

Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. 9, 1892.

THE EARLY OWL.

An Owl once lived in a hollow tree. And he was as wise as wise could be.
The branch of Learning he didn't know
Could scarce on the tree of knowledge grow. He knew the tree from branch to root, And an Owl like that can afford to hoot

And he hooted—until, alas! one day
He chanced to hear, in a casual way.
An insignificant little bird
Make use of a term he had never heard.
He was flying to bed in the dawning light
When he heard her singing with all her might
"Hurray," hurray for the early worm." "Hurray! hurray for the early worm!"
"Dear me!" said the Owl, "what a singular

term!
I would look it up if it weren't so late;
I must rise at dusk to investigate.
Early to bed and early to rise
Makes an Owl healthy and stealthy and wise!

And rose in early twilight gray, And went to work in the dusky light. To look for the early worm all night.

He searched the country for miles around He searched the country for miles around, But the early worm was not to be found. So he went to bed in the dawning light, An looked for the "worm" again next night. And again and again, and again and again, He sought and he sought, but all in vain, Till he must have look for a year and a day For the early worm, in the twilight gray.

At last in despair he gave up the search, And was heard to remark, as he sat on his By the side of his nest in the hollow tree. "The thing is as plain as night to me— Nothing can shake my convictions firm, There's no such a thing as the early worm." Oiver Herford, in St. Nicholas.

HELEN'S GOOD DEED.

"Yes," said the doctor, solemnly, "she shows every indication of going off into a decline. Rest, relaxation change of air and scene-that's what she ought to have.'

Mrs. Dardanel looked purturbed.
"Dear, dear," she said, "what a pity And she's quite a pet of mine, too, dear little thing. She is very quick with her needle, and really ingenious-and the way she puts trimmings on a dress positively reminds one of Madame Antoine herself."

"The seaside cottage would be the place for her," suggested Doctor Midland. "You are one of the lady patron esses, I believe, and—'

"Yes but the seaside cottage is full," said Mrs. Dardnanel. "Not an inch of room unoccupied. I had a note from the matron yesterday." "Ah, indeed!" said the doctor, fum-

bling with his watch-seals. "Unfortu-

"But," cried Mrs. Dardanel, an idea suddenly occurring to her much bepuffed and befrizzled head, "there is Mrs. Daggett's farm, a few miles fur-ther down the shore. She takes boarders for five dollars a week, and I believe it is a very nice place. If you think it advisable I will take a month's board for the girl there. I really feel as if the dear little thing belonged to

"An excellent plan," said the doctor, oracularly. "I have no doubt but that a month of sea air would make a different person of her."

elen Hyde could he her own ears when Mrs. Dardanel beamingly announced her intentions. "The seashore !" she cried, her pale face flushing all over; "the real sea!

Oh, Mrs. Dardanel, I have dreamed of it all my life! And for a long, bright summer month? Oh, how shall I ever thank you?"

"By getting well and strong as fast as you can," said Mrs. Dardanel, touched by the girl's enthusiasm. "And here is a ten-dollar bill for you," she added with a smile. "You may need some little trifle of dress, or there may be a drive or a picnic or an excursion going in which you will want to partic-

The poor girl's first impulse was to return the money.

"No, you shall not give it back-it is a present from me and I choose that

you shall keep it." Helen Hyde's heart beat high with delight when first she saw the Daggett farmhouse, a long, low, red building, with an immense stack of chimneys, a cluster of umbrageous maple trees guarding it about with shade, and a dooryard full of sweet old-fashioned flowers, while in the sight of the windows the Atlantic flung its curling crests of foam all along the shining shore. Mrs. Daggett welcomed her warmly; she had been Mrs. Dardanel's housekeeper once, and knew the value of

that lady's patronage.

"I've just one room lett, my dear," she said; "under the eaves of the house. It's small, but it's furnished comfortably and there's a view of the ocean. I could have given you better accommodations if I had received Mrs. Dardanel's letter a day earlier. But four young ladies, teachers in the Ixwood Institute, came yesterday, and I'm sleeping in the parlor. But we will make you as snug as possible, and the very first good sized room that is vacant you shall have."

Helen was very happy in her little nook, from whose casement she could see the ocean, dotted with white sails.

Mrs. Daggett was a driving, energetic woman. Farmer Daggett was an honest, vacant-faced man who invaria- of him." bly fell asleep of an evening with his chair tipped back against the wall, and every available inch of the house was filled with summer boarders, mostly ladies. There were but three masculine appendages to the house besides its master, an old clergyman whose parishioners clubbed together every summer the farmhouse, sat by, quietly sewing to treat him to six weeks' vacation, a in the window recess. "I'm free to alto treat him to six weeks' vacation, a in the window recess. literary man of large aspirations and small income who had come hither for rest and opportunity to study up the skeleton" for his next novel, and old Mr. Mifflin.

It was some time before Helen Hyde fairly comprehended who old Mr. Mifflin was. A bent and bowed little man, with silver hair curling over his coat, a ruffled shirt like the pictures of our revolutionary forefathers, and blue eyes that glistened from behind a pair of silver spectacles, he shuffled in and out to manner which prevented him from offhis meals after an apologetic fashion, and sat all the bright afternoon under

the maples staring at the sea.

and I wish it was anybody else."

"Who is that old gentleman?" she at last ventured to ask Mrs. Daggett. That lady frowned.
"It's old Daddy Mifflin," said she,

"Is he a boarder? "Well, he is and he isn't." obscurely answered Mrs. Daggett, who was Miss Hyde, which ran as follows: picking currants for a pudding while Helen sat by and watched her. "But "But he won't be here long. You see, my dear, he hasn't any friends. When me for his keep. It ain't every one that like him about. But he's harmless and quiet, and the two dollars a week

helped us. But now Breezy Point has grown to be a summer resort, and things are changed. And what's worse his side. folks have left off sending the money.' "I wonder why?" said Helen, her large dreamy eyes fixed sadly on the old man, who sat under the maples wistfully watching the sea.

"They're dead, p'raps," said Mrs. Daggett. "Or p'raps they've got tired of him. Anyhow, it's three months since we've heard a word, and me and Daggett have made up our minds that we can't stand it any longer. So we're going to put him on the town. Lawyer Boxall says it's legal and right, and they can't expect nothing else of us. Squire Sodus is to send his cov- tions upon the flocks and caused the ered carryall next Saturday, and old

smooth and pleasant." "Smooth and pleasant!" Helen Hyde looked across the grassy lawn to the little old man with his mild abstracted face, his ruffled shirt front, the silver hair that glistened in the sun-shine and the white, claw-like fingers that slowly turned themselves backward and forward as he sat there.

"He owned the place once," said Mrs. Daggett," "but his sons turned out bad, and he endorsed for Squire Sodus' cousin and lost everything. And here he is in his old age, without a penny! What is it Becky? the oven ready for the pies? Yes, I'm coming."

She bustled away, leaving Helen alone. A sort of inspiration had enwith the briny smell of the ocean filling her senses, and the rustle of the maple leaves murmuring softly overhead, She took Mrs. Dardanel's tendollar bill from her pocket and looked long and earnestly at it. She thought of the little one horse carryall which she and the girls from Ixwood were to have hired together to drive over the hills and glens all those sweet misty summer afternoons; of the excursions to Twin Rock by steamer, upon which she had counted, of the new black bunting dress she had decided to buy. She must abandon all these little darling extravagances it she indulged this oth

"As if there could be any choice," she said to herself.

where Daddy Mifflin sat. "Do you like this place?" she asked

"It's home, my dear," he answered seeming to rouse himself out of a revery; "it's home. I have lived here for eighty odd years. I could not live any-

where else.' "But there are other places pleasant

"It may be, my dear, it may be," he said, looking at her with troubled eyes through the convex lenses of his glass-"But they wouldn't be the same to

Helen went to Mrs. Daggett, who was baking pies and rolls and strawberry shortcake all at once.

"Mrs. Daggett," said she, "here are ten dollars which Mrs. Dardanel gave to me to do what I pleased with, and I clease to give it to you to keep old Mr. Mifflin here five weeks longer.

"Mercy sakes alive ?" said Mrs. Dag gett; "he ain,t no kin to you, is he?" "No," said Helen, "but he is so old and feeble and friendless, and-andplease, Mrs. Daggett, take the money Perhaps by the time that is gone I shall be able to send a little more. My employess are going to pay me gener ously in the city, and I feel myself growing better able to work every day."

So Helen Hyde adopted the cause of one even poorer and more friendless than herself, and for a year she paid two dollars a week steadily, and Mr. Mifflin never knew what a danger menaced him.

At the end of that time the old gentleman's grandson came from some wide, wild region across the sea, a tall, dark-eyed young man with the mein of a prince in disguise.

"My father has been dead a year," he said. "And his papers have only just been thoroughly investigated, so that I have just learned, for the first time, that there is an arrearage due on my grandfather's allowance. I hope he has not been allowed to suffer-"Oh, he's all right!" said Mrs. Dag-

"You are a noble-hearted woman," said the young man, tervently clasping he hand, "and I will see that you are

gett. "We have taken excellent care

no loser by your generosity."
"It ain't me," said Mrs. Daggett,
turning red and white, for Helen Hyde, low that me and Daggett got out of patience and was going to put him on the town, but Miss Hyde, here, one of our boarders, she's paid for him ever since.' "I beg your pardon if I have inter-fered," said Helen, blushing scarlet as the large black eyes fell scrutinizingly on her face, "but he seemed so old and

helpless, that-'God bless you for your noble deed!" said Ambrose Mifflin, earnestly. But there was something in Helen's

ering any pecuniary recompense to her. "My grandfather will require your of its pay.

care no longer," said he. "We have been fortunate in our Australian investments, and I am prepared to buy the old farm back again and settle here per-

And when Mrs. Dardanel began to think about getting her winter dresses made up, she received a note from

"DEAR MRS. DARDENEL :- I am sorry to disappoint you, but I can not undertake any more orders, for I am to be married next month to Mr. Ambrose and Daggett came from Vermont and Mifflin, and we are to live at the Dagbought this place we got it pretty cheap because of old Mifflin. We were to give him the northeast chamber, and visit me next summer, when the roses they were to allow us so much a month are in bloom and the strawberries ripen. Ambrose is all that is nice, and I would be willing to have an old man have the dearest old grandfather-in-law in the world.

Affectionately, HELEN HYDE. And all this life's romance had HELEN HYDE. grown out of Helen's month at the sea-

A Queer Cave.

One of the Natural Wonders of the Table Mountain, California.

From the San Francisco Bulletin On the north side of Table Mountain and near its top is an opening in the lava that has since its early days been known as "the den." It was so named from the fact that for years it was the lair of a band of ferocious California lions that, when the country was largely devoted to sheep raising, made depredaowners much annovance and loss. Daddy Mifflin'll suppose he's going for When pursued the animals would seek a ride. And so things'll go off all refuge in this den and no hunter would dare to enter it. The ground about was covered with the bones and remnants of sheep and other animals. With the increase of population the lions have gradually disappeared, although as late as last spring two of the animals were seen to enter the cave.

The Oroville Mercury says, "No known man has ever penetrated this cave to its fullest depth. The mouth is about four or five feet high and three feet wide, and the opening descends with a sharp decline for 200 feet. Further than this it has never been explored. Now, however, a party of young men have made arrangements to explore it, and, if possible, penetrate to its bottom. That it is of great depth is certain, for one can stand at the opening tered the girl's heart as she sat there and heave great stones down the declivity and the sound will gradually die away in the distance. The young men have procured several hundred teet of ropes, torches and ladders and will thor-

oughly explore the cavern." What adds a peculiar interest to the expedition and gives zest to the explorers is the well-known fact that in the heyday of his career as a bandit. Joaquin Murietta and his band of faithful followers made the recesses of the Table Mountain the base of their operations in this section. From there they would swoop down on the miners and then, officers could not locate them. It has been supposed by many that this cave was where the famous outlaw secreted himself. It may be, too, that deep down in the howels of the earth Location. officers could not locate them. It has Then she got up and went softly down in the bowels of the earth Joaquin then you will be simply "another case" across the grass and clover blossoms to hid the greater portion of his ill-gotten but nevertheless just as potent wealth.

Japanese Fashions.

Travelers have puzzled and wondered

style of garment year in and year in out. | world. When one loose waisted, loose sleeved, but this is all. The fashion is unchangng as that of a rose or a lily.

Then the writer-it must have been a woman again--had no trouble in putting the two together and deciding why the Japanese ladies always are good tempered and unworried looking. They don't have to keep up with the fashions. They don't have to rip out the gathers of a dress one spring to make it over into a bell skirt, and the next spring piece it down around the waist to make a long tailed skirt of it, and the next fall cut off the tail to make it "walking length" again. Let us have Japanese fashions in America at once. Then our ladies will look smooth unwrinkled and fair and rosy. For keeping up with the changes of dress is more worrying than the cares of state.

Modernizing the Mother of Cities.

The Mother of Cities is, in some respects, the news of them all. Onehalf of Rome is as new as a backwoods settlement, and strenuous efforts are being made to furnish up the other half. But with the latest innovation n Rome there is not much need to not be apt to do this. If he is called quarrel. The city is now lighted by electricity, generated by the cascade of classic Tivoli. Such things, in such connection, sound appallingly modern; but nothing of the kind is too strange not to be true, now that we seem likely before long to hear the cry of "Change here for Damascus."

Here is a direct affront to Major Mc-Kinley. A Connecticut town offers \$1000,000 for the establishment within its limits of a manufacturing establishment that "will employ its surplus laor." Is it possible that under the Mc-Kinley tariff, which was signed to set every hand to work at high wages, there the Major is not fulfilling his promises. Notwithstanding the protection afforded by his tariff there is not only a surplusage of labor, but that which is employed is kicking on account of the reduction

The Asiatic Cholera.

How a Person Feels When They Contract the

The New York Press in speaking of the cholera, now so prevalent in Europe, says; If cholera, leaping ashore from a

a thief in the night will it come. For Herr C. Bacillus, the malevolent, life abhoring infinitesimality whose original ancestor was born a million generations back, yet not perhaps six months | to board her in a dory, he found fifteen ago, in a hut on the Ganges may be, will make its lodgment in your vitals without any fuss or proclamation of pas-

sion or noisy house warming. The first evidence of his presence you your breakfast omelette stuffed with chicken livers, or having been tempted after dinner to look long upon the red heart of the watermelon when it is ripe, So, too, in the next June when Herr or perhaps, if you are of bibulous habit,

It will be painless but bothersome the in the stout Irish stomach. early portion of the stay of Herr C. | the year, the month, the very day almost Bacillus, and you will take a little brandy or ginger and wait for the departure of this troublesome summer malady in

previous comings and goings. But this painless, bothersome time means merely that Herr C. Bacillus is getting his house in the midst of your ily ever throve before, the little Bacilli when the little Bacilli begin their merry play about the house of your mortal ity then-then your wife—if you are so blest-will send for the doctor.

For by this time you will have pain had 5,071 deaths to its score, the greatin the pit of your stomach and an intense thirst which all the waters of muscles of the abdomen and when the him as he lay dying, "cold as any

stone. Then your wife -- if you be so blestworking over you with the hot applications, the cool effervescing drinks, which the doctor orders, will struggle with a new horror of fear and agonized, unavailing affection, for she will see that you have lost the pallid hue which you have gained in your gaslit office or the healthy tan which you brought back from the shore, and before her starting eyes you will turn on cheek and brow to a sickly purple shade. And then your voice will sink to a low, hoarse whisper as you speak and tell her where your life insurance policy is and what lawyer to see and what to do with the childron, while she says: "Yes, dear, in the time between. den with gold dust, retreat to the yes; but don't bother about that now," mountains. Search as they might the and then you will feel yourself grow in the headlines over the report of a board of health session, a figure 1 in a tabulated report of that same responsible body swelling the deaths of the day

sav from ten to eleven This may all happen to you-if cholabout the serene, sweet expression of era leaps ashore from a Harve or Hamface in Japanese women. They have burg steamship-between the hours the sunny, merry countenances of child-hood even to old ago. A look of sweet to business in the morning and the hour temper and happiness flits across their when only the beginning is made tovarying features from morning till ward making up another Press, which night, although Japanese women have you will not read going down to businot nearly so many rights as western ness in the morning, but another man sitting in your seat in the elevated train What was the reason? At last some | will read without a thought of you or body—it must have been a woman—discovered that the fashion of dress of from the Derbyshire flats, while your Japanese ladies never changed. They next month's rent will have to come out wear the same graceful, loose flowing of your insurance policy. So runs the

All of which may seem very far feichall over grown is worn out it is replaced by another of exactly the same pattern. Perhaps as the lady grows older it gets hood. But remember the devious way larger around the waist and shoulders, of Herr C. Bacillus and his unexpected appearances. When he came in 1886 one of the very first places he visited was 157 Waverly place, a neighborhood where some very "nice" people live now and where "nice" people were in the majority then, and that in twelve hours he so populated the mortality of one such greater non-corrodibility than Rufus Denker, a rural visitor from either German or nickel silver, and with Grafton with little C. Bacillus that the good result attending the introducsoul of Rufus Denker was crowded out of its tenement.

CHANCES OF RECOVERY.

This, to be sure, is looking at the worst side of things. If you have a doctor who is able to produce or take advantage of a "reaction" in your case, it may be that your next month's rent may not have to be paid out of your insurance policy. He will not be certain of success even if you have the "reaction," which is a sort of mutiny against the encroachments of the C. Bacillus family. If you were a bale of rags and could stand 154 degrees of heat Fahrenheit it would be simple. He could souce you full of, superheated steam and kill off the intruders in five seconds of time. But since such action would simply resolve you from a fatal medical to a fatal surgical case-of scalding-he will early enough he will "dope" you with opium in small and oft-repeated doses or in combination with other astrigents such as catechu, tannin, bismuth, nitrate of silver or acetate of lead. If you have said. "Oh, stuff and nonsense, I don't want any doctor," when your wife first proposed to call him and he comes by so much later he will be obliged to have you wrapped in flannel and then sur rounded with a wall of hot water bottles or he will make you a skin tight suit of vichy and stimulates you with brandy imperfect character which slides off into hould be surplus labor? It looks as if the exhaustive fever known as "typhoid of cholera," or if you have no diptheritie or local inflammatory affections, and where

duced Herr C. Bacillus to the world, did not also discover and introduce his anti-

dote. ECCENTRIC CHOLERAIC WAYS. Strangely eccentric are the ways of Professor Koch's protege. Why he chooses the company he keeps is seldom If cholera, leaping ashore from a known except in the general way of his Harve or Hamburg steamer, should hapember 2, 1865, when the steamship Atpen to come your way, in the fashion of alanta from London (Oct. 10,) via Brest (Oct. 13,) burned a rocket in the lower bay, and Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, in Health Officer Swinburne's absense, went down empty bunks of dead folk in the steerage and thirty more full of sick living folk, and not a cabin passenger had so much as a stomach ache. Nor had they afterward, though they lay at quaranwill probably attribute to your having tine for weeks and bombarded all the the authorities from Governor Fenton down with indignant demands to be let

C. Bacillus did leap ashore and slay, you will blame yourself with having slaked your thirst too often during the heat and burden of the day with that which should be drawn only from the that Herr Bacillus loved to lodge in Ger man vitalities but found no place of rest the time and way that it has used for its | the assaults of Herr C. Bacillus as easily as it did that of the Queen's Own of

Toronto. Strange, too, was the entrance of the getting his house in the midst of your deadly thing in the great cholera years mortality in order. Presently, for the of 1848-9. The pest was beaten off from Bacillus family thrives as no other fam- New York in the former year, but at the same time it made a lodgment in illwill begin to make their appearance by kept, unkempt, disheveled, down-at-thetwin thousands, triplet millions, and heel New Orleans, and six months afterward it came up the Misissippi river, and by Chicago and the lakes to Buffalo, and thence by the Erie canal to Man-

hattan island, whereon before it left it est score it ever made. That was its highest score, but the Croton cannot satisfy, and there will be deadliest fight it ever created in its first cramps of the feet and legs and of the visitations-1832 34.48 66 wherein it has cut off 15,000 lives-was in 1832, the doctor comes at last and lays his That was before the application of steam finger on your pulse, he will find that to ocean traffic, before the great tide of pare women gardeners and florists. the skin is dry and all your flesh like immigration had set in, when New Falstaff's when Dame Quickly touched | York was comparatively a little city and one which had time to think about itself and its ailments. Then business The material is of lighter quality than stopped while thousands fled and piles that once so fashionable, and bayadere of coffins stood upon the street corners ready for those who had the need to come and take them. There were but the new fancies. 3,513 deaths in all and but 210 died on the 21st of July of that year, as against

the 713 who perished on the same day of the year 1849. In the earlier time cholera was a mysterious plague, to be fled from as the wrath of God, and in the later it was a dread disease, to be met and battled with by the recently enrolled armies of sanitation and hygiene. The difference in the effect marked the spread of knowledge and the diversification of interest s

So if it comes now there will be no flight, no panic, no signs of terror on the

A New Alloy.

A Substitue for German Silver Devised. A silver bronze alloy, designed as a

substitute for German silver, and intended especially for rod, sheet, and wire purposes, is now made the composition consisting of little more than two-thirds copper, with certain proportions of manganese, aluminum, silicon, and zinc. This alloy is represented as having a tensile strength of about 57,000 pounds on small ba., and 20 per cent. elongation and has been rolled into thin plate and drawn into wire of 0.008m. in diameter. The electrical resistance of merjackets. The Eaton jacket proper the article is stated to be higher than | is cut in one width in the back, with no that of German silver, and the expectation is that it will prove to be a material the resistance of which will afford the elec trician better and cheaper wire for casting, etc., of a pure mangance bronze have thus been surmounted by introducing into the alloy a small centage of aluminum-the addition of 11 per cent. of this metal to the alloy tion of silicon and zinc, in the proportion of 5 per cent. of the former and 13 of the latter, a decided success achieved.

Mills Much Broken Down.

He Announces That He Will Retire From Public Life on Account of His Health.

SAN ANTONIO, Sept. 3 .- Senator Roger Q. Mills, is in this city He states that his health is very much impaired and that he will be compelled to retire

from his State canvass in a few days. "I am an old man and will have to give up active political work" said he 'I am completely run down now and shall take a much needed rest. I have received a great many invitations from the Democrats of the North to enter the canvass, but I have declined them all ed pretty gloomy. Finally, however, wing to the condition of my health." owing to the condition of my health." Senator Mills repeated his statement that he will not take an active part in the Texas Gubernatorial fight but he will vote for Hogg.

-Senator John G. Carlisle, of mustard plasters, while your wife—if ly buttoned. Senator Carlisle's man-you be so blest—cools your thirst with ners are cold and reticent. He is sixty, enabled the ingenious young milliner and strides through the streets rapidly. | to indulge in a few fantastic twists and or ammonia. Then if you have no relapse, and if the reaction be not of an ly described at the Chicago Convention so skillfully intermingled that they sweetest, where the matrons are the most wholesome and womanly, and if you keep your bed religiously for such choice that intemperance is a virtue." period as you may be instructed to keep it, you may live to wonder why Professor Koch, when he discovered and intro-

The World of Women.

A sailor hat of coarse white straw has

The Orderly Girl.

When looking for a summer girl,
With whom, perchance, to mate,
It's just as easy to pick out one
With her galluses on straight.

an Alsatian bow of black velvet resting flat on the brim. Miss Calhoun, of the Treasury Deartment, is said to handle 85,000 coins daily and detect counterfeits at a touch. Stripes are still in favor, and the woman who does not number at least one striped gown in her wardrobe may

count herself not "up to date. Black, ecru and white silk mulls are used in making the little toy capes worn with summer dresses, also fishers' net and silk grenadine.

The handsome English mohairs have been greatly used in the formation of stylish, durable and lady-like traveling costumes for journeys by land and sea. Several observant ladies have discovred that vegetarians have clear complexions, and have either renounced the use of meat entirely or partake of it sparingly.

Ribbon garniture will maintain its popularity—at times, plain; at others, reversible, in two colors— moire and satin for edging purposes. Equally popular are embroideries laid on flat.

Fine light wool costumes for summer ourneys are made with bell skirts and ow peasants waist of the goods, plain, striped or checked, that reaches just under the arms. Above this is a waist of wash silk, which is always cool and

comfortable. Many varieties of color have been added to the familiar standard shades and there are also pretty figures, bars, dots, sprigs and stripes are introduced on some of the newer weaves. Gowns made of these fabrics can be worn until the snow falls.

In Sweden. where many bread-winning employments are open to women, a recent bill to the legislature asks for permission to hold office as sexton in the State Church. A school of horticulture has also been lately established to pre-

The manufacturers are again making an effort to introduce pique, and both white and colored piques are exhibited. stripes of china blue, or dark crimson, in conjunction with white, are among

A box pleated ruche of ribbon is on many French dresses. The preference here is for a folded collar band of ribbon fastened in the back or on one side with a small chou or butterfly bow. Braces of satin ribbon are folded to a point in front and black of dress waists, then box pleated very full on the shoulders

at the top of the wide sleeves. Mrs. Hannibal Hamlin, the wife of the late Vice-President Hamlin, who served with Lincoln during the war, is a most intellectual and lovely woman, She lives in the old Hamlin homestead, in Bangor, Maine, and is perfectly contented in that beautiful city. surrounded by hosts of friends at all times and entertains at every season of

In fashionable skirts the bell and cornet varieties are almost universal. Nothing appears more simple than either of these models, but it is far more difficult to give aplomb, character and elegence to a perfectly plain costume than one would imagine, and it is these very essentials that so many of the so-called "tailor-made" costumes lack. It resilicon, and quires the most experienced masterhand to produce a genuine, simple, elegant, unadorned, fir shed tailor costume.

The Eaton jacket, with blouse front. seams. The skirt worn with it is in princess form, and it is loose-fronted from the darts only. Just as often it is made in independent fashion. All pre-

ing season elaborate coiffures, with curls on the neck, will be worn. Velvet ribbon knotted is still much worn, and black velvet is often seen in the daytime twisted through the coils and tied on top of the head at the beginning of the parting. Around the face the locks are arranged at will, as little friz as possible being the favorite, but to most features a slight softening is required. Elderly women dress their hair more elaborately than young girls, and are allowed quite as much liberty in the way of soft frizzes and curls around the face. Her white summer hat had been

through the wear and tear of a serson. and as autumn was rapidly nearing the question arose, "Where to get a fall chapeau?" The old white leghorn was so sadly soiled, and its trimming of creamy ribbon and silk poppies showed many grimy smirches, that the owner of this dilapidated piece of headgear, whose fund of originality was larger than her bank account, fully realized the necessity of an autumn hat. The summer vacation had eaten up in

an astonishing short time her limited allowance, and for a while things lookyoung woman and offered the means by which that old white leghorn might be transformed into the swellest of swell fall chapeaux. With a bottle of shoe blacking the

girl gave several glossy coats to the dusky white surface of the straw, until Kentucky, looks like an ascetic. He is it was as black as the wing of a raven. tall and spare, with thin white hair and Then the cream ribbons were dyed mustache, and is partial to tall white black like the hat, while the poppies bats and light colored clothes, always emerged from a bath of Roman red, with a frock coat, which he keeps tight-looking like the freshest of bright red "where the maidens are the fairest and sweetest, where the matrons are the most wholesome and womanly, and of economical maneuvering was a modish chapeau, which only most intimate friends who are in the