

Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. II, 1892.

THE RIGHT TO THINK.

We cannot always speak our mind, for there we cannot always speak our mind, for there are moments when
It would not do for us to tell our inmost thought to men.
Nor would we dare to write them down in everlasting ink.
But this we know let come what may we have a right to think.

When we are walking on the street—as we have done, alack!

And step on a banana peel and land upon cur back,
Then as we brush our clothes and watch the people grin and blink,
We can't say what we would, but ah! we have a right to think.

While sitting in the street car where are ladies fair and sweet,
The fat man comes along and tramps our corn with both his feet,
And as we grit our teeth and see the other people wink,
We feel how thankful we should be we have a right to think right to think.

For years we spent our hard-earned cash to buy a girl ice cream.
Until at length she speaks the words that shatter love's young dream—
"I'll be your sister"—'tis enough to drive a man to drink—
We cannot speak our feelings, but we go away and think.

When husbands at the theater together slyly plan Each time an act is finished to go out "to see a Each time an act is this seats again exchange man,"
And as they reach their seats again exchange a knowing wink,
Their wives can't tell its meaning, but they have a right to think.

And likewise when theyre at the play men see before their eyes A woman's hat that towers pretty nearly to the They might say things about that hat to make

th wilt and shrink,
And yet they don't they only sit and think and
think and think.

-Nixon Waterman, in Chicago Mail.

TWO BIG HEARTACHES.

Jack Belton's wife had gone home to Virginia. She had taken old Jane, the T-Anchor was a ranch, because she couldn't go all that way alone, and Jack couldn't leave to go with her; and old Jane made an awkward but very effective protectress and attend-

The headquarters of the T-Anchor near Amarillo, Texas, had never seemed so dreary and forlorn as now in those bachelor days, before Jack had followed pretty Louise Carpenter, who visited some friends in Amarillo, to her Virginia home, and brought her back had been likely he could get any womhis bride-it is by comparison that we an to try the journey in that storm. measure things. The silence and neglect about the house, the mute piano and all the abandoned softness and pretty refinements he had procured for her in his own arms told her that she her with such loving pains were only a sort of visible expression of the desolate | him with a look half piteous, half grateache that had been growing in his heart ful. as he saw her shallow discontent and restlessness, and knew that she was as lonely beside him for the life of diver- upon the north of the house with powsion to which she was wonted, as he by his finding that the pretty body did not hold what he needed and hungered on the windows, they sat with the bafor and thought to clasp in it; that his by, while it found its little helpless went blindly out, meeting the doctor generous adoration was accepted as a way alone down to the shores of death. matter of course. His unselfish devo- Just at the last, when the wind had tion could never find in that small na- fallen and a cold, gray dawn was lookfaithful love on which to rest.

One day Jack was sitting at dinner at the hotel in Amarillo when the proprietor came to him and said : "Belton. there's a right nice, likely looking young woman here that's wanting awfully to find something to do. She's old; her husband's a sickly sort of feller, and she's willing to cook or do into the place of peace. anything to help earn a living. I thought you might want her to cook out at headquarters—the man could help about the house, maybe. I think they about starved out on a section anguish. "Yes," he said, "I knowdown here on Teepee creek. My idea is she won't go gome nor ask her folks for nothin' because she run away with

They looked very poor, the young woman and child; and Jack experienced a little shock of surprise when she raised to him a delicate face out of ber. Jack left him with Agnes, and which looked eyes so darkly blue they appeared purple, and answered him in a low voice, whose accents were unmistakably those of culture and intelligence. He saw the man outside later and arranged to send over from the ranch for them as soon as he got back. Once more the T-Anchor was the

abode of comfort as in old Jane's days. Again the meals were good and regular, the room clean and bright and inviting, the little turkeys and chickens (Jane's special pride and care) were fed from Panhandle, where he had gone to and nursed and tended-the place deliver some cattle, and, without stopseemed like a home.

The baby was phenomenally good, her little face was a chubbier repetition of her mother's, with the same big, deep blue eyes. The boys all idolized her: she knew no name but Sweetheart, and her baby presence, her laughter and cooing, cunning ways were the source of unending delight.

It very promptly became evident that whisky was Hardy's disease. He that lonesome, horrid place againwas quietly drunk as much of the time as he could procure any means to be Certainly, if he cared for her as he so, and though this had always been ought. Jack would sell the ranch and than half of the fatal illness from Novsufficient cause for discharge on the T-Anchor, nothing was said for poor Ag-

But the child grew and thrived, and cut tooth after tooth, to the unspeakable delight and admiration of "the at her about the work of a servant- him to bring his wife. You'll go over by-and wonder at her contented happiness in the crumbs that Louise de- Mrs. Hollis to come." spised. He came in one day and found only Mrs. Hardy and the baby at home,

and on to herself while Sweetheart tell asleep. Her heart seemed revealing and listened; love, hope, grief. despair, resignation, and, at the last a gentle, half plaintive hope again. A half forsuddenly. If only Louise-if it were his wife and child in there, ready to give him back steadfast love for love, not to neglect him and push him aside and desert him, what possibilities life and killed it!"
might hold! And just then she began "You ought to sing a little song she had found about and spurs, boys," said Jack. And the two children, but the refrain only of poor boys, overwhelmed at their crimtwo children, but the refrain only of which remained in Jack's mind:

For the ways of man are narrow; But the gates of death are wide.

As she rose presently to take the sleeping baby Jack saw her eyes full corral with a new pair in his heart that yet was not all pain. After that even glad-consciousness of it. she used to play and sing often-first at Jack's request—for the baby, for him and for the boys who sat on the porch and listened.

Louise had gone home in April. At and finally ceased.

were being gathered for shipment. Hardy was left with his wife at headquarters. None of the outfit had been quarters. The norther blew fearfully, carrying clouds of sand and dust along the road, and he finally reached the house in a fierce storm of icy, stinging wind and hail. He get his poor frightened pony under shelter and went into the house. The silence struck upon him with a premonition. At last, in the kitchen, beside the stove, in which the kitchen, beside the stove, in which who had cooked for Jack, ever since the kitchen, beside the stove, in which was a little fire, he found what he seemed to have confidently expected for the last hour. Agnes sitting with the baby lying across her knees in a sort of

> "Where is Hardy?" said Jack. "In the room," she replied, "he-he

went to Amarillo yesterday.' Jack could not leave her alone with her anguish and the dying baby, to bring some woman to her even if it He made her as comfortable as he could, then built more fire, prepared must eat and drink. And she obeyed

And all night long, while the wind erful, menacing hands, and dashing ture any answering tenderness and ing fearfully across the plains, Sweetheart moaned a little, the drooping lids flickered, then the tiny fingers clasped about one of Jack's relaxed, and the fluttering breast was still. Those soft little feet that had never borne the baby a single step alone had found their fully to find something to do. She's faltering way, unguided and unhelped got a baby about six or eight months by one of all who loved her so, along the whole dark, painful journey, and

Agnes' hand, which had held fast to Jack's in a sort of terror for hours past, now clutched it convulsively, and her eyes sought his with mute, appealing

His heart bled that he could not take her in his arms, this poor desolate girl, this poor triffin' feller against their hardly more than a child herself, so poor and stricken and bereaved-so terribly alone-and comfort and care for her. He went and waked Hardy, who came in later, dressed and quite sowent himself for the nearest women he thought would be of any comfort to her. They buried the baby the next day -day of radiant beauty, the sun shining, winds howling, birds singing, the open plains smiling in the light and warmth and gladness.

Jack found a woman to stay with Agnes for a time and himself was mostly at the Canon dugout or the Windmill camp or away on business.

One day in November he came back ping at headquarters, went directly to the Canon camp to see his foreman, who was there.

There was a letter in his pocket from Louise that he had got as he came through Amarillo. It was the unkind letter of a weak, selfish nature, which, fretful at feeling itself at fault, must blame the heart it wounds. She wrote that she could never think of living in she was utterly unsuited to such a life. come East to live, where she could be

big rain last week and got an awful lark, and the girlish young mother, and one this morning, and she's been housed and fed and treated with gentle getting worse ever since. She wouldn't consideration by all the masculine let us go for a doctor-said it wasn't household, was happy with her, de lanything much. But this morning spite the hopeless thing she was tied | Hardy started into Amarillo for one. to. As young and delicately bred as I reckon he's blind drunk somewhere, his wife had been, Jack used to look and I'm going for Doc Hollis and ask cooking, sweeping, churning, feeding to headquarters, won't you? There's the chickens and chirruping to the ba- only Jim and Shorty and Buster there.

When Jack got to headquarters the forlornness of the picture there pierced played for her a gay little waltz on the rough, tender-hearted boys, desperate- Price 25 cents per box.

piano. Then finding among the music | ly anxious to do something for hersomething to her taste she played on tramping around in their boots and spurs, asking her every few minutes it she wasn't better, to which she always itself while Jack stood on the porch replied with a pitiful little smile and "Oh, yes, I'm better."

Buster, who was only a boy, and a favorite with Agnes, having often been mulated thought clutched his heart detailed to help her about the house, met Jack with a great platter of fried beef in his hands.

"She could't eat the pork," he explained, "so we rounded up a yearling

"You ought to get off those boots inal neglect, immediately went in search of shoes or slippers.

She was lying quite still the pretty purple eyes wide open, and a little red color—the faint, fluttering flag of the of tears, and he went away toward the departing fever-in each cheek. There was death in her face, and the calm-

When Jack came to the door she raised her eyes to his face. She said nothing, but her looks ran forward to meet him and welcome him; they clung to him and rested upon and caressed first she wrote quite regularly, but him. He came in and sat down by scon her letters became very infrequent her and took one little hand in both his own. By and by Buster stepped Late in August all hands were over in with awkward quietness and set at the Windmill camp where cattle down a lighted lamp, and asked her what she would have-what he could get for her, and when he turned and saw the look in her face as she said, there for three days. The baby was "Nothing, Buster—you're all very good, ailing with some childish complaint but I don't need anything," he crept when they left, and when on the third out and said chokingly to Shorty and day a bitter norther blew up, Jack, feeling uneasy about them, left the and nothin' but a lot of men around. Windmill camp and started, for head My God, it's tough! I wish my mother was here!"

As the time went on she breathed a little heavily, and Jack, with a sob he could not choke back, raised her softly and laid her on his breast-over Lou-

nothing. And death can give me this. I didn't think to be so happy; to have you with me at the last: to be let to die in your arms-on your breast. It canstupor, her agonized eyes on its little not be wrong or I would not be so hap-

> He smoothed back the soft brown hair from her forehead and kissed it, her boy to a good school; gave with while his tears fell among the wavy locks. She drew down the hand and held it a moment against her lips, then lay quite still, raising her eyes often to his face, always with that look of perfect love and happiness and peace.

Buster had sat down in the outer room to be within call, and as one some coffee and taking the baby from hour wore away after another Jack could hear his heavy breathing-he was asleep. Shorty and Jim were on the porch.

She had not looked up for some time. Jack held his own breath to listen for hers. He felt the slight form slip on his arm and saw the head droop-it was all over. He laid her gently down on the pillow, with the happy grateful smile yet on her face. and his wife and replying to their ques tion only with a speechless movement of the hand toward the inner room.

He stood outside and looked heavily around at the great sweep of level plain, asleep under the stars. "She's out of it all, safe and happy,"

he said, and remembered his own lot of emptiness and disappointment to be faced somehow, and the refrain of Agnes' little song came back to him:

The ways of man are narrow, But the gates of death are wide. -New York Herald.

Man and Mastiff Fight.

Fierce Encounter in a Yard at Windsor Terrace N. Y.

A fierce battle with a ferocious English mastiff occurred in Windsor Terrace, Flatbush, on Wednesday last. The dog was owned by John Williamson. It was tied in the yard with a thick iron chain. James Murphy, a neighbor, entered the yard to get some water. He teased the dog, which sprang for him and burst the chain. Murphy had an iron corn-cutter in his hand when the animal grabbed him by the leg and bore him to the ground. With a powerful effort he shook himself free and got to his feet. The dog bury, and flirt, under palm-trees, nowajumped for him again, and received a day! I'm getting awfully tired of bestunning blow over the mouth. A sec- ing tickled by the spiky things every ond blow on the head sent the beast to time I sit out a dance, or go to call upthe ground. By the merest accident a on a girl. Hullo! There's Mrs, -- who dirt cart was passing, and Murphy ran does she call herself since she got her for it just in time to escape the mad- divorice?" dened dogs fangs. Mr. Williamson

came out and tred the animal up. Murphy had a warrant for Williamson's arrest, and before Judge Bornkamp he said he was satisfied to have the dog shot. Sentence was suspended on the charge of violation of the Health laws for allowing the dog to be loose, and yesterday Detective James

What is a Cold?

The Answer Given in a Lecture by Dr. Hartman at the Surgical Hotel, Columbus, Ohio.

A cold is the starting point of more ome East to live, where she could be ember to May. A cold is the first appy.

That evening about 6 Joe Ellis rode consumption. A cold is the first stage ways think the worst. Jerry was touchup and said : "Mr. Belton, Mrs. Hardy's of chronic catarrh, the most loathsome mighty sick. She got caught out in a and stubborn of diseases. A cold is the nothing. You can't conceive of a greatlegitimate parent of a large family of er brute than Smithson, and Hılda was boys," and was as happy as a singing chill. She had another one afterward diseases, such as bronchitis, pleurisy, always such a darling thing. Everypneumonia, and quinsy. To neglect a one says she is in luck to get rid of him cold is almost suicide. To tail to proso so soon. How well she looks—no wonvide against this well-nigh inevitable der everybody stares. Oh, I'm so glad evil is dangerous negligence. Pe-ru-na | we're to have Hilda back !' is a safeguard as a preventive, a specific as a cure for all cases of catarrh, acute and chronic, coughs, colds, consumption etc., etc. Every family should be provided with a copy of The Family Physics, son, the papers have been so full of sician No. 2, a vent and cure winter diseases. Sent free Gladys; I insist that you don't look I'll be back quick as I can get Doc and by The Peru-na Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.

A New York Church Wedding.

The Century for November contains the first chapters of a new novel New York society "Sweet Bells Out of Tune," by Mrs. Burton Harrison, author of "The Anglomaniacs." It begins with a description of a fashionable church wedding from which we take these paragraphs "A burst of fortissimo music from the organ, which had been dawdling over themes from Wagner's operas, caused every head in the seated congregation to turn briskly around. Some people stood up, swaying to catch a first glimpse of the bride. Outsiders, tucked away in undesirable back-pews, went so far as to scramble upon the cushioned seats.

"It was, however, a false alarm. The middle aisle, center of interest, developed nothing more striking than a trim little usher, in pearl gloves with a buttonhole of white carnations, convoying to her place honor beyond the ribbon a colossal lady with auburn front, red in the face, and out of breath. "Conversation in pews reserved for the elect of good society.

"She: "Hum! Bridegroom's maiden aunt, suppressed generally-how Freddy rushes her along! Sent twelve silver soup-plates and a huge tureen, when everybody knows soup is served from behind the screen, and it would take all one servant's time to keep 'em clean-but she thinks she's paid her way well to the front, poor soul!'

He: 'Here's the groom's motherdeuced fine woman yet is Mrs. Vernon. Who'd believe she'd a son of five-andtwenty? Hates to admit it publicly, but is putting on the best face she

"She: 'Not her best face-her second best, I've seen her improve on that. But then, this half daylight, half electricity is abominably trying. And she really does look very well viewed from the rear.'

run the family up-when one thinks what the husband was.' "She: 'Does one ever think of him? By the way, what was he-soldier, sail-

"He: 'Clever, too-the way she's

or, tinker, tailor, what?' "He: 'Tinker, most likely, considering the family brass. I saw him once—coarse-grained creature, epidermis like an elephant, diamond in his shirt-front, and all that. Speculated after the war in Virginia City mines, and made a big fortune; then dropped dead of apoplexy and left it for her to spend. She sent a free hand to all the charities; boy made friends everywhere; went through Harvard like a streak; has traveled, yachted, hunted, been in the best sets ever since; is about to marry into one of the proudest of the exclusive families of New York-and there you are.'

"She: 'Oh! But he's really such a beauty, don't you know? Half the women in town have been pulling caps for Jerry Vernon. And, after all, what are the Hallidays but has-beens?'

"He: 'Take care. There's one of the high-born ramifications glaring at you from the next pew-old lady with eye-glasses and a sniff. Come up from Second Avenue in a horsecar-looks liks the unicorn on the British coat of arms,'

"She; 'Gracious! It's the bride's cousin or something; let's change the subject. Oh! did you hear poor Mrs. Jimmie Crosland couldn't go to the opera house last night because that wretched, jealous husband shut her nose

in a wardrobe door?' "He: 'Really? Wasn't theirs the last wedding we came to in this church?'

"She: 'Of course. Don't you re member? Regular peep show; six land. The veils, to sing. "The voice that breathed o'er Eden." They say she even hired the pages to hold up her train—put 'em in Charles II. wigs, and passed em off for little brothers.

"He: 'Exactly. One gets these theatrical affairs so confoundedly mixed up. See, the groom's mother is still upon her knees. A woman couldn't pray so conspicuously unless in back seams from Worth.

"She . 'For shame! How malicious you men are! I should have said it 's because she's keeping Mrs. Vane-Benson standing in the aisle every one to see. You know they have been at some trouble to corral relatives to match the bride's, and Mrs. Vane-Benson's their trump card. How bored the poor rector looks waiting in his bower of

"He: 'Queer how people marry, and

"She (animated); 'Is she? No, really? I wouldn't have missed seeing Hildegarde de Lancy for the world. It's the first time she's been out. Isn't she perfectly lovely in that gray bengaline and chinchilla, with the bunch of violets at her breast? I always did say Hildegarde-de Lancy she is now; so nice to have got rid of her odious, ugly Doherty put three shots into the mastiff and killed it.

Siminally the town. Why, what a belle she is!

I believe all the ushers would like to escort her in a body up the aisle. Of course Freddy de-Witt saved her a front place. He knows what people want to

"He; 'She's a charmer, certainly. If I were the Mrs. Gerald Vernon that is soon to be, I'd be rather glad Mrs. "She: 'Oh, nonsense. You men al-

ed, no doubt, but Hildegarde meant "Elsewhere in the church.

"A mother in Israel to her young daughters: 'So that's the famous divorcee, Mrs. What's-her-name Smithcomplete guide to pre- lately? Don't look at her Doris and that way. Have you observed the figure of Dorcas in poor Mrs. Golding's memorial window? The drawing of the latter propped up in a chair crowing with delight while her mother liming with delight while her mother liming and Shorty and Buster—great, liming and Shorty and Buster—great, liming with delight while her mother liming with liming with delight while her mother liming with l to give it that baby gold. I wouldn't it; we had her vaccinated before she trust her any farther than I could see. left home."

Dear me! the best people bowing, and smirking, and trying to catch her eye. Ahem! Mrs. de Lancey's toque sits quite close to the head, girls; I think it much more becoming than those

great cartwheel hats you insisted on having sent home.'
"Doris and Gladys: 'We know,
mama; we've been watching her ever since she came into the church. What tun it must be to make as much stir as

the bride!' "Two girls in tailor gowns, with fur boas and muffs, They have come in an omnibus to the nearest corner, and were splashed with mud in getting out.

" 'Dear me! we are lucky, but I had to push awfully to squeeze in. If I hadn't known Tom Brounlee I'd have never had this seat. He asked me if we are going on to the house, I coughed and smiled, and he took it to mean yes. My, Jennie, look at the new suits! I can tell you the names of most everybody here. I do know the bride, anyhow, for we're on a working-girls' amusement board, together. I say she's as nice a girl as I ever wish to meet. Can't say as much for her sister, Miss Betty—such a lank, sour-looking freshment by her sympathies rather thing, and a tongue sharp as a razor. than by her knowledge.-Samuel Smiles. thing, and a tongue sharp as a razor.

Nobody can stand her in our club I wish the organ wouldn't play so loud, you can't hear yourself talk. Gracious, child! lean over, and let me take that lump of mud off your face. I'm thinking I can alter my blue Henrietta cloth by putting coat tails bound with velvet on the basque, like the one that's just gone by. Have a chocolate, do; got gone by. Have a chocolate, do; got 'em fresh to-day, as I passed by Tyler's on my way to match my blue. Oh! I do love weddings. I go to ever single

one I can.' "Lady from the Faubourg St. Stuyvesant seated well forward in the

church. "Poor Margaret Halliday! there she comes with Betty and Trix and Jack. I wonder if her grandfather isn't turning in his grave at this minute, over the marriage of a Halliday with one of those upstart Vernons. Humph! Margaret ooks haggard, Betty as yellow as a pumpkin, Trix rather overblown, and Jack growing up one of the beefy kind. I'm glad it isn't my daughter who's to be sacrificed, that's all."

How Dignitaries Where Brought.

Magnificent Trains Run Over the Pennsylvania

From the Chicago Herald, Oct. 23rd, 1892. One of the most important and successful features in connection with the dedicatory exercises of the World's Fair grounds, and one which fully illustrates the wonderful progress which our country has made within the last half century, was the movement made by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company of the cabinet officers, the supreme court justices and the diplomatic corps from this function, and Vice-President Frank to be quite as well liked as the plain Thompson, to whom the credit of the also show novel effects, Fancy surahs achievement is due, made requisition on combined with many of the fine woolen the Pullman Palace Car Company for materials promise to be very popular the finest equipment which those famous | this autumn, and a brilliant shade of car builders could produce. The result scarlet surah, in plain and dotted effects was atriple section train such as has ne- combined, is one of the most fashionable ver before glided over the rails in any colors for tea gowns. country. A crew of twenty five persons including stewards, cooks, waiters, porters, maids, electricians, and machinists. in addition to the usual quota of trainmen, was required to insure proper ser-The outfit resembled in a somewhat lessened degree the personal equipment of an ocean greyhound, of which the trains were a duplication on

These trains were provided and tendered for the use of the distinguished guests of Chicago by Vice-President Thompson. They were run from Wash-ington to Chicago as sections of the good hopes of excellent success is a cape regular "Chicago Limited," of which they were duplicates, and they conformed to the regular schedule of that train. With the thorough organization the back. A collar, flaring both back of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and its splendid system they came through the entire distance, on the special schedule time arranged for them, without accident or delay of any kind, and this in the face of an extraordinarily increased passenger traffic. The great line is in such excellent physical condition, so well protected by the safeguards of the modern invention, and so perfectly managed by a corpse of men who have been educated and trained under the eyes of its high officials, that a movement of this kind, extraordinary as it appears to the public, was effected without interfering in any manner with

the routine of everyday traffic. It is safe to say that while no other country in the world would be able to move the entire organization of its govvernment a distance of one thousand miles, so there is no other railroad company which would grapple with such a problem and solve it with the ease to the persons in interest and the credit to itself that has distinguished this achievement of the Pennsylvania Railroad. It reflects the utmost credit on Vice-President Thompson, who planned, and his associates, who executed the brilliant feat of railroad transportation, and holds out a bright promise of equally successful work when the resources of this line will be drawn upon next year to furnish adequate transportation facilities to the hosts who will visit the world's greatest fair.

The Poor Indian's Excuse.

In the early days of Southern California booms, an Indian was brought down from Los Angeles to testify in a horse stealing case. When called bebefore the magistrate to be sworn, that officer began to examine him as to his knowledge of an oath. Do you know the nature of an oath

You know God, don't you?

have you not? No, I have not. You see how it is I live in Los Angeles, and don't know any of the people in San Diego.

Well you have heard of Jesus Christ,

Not Susceptible. "Will your daughter take Latin this

Mother. "No, there is no danger of

The World of Women.

Brilliant red, with black trimming; is opular The choker collar is quite the favor-

te. This style is seen on most of the tailor costumes.

Tuft's College is to have three lady students in the College of Letters and three in the Divinity School.

Among the students of Iowa State University is Mrs. Stark Evans, the wife of a lawyer and the mother of five children.

Ornament in the guise of wings are seen on new hats, of black guipure, wired and edged with a narrow border of black feathers. Over 300 women are now studying at

the Harvard Annex, and the fresham class of thirty, is the largest since the annex was opened. Rosa Bonheur, notwithstanding her advanced age, has just completed three

small pictures, studies of animals, as usual not lacking in vigor. A woman's best qualities do not reside in her affections. She gives re-

Women are achieving considerable success in their new business as florists, and several of them, including Miss Eadie, of Cleveland Mrs. Berger, of San Francisco, and Mrs. Nichols, of Texas,

are well known as successful decorators. With the riot of celor that prevails in fashionable wardrobes, they are yet not considered complete without at least one or two black costumes. Among the most effective black goods are the wool bengalines, with cords of different

thickness woven across the surface. Buckles are quite a feature in this autumn's dress arrangements. No shoes are up to date withoutthem. They are worn on gowns arranged in various ways and as belts.

There is a craze for antique silver in buckles, belts and ornaments of all kinds, and women are becoming highly educated in the matter of silver marks.

A black cloth coat may be transformed by substituting for the plain sleeves full ones of gaily striped silk, also line the flaring collar with the silk and make two revers of the same. Ribbon attached to either side of the collar and ties in a bow that covers the opening formed by turning back the revers.

The new narrowly-ribbed velvets are very much used to trim gowns of faced cloth and camel's hair. These velvets and also Russian velours are ery popular and are used for cloaks, dresses, redingotes, three quarter coats and parts of tailor costumes. They come in shade of chestnut, copper, brown, magenta-red, gray, moss and olive.

One of the most popular materials of Washington to this city and back. It the moment is bengaline, and the figured required three special trains to perform bengalines, both in silk and wool, seem

I've said little or nothing in these our economical chats about coats and wraps, for the reason that such garments when made at home are very likely to turn out sad failures. However with fa little skill last year's coat may be mod-ernized to look extremely stylish. A tan-colored loose coat can have full wrinkled sleeve of black velvet inserted in place of the original ones and a single Watteau of velvet added to the back.

A charming wrap for a young girl of Russian-blue smooth cloth. The cape is raised on the shoulders in the usual way and a Watteau pleat is arranged in and front, rolling stylishly from the neck is very becoming. The whole thing is finished with a tiny piping of old gold silk to match the lining and a Watteau bow yf blue moire ribbon is placed over the fold in the back.

If really desirous of being in the latest fashion all one has to do is too add three or four inches to the width of the shoulders. This may be done by wearing a short cape flounce or large epaulettes arranged with much fulness n top of the sleeves. The chest must be broadened, enormous lapels put on all gowns and outdoor garments. Sleeves should be somewhat larger than he waist-that is, if the corset be a a twenty-inch one. The bodices of evening gowns will, of course' be made short and cut low in order to show the shoulders. The sleeves will be fairly. short and of the balloon pattern.

A very pretty gown was of dark green alligator cloth, the skirt plain and the body a long, tight-fitting, coat-shaped thing, which opened in the front showing a neat vest of bright red cloth. The coat had two pointed revers, and the front breadths of the skirt lapped over the side, forming two more revers. the whole was finished in tailor fashion, while the only ornaments used upon the dress were two rows of small, sparkling brass buttons on the vest, two larger buttons behind on the coat, two on the sleeve and six on each of the skirt revers. And what is alligator cloth?

Does not the name show it to be omething woven with wavering circles in definite lines imitating as nearly as possible in a woolen fabric the skin of the Sawrian. Sometimes the effect is crosswise, sometimes up and down, while again the two are combined to form stripes. A plain stripe next one of the alligator effect is also seen. These goods come in all the pretty new shades, they are double width and cost 79 cents

Havana brown and black make a very distinguished and refined combination. A gown of striped brown alligator cloth and black moire has a double skirt, the upper part reaching quite to the knees. The waist is "pulled" into a narrow belt of moire, cuffs, collar and border around the skirt are of the same silk headed with jet. The waist is further ornamented with four flaring revers, two in front and two behind. They start from the belt and reach to the shoulders, where the pointed ends stand very erect. Crinoline is used to line them and keep them in shape.