful metal, discovered by the German, Wohler, in 1827, and introduced to the world by the Frenchman, Deville, in 1856, has had a short yet interesting history. When first made in quantity by Deville the world at once fell in love with its latest acquisition. It was rightly regarded as a great achievement of science and its future usefulness was mapped out in glowing colors. With each decrease in price more numerous applications were suggested, but very few made. In 1862 the metal was sold at \$12 a pound, but many expectations had already been disappointed and its uses limited principally to articles of luxury. The trouble was not so much that aluminum itself was too high for many prospective uses. To make bad worse, it was then found that aluminum could not be made any cheaper by the Deville process. Then came an era of disappointment. For 25 years the world was in the tantalizing position of knowing uses for tons of aluminum if it could only be had at a low price. After the rapid advancement in production and swift decline in price, from 1856 to 1861, the subsequent 25 years' dead level seemed to mark the limit of the aluminum industry, and many metallurgists had given up hope of any great future for aluminum.

THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA. In 1866-67 a new era dawned. An inflow of new and successful methods of production reawakened hopes for the future. Five years of active industry and still larger quantities were produced and more and more utilized.

The first ripple of this tide of activity was felt in 1886, when a German manufacturer, said then to be producing aluminum by electricity, lowered the selling price to 88. The next year sodium movement in making metallic sodium, and Mr. Castner sold aluminum for \$5. In 1889 the electric method received a great impetus by the application of Hall's process, now in operation on the banks of the Allegheny river 18 miles above Pittsburg, and aluminum was sold at \$4, and in 1890 at \$2.50 a pound. From the present time Hall's process started abroad and wholesale reduction in prices began. Sharp competition reduced the price in 1891 to as low as 50 cents a pound, at which figure there was really too little profit to the makers, and this present year it has rebounded to 60 cents, which is the present selling price for the ingot metal in large quantities.

The present status of aluminum industry is unique. All the aluminum now being made commercially is made by electrical processes. The chemical method, using sodium, is entirely superseded. Further, it appears as if, after five years development, the electrical methods have almost reached their limit.

THE COST OF THE METAL.

The method of passing an electric current through both of fluoride salts which aluminum oxide has been dissolved in is theory one of the simplest processes conceivable, and is in practice rapidly approaching perfection. Having the right principle to work on, manufacturers trouble themselves very little about radically new processes, and are putting all their attention to perfecting details of the present method. With cheaper aluminum oxide, cheap power, and the decreasing cost of all minor items such as comes from working on a large scale, it is estimated, without exaggeration, that aluminum will be manufactured in the near future at 25 cents a pound. It costs at present between 40 and 50 cents.

We may almost safely expect aluminum to be selling again at 50 cents a pound inside of a year, but it is probable that somewhere about this figure will limit its price for several years to come. At this price aluminum is about on a par with copper, bulk for bulk. An aluminum and a copper rod of the same size would cost nearly the same. With cheaper aluminum oxide, cheap power, and the decreasing cost of all minor items, viz., iron, lead, zinc, copper, tin, and antimony, which, if we compare the cost of equal bulks, only iron, lead and zinc are materially cheaper.

ITS PRESENT GREAT PRODUCTION.

The amount of aluminum being made daily in the world is not difficult to estimate. In the United States, the Pittsburgh Reduction Company is making 450 pounds daily, and the Cowles Electric Smelting Company at Lockport, N. Y., 450 pounds, making a total of about 150 tons a year. In England, the Metal Reduction Company at Patricroft, Lancashire, produces 300 pounds daily, and the Cowles Syndicate Company at Stoke-on-Trent, 250 pounds, making a yearly total of 100 tons. In France, the Binet brothers' works at St. Michael, Savoy, produce daily 300 pounds, or 55 tons a year. The largest works in the world are in Switzerland, at the Falls of the Rhine, where 1,500 horse power is used to produce 1,200 pounds of aluminum a day, or 215 tons a year. We may, therefore, say that the aluminum is now being made at the rate of about 2,900 pounds a day, or 520 tons a year.

In spite of this large manufacture it is a fact, that, at the present time, the demand for the metal far exceeds the supply. Consumers cannot obtain from the makers all that they are willing to buy. Let us inquire what is being done with so much aluminum, and what more is yet demanded.

The valuable properties of aluminum are, in the order of their importance, its great lightness, resistance to corrosion, workability, strength and comparative cheapness.

There are some purposes for which aluminum is particularly suited because of its resistance to corrosion; I mean uses for which it would be peculiarly suited, even were it as heavy as the other metals. These uses are culinary utensils, surgical instruments, interior deco-

HEAT PASSES THROUGH IT VERY FAST.

It resists so well the action of all kinds of food, all the humors of the body, and all the various sulphur gases arising from burning coal, that for the purposes named it is almost invaluable. In cooking, the wearing out of tinware, the rusting out of ironware, the poisonous effect and difficulty of cleaning copper-ware, and the cracking of enameled ware. Further, it is almost starting to note the rapidity with which heat passes through it and cooks the contents with much less fire than is ordinary needful. After a year's use in our kitchen our aluminum boilers are apparently as good as new, and our scales—weighing to half an ounce—fail to indicate any sensible loss in their weight. They are the perfection of cooking utensils. Regarding surgical instruments, those made of aluminum are so easily kept clean, the metal is so harmless and light, that their use has proved a veritable comfort to the profession. For interior decoration aluminum leaf takes the place of silver leaf to perfection, and keeps its white color unchanged in an atmosphere which would turn silver black in a day. Here its lightness is unimportant, but for chandeliers both these properties are of first importance, and it is surprising that aluminum gas fixtures are not in more general use.

It is certain that we will soon see them made in large quantities and used almost everywhere. We may, therefore, expect that aluminum will in a measure replace cast iron, tinued iron, copper and brass for culinary use, steel, german silver and brass for surgical instruments, zinc, brass and silver leaf for decorations.

ALUMINUM IS A VERY SOFT METAL.

Regarding workability, aluminum is in some respects a peculiar metal. Those who study the metal and experiment with it patiently can learn to do anything they please with it. It has striking peculiarities which must be mastered, but when properly taught by experience any article can be made of aluminum that can be made of any other metal. For instance, in regard to soldering, aluminum is one of the most difficult metals to solder, and the difficulty of soldering it is easily and satisfactorily met in times past been a great hindrance to its use in the arts. The writer has the pleasure of saying that his father, Mr. Joseph Richards, of Philadelphia, has removed all uncertainty from this question by inventing a solder which is almost everything that can be desired. Its successful use has removed one of the greatest drawbacks to aluminum in the workshop. The hammering, forging, rolling, drawing, stamping, cleaning and polishing of aluminum all present certain peculiarities which must be mastered before satisfactory results are obtained; but when once this experience is had aluminum can be easily worked into any shape desired.

Regarding strength, pure aluminum is a soft metal. On this account aluminum is frequently hardened by a small addition of silver, nickel, copper or titanium; just as gold is hardened by silver or copper. This hardened aluminum is fully as strong as ordinary brass, though it cannot compare at all with steel. It is, however, strong enough for all purposes except constructions, and we may, therefore, say "that for all the purposes heretofore named aluminum can be made as strong as the cases require. It is, therefore, not lacking in strength sufficient for all practical purposes outside of constructions."

IT IS SELLING CHEAPLY JUST NOW.

Regarding cheapness the writer has lately been tempted to aver that aluminum is cheap enough. When we consider that in many respects it resembles the noble metals, and yet can be bought as cheap as tin and aluminum for bulk, as well as copper, which are commonly regarded as base metals, it seems as if we have a right to expect. If we can think of the metals as worth outright so much a pound, I am quite ready to say that, considering what aluminum is and how it compares with the other metals, 50 cents a pound is a low price for it. At that price the world is getting cheap aluminum.

It is not to be overlooked—nor can we justly complain—that articles made of aluminum cost at present rather high. The reasons for this are two-fold. The low price at which ordinary articles of other metals are sold is largely due to their being made in immense quantities. Ask a shoe dealer to make half a dozen spoons, or a dozen stew-pans, and it will be found that they would cost many times as much as if they were the ordinary kind made by thousands. Again, working in aluminum requires some time and patience to reach good results, and those who have mastered the art, are looking for large profits. Some of the greatest benefactors of the aluminum industry at present are those who are searching out the easiest ways of working and utilizing aluminum, and by their efforts thus opening up the market for larger and larger consumption.

Having, then, the metal in large quantities at a low price, knowing how to work it in any desired shape, using the metal already at the rate of 600 tons a year—what of the future? Will aluminum supersede iron and steel? The answer is—no.

IT WILL NOT SUPERSEDE IRON AND STEEL.

The metals which will be materially affected by aluminum are tin, copper, zinc, lead and silver. Our block-tin pipe, tin foil, silver leaf, even silver-ware, may be largely replaced, while tin-ware (such as common tin) may be supplanted by sheet aluminum or aluminum coated sheets. Copper in many places, such as for roofs, stills, cooking utensils, will have aluminum largely substituted for it. The thousand and one articles of every-day use made of brass may almost all be made of aluminum. Interior fittings of all kinds to buildings, ships, street and railway cars—nor forgetting the projected floating air-ships—will be in many cases made of the light aluminum. But for boilers, engines, machinery, graders, rails, bridges, ships, towers and all structural purposes, the use of iron and steel will never be vitally affected by competition from aluminum.

No other Sarsaparilla has the merit by which Hood's Sarsaparilla has won such a firm hold upon the confidence of the people.

The World of Women.

Bow-knots and loops perched on long hair pins, and of all shades, are coquettish and feminine for young people. Sleeves are larger and fuller than ever, though not so high on the shoulders. In Paris just now it is the correct thing to look broad across the shoulders.

A low braided chignon, with hair waved on the sides and drawn down over the top of the ears, is a Parisian revival of an old and not very becoming fashion.

Miss Zoe Gayton proposes to renew her pedestrian honors by walking from New York to San Francisco via New Orleans, a distance of 3,809 miles, in 167 days.

Edith Brill, a 10-year-year-old girl, who saved the lives of two little boys who had fallen into the water at Woolwich, has received the silver medal of the Royal Humane Society.

Newest petticoats are the black silk and parti-colored striped ones, with one frill. They can be worn under any handsome gown. The cooler ones are in pale-colored striped cotton, also with one frill.

Bad breath or offensive breath may be removed by taking a teaspoonful of the following mixture after each meal: One ounce liquor of potassa, one ounce chloride of soda, one and a half ounces phosphate of soda and three ounces of water.

The question of pockets in the tightly fitting skirts of the day is being solved by making them at the side exactly like a man's trousers' pocket. These pockets should come just in front of the hips so that they do not gape open, and there should be one on each side.

The proper care of russet shoes is a question of import just now. A word of caution: Abjure all so-called russet polishes. Simply rub off the shoes each morning with a damp cloth and then polish them vigorously with a soft, dry brush. They will soon acquire a surprising polish without a trace of stickiness.

The loose crinkly frill that has all this season adorned the front of most blouse waists of either silk or cotton fabrics is now voted "starchy" and "starchy" by those restless beings who are always searching for something new. French woman have, I fear discarded it in favor of a broad box pleat, that is fastened in the middle with three or four jeweled buttons, chained together by tiny links of gold.

Artificial curls or oars dyed in various colors are quite conspicuous in millinery. A lovely Paris model is shaped to resemble a sort of oblong skull cap covered with jet oars, except at the center, from which rise upright bows of tomato-red velvet, two vivid roses of matching color being placed in negligence fashion, one at the edge of the bonnet, the other resting on the hair in the back. Simple as it looked the price of the bonnet was twenty dollars.

One of the prettiest river dresses is also one of the simplest, being in blue and white striped galata, the white subdued by cross lines of the blue. It is made with a skirt and short coat, open front, as are most of the river coats, this season. The skirt is white silk, with a neat double ruffle, not a great, wide untidy one, such as are but too often worn. The belt, tie, hat ribbon and sunshade are in navy blue, and the boots and gloves in a similar tone of dark Russia leather. There can scarcely be found a more suitable dress for a warm summer day. When the galata skirt is lifted the silk petticoat beneath it discloses tan silk the color of the boots, and bordered with a frill to match. The stockings, visible at the ankles for an instant as the wearer steps out of a boat, are also tan. Both would be equally well in blue.

From Paris I hear that they are trying to do away with the pointed trained skirt, whether of bell or umbrellas or corset shape. In fact I saw a frill that was made in Paris by a very smart maker, which had two box pleats in the back of the skirt, though the front was tight fitting and gored. This special costume was of deep heliotrope cloth, the skirt is mounted on two box pleats and has only a slight train. There is a very long, close-fitting jacket of fine black heliotrope cord, which defines the seams, and leads, chevron style, the fulness of the basque at the back. The jacket is thrown quite open in front, only looking invisibly at the waist line, so as to show a blouse-like waistcoat of pale heliotrope gauze. There are very broad revers of heliotrope cloth edged with gold, and the full length of the heliotrope turned back with deep gaudy cuffs of black embroidered in gold. The hat to be worn with this handsome gown is of coarse yellowish Tuscan straw, with a regular flower bed of tall purplish pink and red roses and foliage disposed with much artistic skill upon it.

Beyond a doubt, this ought to be called "the White Summer." Such a white summer as it is—white duck and linen for mornings. White lawn and chignon for afternoons, and white muslin and white summer there are rumors rife of fall weddings galore. Who can trace the analogy? There seems to be to men a sweet appealing grace, a charm essentially feminine and winsome in the simple frock of white unadorned with the richness of silk or the lustre of satin. It was in white that Napoleon loved best to find his Empress waiting to receive him. It is white which King Humbert chooses ever for his sweet consort, Marguerite—gowns of muslin, sheer and white, with chains of her favorite pearls sweetly simple frock of snowy lawn that lures the guileless youth into thinking that his fair lady's tastes are in sweet and modest accord with the limitations of his salary it is pathetic to think how mistaken he is, for the filmy, fluttering gown has linings of silk that goes with it, rough and ready as it is, with only a scarf of gauze, would keep him in Derby's for two years.

The liar needs a good memory; but his victim is in no danger of forgetfulness.