THE INCURABLE HURT.

'Tain't likely ez a awkward chap.
Like I am, big and stupid,
'Ud ever go a monkeyin' 'round
A dandy kid like Cupud;
But, major, dern my ugly mug,
I done it once, fer certain,
An' ef I live a hundred years
The thing 'll keep on huntin'.

I never knowe'd a woman's ways
Tell one day little Kitty,
Her that't the banker's only gal,
Come down from Timber City,
An' stoppin' at our boatdin'-house,
Begun her purty flirtin',
I guess with all the boys around,
An' me, that's doggoned certain.

Them eyes uy her'n shined like the star Then eyes uy her'n shined like the sta
That skeckles night all over,
An' both her cheeks purtier than
Two medders red with clover.
An' when she talked—good Lordy, me!
Why can'ta man take warnin'?—
It seemed to me like all the songs
The bird sings in the mornin'.

I drinked it in an' wanted more, An she, I guess unthinkin', Wuz tickled half to death to see A thirsty man a drinkin'; An' let me have it every day, From June clear to October Tell I wuz drunk and crazy wild, An' she thought I wuz sober.

At last I up an' told her straight
That I wuz fairly dyin'
Fer love uv her—and dern my boots,
She just broke down a cryin', An' told me it wuz all in fun, That she wuz only flirtin'— An' ef I live a hundred years The thing 'll keen on hurtin'.

A STRANGE STORY.

Poor Mary! As I watched her sitting by the window day after day, careful never to go where a gleam from the water could catch her eye, as I saw her pale face bend over her work and heard her subdued tones to the children, I and that she was hourly living over her dreadful sorrow.

A few friends of as had found a little crowds which wander up and down the country and are fast spoiling the natural beauties of our land, this lovely spot seemed to have waited for our

coming. We soon built a number of cosy cottages and came down from the city to take possession, installing our household divinities, the babies, the nurs es and children of all sorts and sizes, and before long were as much at home as the birds and squirrels whose quiet we invaded.

Mary and Frank Hunter were the young married couple of our party. Not exactly bride and bridegrooom, however, for they brought with them a rollicking baby boy. Never were there two gayer, livelier mortals, and so devoted to each other; so well satisfies with life were they, that it was like enwith as many projects as a pair of er ears. schoolboys, it was not long until the

our arrangements. Oh, what gay times we used to have! Especially when our small Leet of canoes were scattered over the lake, and flitting like white-winged, birds over the smooth and shining surface.

foam that bubbled and tosed as from the fathomless depths of Inferno. Out on the shore we huddled together, all our little fair-weather commenity, eagerly watching if, perchance, we might catch some glimpse of the laggard boats. One by one they slowly came to port, and all the time the wind moaned, and the waves dashed up

against the murky sky.

Hurrying up and down the shore poor Mary flew, wringing her bands in truth!" said the man, drawing a long agony, her clothes drenched with the spray, her pale face and gleaming eyes turned to the darkening water. vain she cried and called her hasband by name. All the other toats had by this time reached the shore, but no tid ings came from Frank. All night we waited, the men and the fisher people working hard to find some clew to his whereabouts. At last, just when the tion of the night's black pall, a broken one in a dream.

When daylight came we gathered wound her and tried to draw her from the scene, but she gazed at us as one who hears not a single word. Tearless now, and overcome with grief, she seemed a pale image of despair. We tried to cheer her with the hope that overtaken with the storm, her husband had found refuge in some neighboring port; but as the next day passed, and no tidings came in response to all her inquiries, even that belief no longer remained to us.

All through the second day and the long, long night poor Mary waited, times. while pitying neighbors searched; in vain for the missing one. Her self. control was wonderful as the hours passed by. Only her compressed lips and the wild agony in her lovely eyes revealed the depths of her despair. She could-she would not-give him, had ever seen them. He said,up, although the boatmen who spent their lives on the lake assured her it about it, but I have a wife. She must was useless to fancy any man could be at Greenfield. Won't you go and have escaped alive from the fury of bring her to me?" such a dreadful storm.

we could not leave her alone in that I'd be to blame. Finally I says,-

settled down upon it.

We urged her to come with us. she was as immovable as a rock, until, at last, my husband laid on her his command as her pastor, and the guardian of her boy. He urged her for the see whether she won't come. sake of the poor child now left to her alone, to come with us to our own home, yielded. Very sadly our little party right back with Frank's wife.' turned back to our home, and poor

Mary moved as in a waking dream. As time passed by she taded into a mere shadow of her once bright cheerful self. Patient and subdued she seemed almost to forget her own identity, and to live only in her sorrow and her child. We could not allow hershe did not seem to think of doing soto go back to that home now so sadly desolate. So for nearly two years she lived with us, a loving sister to the elders, a tender teacher to the little ones.

Accustomed as I was to her quiet demeanor, I was surprised one morning to see her enter the breakfast room with a hot flush on her cheek, and in her eyes a restless glitter that told of a troubled mind and a waektul night. I asked no question, however, but waited until the children left the room, when suddenly she came hurrying toward me threw herself upon my footstool, and buried her tears in the folds of my dress. "Mary, darling Mary, what is it?

said I, tenderly smoothing he hair.
"@h, Mrs. Gray, do not think me
wild," she cried, "do not reprove me
for my folly—but I know that Frank is still alive. All night I heard his voice calling. 'Wife, wife!' He is not dead! I have never believed that he could die and leave me. What will become of me if I do not find my poor Frank, who needs me so much, and calls for me with so much longing?" She seemed so excited, and so unlike her usual quiet self, that I was half knew that the past was ever with her, afraid to dispute her, although I pitied her for the sad delusion.

"My dear little sister," said I soothingly, "you are broken down with care of his old triends and neighbors asnook on the lake shore that exactly and grief, and dreams have troubled suited us. Far from the gay, madding your poor tired brain. Strange fancies come to us all when we are out of sorts, you know. Will you not rest to day and try to overcome this restless fancy?"

She raised her face toward mine and wearily sighed. 'It was no fancy, dear friend, I can

not prove it, but I know it is true. Frank is alive and called for me last night."

Then with a look of patient grief, she arose and left me. All day she know I did not often have a holiday, seemed to be thinking deeply, and to so I thought I would get all the good avoid the presence of the family, even

of her baby boy.

Next morning I was shocked to se the drawn lines about her mouth, and the haggard eyes that told of another why I wouldn't let the little darkey sleepless night. She came down to breaklast with that strange air of ex- to the boat, and made for the deep citement about her, and all through joying perpetual sunshine merely to the day she moved about as one who some good luck fishing, and then I have them with us. Full of tun, and bears a far off voice, unheard by oth-

two were at the head and front of all little ones had gone to sleep, when suddenly the peal of the door bell rang through the silent house.

Mary sprang to her feet, her slender figure drawn to its full height, her face set and intense in the rays of the fading sun; indeed, she seemed to me as But one night the placid water turned the embodiment of an expectant hearinto a mighty cauldron, full of seething | er. It was but a moment before the door of our room was opened and a rough but kinkly voice spoke to us : "Does Mrs. Frank Hunter live here?

Can I-speak to her?" She sprang past me with a cry, to meet the man who stood there, all travel stained and dusty.

"Oh, sir, do you come from my hus band? Oh, have you come to take me to kim ?"

"Well, upon my word, that is the breath of surprise.

be met with disbeliet, or at least that nothing of my feelings, and notice. At he would have to prove his words. With a look of great relief he said,-"Yes, I have come from a man who

calls himself Frank Hunter. He is in our camp, up in the Pineries, very sick with brain fever. He hired out with us mighty nigh two years ago. Wisen cold light of early morning lifted a por- he came to our place he was a lonesome looking sort of a chap; the boys boat came floating up and was thrown used to pity him, for he never talked asked. supon the shore, right at her feet, as the like he had any kin above ground, or spoor wife stood waiting. She had any friends, either. All along he has ceased her wailing and stood silent as been kind of dull and slow in his ways, and two weeks ago he suddenly took down sick with a fever. He lay in his bunk, mosning sorter stupid like, not speaking a word for several days. But for the sake of the bov, and so on, as was the work of the foreign residents two nights ago, as I was sitting by him men will talk when the very fountains rather than of her native subjects. a-watching to see if he wanted a drink or any such thing, all of a sudden he raised up in bed, and called out,-

> natural as you please. "'Who are you calling, Frank?'

"'Why, I'm calling Mary, my wife, of course; isn't Mary here?' and he looked around and called again several

"I hardly knew what to do or say for fear of making him restless, so I said,-"Never mind, she'll come before

ong 'He lay there and looked at me, and then clapped his hands to his head, | could not speak; surely this was a love Days passed and still the search went and was still for a very long time. on, until at length all hope perished Presently he glanced up, and his eyes save in the bosom of the stricken wife. seemed more quiet and natural than I

"'Joe, I am too weak to tell you

"Now I didn't know what to think Weeks went by, and no tidings came or do, for I thought that surely a man to cheer her or settle the question of who had given his wife the bounce for is fate.

In the early autumn our party was sort of a feller, or else she must be a scattered, and the cottages on the lake queer sort of a wife, so I tried to put shore were left deserted. Oh how hard him off, but bless you, it was no use poor Mary begged that she might be The more I begged off the more excit left there to await her husband's come ed he was, and I was afraid he would ing! Poor young creature, of course go into fits, and maybe die, and then

wild spot. It was the brightest, gayest, "'I don't believe your wife will come possession it may be found. The book place in the summer time, but unspeak- with such a looking codger as me; soon turns up again.

ably dreary when the gloom of winter maybe she won't believe a word I say.' "He kinder smiled at that, and

> "You only go and offer to bring her to her husband. Tell her that Frank is sick and wants her, and you'll

"Well, of course I couldn't stand that, so at break of day I started. I and there wait in patience the will of rode fity miles to the nearest railroad God, and after long persuasion she station, and here I am, ready to start

Mary neither wept nor fainted, but sank right down on her knees and poured out her thanks to the man who had come with such good news. Strange to say, she never doubted the power, and a decision of the supreme story for one moment, and when some of the family gently hinted that it threatened another revolution, made this ger, she turned on us like an angry lioness deprived of her young. We had any of her plans and could only give her all pessible aid in preparing for the journey, and promised to keep the

little boy until she returned. The strange man needed rest and refreshment, and these she urged upon him, waiting upon him herself, and trying to show her gratitude in every way possible.

Very early the next morning she started on her long journey to an unknown place, and in care of an unknown individual. But she was like a new being; all her languor, all her wearied, haggard looks had vanished. and she seemed endowed with wonder ful strength. All traces of sadness had left her face and in her voice there was a thrill of victory.

It was several days befere we received any message from her, and then there were but a few lines to tell us of her safety, of her husband's rapid convalescence and that we might expect them in a short time. When she would explain all.

The story of Frank Hunter's dist covery and his expected return was rapidly circulated about town, and all sembled at the depot to bid him welcome home. And to see him clasp his baby boy and wife once more together the half breeds to found a political in his arms, was something never to

be forgotten by any of us. In the quiet of his home he told us the story of his life while absent, and it adds one more to the already long carry out its measures through constrainlist of truths that are stranger than

fiction. "I shall never forget." said he, "how happy and light hearted I felt when I started out fishing that morning. You there was to be had. I remembered how I used to enjoy paddling about alone in a row-boat when I was a little boy, on the Illinois River, so that was boy go with me. I fastened my lines water in the lake, and there I had concluded to go ashore on the side her favor at the start was the willingness where the woods were thick. I drew At sunset we sat together. after the the boat up, but just then my ped on the wet sand, the boat slid back | break occurred at her accession as at the into the water and I tell down striking boulder. Now you will be surprised when I tell you that I remember nothing more until I found myself in the Pineries, in the lumber camp. Yet the men say that I came to them in the middle of August, so that I must have wandered through the woods for several weeks, unconscious. I must have had the outward appearance of sanity, for I was somehow fed and clothed, as the days went by. When started out fishing I had a considerable eum of money in pocket, and when I reached the camp it was nearly gone. Then follows a period in which my mental condition must have been very peculiar. The meneay that I gave my name in the usual manner, and No doubt he had come expecting to did not like to talk; but I remember hold the throne during her lifetime, or at last my torpor was broken up by a simple occurrence. One day the mail was distributed, and I sat watching the men read their letters and papers. It is strange that it never occured to me to wonder why I received no letters. Presently I saw a man hide his face in his hand and sob bitterly.

"'What can be the matter?" "'My child-my boy is dead,' said the poor fellow, groaning and sobbing worse than before. And then he went on to tell me how smart his little boy was, how beautiful, how he loved him, how he was trying to save money just of grief are broken up within them. I | She recalled that listened for a while, and suddenly my "'Wite, wife?' two or three times as time since my fall on the stone, I began to have a conscious identity. looked at my hands, my clothing, and tried to recall memories of the past, but in vain. My mental struggles were frightful, and terminated in brain fever. Then all at once the past came

> Mary looked at me with shining "He called me, and I heard," she said softly. "You believe it now?" I pressed her hand in silence; I which passed human understanding!

back to me; the rest you know."

Jolly Bachelor, "I found my first gray hair to-day.
Miss Antique. "Indeed! Is it

of age? J. B. "I don't know. I found it where your head rested on my coat last night.

The Boston Girl-"Do many Chica go men live by the pen?"
The Chicago Girl-"Oh, yes out at the stock yards; lots of them."-New York Herald.

-In the wild and wooly West when a man loans a book and fails to get it returned, he merely announces that he will shoot any man in whose

Queen Liliuokalani's Blunder.

the Causes That Led to it.

Her Reliance on the Aborigines for Support and A Washington telegram in the New York Sun says: Had the dethroned ueen of the Sandwich islands been sat-

isfied to follow the course of her predecessor and fill the restricted sphere prescribed for the monarch by the constitution, she might and unquestionably would be reigning to-day. And it can not be said that this would have been an unreasonable requirement. The constitution, as revised, left the sovereign of Hawaii very far from being a mere fig-The sovereign had a veto urehead. court, after a dispute that had almost would be well to make some inquiries a personal prerogative, not dependent before trusting herself with the stran- on the concurrence of the cabinet. Another decision of the supreme court had allowed the queen to choose her cabinet no heart nor courage to protest against instead of accepting and continuing that would further restrict the privileges of the throne. Her income and perquisites as sovereign were very liberal, especially in view of the small demands for living expenses and entertainment in Hawaii She had also an appointing power which allowed her to place friends and favorites in places of trust and profit. She had a strong native support, backed by race, prejudice and loyalty.

The first feeling with which the news of her unnecessful coup d'etat and its prompt penalty was received in this country must have been one of surprise that she could have so risked her throne The explanation of her conduct, as it may now be derived from the details brought by the commissioners and those of private letters from the islands, seems to be traceable to a union in her of race sympathy and personal ambition. Had her husband lived, with his strong American proclivities and his ability to see whither the queen's course was tending, his warnings, we may surmise, would have been timely. But his death following her succession to the throne, left her free to consult the two motives already

As to race sympathy, it has already been stirred for some time through the efforts of the natives, and particularly of watch ward "Hawaii for the Hawaiians." It was a proof of the inherent weakness of this party that it had once sought to ing Kalakaua to abdicate. And an indication of the small account made of this native element was furnished by the remission of penalities for an offence of so grave a character, Wilcox, the leader of hired a man for \$4 to dig a grave. the revolution, being afterward, in fact, allowed to take his place in the legislature as if nothing serious had happened. Still, the queen's ambition saw in this movement an appliance which she could

use against the foreign residents. The result was that a sovereign coming to the throne under much promise, and with many favoring circumstances, first frittered away her chances of retaining it, and then flung them all to risk on a single coup and lost. What she had in of all to take her as a ruler. This was evident from the fa election of Kalakaua in 1874. As to the my forehead on a large, sharp pointed aborigines, the conspiracy of July 30, 1890, under Wilcox and his half-breed friends, had proposed to overthrow Kalakaya in her favor. That she was acceptable to the British and Canadians among the foreign residents was clear from her avowed British sympathies. As for the Americans, while regretting Kalakaua, a firm friend of the United States, they knew that a majority of the crops commerce and capital was in their hands.

Perhaps no one would have undertaken to predict that the dynasty would be continued in the person of Princess Kajulani, the heir apparent, although full provision was made for that purpose But it did seem likely enough that the queen, under these favoring circumstances, and with the great prosperity of seemed like other people, except that I | the islands to aid her, would be able to least for years to come.

But events soon proved less propitious than they had looked. The death of her husband removed a valuable adviser. The operation of the new tariff and reciprocity laws of the United States affected unfavorably and severely Hawaii's former advantage in her all important augar industry. The queen's British proclivities aroused American suscepti-bilities and suspicions. Then her unwise political alliances began to show their fruits. It was natural that with her traditions and inherited views she should have considered the restriction of royal privileges, effected under Kalakaua, as an injustice, but she would have accepted it. She reflected that this restriction even been ready to dethrone Kalakaua brain seemed on fire. For the first and to put her in his place. With a natural sentiment of gratitude for their support and reliance came a feeling of commiseration for the evils which their leaders had been from time to time laying before her. They complained of the competition which had been caused through the vast importation of Mongolian labor by the American residents. They complained that the danger of lep rosy was increased by this importation They complained that the system of plantation labor was cruel. They complained that they had not an adequate share in the offices and the political conduct of the kingdom although some of them had become educated and capable. - Waverly Magazine. Their race was dwindling, the white race and the Mongolian were increasing, and they must make an effort to avoid gradual dying out. Possible the recent legislation of congress stimulated her anti-

American feeling. Thus race sympathy and ambition combined to push the queen to her fatal stroke. She saw herself in imagination supported by a loyal body of subjects of ner own race, far out-numbering the white residents, grateful for her interference in their behalf, and with new privileges, able to control all legislation. she had just signed several questionable acts, one being for the charter of a lottery and another for the importation of opium. They seem to have been sprung on the legislature toward the close of the session, when many members were absent, and the lottery bill was bitterly detry in 1892.

nounced by the leading commercial resi-

Then came her effort to promote a new constitution, under the advice of her cabal of native counsellors. It has been urged that this would have restored an old condition of things; but it was none the less revolutionary, and, while the purpose was balked, the foreign residents took the will for the deed. The queen had probably counted on an uprising of the native people. But apparently she did not reflect enough on the pitiable weakness shown in the flasco of 1890, or the strong force of marines and bluejackets abroad the Boston, or the fact that the chief military organization in Honolulu was that of the foreign residents. She was leaning on the weakest

of reeds. It was a fearful and fatal blunder. Almost instantly she seems to have realized whither race sympathy and personal ambition had led her. But her steps could not be retraced, and her overthrow followed at once.

Stumbling on Fortunes.

How Gold Mines Have Been Discovered By

Mere Chance. Gold was discovered in California in 1848, and in Colorado in 1858. The discovery was accidental in both cases, and the fact created the impression that mines were "lying about loose." Adventures drifted about in hopes of stumbling upon a mine. Here are some in-

stances of lucky finds: Three men while looking for gold in California discovered the dead body of a man who evidently had been "prospecting.

"Poor fellow," said one of the trio, 'he has passed in his checks. "Let's give him a decent burial,"

said another. "Some wife or mother will be glad if ever she knows it." They began to dig a grave. feet below the surface they discovered

signs of gold. The stranger was buried in another place, and where they had located a grave they opened a gold mine.

An adventurer who had drifted to Leadville awoke one morning without food or money. He went out and shot a deer, which in its dying agonies, kicked up the dirt and disclosed signs of gold. The poor man staked out a "claim" and opened one of the most profitable claims ever worked in Leadville.

"Dead Man's Claim," the name given to another rich mine in Leadville, was discovered by a broken down miner

while digging a grave.

A miner died when there was several feet of snow on the ground. His comrades laid his body in a snow bank and The gravedigger, after three days abscence, was found digging a mine in-

stead of a grave. While excavating he had struck gold. An unsuccessful Australian miner went up and down Colorado for several months "prospecting" for gold and find-

ing none. One day he sat down upon a stone, and while musing over his hard luck aimlessly struck a stone with his pick he chipped off a piece and sprang to his feet. The chip was rich gold quartz. He hurried into the little town of Ros-

ita, and went to the assay office, where a teamster had just dumped a load of but a woman who sulks. A good, honwood. He agreed to saw the wood to pay for assaying his chipped sample. The result of the assay sent him back to his "claim." When he had taken out

of it \$5000,000 he sold the mine for \$400,000 in cash and \$1,000,000 in stock

The Italian Bank Frauds.

Signor Grimaldi, Minister of Finance, Offers to

Rome, February 7 .- Signor Grimaldi, Minister of Finance, has offered to resign in view of the stories circulated in connection with the bank scandals. While denying any complicity in the frauds, Signor Grimaldi feels that the stability of the Cabinet is endangered by his remaining in office.

The examining Magistrate has learned that in 1889 the Bank of Rome, despite the fact that it was one of the smaller of the six banks on issue distributed 1,020,000 lire among Deputies and other politicians to secure the passage of the bank bill, and that under similar circumstances in 1891 the same institution paid 1,300,000 lire for support in the same class.

Whipping Post and Pillory.

NEW CASTLE, Del., Feb. 11.-Sheriff fould this morning whipped a number of prisoners in the jail yard here and put two men in the pillory. John Evans, William Wright, Samuel Sewell and Charles Saunders, all colored, each received ten lashes for larceny.

Elias Robinson, colored, received five lashes; William Dorsey, colored, for highway robbery, stood one hour in the pillory and received forty lashes; James E. Formen, also colored stood one hour in the pillory for attempting to kill his wife. He will serve three years in jail. Thomas Kennedy, the only white victim, received ten lashes for larceny.

Mrs. Muscavado-"The Newriches are people who don't know who their grandparents were."
Mrs. Rockoil—"Oh, yes, they do. but they hope that no one else does. Brandon Bucksaw.

-Nalentia, the Spanish theologian died of grief because he was accused by the Pope of having falsified a passage in St. Augustine.

-Russia is the largest horse breeding country in the world. The government maintains twenty-eight breeding their long skirts that they may not trip their long skirts that they may not been establishments.

Only 22 miles of the Panama Canal ren ain to be dug, if faith may be put in the statement made by the orig inal company.

-Ice made at zero temperature will last longer than that made at 18 or 20 degrees below.

-Two hundred and seventy two textile mills were erected in this coun-

The World of Women.

Shirt trimmings, in order to add to the new very flaring effect are carried up half the length of the skirt on both elaborate evening toilets and dressy day gowns.

Plaid silk bodices are liked with black skirts; the full belt should be of velvet, the color most predominating in the plaid, and the high turn-over collar and rather deep cuffs should also be of the velvet.

Ruffles and big sleeves seem to be the distinctive features of this season's costume. A velvet capelet finished with a deep ruffle, with sleves to match, is a fashionable and becoming style.

Mrs. Arthur Stannard, better known in America as John Strange Winter, has organized a crusade against the threatened invasion of hoopskirts. It is called the "No Crinoline League," Success to it and her.

Those who do not find the hair rolled off the face becoming are having their bangs cut in a short fluffy fringe that, while it softens the face, does not give the vulgar look of the deep full bang, which completely hides the forehead.

The nicest materials for smart tailormade gowns are the "heather cheviots," 'zig-zag tweeds' and fancy Meltons. The chief novelties in this season's dress good are the fancy reps--ringed, streaked or speckled-and the diagonal cloths with shot grounds and the "crocodile cloth.'

The fondness for Persian coloring finds expression in the useful and effective silk and satin ribbons as well as in hand-wrought and woven bands. These ribbons are Oriental in design, as well as in coloring, and on dressy toilets are disposed on skirt and bodice in spread-

ing bows and ends instead of loops. The house gown continues to be after the style of the Empire, with a very high belt arranged either in ribbon fashion or with huge rosette concealing its fastening. The neck is cut out so that the throat shows, but the sleeves long: these, of course, may be as fanciful as possible, but I do not advise a very full sleeves if one's shoulders are decidedly broad.

Miss Frances Willard's life in England seems to be a continuous ovation. Last week she addressed the East London Women's Christian Temperance Union, and was received with "overflowing enthusiasm," according to the newspaper reports. The same journals refer admiringly to the "quaint Americanisms" with which her address was sprinkled.

Many princess dresses are being made for Spring and Summer, both in rich and simple material, and exaggerated balloon sleeves have had pins stuck into them, so that they are diminishing rapidly in size. I also notice that there is a sensible majority whose taste is correct as to coats and wraps, and the night gown horror is rarely seen, while snug and neat fitting jackets, ulsters and newmarkets are the favorites, with handsome wraps for evening and cere-

mony. "Anything," said a worldly matron est fit of anger, with a burst of heart sunshine to clear away the storm clouds, is generally effective. The man, as a rule, likes the fair one all the better for outspoken sentiments that are free from taunting meanness, but what he cannot tolerate is the consciousness that the little passage-at-arms is going to be followed by a finishing-off process which ends in sulky resentment. This sort of

thing is so rasping." Half-low bodices, rounded in the neck, with empire sashes, are worn by very young ladies and Louis Trieze coat bodices, with broad lace collars and balloon sleeves, by those who are more mature. These coat bodices are cut to give the effect of a short waist and are slashed below and edged with beaded gimp. The open-patterned lace collar nearly covers the shoulders and is opened in a V-shape below the throat. Deep lace cuffs often finish the lace sleeves, although the flowing lace ruffle is just as fashionable and more becom-

In the dressing of small children mothers take much pride and spend many thoughts. It probably was always so, from the days when the little child's clothing consisted of a single gar-ment. It is a long step from one garment to the picturesque costumes worn by the tots of the present day. The mothers of to-day think they have reached the acme of the sensible and pretty clothes for children.

During these last few years small boys have worn what was called a "Fauntleroy suit." It was fanciful indeed. The boy's waist was girt about with a sash, of which the ends flopped at his side. He wore long ringlets, which he abhorred, and a broidered collar and cuffs, at which his boyish soul revolted.

To-day the "sailor suit" takes precedence. Of this the blouse seems to fulfill its purpose of covering the body completely while allowing it freedom of action. But the trouser! Tight across the hips, and wide and flapping about the heels! The little creature clad in them is the picture of discomfort. It is impossible for a boy to run, jump, or play actively in such trousers as those. The boy's mother has made him an object of beauty, but she has taken from him his liberty, and life is a hollow mockery without that.

There is his small sister. She wears a frock which comes within an inch of the ground, and restricts her movements as much as the sailor trousers do her brother's. It is quite common to see those little mites painfully holding up over them. Little girls have been trained to lift their trailing outer garments from a car step or a muddy gutter. Surely this quaint effect of long skirts is painfully expensive when this

is the price. The clothes which are a burden or a responsibility to a child are neither healthful nor comfortable, although they may be "fancitul" and "picturesand "artistic." But is there any real beauty in clothes which do not accomplish the purpose for which clothes were provided?