

# Democratic Watchman.

Bellfonte, Pa., April 7, 1893

## SPRING CLEANING.

Yes, clean yer house an' clean yer shed  
An' clean yer barn in every part;  
But brush the cobwebs from yer head  
An' sweep the snow-banks from yer heart.  
Jee' w'en spring cleanin' comes aroun'  
Bring forth the duster an' the broom,  
But rake yer feggy notions down  
An' sweep yer dusty soul of gloom.

Sweep ol' ideas out with dust  
An' dress yer soul in newer style,  
Scrape from yer min' its worsted crust  
An' dump it in the rubbish pile.  
Sweep out the hates that burn an' smart.  
Bring in new loves serene an' pure.  
Around the hearth-stone of the heart  
Place modern styles of furniture.

Clean out yer morril cubby holes,  
Sweep out the dirt, scrape off the scum;  
The cleanin' time for healthy souls  
Sit up and dust! The spring has come!  
Clean out the corners of the brain,  
Bear down with scrubbin' brush an' soap.  
An' dump ol' Feg into the rain,  
An' let the April sunshine in.

Clean out the brain's deep rubbish hole,  
Soak ev'ry cranny great an' small,  
An' in the front room of the soul!  
Hang posier pictures on the wall,  
Scrub up the winders of the mind,  
Clean up, an' let the spring begin;  
Swing open widin' the w'indin' blinds  
An' let the April sunshine in.

Plant flowers on the soul's front yard,  
Set out new shade an' blossom trees,  
An' let the soul once more an' hard,  
Sproot crocus buds, an' tulip leaves.  
Yes, clean yer house an' clean yer shed,  
An' clean yer barn in every part;  
But brush the cobwebs from yer head  
An' sweep the snow-banks from yer heart!

—S. Walter Fosk.

## THE ALTAR-CLOTH OF SAN CARLOS.

A Spanish song floated out on the summer air and then died away, as a young girl rose from the ground where she was kneeling before an embroidery-frame, and moving from beneath the shade of the banana trees into the sunlight, clasped her tired arms above her head and drew a deep restful breath. The sunshine bathed her in its warm light, bronzing the waves of her dark hair, deepening the glow on her cheeks, and losing itself in the clear depths of her brown eyes, which were dreamily fixed on the distant mountains.

She and her song seemed a part of the perfect day—the semi-tropical landscape, the sensuous air, and the rhythmic murmur of insect-life. Around her stretched the green garden of the Hacienda del San Carlos; at her feet, a brook wound its sparkling way through the grass; banana-trees threw the shadow of their leaves over the pebbled paths, while at the eastern end a long line of low buildings intensified with their dazzling whiteness the brilliant greens of the foliage.

At the sound of steps on the path, she turned, and, shading her eyes, looked with eager joy at the figure of a man coming toward her; then, laughing gently, she sank on her knees behind a tall cactus and crouched there, hidden from sight. She heard her name called softly, then in more impatient tones:—"Juanita! Juanita!" Peering out between the broad leaves, she saw the man look earnestly around the garden and then throw himself on the ground, his back toward her.

Rising, she glided to his side, her footsteps making no sound on the grass, and stood over him. Lying as he did, he was unconscious of her presence till, taking a scarlet flower from a bunch in her belt, she dropped it on his averted face. Instantly he turned a pair of startled eyes toward her; then, seeing the mocking face above him, he sprang to his feet.

"Juanita! witch!" he exclaimed, "where did you come from? Ah, false-one," he added taking her unresisting hand in his, "I've promised to meet me beneath the banana trees at noon?"

"Truly," she answered, demurely, "I think it was you, señor, who made the promise, and forgot it. You are hours late!" she said, reproachfully.

"Hours, child? Not more than three minutes, and here is the proof," holding out his watch.

She motioned it away. "That is nothing but a machine. No matter what happens, it beats calmly on, not faster nor slower than usual. What does it know of impatience? Ah, my señor, you must be by this cold guide, while Juanita waits your coming by the slow lengthening of the shadows on the old sun-dial and the impatient beatings of her own heart."

For answer, he stooped and kissed her lips, despite their smiling protest.

"You need not blush, child; there is no one in the whole hacienda to see."

"Yes, but—Ah, no, señor! You must do it again; you will make me angry if you disobey."

She moved toward her embroidery frame, and, kneeling, bent her flushed cheeks over its banks of delicate threads; while the man lay on the grass beside her, lazily watching her deft fingers.

"Do you remember, señor," she said, after a few moments' silence, "the story you told me yesterday of the three sisters who, the Greeks believed, held our life thread and cut it at the hour of death?" He nodded. "It is strange how it has run in my head ever since. As I sat here this morning, working on my altar-cloth for our Church of San Carlos, twisting the thread in and out of the meshes, I almost fancied myself a Fate!"

"You are as irresistible as one," he murmured.

It seemed such a strange idea, she went on, dreamily; "it half frightened me. I fancied it was my own life-thread I was weaving in and out—all so regular, you see, except here. I worked that the first day I met you, señor, the new mining engineer from the North I had heard so much of; and—and I think perhaps my mind was not on my work." She looked at him, smiling, then flushed at the answering glow in his eyes.

"But really, I am half superstitious over the idea. A few more days, and the cloth will be finished. I shall be afraid to cut the last thread; I shall feel that I have ended someone's life, perhaps my own!"

"Juanita, you must not be serious; it is the first time I have seen you so,

and you promised me this hour for my very own. Lay aside your work and amuse me!"

"Señor, you have but to ask and I obey. See, I have put it away. Now hand me my guitar from the branch, and we will sing together the song I promised to teach you; that is more amusing."

Catching the instrument from his hand, she swept her fingers over the strings, and their voices were soon blending in an old Spanish love-song; that to be followed by another and another, till the point on the mossy old sun-dial, which Juanita held up as an example of slowness, had cast its shadow over more than one hour-mark on its ancient face.

The sun was just rising above the jagged mountains, and its beams had not yet warmed the heavy shadows in the valleys, when, on the following morning, Juanita opened the door of her home and walked quickly through the garden toward the little river which ran through its lower end.

Following its bank for a few rods, she came to a broad flat rock, about whose sunken end the water foamed in eddies.

An old woman was kneeling there, half hidden by a pile of linen.

"See, Chita, I have brought you these pieces of embroidery to wash; and, if you will do them now, I will wait and spread them to bleach for you."

With a nod of assent, Chita took the bundle from her, and then, piece by piece, dipped the linen in the stream, beating it on the stone worn smooth by generations of lavanderas, lashing the water to a foam with the vigorous strokes of her thin bare arms, all the while crooning in a cracked voice the song that Juanita had taught Russell Melvin the day before.

The girl watched her, idly wondering how it would seem to be wrinkled and unlovely. The sharp morning air blew her own tangled hair about her eyes, her cheeks glowed, and her whole frame thrilled with youthful vigor.

"Chita," she exclaimed, "I must do something—I want to work; let me wash this piece myself." And in a moment she was kneeling beside the old woman on the sunken rock.

The first freshness of the morning was past when, the linen spread in the sun, Juanita turned toward home.

At the sound of rapid steps behind her, she turned, and recognizing a young Mexican approaching, waited with a troubled face until he overtook her. He was out of breath, either from his hurried walk or some strong emotion; there was a deep flush on his swarthy cheeks, and his eyes gleamed angrily.

"Good morning, Alejandro," she faltered.

"Juanita, what have I done, that you should avoid me during the past weeks as if I were the plague?" he asked, fiercely.

"Nothing, nothing," she answered quickly; "we were always good friends, Alejandro."

"We were more than that, Juanita. We loved each other as boy and girl; I am now a man, and I love you more each day. You know this, Juanita—each day I would die for you—and you treat me like a stranger: no, not a stranger—you are kinder to him," he added, bitterly. "What has come between us? Shall I answer for you? A stranger! A man you never saw till a month ago; of whom you know nothing; who will play with you as with a pretty toy, and with a troubled face until he is not satisfied of the sport; who would not sacrifice for one moment of his selfish pleasure, or lift one of his white hands to save you from danger."

"You lie!" she cried, passionately.

"How dare you talk to me?"

"How dare I?" he cried, with fury.

"How dare I?" Because—I love you," he ended, almost piteously. "It is he who lies, with every glance of his blue eyes and every word of his false English tongue. And when he says he loves you, Juanita, are you mad enough to listen to him?"

She shrank from him, terrified by his vehemence, and was silent.

"Juanita, did you never love me?" he asked, tenderly.

His tears suddenly rushed to her eyes, the color to her face.

"I always did; that is, until—"

He turned, with an inarticulate exclamation of rage, and struck his hand heavily against the tree beneath which they stood; then he let it fall unheeded by his side, while the blood slowly gathered on the dark bruise. Momentarily sobered by the pain, he spoke almost calmly.

"You have loved me, and would to-day but for that man. Oh, Juanita, do not let him come between us! I love you—love you! Don't look at me in that way! Oh, for the love of Christ, say he is nothing to you!"

She hid her face in her trembling hands.

The birds filled the air with their songs, and the infinite peace of the morning seemed a cruel contrast to their fevered hearts. A large white butterfly floated to them on lazy wings and hovered around till, with an impatient movement of the hand, he swept it bruised and fluttering to the grass, and ground his heel on its palpitating white wings. Juanita turned away with a little cry. He laughed harshly.

"Caramba! You can pity a butterfly—but a man! Yet it is as easy to kill the one as the other, and I swear no one shall stand between you and me."

She sprang toward him in terror.

"Alejandro, you will not hurt him?" she gasped.

He caught her appealing hands in his.

"If you will promise me not to meet this man again, not to—"

She snatched away her hand.

"Leave me!" she cried. "You are wicked—cruel. No, no; stop! Come back, Alejandro!"

But, with an oath, he had thrust her aside, swung himself up by a branch,

and disappeared over the high adobe wall of the garden.

III.

"How quickly the light fails! If it would only last a few minutes longer!" Juanita arose from the embroidery-frame, threw back the window-curtain, and then bent with straining eyes over the nearly completed altar-cloth.

"It is really finished," she exclaimed at last, "after all these weeks; and how lovely it is!" The heavens were crimsoned by the setting sun, and the meshes of the cloth were rosy from the reflected glow which wavered and flickered there as if imprisoned in the intricate web. The girl stood looking at it thoughtfully; suddenly her eyes fell on the place where the pattern was not quite regular. "I was thinking of him when I worked that," she murmured, as she bent and kissed the spot, then shuddered as she seemed to see Alejandro's white angry face. She resolutely thrust the thought from her mind. "I will not think of it," she said; "he would not dare—he could not!"

Taking up the scissors, she cut the last long threads, smiling as she thought of the Fatal Sisters, unfastened the cloth from the framework, wrapped it carefully in a napkin, and then ran through the garden till she reached the path leading to the little Church of San Carlos, on the hill overlooking the hacienda. At this hour she was sure to find the old priest there; and, remembering that she had no flowers to give him for the masses of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, she gathered some brilliant red blossoms growing by the wayside.

There was no one in the church when she entered; she stood alone in its dim interior, where only the altar and a white saint in her niche were clearly visible. The silence was oppressive, and the air faint with the scent of withered flower-garlands hanging on the walls around the images.

Juanita laid her blossoms at the feet of the saint, and turned toward the old priest, who had entered and was lighting a swinging lamp in front of the altar. He greeted her kindly, admired the altar-cloth which she gave him, commended her piety, and then, with his blessing still in her ears, she left the church and hastened down the road to the hacienda, whose lights shone brightly through the darkness.

Suddenly from behind her came the furious beat of a horse's hoofs, and, springing to one side, she saw a man gallop by, lashing his jade horse until both disappeared into the court-yard of the hacienda, where instantly arose a tumult of voices and the loud shrieks of a woman. Terrified by a sense of disaster, Juanita ran on and entered the patio; the man, still on horseback, was gesticulating violently, surrounded by an excited group.

"Gracias a Dios! Dead?" cried the woman's voice.

"We had not seen him since early morning," continued the rider; "and the overseer, thinking he had become lost in one of the galleries of the mine, ordered a search to be made. A dozen of us went down, and there, in the farthest end of the mine, we found him. He must have become dizzy, and fallen from the ladder, but an hour or so before; for the candle still burned in his hat, and his hands were hardly cold. We thought at first that he still lived, and tried to restore him; but it was useless—he was dead. May his soul rest in peace!"

Who was dead? Juanita's heart stood still as she pushed her way to the Señora Monte's side.

"Who?" she gasped. "Tell me, who is dead?"

The señora burst into loud sobs. "Señor Melvin, child; they found him fallen from the ladder in the Hidalgo mine. Ah, he was so handsome and generous was the señor."

But Juanita had vanished. To get away from the light, the people, every thing, but this dull numbing pain! Dead? Ah, Dios, it could not be! And then Alejandro's voice sounded in her ears:—"I swear that no one will come between you and me!"

She found herself running blindly onward through the dark garden; the ripple of the river sounded in her ears. Oh! in water to cool the glowing, torturing pain in her heart and in her reeling brain, as she staggered on, her breath coming in quick gasping sobs.

Dead! Had anyone said murdered? The air seemed ringing with the word—but by whom? Alejandro had said that he would not harm him if she promised—promised what? She could not remember. Oh, for water! She threw herself down on the river-bank and plunged her hands in the cool stream to bathe her forehead. Her blood seemed boiling in her veins, her temples throbbled, and fiery flashes swam before her eyes.

How softly the river plashed in the darkness; its waters were so cool, so clear, and such intolerable pain and fever possessed her. "And he is dead," she whispered.

The river murmured gently, the water foamed about the sunken rock, and, in the bend where there was no current, the stars were brightly mirrored; but the form of the girl crouching on its banks had disappeared.

"Yes, it is a beautiful cloth," said the old priest, as he spread it on the altar. I will put it on to-night for the Mass to-morrow; it will please her. See, Jose," turning to a lad who was arranging the chairs, "the señorita Juanita has just brought me this altar-cloth; help me to put back the holy vessels."

"Wait, Father—here in front is a spot where the pattern is not quite regular; if you turn the cloth around, it will not show."

"Yes, that is better. Now the foot of the crucifix hides it from sight,"—*Catherine Thayer, in Peterson's.*

Oliver Wendell Holmes is sensible enough to be very particular about his diet and means of living, and to take care that no unwise indulgence on his part shall benefit the doctors or shorten his days.

## Brain and Intellect.

The Size of the One Does Not Always Indicate the Strength of the Other.

A society which has for its object the examination of the brains of distinguished men has been organized in the hope of solving some of the problems connected with the physical basis of mentality. Each member of the society bequeaths his brains to the experts appointed to conduct the autopsy, and the fullest information available is transmitted to the society. It is hoped to substitute fixed principles for the rough and inaccurate estimates formed by weighing the brains of distinguished or notorious men. An example of the inaccuracy of the latter method of investigation is shown in the fact recently reported that the brain of the late Gen. Butler weighed within a few ounces of that of the great anatomist Cuvier (whose brain is the heaviest yet examined) and considerably more than that of Daniel Webster, who in spite of grave abuses of his physical powers, died with a heavier brain than had been recorded of any other American. This result is what might have been expected. To compare Webster's brain, worn out with physical excesses, to one who died in the full vigor of intellectuality, is equally fallacious. The one was but a ruin of a magnificent palace, the other the perfectly appointed castle.

Gall and Spurzheim nearly a century ago laid the foundation of what is known as phrenology. Of course the modern practice of the art, if such it may be called, is almost devoid of any scientific basis. Nevertheless one of the theories which the original investigation worked out has been endorsed by all physiologists. This is in brief that certain sections of the brain have definite and distinct functions in making up the totality which the old writers called the ego. For example there is a certain section of the brain, definitely located, which controls the power of speech, and so accurately is this now mapped out that the sections controlling spoken speech and written speech—the knowledge of meaning gained by sound and that gained by sight—the part which has for its function the formulation of written signs and that which controls certain coordinate muscular movements; which result in speaking or writing—are fairly well distinguished. It is when it is attempted to determine the power of these separate functions by the irregularities of the outside of the bony case which cover these wonderful structures, and especially when it is attempted to formulate the exact situation of moral and higher mental qualities that phrenology lamentably fails.

Yet even here there is a basis of reason for the so-called science. A right-handed man has almost inevitably a larger development of the left side of his skull than of the right side, and certain general tendencies are revealed by the skull, as they are by the countenance. The error consists in laying down an absolute law which shall cover all cases. This error is repeated when it is attempted to measure mentality by mere weight of nervous tissue. Not long ago two brothers, both members of the society mentioned, died in Philadelphia. One was Dr. Joseph Leidy, one of the most distinguished anatomists and naturalists in the world. The younger was Dr. Philip Leidy, a well-known, but not prominent physician. Both were men of high mentality but in their lives no one thought of comparing the mental force of the younger to that of the elder brother, yet the brain of the younger brother was heavier than was the brain of the elder, and it is stated by the experts who examined both that it appeared to be more perfectly developed.

The truth is that there appear to be no physical tests by which mental, much less moral gifts, can be determined. The functions of the brain and nervous system in general are far more complex than the entire psychologist dreamed of. There are no longer five senses for the sense of touch has been divided and subdivided, and there are it is well-known, certain other so-called unconscious senses which regulate the heat-production and tissue-production of the body and the proper working of the various organs. The brain is still believed to be the seat of mentality pure and simple, but no one of great scientific attainments has dared to locate the seat of such a function as memory, for example, or sought to determine the particular convulsion which presides over the will. The truth appears to be that all the various factors of the nervous system, including brain, spinal cord and isolated ganglia, combine in these greater functions, and that it is the totality of nervous energy which we recognize as the will and the totality of nervous conservation which we call memory.

There certainly can be no definite relation between the weight of the brain and mental power any more than there is between the weight of a horse and the physical power which the animal is able to exert. It may be conceded that there is a general relation and that the man of the largest brain is usually the wisest, just as the horse of greatest weight is usually the strongest, but no definite or positive assertion can be made in one case any more than in the other. We know of the relation between the nervous system and mentality is indistinct compared to what is known in animals, and generations yet to come will probably struggle as hopelessly to solve the question of relative mental strength as we do in the present day.—*Baltimore Sun.*

## Nothing Wasted.

What has become of that two-cent Columbia stamp that I put away in the attic?" asked Mr. Simpkins of his wife as he hunted round.

"Why, don't you remember, dear, you said it was in the way, and I might have it."

"Well, Mrs. Simpkins?"

"I papered the front room with it last—"

"Oh, you did? And you mean to tell me you used the whole of that stamp for one room?"

"No, no, I've saved the border for a frieze for your study."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—She—"Are these flowers all nature?" He—"Yes, all except the price."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

## Electricity "on Tap."

The Mysterious, Potent Fluid Handled. Bought and Sold Nowadays Just Like Coals or Cans of Oil.

Electricity, once a plaything, then a scientific study, is now a commercial product. Twenty years ago electrical energy was generated in the laboratory for experimental purposes by a few physicists as a medicine of somewhat questionable reputation, and in weak currents by those who applied it to use in the arts. From the cylinder of glass or mastic, excited by friction to set cork mannikins or pitch balls a-dancing to the dynamo that runs from one to a dozen powerful engines in a long step but one that has been taken within the memory of men who still call themselves young.

Electricity as a commercial product is to those that deal in it as commonplace as an egg or butter. The conditions and cost of its production are positively known, and the product may be measured almost as the clerk with the yardstick measures dry goods. You may buy electricity by specific quantities, and, if you have the conveniences, may carry it home with you as you would carry any other purchase. It can be sent to you by express or delivered by messenger, or it may be served out over a wire in measured quantities as gas and water are served through pipes. All this seems mysterious to those not technically educated, because the electricity shops do not count their product by dozens or measure it by yards and gallons, but use outlandish denominations and a puzzling scientific nomenclature. Nevertheless the shopkeepers at home with the mysterious limber thing in which they deal, and they never stop to think about its mystery, although just beyond the small field which their knowledge covers there lies an unknown area of conjecture.

Electricity as a commercial product and a handy tool, applicable to anything that mechanical power can accomplish, is a thing approximately of only the last 10 years. Before that time its cost made it mostly a matter of splendid practical possibilities. Now with conditions given, a skilled electrician can estimate to a hair the cost of producing the amount of electricity necessary to yield a specific power. It is chiefly a question of the cost of coal.

The existence of two simple laws, makes electricity a practical power for doing the world's work. One is that when an armature is caused to rotate within the magnetic field a current of electricity is excited in the armature and may be taken up carried out over a wire and returned to the place of beginning. That is what electricians call the law of the dynamo. The other law is that when a current of electricity is passed through an armature enclosed within the magnetic field the armature is caused to rotate. That is what electricians call the law of the motor. By the first law a current of electricity is set up and by the second that current is enabled to establish mechanical motion. When these two laws became known the problem of applying electricity to the world's work mainly needed for solution only a cheapening of processes, such as should make it possible to produce a current at commercial rates.

Every dynamo, whatever its form, as regards the communication of electrical energy is essentially an electro-magnet with a core of soft iron, the armature enclosed within the magnetic field, which is the space between the two poles of the electro-magnet. Every motor, whatever the form, is essentially the same thing, with the core revolving under the influence of a current from the dynamo in accordance with the law of the motor. The core of the dynamo revolving under the influence of the magnetic field, is a shaft, the current generated is the belt communicating power to another shaft, the core of the motor. It is this transference of power by the invisible belt from the dynamo to the motor that makes the trolley cars, the electrical engine, railway, or any other mechanism perform its work under the influence of electricity thus generated. The storage battery is simply an isolated reservoir of electrical energy, for the time being independent of the generating source, as if a user of water should prefer to fill a tank in the top of his house once a week rather than to draw from faucets directly connected with the main source of supply.

Colonel Shepard's early efforts to convert his newspaper into a religious daily were not unopposed within his own office," says the "New York Sun." "When the daily text first appeared in the composing room it was lost. This happened several times, and more than one editorial utterance of the kind that afterwards became characteristic of the Colonel's newspaper met the same fate. But Colonel Shepard knew what he wanted, and never lacked the persistence to enforce his will against annoying obstacles. Once, after the daily text had become an established feature, the copy of the text was lost between the Colonel and the composing room, and an unduly employed was heard complaining of the mishap in language peculiarly inappropriate to the office of a great religious daily. In the end the editor and proprietor was asked to supply another text, which he did without difficulty or show of vexation."

## No Time.

"That's tough."

"What's tough?"

"This year a fellow gets his Easter suit on Saturday."

"Well?"

"And that being the first of the quarter he gets his bill with it."

## The World of Women.

All coats have applied or inserted pockets on the outside.

Jet and metal buckles are in great favor, in all shapes and sizes.

The fancy in jewelry is the making over of old fashioned earrings into stick-pins.

Plaids of all kinds are in vogue; surahs lead the way, but soon will be eclipsed by plaid velvets and plaid poplins.

Skirts are no longer trimmed with overlapping ruffles of the materials, but often with two or three, placed their widths apart.

One of the newest arrangements for head decoration is the heavy ring of response gold through which the hair is drawn, and then twisted into a Psyche knot.

The 1890, or "granny" shirt, which is small at the top and spreads at the bottom, is usually trimmed with a ruche, trill or narrow band of some rich material.

Mrs. Belamy Storer, of the Rockwood Pottery, Cincinnati, who won 100 awards in the Paris Exposition, expects to be even more successful with her Chicago exhibits.

A stylish spring umbrella is of brown silk, with a pointed handle of ivory through which a silver ring has been inserted. Apropos of spring umbrellas, these are several inches smaller than the winter ones, and are seldom seen in simple black, a combination of navy blue and black being the favorite colors.

Rev. Marion Murdock, Assistant Minister to the Kalamazoo Unitarian church, and Miss Florence Buck, preceptress of the High school of that city, have received unanimous calls to the ministry of Unity Church, Cleveland, O. Both ladies are now in Oxford College, England, and will return in July to assume the pastorate.

The smart little zouave jackets that look so well for home dinners and theatres over bright colored silk skirts have either large revers edged with jet or colored trimming, or upstanding frills over each shoulder. Some have half sleeves reaching barely to the elbow, like a depending tulip. Short lace jackets made up of flouncing, with very full sleeves, are worn over low bodices bereft of damaged trimmings.

The kerchief blouse is sure to be one of the great successes of the season. Into the shoulders and fronts of arm sizes is filled in each side a width of material, which is left to hang in two long scarfs, until the waist is hooked, when these are crossed over the bust, and passed around to the back of waist, where they tie like a sash. This admits of pretty variations, as the V neck space formed by the crossed flou may be filled in with lace or embroidery.

Lady Henry Somerset has become editor, with Edwin A. Stone, of the "Woman's Herald" according to its prospectus "the independent exponent of the great body of conviction and sentiment that is represented by the various associations of progressive women pledged to religious, social and political reform." The paper will be the authorized organ of the World's Temperance Union, and its policy is strongly for women's equality in civil, educational and political privileges.

A very stylish dress was a mixed chevrot showing green, black and brown. The skirt was very wide and crinoline lined. The trimming which was of brown and purple changeable Bengaline made it stunning. Bands of it, the widest being about four inches and nearest the top trimmed the skirt half way to the waist. A light plain fitting vest of silk without any visible opening or seam showed in the front. A wide ruffle of purple velvet fell over the shoulders and ended rever-like at the bust. Then another set of revers, fitted perfectly plain, graduated to and ended at the waist. The sleeves were of the wool goods and very full at the shoulders, but perfectly plain.

Reefers and blazer of tan, Havana brown, or blue cloth or chevrot are the new jackets for both large and small girls. The double breasted reefers have a pleated collarette, or else two or three little fitted cape collars under their turned-over notched collar. Two rows of large smooth pearl buttons are on the wide front. Blazers with fitted back and loose straight front, meeting only by a strap on the bust or at the waist line, have a shawl collar very wide about the shoulders, and overlaid with two narrow and shorter collars, the edges all finished with cord. Other blazers have little capes under the large shawl collar, or else a pleated butterfly collar. Pale biscuit-colored cloth jackets for nicest wear are make short and single-breasted; with the pointed Derby collar pleated to a standing collar, the front fastened by white pearl buttons. Capes of all depths are shown for girls, but are only acceptable when quite short, falling just over the shoulder-tips. These are some times made of the material of the wool skirt, and are worn with a shirt waist instead of a bolero jacket or a blazer.

We have had the summer girl, the winter girl, the tailor-made girl. Now we are to have the "lavender girl." We have had her pretty much, for a long time, in that well marked variety of lavender known as purple, and now she is to appear in heliotrope, violet and so on, almost into faint blues and grays. The lavender girl is to wear the color in every part of her dress—that is, her gown, her hat, her gloves, her parasol, even to a dainty embroidery of lavender on the edge of her cobwebby handkerchief. The lavender girl will be allowed to depart a little from the strict hue by wearing white or purple, and showing various shades of lavender such as pinkish lavender, or bluish lavender, or even reddish lavender. A lovely combination that may be worn by the lavender girl next summer, will be the flowered organdie, over lavender silk, or white dotted muslin, with many rows of lavender ribbon to set it off. Every body knows that this combination is the daintiest of the dainty, and that the lavender girl will be particularly favored by fashion when she indulges in her fancy to wear her favorite color.