Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. 16, 1892.

THE GOLDEN ROD.

There's gold in the miser's chest
Fast locked with a golden key;
And a gold most rare in a woman's hair
And a gold in the sands at sea;
There's a tawny gold on the wheat's lithe length
Where its breeze tossed billows nod,
But never a gold so full and free,
Ah, me—
None, none like the goldenrod.

There's gold on the maple's branch
That gleams on an autumn leaf,
And a golden crown when the sun dies down
While the shadows turn and flee;
There's a wealth of gold in the pointed leaves
Where the willow strews the sod,
But no such feathery filagree,
Ah, me—
None, none like the goldenrod.

There's gold in the dawn's faint streaks
That glint on the poplar tree,
There's gold in the mine, and in lees of wine,
And gold on the humble bee.
But by the plumes of its knightly crest,
Where the wild wind rides roughshod,
There is never a gold so fair to see,
Ah, me—
None, none like the goldenrod.

Ernest McGaffey in Arkansaw Traveler.

TROT'S MOTHER.

"Well, my boy, I'll try and tell you all about it from the beginning. Help yourself to a cigar first, and pass the box to me. I knew you would want to hear the particulars, and I—I have been trying to put off the evil moment. I'm getting an old man now, Harry, and all this shook me a good deal at the time.

"Come here, Trot, and sit on my knee. There, that's better. Seems odd, Harry, don't it, to see an old bachelor like me nursing a tiny bit of a girl like Trot? Four years old to-day, aren't you, Trot? How the time flies!

"You see, my dear lad, you ought to have told her before you went away. She never guessed that you thought of her in that way. It might have saved her—who knows?

"It must be nine years since your Uncle Will died and left Violet in my care. She was only 15 then. Don't you think Trot is very like her? The same large brown eyes and long lashes, the same loving little ways.

"She came to me one morning soon after you started for Cuba, with a letter in her hand.

"'Look here uncle,' she said, kneeling beside me, and holding the note where I could read: 'It's from the Golds and they invite me to go and stay with them at Ventnor. May I accept?'

"'Do you want to go, Violet?' I asked.

"'Of course I do,' she answered, laughing. 'We are so quiet here at home, and this would be such a delightful change. Please let me, Uncle. I'll write you long letters, and tell you about everything!

"I did not want to part with her even for a little time, for the three years she had been with me then had made my life quite a different matter; but it seemed selfish to keep the bright, merry girl always shut up with a crusty old man. I gave her leave to go, and then, when after a fortnight she wrote begging to be allowed to stay longer, as her friends wished, I had not the heart to refuse. She was there five weeks and then she came home.

"The very day after her return he came—that contemptible scoundrel whom in those few weeks she had learned to regard as a hero. How he found out at first that she had a little fortune of her own I don't know. He asked for me, and told me that he wanted my permission to address my niece.

"He was a good-looking young fellow, and had a frank open manner that was sure to win a girl's favor; but I thought of you, Harry, and determined to prevent the matter going further if I could. I took a strong and apparently unreasonable dislike to him, and made many inquiries, hoping to find out something that would justify me in forbidding him the house, but entirely in vain. But I studied; observed every little act and word until at last I was convinced that I knew him through; and that he was no fit husband for my little Violet.

"By this time it had become a kind of tacit engagement, and I knew I should seem almost brutal for interfering, but I couldn't bear the idea of giving Violet into his care. I vowed, to myself that nothing on earth should induce me to do so, and I told him to discontinue his visits.

"The result of that was that he came to a definite understanding with Violet, and she promised to marry him with or without my consent.

"Don't look at me so reproachfully Harry.' It may be that I acted unwisely all through; but if so I have been severely punished for my folly. You have let your cigar go out. Here are the matches.

"You want me to tell you all she said and did—her very words, as well as I can remember. That's a hard matter, for my memory's not as good as it used to be.

"I was sitting here one evening, when Violet came in slowly, and sitting down where you are, looked at me very sadly for some minutes.

"'Uncle, dear,' she said at last, 'I cannot understand you. I never believed that you could be so hard and cruel.'

"I did not speak.

"'It is not like you to be so unjust, so arbitrary,' she went on. 'It seems to me, uncle, that in the matter of marriage a woman should choose for herself and not be influenced by any one. I have made my choice and given my word; but oh! I should be so much happier if you were not angry. Do forgive me and be your own kind self again."

"'Yes, when you yield to my wishes,' I answered, coldly. 'You are a mere girl, Violet, and have had no experience of men. If you were ten years older I should leave you to take the consequences of your rashness, but as it is——'

"'As it is—what then? Oh! uncle,' and she slipped from her chair and kneeled here on the rng at my feet, 'pray—pray be your old self again. You were never angry with me before, and it seems so strange and unnatural to see you turn your head away from me without a smile. Do you love me only if I have no voice, no will of my own?'

"'Listen to me, child,' I said looking her in the face. 'I have striven to be a father to you since I brought you here; I have loved you, heaven only knows how dearly! In return I only ask you to let me prevent your making a complete wreck of your life. I want to save you from a sad fate, and you think me a tyrant.'

"She took my hand in both her's and pressed her face on it, then looked up with a smile.

"'I wish Harry was here,' she said. 'He would help me to convince you. He always took my side.'

"I ought not to have told you that, my dear boy, but it was so fresh in my mind, as it struck me forcibly at the time, knowing as I did your love for her. Forgive me my want of tact.

"She was not giving to shedding tears like some women, or she would have cried then. Her cheeks were hot and burning as they touched my hand, while her eyes were feverishly bright. She used every argument she could find to induce me to consent to her engagement, and as I remained silent she drew nearer and gazed up eagerly in my face.

"'You relent, uncle?' she whispered, in an agitated way. 'You will let me be happy?'

"'In that way, never,' I told her, sadly and sternly, and I tried to draw away my fingers; but she clung to them tightly, while her lips quivered.

"'Don't say that, dear uncle! she cried hoarsely. 'Dear uncle, oh, what can I say—what can I say to move you!

"You think I was very hard, Harry, I see; but I thought it best.

"'Hush, child,' I said. 'Nothing will influence me. I am resolved.'

"'And so am I,' she said, sorrowfully, dropping my hand and rising to her feet. 'I should always wished to please you; but now that you are harsh and unjust, and will not listen to reason, what can I do?'

"She waited for me to speak, but I had no words at hand. I was too hurt and angry. She went toward the door, then came back and stood behind me, resting her hand lightly upon my shoulder.

"'Try and forgive me, uncle, I love him so—I love his faults that make you despise him, and his virtues that you do not know. Won't you kiss me, uncle?'

"I was half inclined to take her in my arms and tell her she could do as she would, but I did not. After a few moments of dead silence I heard her catch her breath in a half sob, and then the door closed upon her and I was alone.

"The next day she did not come down before I went to the city, and when I came home she was gone. I have forgiven her now, Harry; but it was a cruel blow. After all my love and care I did not think she could have left me like that!

"Why, Trot, you look quite frightened! I'm not cross my pet.

"Yes, yes, my boy, I'm going on; but you are so impatient. Well, some time after—a year or two years, perhaps, I can't remember exactly—as I was coming home at dusk, in the Strand, I think it was, I met a woman in a shabby black dress, with a child on her arm, our eyes met, and then somehow or other we were the centre of a crowd, and I was raising Violet's head from the hard pavement. She had fainted on seeing me, and I had just contrived to save her and the little one from a severe fall.

"I brought her home in a cab, and my housekeeper helped her into bed. Harry, she was next door to starvation, when that accidental meeting gave her back to me—for only three days. I was too late to save her.

"'You have forgiven me? she asked that evening, as I sat by her bed.

"'I forgave you, my child, long since; but not him who has brought you to this. Where is he?'

"'Dead,' said the poor girl, in a faint whisper. 'Don't speak ill of him—I can't bear it.'

"I asked her why she had not let me know she was in distress—why she had not come home.

"'I was ashamed to come,' she said; 'I knew you would not turn from me, but I was too much ashamed.'

"The next day but one the doctor told me what to expect. I promised the poor child that Trot should take her place with me. I held the little one for her to kiss, and had it taken away; and then—

"Trot. my darling, run up stairs to nurse for awhile; I'll call you down again by and by.

"And then, as I said, Violet bade me good-bye. Her last words? They were: Give my love to Harry.'

* * * *

"These incessant fogs have a very bad effect on my throat I can't talk for any length of time without getting like I did just now, so that I can't croak out a word.

"There isn't much more to tell, fortunately, for I am getting as hoarse as a raven.

"I was out with Trot by my side, one day last autumn, when I came upon some one I thought had gone to join the majority. He was walking with a pretty stylish-looking girl, chatting and laughing, but when he saw me his smile died on his lips and the blood flew to his face.

"His gaze dwelt for an instant on the child whose hand I held. He knew those brown eyes and long lashes, and he saw the black frock.

"There, that is all, Harry. I read your thoughts! You must not! Leave him to heaven. Promise me, boy—for her sake."

The old age we are taught to reverence never dyes its beard.

Whittier No More.

The Quaker Poet Peacefully Passes Away in the Granite State.

HAMPTON FALLS, N. H. John G. Whittier, the world-famous Quaker poet, died last Wednesday after an illnesses of about one week.

Mr. Whittier passed away peacefully. The nearest relatives and Dr. Douglass were at his bedside when death came, and he seemed to be conscious of his surroundings to the last moment. The funeral will take place at Amesbury, Mass., at 2:30 p. m. on Saturday.

THE DEAD BARD'S BIRTHPLACE.

John Greenleaf Whittier's birthplace still stands, near Haverhill, Mass., only a little altered from what it was in 1807, the date of his birth. A farmer's son born at a time when New England farm life was more frugal than it is nowadays, he had none of the opportunities for culture which Holmes or Lowell had in their youth. His parents were intelligent and upright people of limited means, who lived in all the simplicity of the Quaker faith, and there was nothing in his early surroundings to encourage and develop a literary taste. He had to borrow books among the neighbors, and thought nothing of walking several miles for one volume. The only instruction he received was at the district school, and later on at the Haverhill Academy, paying for his tuition by work done in his spare hours.

Some of the earliest inspiration was drawn from Burns, and he tells us of his joy when his schoolmaster loaned him a copy of the poet's work. "I began to make rhymes myself," he says, in his simple way, "and to imagine stories and adventures." Indeed, he did begin to rhyme almost as soon as he knew how to read, but he kept his verses secret, fearing that his father, who was a prosaic man, might think he was wasting his time. So he wrote only on the sly, when the paternal back was turned; and, as pen and ink were not always available, he sometimes used chalk, and even charcoal.

HE SURPRISES HIS PRACTICAL FATHER.

William H. Rideing in his "Boyhood of Living Authors," tells us that the surprise of the family was great when some of these verses were unearthed from under a heap of rubbish in the garret. His father frowned upon these efforts, not out of unkindness but because he doubted the efficiency of the boy's education for a literary life. His sister, however, had faith in him, and without his knowledge sent his poems to the *Free Press*, of Newburyport.

Young Whittier was helping his father repair a fence by the roadside when the carrier handed a copy of the paper to him; and, unconscious that there was anything of his own in it, he opened it and was dazed to find the verses called "The Exile's Departure:"

It was his own poem, with his initial at the foot of it, "W., Haverhill, June 1, 1826;" and, better still, this note: "If 'W.,' at Haverhill, will continue to favor us with pieces beautiful as the one inserted in our poetical department of to-day, we shall esteem it a favor." He did so, and the editor was so struck with the verses that followed that he resolved to make the acquaintance of his new contributor.

So he drove over to see him. Whittier, then a lad of 18, was summoned from the field where he was working, and, having stepped in at the back door so that he could put an his coat and shoes, came into the room with "shrinking diffidence, almost unable to speak, and blushing like a maiden." The friendship that began with this visit lasted until death ended it. The editor was quite a young man at the time—not more than 23. His name was William Loyd Garrison.

When the Abolitionists were actively at work sowing the seeds of anti-slavery they found in John Greenleaf Whittier a willing and an active ally. He became pronounced in his views, and in 1836 the American Anti-Slavery Society elected him in its Secretary. From 1838 to 1839 he lived in Philadelphia, editing the Pennsylvania *Freeman*, the most radical paper published at that time. In those years the upholding of such a standard and the publication of such principles as the *Freeman* was founded upon, required not only a moral but a physical courage, and this Whittier possessed in a great degree. So violent did the opposition become that the printing office was sacked and burned by a mob, and on more than one occasion Whittier faced fanatics who would gloried in the death of the young man who poured hot shot into their defenses.

MR. WHITTER'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

In appearance he was somewhat patriarchal. His spare form was erect though his hair and head were white as slacked lime. and his kindly, deep-set eye, though slightly dimmed for reading were still bright. His step was slow, but not faltering, and his handclasp was as firm and as hospitable as it was a score of years ago. He did not affect the regulation Quaker garb, being too much of a poet to banish bright colors altogether; but he adhered religiously to the quaint "thee and thou." both in speaking and writing and there was a quiet sympathy in all he did. A gentleman of the old school, courteous, refined and dignified, yet not distant—such was the host who welcomed to Oak Knoll those who would pay a tribute of respect to the Quaker poet.

His home life was a charming one, and the cousins with whom he lived, Mrs. Woodman and the Misses Johnson did everything in their power to make him happy. He was thoroughly fond of pets, and his three magnificent dogs, two cats, and three fine horses, were great favorites of his. During the summer it was his habit to spend most of his hours out of door, and then a young Saint Bernard dog was his constant companion; but in cold weather he spent most of his time indoors, writing in his study or in conversation with his relatives or with visitors from the village.

WHITTIER AS A MAN.

John G. Whittier, wide though his fame as a poet is, was little known as a man. Indeed, he never cared to be so known; for he was modest even to shyness, shunning miscellaneous society and seldom appearing on public occasions or at public assembles unless they were discussing principles to which he was devoted. He had no inclination to travel, never having been abroad and having made few journeys in his own country not prompted by business or duty.

After the civil war, when he was near 60. many of his friends urged him at different times to go abroad. They assured him that he would enjoy European travel, with its classic scenes, historic associations and treasures of art, descanting largely on these and the intellectual advantage they would be to him. He usually gave his delicate health as a reason for not going, but when it had been made clear that he could travel slowly and easily and with every comfort he admitted that he greatly preferred to remain at home; that he was never so contented as when at Amesbury and under his own roof.

Enterprising managers exhausted ingenuity after the close of the war to incite him to lecture. When he said that he had no theme, they mentioned slavery, in the abolition of which he had borne so prominent a part; but he declared that he had put into his verse whatever he had thought and felt on the subject and that his lecture would be but a repetition in prose. He was wholly opposed to lecturing; no amount of money could tempt him, for he had been offered repeatly as high as $1,000 a night. "I can never understand," was one of his remarks, "how a modest man can be willing to make an exhibition of himself."

HIS POEMS RAPIDLY RISE IN VALUE.

He has attended the little Friend's Church, in Amesbury, Mass., where he lived for over half a century; but he has never been known to "speak in meeting." It is interesting to note, by the way, that he once sold the copyright of his poems for $500 and afterward bought it back for $1,200. At his death it netted the venerable poet anywhere from $1,000 to $1,500 a year. He recently refused $2.000 for a short Christmas poem.

"Whittier's reputatian," says Mr. Mayo W Hazletine, "has grown like a forest tree, and may reasonably be expected to live the life of one. In the evening of his days, a modest singer, who seems never to have sought prestige by cunning ways, and whose merits were long eclipsed at home by the transient glitter of other names, he finds himself grown dear to a whole country, and very generally accepted as one of its truest lyric representatives. Scarcely any poet of our time, remarks the same accomplished critic has touched with more honest reverence and loving tenderness the relations of friendship, on marriage of parent and child. Whittier, in brief, is truly, in Sidney's sense a homilist.

WHITTIER'S POETRY.

Mr. Whittier's best known works are. "Legends of New England, in Prose and Verse," 1831; "Moll Pitcher," a poem 1833; "Mogg Magone," a poem 1836; "Ballads," 1838; "Lays of My Home and Other Poems," 1943; "The Stranger in Lervill" (prose essays) 1845 "Supernaturalism in New England," 1847, "Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal," 1849; "The Voices of Freedom," 1849; "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches," 1850; "Songs of Labor and Other Poems," 1850; "The Chapel of the Hermits and Other Poems," 1853; "A Sabbath Verse," 1853; "Literary Recreations and Miscellanies," 1854; "The Panorama," 1856; "Home Ballads and Poems," 1860; "In War Time and Other Poems," 1863; "National Lyrics," two volumes 1865-66; "Snowbound, a Winter Idyl," 1868; "Maud Muller," illustrated, 1866; "The Tent on the Beach," 1867; "Among the Hills and Other Poems," 1868; "Ballads of New England," 1870; "Miriam and Other Poems," 1870; "Child Life,' 1871; "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim and Other Poems," 1872.

Lice on Fowls.

Body lice on fowls are hard to destroy and must be kept down systematically. Fanciers, Monthly says no single preparation will entirely exterminate them and advises the following:

Provide birds with good dust bath in which tobbacco dust, ashes, sulphur, etc have been mixed. Occasionly give them a thorough powdering with puhach The main point is to keep the roosts, nest boxes and house entirely free from vermin, and if then given a good dust bath the fowls will keep themselves comparatively free from lice.

For lice on the heads of the chickens powder them well with tobacco dust; puhach or any good insect powder. Some breeders use oil or grease, but we consider such a remedy worse than the disease—a dry powder is the only thing that should be applied to very small chickens. Large gray lice come from the hens. If you once rid the chickens of such vermin and thereafter pay proper attention to the coops you will experience no further trouble from that source.

A Prominent Republican's Opinion.

From the Atlanta Journal.

It has not been many years since Gen. John A. Logan bore this testimony to the righteousness of the Democratic doctrine of tariff reform: "We want reduction of the tariff. We are taxed on every interest; blood is not only extracted from the larger veins of the body politic, but it is bound hand and foot and covered with gallinippers which are allowed to suck blood from every vein."

His Little Paradox.

"You are a sailor, you say?" inquired the lawyer.

"Yes sir."

"How long have you been a sailor?"

"Always," replied the witness proudly. "I've been on water ever since I've been on earth."

——I wish I was a widow.

Why?

So that I could speak of my late husband.

Oh, I can do that now.

How?

My husband is always late. He never gets home before midnight.

On the Choice of Books.

If people were as careless about what they eat as about what they read, dyspepsia would be much more common than it is now. It is a good deal a matter of luck what falls into their hands to read. The facilities for distribution of literature are very imperfect. They have improved with the introduction of railways and railway book-stands, but the choice of the reading thus offered is not left to the intelligent public, but is much governed by purely commercial reasons, and little by any sound literary taste. The majority of the people are not in the habit of frequenting bookstores, as they do dry-goods and provision stores, to see what is new, suited to their tastes, and wholesome. A large portion of the country districts have no means of knowing about books or of buying them except from the traveling canvassers, whose prime motive is not to raise the intelligence of the country by what they distribute. A book-shop in the small cities as well as the large, and in villages, used to be an intellectual centre where readers met, not only to keep the run of the thought of the world but to exchange ideas about it. Few are so now. Book-shops generally throughout the country have changed their character. The booksellers say it does not pay to keep a stock of standard literature, nor to put on their counters the pick of the best books that are published every week. Their book stalls have become shops of "notions" of stationery, of artist's materials, of various bric-a-brac, of games, of newspapers and periodicals, of the cheap and flimsy temporary product of a commercial directed press, with only an occasional real book that has attained exceptional noteriety. A new article of diet comes into general use usually through persistent and extensive advertising. Books are advertised liberally—for books—and more than they were formerly, because there are more newspapers, but the advertising is not as effective as it is in the case of things to wear and to eat. A good book rarely reaches its due audience. It is put forth by a good house, and has a distribution, which can be pretty accurately predicted, in certain limited channels. In the case of any good book there is no doubt that it would have ten readers where it now has one, if it were brought to the attention of those who would like it. The proof of this is the fact that the sale of a novel in book form is not injured, but often is aided, by its first appearance as a serial in some periodical or newspaper. There are many publics. The serial will have a certain audience; the book will find another (partly because the serial publication has advertised it); it might then go into a newspaper, or into many newspapers, and search out other audiences, and the chance is that a worthy book might run for a long time in various channels, and in several forms and styles cheap and dear, without loosing its strength of circulation. Many a volume of high character has a success within a limited circle, and is praised by the critics, and then drops out of notice when not a tenth of the people have ever heard of it who would be as likely to buy it as the few who did read it when it was first launched. There is somehow a defect in distribution. A good book ought to have a long life. If it is liked this year, there is no reason why it should not be liked ten years later, for meantime the reading public has changed; that which pleased the man at thirty will please the man who was only twenty when the book was published. It is difficut to say whether this imperfect distribution and this haste and waste in the treatment of the brain product are due to the method of publication, or to the rage of the public for something new. It is true that the literary taste changes in a generation or two, but we believe that it is the experience of publihers that a real book, which was popular a generation ago, will have, if properly revived, as large an audience with the new public as it had with the old. Books in this respect are like pictures, there is always a public for the best, when the public has an opportunity of seeing them. We believe that the publication of good literature, adhered to, pushed, and advertised, would be more profitable than the constant experiments with ephemeral trash; but it is useless to moralize about this in an age when there is such a pressure for publication of new things, and there are such vast manufactories which feel it a necessity to keep their hoppers full of the grain of the new crop. It may be said, however, that if there was anywhere a controlling desire to distribute good literature, rather than a manufacturer's notion of turning out any sort of product of paper, type, and ink, the public would be the gainer. And perhaps the publishers would find their account in a better educated public taste. The analogy does not hold all along the line, but usually the houses of merchandise are more prosperous and permanent that deal in the staples of life than those that merely experiment with ephemeral novelties. The problem is how to bring books of value, or even books having an element of popularity, to the notice of the majority of possible buyers. In any other trade the profit is in pushing a good article to the limit of its circulation, rather than in being content with the local and small circulation of half a dozen inferior articles.—*Charles Dudley Warner, in the Editor's Study, in Harper's Magazine for September.*

Some Big Western Farms.

Large farms are not uncommon in the west. In fact, in some sections they are the rules rather than the exception. Senator Casey, of North Dekota, has 5,000 acres under cultivation. The Dalrymple farm in Dakota contain 30,000 acres. It is under perfect cultivation, and yields a heavy income. In the Red River valley lies the great Grandin farm. Here are found 15,000 acres under cultivation, and in the last ten years it has yielded a profit of $480,000. Senator Casey boasts that he can plant 250 acres of wheat per day with his drilling machines, and the Dalrymples have a machine which threshes from 1.200 to 2,000 bushels of wheat a day.

——Now that the avaricious heirs of the late Father Mollinger have instituted a scramble for his $10,000,000 estate the important fact has come to the surface that it is really worth only $100,000.

The World of Women.

Dark blue cloth jackets display pearl grey garnitures and bone buttons.

The light summer toilettes which begin to show signs of wear, or of which the wearer has become tired, can be almost revolutionizes by dainty flaring jackets of lace, which are easily slipped on and off. These are most effective in black, or black outlined with gold thread.

The popular serge suits made with Eaton jackets, and displaying a pretty silk blouse and jabot or close vest of white linen or serge, will be worn till late in the season. Many, however, will exchange the blouse or cotton vest for a vest of chamois opening slightly at the neck, with short revers, on a white linen plastron with collar.

Ella S. Knowles, the People's party candidate for Attorney General, is only 28 years old. She was born in New Hampshire, and after graduating from Bates College, Maine, she returned to her native State and took up the study of law. As her health gave away she took a latin professorship in a Western college and thence went to Helena, Mont., where she completedy her legal studies. She succeeded in getting a bill passed by the Territorial Legislature permitting women to practice law and took out her license in 1890. She has built up an excellent practice.

Just look here girls! The last census shows that there are a million and a half fewer girls than men in the United States. Perhaps you have spent three or four week at the sea shore, where six or seven of you had to be content with one fellow, and he. probably not over seventeen years old, and you will be ready to declare that I am not telling the truth, but here are the figure for it, just as they come from a census bulletin which say: "The whole number of males in the United States in 1890 is 32,670,880, and the whole number of females, 30,554,370. For the United States as a whole, therefore, there are for every 100,000 males 95,280 females. Ten years before there were 96,554 females to every 100,000 males, while in 1870 there were 97,801 females to every 100,000 males. The females exceed the males in the District of Columbia, Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

Watteau pleats are universally used on house dresses. The newest are simply brought up in a point between the shoulders, and not caught down at the waist. Others have this same point of material fastened between the apparent slashing of a Senorita jacket. Some form two box pleats on either shoulder, while some come in a heavy double box pleat from the neck. They are generally becoming, and it is a style that has added a great deal to the picturesque element in the dress this year.

Young girls especially favor bust bows; these are introduced in both morning and evening dresses. They are about six inches long, according to the figure, and three to four deep: They consist of a couple of loops, with a small tie in the centre, and in the evening serve as the foundation for the display of jewels. In the morning they are made in crepe or crepon of some bright contrast color and are extremely useful, if in delicate tints, to brighten costumes of black or sombre colors.

"Oh, yes," said the unsophisticated little maiden with light hair and blue eyes. "I always wear pale blue. In fact it is the only shade I feel perfectly at home in."

She evidently still clung, this confident young blonde, to the exploded maxim, "blue for blondes and red for the brunette," and had not yet wakened up to modern color reform which decrees that "crimson should be charily indulged in by the brunette, while blonds should avoid light shades of blue which are apt to give the complexion an ashy hue." Blue in dark velvety tones may be claimed by the fair haired girl, this offering an accommodating background for skin and hair, and vivid scarlets are the especial property of blonde beauties.

The Olive of a brune skin is rendered adorable by being brought into conjunction with yellow, which gives it a rich, creamy tint that is exquisitely contracted with dark eyes and hair. But it is the middle-eged woman, the woman with while hairs in her head, who must choose carefully her tints, so that garish coloring will have no place in her toilet. Soft, silvery tones with the sheen of sunlight are harmonious accompaniments to whitening locks, and a dash of pink, a glance of crimson, and a stately blending of black and pearl produce elegant effects in gowning.

Stripes are certainly passe, for in all materials and in every conceivable color plaids are all the rage. And what lovely plaids they are, too—silk and wool ottoman in the Tartan colors, the stylish gown being made up of this charming material; camel's hair plaid., in fully six-inch square blocks, with great shaggy fringes that were rich as well as decidedly unique in appearance, and the smoother but no less effective Zeblines.

One of these in ecru and pale blue brought before the mind a vision of such a stylish gown, combined, of course, with plain cloth of either tone. The plaids are almost two large for entire costumes, but nothing could be more distingue than their use with plain materials in happily contrasting or harmonizing colors. The plaid diagonals with an astrakhan bar running through them came in four delightful tones of blue, red, gray and sage. The Bourette cloths with just the faintest suspicion of an astrakhan stripe were very elegant and serviceable as well, a very rare combination.

For tailor gowns the tiny checks in lady's cassimeres are especially pretty, and will undoubtedly be worn as always by people who do not desire such extreme novelties as the larger plaids. These great blocked cloths, however, are simply delightful in making up those picturesque frocks mothers love to fashion for their little ones. Those expensive and elegant novelties, the iridescent velours, will be sure to be prime favorites, as they come in such delightful tones, and in their pretty sort of shaded effects are so enticing that no woman's wardrobe will be complete without one. Beside all these are craquelles. excelsior, bengalines, camel's hair mixtures, traineau serges, whip cords and printed cassimeres, the latter just the thing for house and dainty tea gowns.