

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., March 3, 1893.

LITTLE MOTHER OF POVERTY ROW

Dear little mother of Poverty Row,
Rocking your baby mid sorrow and toil,
Whence is the light that transfigures you so?
Whence is the beauty no sin can assail?

Now I must look at you there by the door,
I who am fortunate, buoyant and strong;
You who are hunted and wretchedly poor,
Lulling your babe with a lullaby song!

Dear little mother of Poverty Lane,
Where are the roses that bloomed in your cheek?
Blighted I fear by deception and pain,
Men are so cruel and women so weak.

Ragged and torn is the dress that you wear,
Making you squallid from head to toe,
Still I must own you are womanly fair,
Still I must pity you modestly sweet.

Brave little mother of Poverty Place,
Mother-love beareth the stripes and the rod,
Hence is the beauty that lighteth your face,
Loving your baby and trusting in God.

Heard now my prayer for your beggar-born boy,
Great in all honor and good may he grow,
Bring you solace and glory and joy,
Dear little mother of Poverty Row.

—George Horton.

A KISS

BY MRS. DENISON.

Some say that kissing's a sin,
But I think it's none, aya,
For kissing has won't in this world
Since ever there was twa.

Oh, if it wassa lawfu',
Lawyers wadna allow it;
If it wassa holy,
Ministers wadna do it.

If it wassa modest,
Maidens wadna tak' it;
If it wassa pienty,
Fair folk wadna get it.—Anonimus.

Miss Myrtoun had not time to the review that afternoon, because of a cold she had caught at Mrs. Lewthwaite's garden party, standing on a damp path while Lord John Ainslie proposed to her. She had a mind to be vexed about it.

"Indeed, Jack, you must not be so careless another time," she said to him when he came to ask after her. "Do you know you've never yet chosen a really comfortable and wholesome spot? That evening in the Coliseum was nearly the death of me, and you gave me malaria down in Surrey. Don't do it again, please, until I say 'Ready!'"

Lord John looked at her, burst out laughing, and fell more in love with her than ever.

"I'm afraid I am always too far gone for deliberation, Mary," he answered sweetly, "but I'll try to lay it out more hygienically next time. It's a great shame you have to give up the review. I wanted you to see Henry."

Lord John was the only person in the world who called her Mary, besides her grandmother, and she rather liked him for it. To all the rest she was Hyacinth.

How quiet the square was! Of course all London had gone to the parade, and at the first roll of the drums she began to wish that she had bundled her throat up and gone herself, after all, and she dropped her book and ran to the window, craning her neck to look down to the park. Yes, she could see them very well—the red coats, the white helmets, the arms flashing in the sun, and the arching heads of the horses as the Guards paced by. She threw open the window and stepped out upon the balcony. The square was quite deserted, but the crowd stood black along the street where the troops were passing, every man and woman cheering, the handkerchiefs and hats fluttering and waving, and, oh, the swell of the music as it reached Hyacinth's ears!

"Good-by, good-by," she whispered, with an exultant sob. And still the solid ranks marched on, huzza upon huzza greeting them all; and now a regiment of blue-coated cavalry wheeled into sight, and Miss Myrtoun narrowed her eyes to see more clearly. "I am sure those are Harry Ainslie's men." But the faces were only a blur in the distance, and one officer just like another as they sat erect in their saddles. And this was the end. The last drum and fife, the last flag, had gone by, the crowd began to dissolve, and with a final lingering glance she came back into the room.

"That horrible, horrible Soudan!" she murmured, closing the window. She was trembling a little with excitement and the fatigue of standing, and threw herself down among the cushions of a lounge for a rest, and a doze if might be. She picked up her book again, and almost forgetting herself in the ever enjoyable trials of Burgoyne and Lady Glencairn, was idling and quieting deliciously, when the rich, pervasive strain of a band was borne on the air once more, and this time it was playing "The Girl I Let Behind Me."

The dear, dear old tune! She could not read for quickening her ears to it. It came nearer and louder; gay and brave it sounded, yet with a heart-breaking note it. It was passing the very square now, and she sat up to listen. And at this moment, through all the jubilant trumpeting, she caught an over-sound, the ring of horses feet coming down the street and stopping at her door. She sprang to look out, but could not see for the balcony, and paused startled. "Who can it be? I know no one who would come now." The butler bowed at the threshold.

"What is it, Maxwell?"

"Captain Ainslie asks if you can see him for a moment, miss."

"Captain Ainslie? Oh yes; show him up at once, Maxwell." And she stood waiting and wondering while the jangling spurs came up the stairs and Captain Ainslie entered.

He was splendid with gold lace and plumes, glittering epaulets and orders, and bore himself superbly; but his face was lividly pale, and his fingers trembled where they gripped the sword hilt. Hyacinth took in the gallant show of his appearance, and would have welcomed him with some laughing flattery if his pallor and strange intendment of manner had not struck her dumb. He closed the door and came straight towards her, while she watched him with round questioning eyes, like a child's.

Standing very close, he seized her hands, and bent a look upon her which was sharp and strained with emotion, and yet piteously entreating.

"I am going away," he said, in a harsh, hurried voice. "Won't you give me a kiss, Hyacinth, before I go?"

Give him a kiss, Miss Myrtoun was a young woman of the world—a very gay world indeed—and some of her friends had said of her that she would stop at nothing; but the truth was that never in her life since she could remember had she kissed any man but her grandfather and her uncle James. There had been no brothers nor cousins to claim her caresses as a familiar right, and to lovers who implored for them she had been as cold as a stone. And now who was this bold young officer who dared beseech for such a favor? He was Jack Ainslie's brother. She had vague remembrances of play with him in old childhood days; she had seen him of late here and there at reviews, in ball-rooms, a tall, silent fellow, and never spoken a hundred words to him in her life. A kiss! She wondered that he did not break from him in a rage. But she did not; she left her hands in his, and made no movement of reproach.

It was because she was in a gentle mood that day, because he was going away, and because he loved her—his eyes were telling her that, and the touch of his hands. Ainslie drew his breath hard while the girl gazed at him, hesitating. She saw the anguish in his drawn face; a sudden memory of the boy's lonely motherless life came to her, and the tender cadence of the melody wrapped her very soul; she raised herself a little on her tiptoes, and held up her beautiful mouth frankly and freely to him. With a broken, passionate exclamation, the man clasped her in both his arms, and set his lips to hers in a kiss so prolonged and so imperative that Hyacinth swayed under it. Then he whispered hoarsely, "God bless you for this! and loosening his hold of her as if it were a renunciation he must force his every nerve and fibre to, he turned and left her. But Hyacinth did not see him go, and only heard, confusedly the stamping of the horses as he mounted, and rode away with his orderly, for she was standing in a daze, her eyes brimming with tears, and the room was dim to her. She put up her fingers softly to her lips, a burning tide of color flooded her cheeks and forehead, and she buried her face in the cushions. Fainter and fainter the music was dying in the distance.

"You're not looking well; you're feverish," her grandmother said when she came in. "It isn't good for you to be moping here all by yourself."

And was a kiss such an uncanny thing that it should have the power to haunt one like a ghost? Hyacinth did her best to exercise it with scorn and indifference, but it was no use; the ghost would not be laid, and came creeping back just as she thought she had banished a sone upon it heavy enough and commonplace enough to keep it down. And the stone would be something like this:

"It was a perfectly natural thing to do. Grandmother knows him very well, and he was lonely at going away, and he recollected me when I was a little girl, and it was very sisterly and kind of me to kiss him good-by."

Nearer the ghost would steal a little nearer, the girl's drooping eyes grew luminous, and through closed lids she could see him enter, and would hear the deep vibrating voice again, and then—oh, then came the heaven and the shame of it, for she would feel his lips and his enfolding arms, a slow little smile would tingle at her mouth, and a glow suffuse her very being. Instantly she curled her lip at herself in the glass:

"So you were only waiting for a somebody with epaulets and spurs to ask you for a kiss, you common little thing! You've got the soul of a nursery-maid. I'm sorry I can't cut your acquaintance." But the scorn she thought would merge into a compassionate thought of him. Was he, perhaps, in the same straits? Did the thought of that kiss haunt him as it did her? Then a venomous imp of the brain would prick her with the thought, "Perhaps he thinks slightly of you; the kiss was lightly asked, and lightly valued; he may be laughing in his sleeve at you now." But this was the last resource of the tormenting imp, and caused only a moment's cringe, for the very light of truth had been in those clear eyes, the very stamp of a chivalrous and loyal personality upon Ainslie's every word and look and movement, and in her heart of hearts she knew that she trusted him absolutely.

Lord John had come in the very day of the sailing of the troops, and talked most affectionately about his brother. "I'm awfully cut up about his going," he's off there in the country with Uncle Spencer, and we've been almost like strangers until just lately, when he's been stopping with me, and I've grown immensely fond of him. He is a reserved sort of chap, but he's got an uncommon force of character. Uncle Spencer adores him, you know. He is such a shy fellow that I suppose he hasn't spoken half a dozen words to you this spring, Mary?"

"I've seen very little of him." Miss Myrtoun answered, calmly. Then the next moment she asked, apropos of an azeala show Lord John was talking about: "Of course it is very hard for you to have him go. Is there any chance of your hearing from him for a long time?"

"Oh yes," said Lord John: "he will send a word or two from Gibraltar, I fancy, or Alexandria, and perhaps again later on if there comes a chance; but we've never been much at writing to each other."

That was enough. So the ship would stop at Gibraltar, and that was a matter of six days, and a letter posted at once might be back in England within another three days. But would he write? The ninth day answered doubtly, for when Hyacinth came in from a

late drive there was a little pile of letters lying upon her desk, and the one on top bore a clear post-mark of Gibraltar. She snatched it up, and her fingers hurried as if to tear it open; but all at once she stopped and laid it down very evenly, and turned to her dressing-table, and began taking out her bonnet-pins, and unfastening her veil with the nicest deliberation. She dusted her bonnet tidily, and put it in its box, and ruffled and tumbled her bang about in a charming state of disorder, and next she took off her gown and put herself into an old and sympathetic wrapper, rolled a chair and footstool up to the fire, pulled the logs into place with painstaking judgment, and at last sat herself down and lazily gathered her letters together. The foreign one fell into the middle of the heap now, and had to take its turn and wait until the others had been attended to. Then it was clearly cut apart with a nice little paper-knife, and devoured in a dozen glances of those lovely eager eyes:

"MY DEAREST LOVE.—Do you forgive me? The gentle pity in your face as you looked upon me the other day comes back to comfort and reassure me, but again I have a wretched thought that I may have vexed you, and this overwhelms me. Let me tell you now, I have loved you with every pulse of my heart and every aspiration of my soul since those days you were at Dunham a year ago. Have you forgotten? The first evening I saw you there in the drawing-room with all the others, and you spoke to me of the old friendly tie between our people, and wondered if I remembered how we used to fight the stone lions at Shepley, and the first note of your voice and lifting of your eyes I loved you. You were gone in a day or two, but you staid with me. Then I was living for the spring, that I might be with you again; but seeing you in the confusion of your London world, it had seemed to me as if you were in the midst of a dazzling fog that obscured all the realities of life, and that I could not penetrate it, though it veiled you from me. And so perhaps fate did me a kind turn, after all, when she sent me off so suddenly, for now if I die it will be with a memory in my heart and on my lips that makes both life and death a mystery of joy."

"You know we only got our sailing orders the day before our leaving, and I was counting upon seeing you at Jack's little farewell gathering after the review. But when you were not there the world seemed to come to a halt, and then every impulse within me impelled me to you. I was beside myself with longing and loneliness, and the boon which your compassion prompted you to grant me I shall bless you for to the end of my days. There was never a devotee more filled with reverence, with lowly abasement before some undeserved mercy from Heaven."

"In writing to you now with the spell of your presence upon me, and with the thought of what may happen that would make these my last words to you, I cannot name you otherwise than what you are to me—my Love, my Light."

"May God bless you, my beautiful and beloved lady, and pour upon you the pure peace and happiness which belong to your sweet life."

"Faithfully and always yours,
HENRY SPENCER AINSLIE."

If grading old Mother Nature had bestowed the gift of second sight upon lovers divided by distance, the balance of delight and disappointment in the world would undoubtedly remain the same; but in Ainslie's case, could he have had a vision of Hyacinth that May afternoon as she read his letter, the proportion of his content would have been almost too great for any load of after-sorrow to outweigh it. He was riding with the army across the miserable desert of the Soudan, monotonous, baking, searing to the eye and brain; aimless scurrying fighting had been going on all day, and it was neither a glorious nor an inspiring business.

Now was he serene in his own right. He saw no reason to hope of gaining the girl he loved, and doubted lest he had made too rash a move and lost his chances for good. Now if only a miracle had danced before his sight in the shimmering air, and showed him the girl he loved as she sat with her arms lifted drowsily above her head and such a winning coquetry alight in all her face!

"How tall he was! How strong he was! What steady eyes! Why did I never know him before? How is it that I know him so well now?" The fire-light flickered, the twilight gathered the girl dreamed on, and when she rose she was humming a snatch from Marguerite's song.

"Sings, hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Munde's Lachen,
Sein' Auges Gewalt,
Und seiner Redo
Zauberflus,
Sein' Handedruck!"

and then the refrain sang out, and her voice was low, but clear and thrilling sweet—

"Und, ach, sein' Kuss?"

But poor Ainslie was plodding on, worn, hot, and racked with the bitterness of impatient suspense.

Miss Myrtoun and her grandmother had never gone through a gayer London season, and Hyacinth had never been a more brilliant figure of beauty and triumph. At balls, at dinners, at fetes of all kinds, her fair face showed up, with its radiant smile and quick glances. Even her grandmother took to flattering her upon her appearance.

The interest she showed in Egyptian affairs delighted the old lady too, for she herself came of a military family, and her granddaughter's lack of enthusiasm about such matters had all ways been a disappointment to her. But now Hyacinth read the *Times* to her by the hour—how the troops were ordered here and massing there, General Lord Wolsley sent out in command, and the Mahdi gathering hosts of followers, and so on, and so on.

"I wonder why Jack Ainslie didn't

go into the army, grandmamma?" she asked.

"Ob, my dear! Of course not," answered the old lady. "You know as well as I do that oldest sons never do. It was proper for Henry to go. And John Ainslie couldn't possibly fight, either."

"You've known them both since they were boys, granny?"

"Since they were little chaps in sashes and shoulder knots. Their father was one of my oldest friends. Nice little chaps they were, too. Henry was such a dear boy. I've seen a great deal of him every year down at Shepley, when you were with your Uncle James. He has always been so good about coming to see me, and dear old General Spencer never tires of telling me about him, and of his pride in him, and plans for him. I meant to have him a great deal at the house this spring, but it hasn't seemed to come to pass, and you never seemed to take to him particularly."

Hyacinth wondered afterwards that among all the fancies of those fleet days she had had no moment of concern for Ainslie's safety. She thought of him always as masterful, resolute, successful. The domination of his individuality so impressed itself upon her that to picture its force as arrested or struck down never occurred to her. This was a blinding blow when one morning early in August a servant of Lord John's came, with a troubled letter from his master, to say that he had just received a cable from Alexandria. Henry was badly wounded in the shoulder, and had been sent home immediately on a ship just then returning.

The ship was due that very day—his friend had delayed cabling on purpose—and he was starting at once for Portsmouth to bring him up to London.

"Henry led the charge," said the last mouth, "which won the day." Poor Hyacinth! She had lived through that tumult of emotion during the next four-and-twenty hours that her pulses were like a throbbing engine within her, beating her to exhaustion with its throes. What should she do? What did she want to do? She had not thought that the decisive time would come so soon; but now she knew, with an undoubting premonition, that Ainslie would come to her at once, and her brain was in a whirl. Finally, from sheer weariness of thinking and feeling, she deliberately let go the helm, and tried to gain time and rest by letting herself float listlessly upon the waves of excitement and doubt that seemed surging about her. She was numb, and tired, and incapable of judgment, and to be purposeless as a fatalist for a little while would be a blessed ease.

On the following day a note was brought her. It only said:

"HYACINTH.—I am in London. My wound is recovered sufficiently for me to be about. Have you anything to say to me?"

Proceeding westward from the Irish coast the ocean bed deepens very gradually; in fact for the first 530 miles the gradient is but 6 feet to the mile. In the next 20 miles, however, the fall is over 1,000 feet, and so precipitous is the sudden descent that in many places depths of 1,200 to 1,600 fathoms are encountered in very close proximity to the 100 fathom line. With the depth of 1,800 to 2,000 fathoms the sea bed in this part of the Atlantic becomes a slightly undulating plain, whose gradients are so slight that they show but little alteration of depth for 1,200 miles. The extent of this shallow submarine prairie renders the familiar simile of the basin rather inappropriate. The hollow of the Atlantic is not strictly a basin, whose depth increases regularly toward the center. It is rather a saucer or dish-like one, so even is the contour of its bed.

The greatest depth in the Atlantic has been found some 100 miles to the northward of the island of St. Thomas, where soundings of 3,875 fathoms were obtained. The sea round Great Britain can hardly be regarded as forming part of the Atlantic hollow. They are rather a part of the platform banks of the European continent which the ocean has overflowed. An elevation of the sea bed 100 fathoms would suffice to lay bare the greatest part of the North Sea and join England to Denmark, Holland and Belgium and France. A deep channel of water would run down the west coast of Norway, and with this the majority of the fords would be connected. A great part of the Bay of Biscay would disappear; but Spain and Portugal are little removed from the Atlantic depression. The 100 fathoms line approaches very near the west coast, and soundings of 1,000 fathoms can be made within 20 miles of Cape St. Vincent, and much greater depths have been sounded at distances but little greater than this from the western shores of the Iberian Peninsula.—*National Magazine*.

There is little doubt that General T. Eckert is to succeed the late Dr. Norvin Green as president of the Western Union Telegraph Company. General Eckert has been vice president since 1881 and has been virtually president for the last five years. He was born at St. Clairsville, Ohio, in 1825. He learned telegraphy in 1849, beginning at the bottom of the ladder, and made such a reputation for ability in that field that at the breaking out of the war he was summoned to Washington and placed in charge of the military telegraph of the Department of the Potomac, with the rank of captain. In 1862 he was promoted to the rank of major and given charge of the military telegraph at Washington. In 1864 he was chosen Assistant Secretary of War and afterward made brigadier general. He resigned his Secretaryship to accept the position of Eastern superintendent of the Western Union. In 1875 he was president of the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company. He organized the American Union Telegraph Company with Jay Gould in 1879. In 1881 Mr. Gould became the largest owner in both companies and consolidation followed, which made General Eckert general manager of the Western Union Company. He is regarded as the most vigorous, straightforward and able practical telegraph man of the day.

The Great Commover.

Henry Clay's Failure in Securing the Presidency Did Not Break His Heart.

Kansas City Times.

"It is not true that Mr. Clay's defeat broke his heart," says Mr. St. Art, an old Virginian, who was familiar with the great statesman of the country in his early days. "I drove down with Mr. Filmore to see Mr. Clay a few days before he died. He was perfectly cheerful and free from bitterness, although he still looked a keen interest in politics. He expressed a keen regret that Mr. Filmore had not been nominated. In some respects John Quincy Adams was one of the most remarkable men of the day. When he was chairman of the committee of ways and means I was a member of that committee. We two used to be in the committee room long before the other members, and no matter how busy the old man was he was always willing to put down his work and talk. Such an encyclopedia of information I have never seen. But my memory links me with a still older time. When I was a boy I often dined with my father at Monticello. Jefferson was a lonely man, the beauty and purity of whose family relations have recently been made known by his niece. Yes, he was peculiarly a modern man. It was he who gave shape to the French revolution, though deploring its excesses."

"I succeeded to his trusteeship in the University of Virginia, and a few years ago in looking for some old papers of the university, I found a paper by him on education, which appeared to me so valuable that I embodied it in my report. I afterwards sent a copy to a distinguished educator, who also said that nothing wider, more comprehensive, more in accordance with modern views of education had ever been written."

"No, I did not like John Randolph. He was witty, his wit always left a sting. But he did not always have the best of it. Daniel Sheffey was a little Dutch shoemaker from one of the western counties, whom some one had taught to read. He afterward studied law and became one of the most prominent men in the state. He and Randolph were in congress together. Randolph was intensely aristocratic and felt no small contempt for the Dutch shoemaker. One day Sheffey made a fine speech, in which he showed a small degree of humor. This was more than Randolph could bear. He got up in the most elaborate manner and began to compliment Sheffey on his convincing logic, his weight of argument, but added: 'But let my honorable friend keep out of the field of humor, in which he is not fitted to shine.' Quick as a flash Sheffey was on his feet, and as he never trenches on my province I will never intrude on his."

When a velvet belt or girdle can be worn it is a mistake, and if a velvet rosette does not finish it, a quiet dull gold or silver buckle is worn. The velvet used for these belts is not the ribbon, but the velvet sold by the yard, and which should be bought out on the bias.

The handsome cloak for an elderly lady, who does not wish black velvet, is black pea de-soie, the lustreless black satin. It is made in broad, flat box plaits reaching to the floor, with some superb jet on the bodice, and with its full sleeves makes one of the quietest but most elegant garments imaginable.

The tall girl is to have another season. Let the midget look up, dress her hair on the top of her head and stab it with a sword handle ornament; High heels, striped dresses and up and down lines, trimming will help too. But put on a belt or trim the hem of the dress with a darker band, and she will lose just that much of her apparent altitude.

Very few flowers are worn in the hair, mostly little crescents and stars of real or artificial brilliants and pearls. I have lately seen in the shop windows some exceedingly pretty mother-of-pearl crescents, which are charming for young girls. Everybody will be delighted to hear that now, but the least fashionable wear birds in their hats and bonnets.

Whipcord is the favorite material whereof the tailor-made gowns of many young women are composed. Like all material connected with a "horsey" outfit it has the merit of being extremely durable and looking exceedingly neat, especially if worn with rather a smart waistcoat. As this material was formerly only used for riding breeches or groom's clothes, its sphere of usefulness seems greatly extended.

Among the general rules to be observed by those who aspire to stylish elegance of appearance, the first and most important is that all efforts must tend to widening the shoulders by means of large, full sleeves and lace drapings over the shoulders and across the breast; and the second is that equally strenuous efforts must be brought to bear to do away with all protuberances about the hips by means of most carefully fitted princess gowns worn over equally well-shaped corsets and undergarments.

In viewing the latest importations one cannot help being impressed with the prevalence of green. This seems to be the favorite color and enters into almost every combination in some form. Certain shades of green combine beautifully with almost every fashionable tint, and a dark dress is tastefully toned up by the addition of the effective green combination. Brown and green—pale green and a yellowish bronze, moss green and ivory, marine blue and bronze green, are all effective combinations.

Beside the stylish and ladylike tailor-made coats, with their gracefully gored skirts en suite, redingote effects will multiply continually from this time to the summer season. These particularly for matrons, will take the place of many of the cumbersome street costumes now worn, or no wrap of any description is needed, or indeed looks well above a redingote dress. The modern redingote manipulated by French hands, and much in its effect like a princess gown open in front, has lost its original severe appearance through the addition of waistcoats, wide revers going over the shoulders from belt to belt, girdles, cape collars, pocket flaps, etc. Upon a few of the new models a suggestion of panier-like draperies appears.

The World of Women.

What Makes a Woman?

Not costly dress nor queenly air;
Not jeweled hand, complexion fair;
Not graceful form nor lily tress;
Not pale, nor curls, nor splendid hair;
Not peary teeth, nor sparkling eyes;
Not soft, nor firm, nor fabrics fine;
Not breath as weas elgantine;
Not any, yet no, nor fabrics fine;
Not all the stories of fashion's art;
Not yet the blishments of art;
Not one, or all of these combined,
Can make one woman true, refined,
The not the casket that we prize,
But that which in the casket lies.
These outward charms that please the sight
Are naught unless the heart be right.

Long gold chains, with pearls work, suitable for lorgnettes or watches, are being adopted.

Mrs. Blaine will spend the summer in Europe and will be accompanied by her youngest daughter, Hattie.

Miss Marguerite Merrington, who wrote Mr. St. Art's play of "Letter-hair" formerly taught in the Normal College, New York city.

Corset belts of ribbon, ornamented with small cabbage bows, are to be had in all colors. They are especially nice for young girls.

Sleeves are growing shorter. The elbow sleeve is the prescribed length for advanced designs from which some of the first spring importations are to be made.

The narrow black velvet ribbon with colored edges has come back looking just as it did in the early sixties. Even the baby ribbon has colored edges. The scarlet-edged black is pretty on children's hats.

The very wide revers, known as the "Empire," are most effective on house dresses of scarlet, pink or blue crepon, and, though made of black satin, no other portion of the gown needs to be of the sombre shade.

White petticoats of very thin, fine lawn are quite the rage. Some of the newest are several inches shorter than the black silk petticoat. They are elaborately ruffled and padded, and trimmed with lace and embroidery.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson is a portly, gray-haired woman, who was a grand-mother when she became Mr. Stevenson's wife. She is a remarkably clever woman, a talented writer and a chatty and cheery conversationalist.

Many of the dresses now being made are adorned on the skirt with three frills—a style of trimming which will commend itself to very tall women. Violet and purple are both fashionable colors, and the combination of purple and brown is quite new.

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Among the general rules to be observed by those who aspire to stylish elegance of appearance, the first and most important is that all efforts must tend to widening the shoulders by means of large, full sleeves and lace drapings over the shoulders and across the breast; and the second is that equally strenuous efforts must be brought to bear to do away with all protuberances about the hips by means of most carefully fitted princess gowns worn over equally well-shaped corsets and undergarments.

In viewing the latest importations one cannot help being impressed with the prevalence of green. This seems to be the favorite color and enters into almost every combination in some form. Certain shades of green combine beautifully with almost every fashionable tint, and a dark dress is tastefully toned up by the addition of the effective green combination. Brown and green—pale green and a yellowish bronze, moss green and ivory, marine blue and bronze green, are all effective combinations.

Beside the stylish and ladylike tailor-made coats, with their gracefully gored skirts en suite, redingote effects will multiply continually from this time to the summer season. These particularly for matrons, will take the place of many of the cumbersome street costumes now worn, or no wrap of any description is needed, or indeed looks well above a redingote dress. The modern redingote manipulated by French hands, and much in its effect like a princess gown open in front, has lost its original severe appearance through the addition of waistcoats, wide revers going over the shoulders from belt to belt, girdles, cape collars, pocket flaps, etc. Upon a few of the new models a suggestion of panier-like draperies appears.

General Eckert, Who Will Become President of the Western Union.

There is little doubt that General T. Eckert is to succeed the late Dr. Norvin Green as president of the Western Union Telegraph Company. General Eckert has been vice president since 1881 and has been virtually president for the last five years. He was born at St. Clairsville, Ohio, in 1825. He learned telegraphy in 1849, beginning at the bottom of the ladder, and made such a reputation for ability in that field that at the breaking out of the war he was summoned to Washington and placed in charge of the military telegraph of the Department of the Potomac, with the rank of captain. In 1862 he was promoted to the rank of major and given charge of the military telegraph at Washington. In 1864 he was chosen Assistant Secretary of War and afterward made brigadier general. He resigned his Secretaryship to accept the position of Eastern superintendent of the Western Union. In 1875 he was president of the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company. He organized the American Union Telegraph Company with Jay Gould in 1879. In 1881 Mr. Gould became the largest owner in both companies and consolidation followed, which made General Eckert general manager of the Western Union Company. He is regarded as the most vigorous, straightforward and able practical telegraph man of the day.

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