

# Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., March 17, 1893

## AT SUNSET.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you've left undone,  
That gives you a bit of heartache  
At the setting of the sun,  
The tender words forgotten,  
The letter you did not write,  
The flowers you might have sent, dear,  
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted  
Out of your brother's way,  
The bit of heartsome counsel  
You were hurried to say,  
The loving touch of the hand, dear,  
The gentle and winsome tone,  
That you had no time or thought for,  
Which troubles enough of your own.

The little act of kindness,  
So easily out of mind,  
Those chances to be angels  
Which every mortal finds,  
They come in quiet and unobtrusive,  
Each chill, reproachful wrath,  
When hope is faint and flagging,  
And a bright has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,  
And sorrow all too great,  
To suffer our slow compassion  
That carries until too late,  
And it's not the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you leave undone,  
Which gives you a bit of heartache  
At the setting of the sun.

Margaret E. Singler, in *Practical World*.

## MORLEY'S VALENTINE.

The day was dark and gloomy. In the morning the rain had fallen in a steady drizzle, freezing as it fell and causing the sidewalks to be avoided by all those who were obliged to walk to their offices. The middle of the street showed a long black line of struggling pedestrians, who were doing their best to keep from falling and rendering the air heavier and bluer than it naturally was by the very complimentary language regarding the weather which they used as they slipped and slid along.

In the lot were old and young, grave and gay, rich and poor, all exchanging the common remarks about the condition of the streets and the long continued spell of bad weather. One, alone never deigned to answer any of the brief sentences and betokened by his demeanor the thorough contempt he had for even the most insignificant attempts at friendliness that were made by his fellow travelers. He was a tall, stern-faced man, the very pink of neatness in his attire, and showing by his demeanor that he asked nothing of the world but to be left alone and permitted to carry on his own affairs in his own way. Once and once only did he give way for a brief moment to an exhibition of human feeling and that was when an ill-advised step nearly precipitated him upon the flat of his back.

The surprised glances that took the forms of his immediate companions caused him to scowl fiercely and to straighten himself into even fiercer rigidity than before the temporary and involuntary lapse from his usual dignified carriage.

Perhaps it was the thought of what an exhibition he had made of himself and the injury done his self-pride that made him so touchy. The fact that made him slam the door of his private office with even greater vigor than usual, and caused the clerks to bend over their work with the very suspicious energy that attacks employes when the proprietor is around.

J. B. Morley, of the old-established firm of Morley & Johnson, was not the easiest man in the world to work for, and when his tall figure in its upright severity loomed up among them there was not a person in the establishment, from the book keeper to the office boy, that did not feel somewhat overawed by his icy presence. This morning he was decidedly out of temper, the failure to get a car, the icy pavements and the crowning piece of annoyance, that gigue, had ushered him into his office prepared to find fault with everything.

His desk was a litter of unopened letters and the scrap basket showed signs of having not been emptied.

"Where's Harris?" he snapped out suddenly, coming to his door and starting the clerk in the immediate vicinity into an ineffectual attack of the ague that caused him to blot the neck of a column of figures that he was carefully adding up.

"I don't know, sir," faltered the employe, "he was here a minute ago."

"Well, why is he not here now? That boy thinks I employ him for the pleasure it gives me to pay his salary. Brooks" (this to the cashier), "remember, this Saturday Harris is discharged. I can't have drosses in my place. Work is what I pay for, not pay. Remember, on Saturday Harris goes."

"Yes, sir," said the cashier, with a furtive glance toward a boyish figure just then coming in through the door with a face as radiant as a rosy-cheeked apple and a smile that brought sunshine even on such a dark day into the dingy office.

Was it a fur-lined overcoat or a new dress suit? and old Morley hugged himself in the enjoyment of his own wit and looked about for appreciation from his fellow clerks, but none was forthcoming, as every one was in full sympathy with the dejected little figure that had been but a short time ago buoyant with joy and gladness.

"I went to buy a valentine," said the boy, with a momentary glance at the cherished packet.

"A valentine? nice trash for a boy earning \$2 a week to spend his money on—a spoony combination of hearts and doves and indecent little Cupids. A woeful waste of money. Harris, you are a spendthrift and a drone, and you are not the sort of a boy we want in this place. On Saturday, Harris, you go. You understand me, on Saturday."

For a minute the boy's face blanched, but only for that single instant, and then, straightening himself up until he was in bearing at least the equal of the slim man facing him, his young voice rang out in defiant defense of his action.

"I am neither a spendthrift nor a drone, Mr. Morley. You have, of course, a right to discharge me, but I mean to tell you that the two dollars you pay me goes, every cent of it, to help my mother and little crippled sister Nellie. I bought that valentine for her out of an extra dime I earned carrying a satchel to Broad Street Station. She's sick and the doctor says she ain't long for this world, and I knew it would please her, and so I went out early to get it leaving the ten-cent ones might all be gone. If you discharge me I'll take away the best part of sending it to her, but I ain't going to worry her about it for this may be her last Valentine Day."

Here the boyish voice broke and Morley, who had stood listening against his will by the very power of the boy's eloquence, now gathered himself together, as if ashamed of the momentary weakness, and in his usual dry tone repeated:

"Saturday—you understand?" Somehow Morley was not himself that day. He argued that the weather affected him, and the boyish face of little Harris would come between him and the letters and papers, and if he had not been J. B. Morley, the senior member of the firm of Morley & Johnson, he would have thought that it was remorse that bothered him. As it was, however, he attributed his uneasy feelings to indignation and tried to forget all about the scene of the morning, but it would come back again and again. "A valentine," he thought, and with the mention of the name memory carried him back to the days of childhood when he, too, wrote little verses and pasted pink paper hearts on sheets of paper to be sent surreptitiously to little sweethearts. Then, later on, how he had hoped to win pretty Mabel Dunton and had on another Valentine's Day placed his fate in the envelope that carried the most expensive valentine the little town of Wilton afforded. Poor Mabel! Many Valentine Days had passed since he laid her and the wee white blossom, that lived but a day, under the sod in the old churchyard. Perhaps he would have been different if she had lived, but life had been hard and stern with him, and he must be cruel and unrelenting in return.

That night as he entered the tiny house that he called home, for despite his riches he had never attempted any grandeur in his surroundings in the darkness and the chill of the inner hall struck him as an icy hand and upon making a light his eyes fell upon an envelope laid conspicuously upon the little table that did service for a hat-rack.

"A valentine," he thought, then laughed to himself at the absurdity of such an idea, but something of the old-time expectation and hesitancy made his fingers tremble as he tore it open and under the hall lamp devoured its contents.

MR. MORLEY.  
DEAR SIR:—Seen as I axed you for more wages in this office, I can't but please meself and get another place.

"My valentine," he laughed in sarcastic humor. "My valentine, a message of love from the one person in all the world on whom I was dependent—my world. Cupid must laugh to himself over such a billet doux. Well, I was an old fool to think that there was anyone silly enough to send me a valentine. I who this very morning laughed at a boy's love for his sister, I who have pinched the poor and robbed the widow? Yes, robbed, I know it, I dare say to myself, for it is the truth. I, such a one as that, expected a valentine. It is a joke worth making merry over," and his hollow laugh awoke the echoes of the silent house as he rummaged about among the pots and kettles and endeavored to get himself up an apology for a meal, for with all his means the thought of going to a restaurant never occurred to him.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed, as he poked at the clinkers in the grate. "Morley's valentine—Morley's valentine. Well, why shouldn't there be a Morley's valentine if I have to send it myself; it'll be mine, and though my cook has left me and my friends all dead or wrapped up in their own concerns, I'll have a bit of valentine fun and surprise myself by doing such a thing as Mabel would have wished." And as though afraid that he would repent of the unusual resolution the tall figure leaned over the oaken desk and wrote and sealed a message that would bring joy to three hearts on the morrow.

When little Harris, cast down by the shadow of his discharge, appeared at the office in the early hours of the morning, Mrs. Dooley handed him an envelope, explaining as she did so that she had found it "poked under the dore" when she came at 5 o'clock to clean up. "Shure, it must be a valentine." The boy's eyes skimmed over the lines and took in the meaning of the few crisp words: "You are retained in the service of Morley & Johnson at a salary of \$4 per week. If you thank me you are discharged," signed "J. B. Morley." And throwing his arms about the amazed scrub woman, in a voice from which all sorrow had fled, he cried: "It is, it is, it is! Morley's valentine!" — *Edith Townsend Everett.*

Persia in a Bad Way.  
The Shah Now Under the Control of a Priestly Oligarchy.

The internal affairs of Persia seem to be proceeding steadily from bad to worse. A correspondent of the London Times, who declares that he has the highest authority for his statements, writes: "The princely caste, which has always enjoyed greater authority in Persia than in Mussulman countries of the Sunni persuasion, although humbled by the present ruling dynasty, has exploited to the utmost the prevailing discontent for the furtherance of its own ends and the revival of its own prestige. Mahdist doctrines—i. e., the belief in the speedy advent to the twelfth Imam, who is to sweep the unbelievers off the face of the earth—have always had a strong hold upon the Shiite Mohammedans. During the late Mubarek festivals the priest-brood announced in many mosques that a mahdi and savior unto Persia had risen at Sammarra, near Bagdad, in the person of Mollah Hajji Mirza Hassan Shirazi, and that he was predestined to rule over the land. This ominous announcement was rendered still more significant by the omission of the khutbah, the prayer for the shah, which throughout Islam is the most ancient and sacred privilege of royalty. These incidents acquire all the more gravity that the shah feels himself helpless to cope with the impending crisis. Treachery is rampant within the palace itself, and the shah's third son, Prince Naim-es-Sultaneh, who is at the same time minister of war, is known to be in secret sympathy with the malcontent leaders. It is no exaggeration to say that the shah rules in little more than name, and, as it were, on sufferance. The power, both in the capital and the provinces, almost throughout his empire, has passed out of his hands into those of the priestly oligarchy, who are the masters of the situation. The grand vizier himself—Emir-es-Sultan—has been compelled to enter into secret negotiations with the most influential of these holy agitators, Mollan Mirza Hassan Ashtiani, in the hope, it is alleged, of persuading him that the deposition of the shah, would involve the occupation and possible division of the last great shah kingdom by the very Europeans whose presence is so loathsome to every right-thinking Mussulman."

Two Metropolitan Children.  
It was on Third Avenue the other day that the face of a boy not more than 6 years old, with a pair of eyes that twinkled between the little lips, attracted the attention of a woman who was passing. The child's puffy, sickly appearance, for he looked as if nothing more than cigarettes was needed to break his slender hold on life, made the woman stop in the hope that there was an opportunity for a word in his behalf.

"Don't you know," she began, "if you'll never grow up to be a big, strong man if you smoke those bad cigarettes? You'll die, and you don't want to do that, I know."

"Naw, I won't die nuther," said the young smoker without taking out his pipe.

"What would your mother say if she saw you?" she asked.

"Oh, she lets me."

A chubby little chap of 4, round cheeked, a mere baby, stood at the elder one's side during the talk. The woman turned to him.

"Your little brother doesn't smoke cigarettes. You are setting him a bad example."

The younger boy smiled, but said nothing.

"Naw, he don't smoke cigarettes," spoke up the other one; "he smokes a pipe."

And the woman fled, abashed before the two terrible infants. — *New York Times.*

Pride Goeth Before a Fall.  
They were walking along Michigan avenue and the wind was blowing a gale. The young women's skirts were whirled about her in a way that sorely impeded progress. Her fur-trimmed cape blew up about her ears and knocked her hat rakishly on one side, and altogether it was fairly evident that the present style of feminine attire was not adapted for pedestrian exercise on windy days. She bowed to the bluest day as this. Of course (concealingly) it's the fault of your dressmakers and milliners, but you must admit it's totally unsuitable.

The young woman raised her head to reply, when a sudden gust seized his Alpine hat and bore it swiftly and gracefully through the air for a few hundred feet. Then it landed in a puddle left from the previous day's rain and lightly skimmed the surface of the water. The young man pursued and finally captured it, and when he rejoined his companion she only remarked:

"Of course it's the fault of your hat, but it is a little unsuitable for such a climate, isn't it?" — *Chicago Times.*

Silk From Wood Pulp.  
The efforts of certain manufacturers of St. Etienne, France, to work a process invented by Count Chabrier for the manufacture of silk from wood pulp by a method similar to that used in converting wood into paper, is described in a recent consular report. It appears that a few years ago similar attempts were made. Large works were built at Beaucaumont, and preparations for making silk from wood were made on a somewhat extravagant scale. Some remarkable specimens of silk made by this process were shown, and now a company is being organized to go at the novel business in earnest. — *New York Times.*

Gobelins Tapestry.  
A report of the United States consul general in Paris on French tapestries gives some interesting information in regard to the famous Gobelins factory. It was founded in 1607 by Henri IV., in the scarlet dye works originally established in the fifteenth century by Jehan Gobel. In 1662 it was bought by Louis XIV., and the name of Gobelbert, and formed into the "Manufactures des Meubles de la Couronne," with 800 workmen directed by the most celebrated artists. After the death of Louis XIV the factory reverted to its original work of making tapestry only. The national factory of Gobelins is now divided into three sections, dye shops, tapestry shops and carpet workshops. The first not only produce every color, but twenty or thirty shades of each. The execution of the tapestry is so slow that an artist cannot produce more than a dozen of a square yard in a year. In 1826 the manufacture of carpets was added. These are remarkable for their softness and the evenness of their tissue. Some of them take five to ten years to produce, and cost from 60,000 francs to 150,000 francs. Several tapestries of special importance exhibited at the Gobelins are mentioned by the consul general. A portrait of Louis XIV. by Rigaud is considered the *chef d'oeuvre*. A special account of the method of making the tapestry, by Mr. Delaury, an expert, is also given in the report. This gentleman says that the value of Gobelins is on the average 3,000 francs to 4,000 francs per square meter, while that of the Beauvais tapestry is as much as 7,000 francs. The characteristics of Gobelins are large historical scenes and reproductions from celebrated paintings. Sales to private persons are only permitted by the special authority of the minister of fine arts. The Gobelins factory is joined the carpet factory of La Savonnerie (the building in which this work was first commenced was originally a soap factory), in which velvet carpets, reproducing historical and mythological subjects, are manufactured in the same ways as velvets. The artists at Gobelins receive very high salaries. Hand looms only are employed, and tapestries of the ordinary dimensions require on the average three years. The manufacture of silk tapestries at Nimes has been declining since 1750, and there, as at Aubusson, it is in private hands. Beauvais's silk tapestries (the manufacture is controlled by the state), Cotton warps, called *bayanes*, are employed, the wets is of two-fold wool, and is a species of Australian mohair wool, denominated *laine brode*, its characteristic being that it is open and firm. The wets are dyed by expert chemists and dyers, by the old method of wood dyes, such as indigo, cochineal and curcuma. Port wool and part silk tapestries are also manufactured, and a limited number all silk.

The American Oxford.  
Plans For the Great Methodist University at Washington.

The great Methodist university at Washington city is a fixed fact. True, the structures are yet to be built, and even the cornerstones of Lincoln memorial hall will not be laid till next October, but the ground is secured, the plans have been enthusiastically approved by the whole church, and therefore the university is a fixed fact.

The site consists of 92 acres of ground beautiful for situation and the delight of all who have seen it, in the famed northwest section, bisected by Massachusetts avenue extended, and is now worth about \$750,000. It was presented to the trustees by the citizens of Washington, and already one may see there indications of the rising city which is to be from the start consecrated to piety and sound learning. Within a few years the denomination which had its origin at ancient Oxford will have an American Oxford of its own. Lincoln memorial hall, as also said, is to be the first structure erected, and this is to be paid for by \$1 contributions from those who desire to honor the memory of Abraham Lincoln.

At the main entrance to the tower 13 granite columns will represent the original states. At the corners are columns representing the new states admitted down to the time of Lincoln's inauguration. Above in the turret are the prophecies of the states yet to be and the territories. In the center of the space elevated above this canopy is the shield of the United States, the bars of gothic tracery and the field set with 13 translucent and glittering stars of Rocky mountains quartz crystal. Surrounding the whole is a roof of metal in the form of tents, as near as possible, as a suggestion of the tented field.

This tower is to be upon the highest plateau in the District of Columbia, and from its top the view will extend over the whole territory between the Blue Ridge and the Atlantic ocean. Toward the right rises the Sugar Loaf mountain, and to the left are the windings of the Potomac, beyond which are the historic battlefields. Massachusetts avenue, running through the very center of the city, and upon which stands many palatial residences, opens up direct communication with the university. Every prominent building of the city will be visible from this elevation, and towering far above them all is the beautiful vaulted dome of the capitol and the shapely shaft of the monument. And on this commanding plateau the Methodists expect to rear the American Oxford.

Mad Michigan Rivers.  
DETROIT, Mich., March 13.—The warm weather of the past few days has caused the heavy masses of ice and snow in the Grand, St. Lawrence, Raisin, Clinton and many other of the smaller rivers throughout the state to move. The early part of this week innumerable gorges formed in these rivers and have caused the water to back up, flooding the cities and towns lying on the banks. Several bridges have been washed away, houses, stores, mills and other buildings flooded and other damage done, the amount of which is not yet known. As far as known no lives were lost.

This ice is gorged above Ionia, and a big force of men is at work blasting it. The lower part of the Michigan (Cling) company's buildings is flooded, and the rest will be heavy. At Lyons the water rose several feet an hour. Early this morning the fire bells were rung to alarm the residents of that town of the fact. All of the lower town is flooded several feet deep. Acres of ice poured over the dam and caused a tremendous backwater, which resulted in much damage to factories. Grand river is over a mile wide there. At Jackson the basements of ten stories are flooded. Mt. Clemens is also a sufferer. The east of the city is flooded.

Cremating Garbage.  
How the Work is Done in New England Cities.

The consumption of garbage by cremation has been begun in quite a number of cities in this country, and the one which is an object lesson to cities is the double-fire system now in use in Lowell and in other parts of the country. This crematory is a brick structure, 40 feet long, 10 feet wide and 12 feet high, with a stack 75 feet in height. The top of the furnace is reached by a platform and the garbage is collected in carts and dumped down the slopes into the feed holes in the top of the furnace. After the furnace has been charged, two fires are lighted. The flames pass from the first fire to the garbage piled on the grate, and the gases and smoke attending the combustion then pass to the second fire, where they are consumed. All the products of the burning of the garbage must pass through one of the fires. We have not room for detailing how this system is managed, but the results are such that works successfully wherever it has been tried, and its adoption in many of our large cities is, apparently, only a question of time.

Dynamite For Signor Brin.  
Two Bombs Found in the House of an Italian Minister.

ROME, March 7.—Two dynamite bombs were discovered to-day in the house of Signor Brin, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Another bomb was found in front of a local prison.

Free Text Books.  
A bill was introduced in both branches of the legislature Wednesday morning appropriating \$1,000,000 for the purchase of text books for the common schools of the State.

First Meeting of the Cabinet.  
WASHINGTON, March 7.—The first meeting of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet was held this afternoon at the unusual hour of 3 o'clock, and it lasted something more than two hours. All the members were present.

The World of Women.  
A sword hit is used as a brooch. The guard of small gold wire, with a stone or pearl in the centre of each.

Several rows of black satin ribbon of graduated width make a most decoration for dark green or navy blue woolen gowns.

Now that every one has velvet sleeves the new craze is for satin sleeves, but as they are made into two huge puffs, it takes an artist to hang them gracefully.

The old fashioned rolled hem, held in place by blind stitches, is used for the lower edge of the fashionable flounce, while the upper edge is a standing ruffle of the material doubled.

Gorgeous little house jackets, closely copying those worn by the Turkish ladies, show rich embroideries of untarnishable gold thread upon a blue, black or scarlet velvet background.

A striking innovation in some of the new importations is overshirts. These at present are generally split up in front or at the sides to show the bell skirt beneath. They hang perfectly straight.

A fine quality of ladies' cloth, which is now called habit cloth, is an extremely popular material. It comes in all the exquisite new shades and is used not only for tailor-made costumes, but for those that are much more elaborate.

Myra Clark Gaines left an estate worth \$25,000 when she died, in 1887. The lawyers have absorbed \$80,000 of it in fighting over her will and hope to be able to get away with the remainder in the new trial which they have just commenced.

Hop sacking the latest and most fashionable dress goods, reminds one of canvas, being peculiarly suggestive of a hammock. However, as several well tailors have built gowns of it for yachting and traveling purposes, it will probably become quite as fashionable on this side as it is in England.

Only a woman with plenty of money can afford to buy cheap materials, wear light colors or select ultra styles. Only a beautiful woman with a great deal of color and undeniable youth can afford to wear lavender tints. Only a brilliant woman can afford to use sarcasm and only a shrew who cares nothing for popularity can afford to be impolite.

Mrs. Sarah C. Sears, whose "Romola" took the Evans prize at the Water Color Exhibition, is a Boston woman whose husband, Montgomery Sears, enjoys the reputation of being the richest man in that city. Mrs. Sears, in addition to being rich and an artist, is a beauty—a tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired woman. The model for her Romola was her most intimate friend, Mrs. Bunker.

The most fashionable collar is the one that is quietest and stands as high as can be comfortable to wear. To make a last winter's collar higher add a small band of chenille or moss trimming such as is often used for trimming the bottom of skirts. O. again, be ribbon sewed in many loops to a ribbon foundation and forming a thick ruche is not only a neat and stylish trimming for the neck, but for the whole bodice.

Don't believe you can get rid of wrinkles by filling in the crevices with powder. Instead give your face a Russian bath every night; that is, bath it with water so hot that you wonder how you can stand it, and then a minute after with cold water that will make it glow with warmth; dry it with a soft towel and go to bed, and you ought to sleep like a baby, while your skin is growing firmer and free from wrinkles and you are resting.

Nearly all the women wear their hair low in the neck, many having it brought quite down over the ears, parted in front and with loose, long curly locks straying from the sides. If this style were not favored, then the very pronounced curl in the middle of the forehead, and shorter locks on the side, and the Byzantine waves and coils at the back were worn. High tortoise shell combs and daggers appeared to be the most popular ornaments.

A gray gown worn by a tall stately girl with brown eyes was very simply made. The material was Landsdowne, and the full skirt was trimmed with fine narrow ruffles set a little apart so that the lower part was well covered. The round bodice was made a little full and had immense leg o' mutton sleeves, a high stock and wide belt, each finished by a rosette at the back. Over the shoulders a wide ruffle of creamy lace gave a berth effect. Just in front the girl had pinned a large American Beauty rose which was just the touch of color the gown needed to make it perfect.

Spring millinery is peculiarly gay, nearly every hat or bonnet being in color or rather than the tans or blacks as we have been accustomed to. A new and unusual to see a bright green or purple straw trimmed with pink roses or yellow buttercups. The shapes also are very uncommon, either verging on the round poke or old-time scoop. A pattern hat in green and black, the crown being formed of interwoven rubber stems and the rim of fine black chip. This extended well over the forehead and had a rosette of green set on the fluffy bang. At the back a bunch of black tips set up over the low crown and a little bow of black satin ribbon defined the front.

The bony maiden will rejoice when the springtime comes, for the new styles are just her style exactly. There are, among other things, walking-jackets with high, flaring collar, stiff shoulder-capes looped up with rosettes, leg o' mutton sleeves and a half girde fastened in front with a third row of buttons. The dresses are all short, all wide, all trimmed and all silk ruffles inside, the waists are all short, with girdeles, ham-shaped sleeves and zouave jacket pieces of flaring bretelles of the material, lined, and trimmed to make them still more assertive.

Even the silk shirt waists to wear with shop-made jackets are now bunched up and puffed up with extravagant ruffles, collar capes and gathered sleeves 36 inches wide at the top. Verily the attenuated damsel will be very deceptive when she is dressed in her April suit.

Myra Clark Gaines left an estate worth \$25,000 when she died, in 1887. The lawyers have absorbed \$80,000 of it in fighting over her will and hope to be able to get away with the remainder in the new trial which they have just commenced.

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Hop sacking the latest and most fashionable dress goods, reminds one of canvas, being peculiarly suggestive of a hammock. However, as several well tailors have built gowns of it for yachting and traveling purposes, it will probably become quite as fashionable on this side as it is in England.

Only a woman with plenty of money can afford to buy cheap materials, wear light colors or select ultra styles. Only a beautiful woman with a great deal of color and undeniable youth can afford to wear lavender tints. Only a brilliant woman can afford to use sarcasm and only a shrew who cares nothing for popularity can afford to be impolite.