Bellefonte, Pa., May 26, 1893

A LIE.

She told a lie, a little lie.—
It was so small and white,
She said, "It cannot help but die
Before another night."
And then she laughed to see it go,
And thought it was as white as snow

But oh, the lie! it larger grew,
Nor paused by day or night,
And many watched it as it flow,
And, if it made delay,
Like something that was near to death
They blew in onward with their breath.

And on its track the mildew fell. And on its track the mildew fell,
And there were grief and shame,
And many a spotless lily-bell
Was shriveled as with flame
The wings that were so small and white
Were large, and strong, and black as night.

One day a woman stood aghast, One day a woman stood agnast,
And trembled in her place,
For something flying far and fast
Had smote her in the face—
Something that cried in thunder-tone,
"I come! I come! Take back your own!"
—Ellen W. H. Gates in the Century.

BESSIE.

BY E. RENTOUL ESLER. "You're failin', Geordie; your work is not what it was." Mrs. Carr held up to the light an end of the web the weaver had laid on the table. "It's thin in places, and there are knots,' she said.

"The knots were in the yarn; I did not make them; its a good web," Geordie answered with conviction. He was a little man, with an irregular featured, dreamy face, and gray hair that curled in small tight knots over his head. He wore a frock coat of faded brown cloth. and trousers of the same carefully turned up at the ankles. His appearance suggested an impoverished country schoolmaster rather than a working tradeeman.

"I'm sure you do your best," Mrs. Carr conceded, generously; "but your eyesight is not what it was. I'm not findin' fault, an' I'll take nothin' off the price, but it's as well you should know you're beginnin' to go down the

Geordie did not answer; there was no good in argaing. His eyesight failing! Just as if his being stone blind would have mattered, after five and forty years at the loom.

'There's a power of folk send their wool to the big factories," the farmer's wife continued, Geordie having seemed to acquiesce; "but I always hold by the old neighbors; an' till your work gets still worse, Geordie-

"It's a good web. I showed it to Bessie, an' she said it was a good web," the man maintained-stoutly.

"It's not to be expected that Bessie would want to hurt your feelin's, an' I respect her for it. How is Bessie? Having made her point, Mrs. Carr did not wish to be needlessly cruel in driving it home. "If you'll sit down a minute, I'll put up a bit of butter an'

"Ah'm obledged to you, Mrs. Carr." "I was very glad to hear the good news of Bessie," she began, a few minutes later, as she deposited a small covered basket with a slight flourish on the table.

"What good newe?" "Why, about her an' Dan'l Pryce, that she is keepin' company with Dan'l

"Dan'l Pryce drops in of an evenin' now an' then, but there's no keepin'

company. "Of course not, Geordie." Mrs. Carr burst into a laugh that showed all her white teeth. "Where a young man goes where a young woman is, there's never any keepin' company. It's alsee, an' to hear about the price o'yarns sides shook a little and the frilled cap

as she spoke. "There's no keepin' company, Geordie maintained. His ideas were limited, but they were very definite. "Well, well; keep your own counsel,

my man; folks can't be too careful where a girl's name is in question. It's you Dan't Pryce goes to see, if you will an' as he's a steady fellow, an' come of

Mrs. Carr always bewildered Geordie and dazzled such wits as he possessed. She was so fluent and so good humoredly positive that the little man lost himself amid her showering sentences.

Geordie Dennet was not a native of Grimpat, but he had settled there nigh on to thirty years before, when times were better, work more liberally paid, what I wanted to say, Daniel Pryce, or his productive power greater. Still that I'm against these goings-on. he did not complain; he was able to want no sweet heartin', an' no rub along, and that is as much as most | ter-in-law; least-ways one as old as my people attain to or expect. He was a self, an' without a penny in her pocket. widower now, with but one child, the If folks mind their business its enough Bessie referred to, a girl of 6 and 20, for them without larkin' o' evenin's. with a plain, wise face, and a reputa- I'm fair surprised at Geordie Dennet, tion for good sense and clever manage- that he would encourage any widow ment that was distinguished even in woman's son to waste his time an' that practical community.

That Bessie should have a lover had tell him I said so." never occurred to Geordie, and that Daniel Pryce stood to her in that rela- the ruddy color in his face gone a kind tionship was not likely to suggest it of gray with the shock. self. Daniel was younger than she his nothing against Bessie Dennet," he parentage was better, and this advan- stammered helplessly, tage has its full value in rustic commucottage had never seemed specially dieson. You can tell her to-night that

All the same when this question was Daniel turned and went out without bosom of the western breeze. In six- hawthorn hedges, it seemed as if bye to Bessie, but he said nothing but take it from us. I'm sure if I had and twenty years she had never given there was so more golden light in the good-bye, with lips that twitched a lit- died when I was young I would have him a heartache. That another man western sky, no flower faces in the tle, and "Thank you" for her keep- been saved many a hard day an' many her was very natural.

Mrs. Carr said, Daniel Pryce came of when she saw Daniel's face; but she ling she was the same, adding that he what does it come to in the end?

record on both sides. Mrs. Pryce was a widow; that her bereavement dated only two years back was one of the things the neighbors habitually forgot, for James Pryce had, through an accident, been bedridden during nearly all their married life. It was worse than if he had died outright, Mrs. Pryce said often, when discussing the matter dispassionately, for it had added attendance on him to all her other troub-

James Bryce's bondage lasted two vecades, and when he died he spoke of heaven as green fields among which he would wander, a strong young man again. That Daniel would inherit the farm was a foregone conclusion; he was the eldest, and birthright bulks largely in communities that are somewhat patriarchal. He was a good fellow, entirely free from small vices, but somewhat dull, even in the eyes of neighbors not remarkable for brilliancy. He was moderately tall, moderate ly good looking, more than moderately muscular, entirely amiable, a man no way out of the common or likely to assume heroic proportions in the eyes of a clever girl somewhat older than himself. But the fact was Bessie Dennet was so deeply, silently, unconfessedly in love with Daniel Pryce that neither she nor I could put it into words.

They had been keeping company three months, but in such a reserved, unobtrusive, brotherly and sisterly way, that even shrewder people than Geordie might have noticed nothing. Daniel would drop in of an evening when Bessie sewed or knitted by the window, or filled the quills with yarn for the loem, the reel gyrating noiselessly under her deft manipulations like a big daddy-long-legs in the middle of the katchen floor, and the talk would be altegether neighborly, Geordie taking the chief part often. When Dan was going away, Bessie would sometimes accompany him to the little rustic gate that shut in the house and the flower patch from the road, and the pair would stand talking there a while, under the moonlight or the stars, while the soft breezes shook the alder bushes, and the landrails called in the standing corn. Occasionally Dan would execute a small commission for Bessie in the market town when he went with the farm produce, and now and then he would bring her a fairin', a packet of seeds, a story book in a gay cover,

or a ribbon for her neck. The Dennets' cottage was as pretty as a picture. There are people in whose presence flowers seem to thrive. Bessie's garden had once been a piece of waste ground, but now every breath that blew through the open door was of a smoke in his pocket. The three laden with a score of delicate odors. Dan could not fancy a greater joy in existence than to sit on the window sill or lean against the lintel talking to the girl, while the bees reveled in the honeysuckle and the linnets twittered in the elms. He had sown her initials in mignonette in a bed just beneath the window, and if, when the seedings first showed above the surface, both he and she saw that B. D. Bessie and Daniel as well as Bessie Dennet, and if they looked into each them simultaneously, what did it matter to any one but themselves, and who cared?

This had all lasted about three months, and not a word of love, not a caress had ever passed between them, when, about the same period, Geordie Dennet and Mrs. Pryce heard from difterent sources that their children were keeping company.

evening. In his attire there was that ways the father the young man goes to special something which signifies that a young man's toilet has a purpose in an' such. To be sure, it is." Her fat it. He came down stairs softly, tiptoeing on the carpetless treads. At the border quivered around her rosy face foot of the stairs was the seldom-used side. She did not cry; the pain she best room. The door stood open, felt was too acute for that; she only which was unusual, and through it said to herself half aloud: "They have came Mrs. Pryce's voice, which was more unusual still: "I want you, Dan-

The young man paused on the thresh old. His mother was at the far end of the room, with her back to the light, her knitting in her hands, the long end a decent stock, I wish you luck of him. of her worsted stocking caught under There, that's the basket, an' here's the money for the web, an' good day to the west after the setting sun fell on he said fretfully. poor Daniel's best coat, his wellblacked boots, and the flower in his iel." Bessie's smile was like tears. buttonhole.

Mra. Pryce looked at this splendor erisively. "Where are you off to?" derisively. she asked with a little disdain.

"I was minded to look in for half an

hour at Geordie Dennet's." "I thought that. Well, this is just make a fool of himself; an' you can

Daniel stood staring at his mother, man. Daniel." "There is

"No, nothin' at all, in her own place nities. Then his visits to the weaver's but her place is not alongside o' my rected to Bessie-and there was Mrs. I'm not minded to allow any carryin's on between you.

put before him, it did not seem so ut a word; but it seemed as if the very terly unreasonable. The disparity be flower in his coat had shrunk and tween the young people was not so very shriveled. To him his mother's will great-three years at most, and Bessie had always meant destiny, and it nevwas-Bessie. A sigh arose from the er struck him to dispute it. As he little man's full heart and fell on the passed down the lane between the he was gone! He came to say goodshould see her as she was and desire grass of the wayside, no bird voices sake. among the vhispering leaves.

generations, and with an untarnished in these dreadful crises, as much to was very large and fine, and then silhold certainty aloof as to deceive on ence dropped like a pall between him lookers. When he was going away and home. she went with him to the gate as usual

"What has happened?" she asked. He did not attempt to evade the she ceased to write also. juestion or make light of the trouble. Mother thinks I come here too often."

won't she let you come again-never?" she asked a little huskily.

"Oh, yes, sometimes." "But it will be different?"

"Yes, it will be different." Bessie drew a small, strangled sigh. ing her. If their places had been reversed she cepted the woman's part of acquiesence. friends," she said with an attempt at cheerfulness.

away without a word.

obeyed his mother, but it was with out. that obedience that is a growing revolt. What harm did his visits to Bessie ed to speak?

he was too proud to do furtively anything so blameless as visiting Bessie Denuet, but he was not the less resentful and wrathful. Instead of going to the weaver's, Daniel went to the public house, and when his mother forbade this indignantly and shrilly he only scowled at her.

* * * Daniel Pryce was tipsy. To be the vorse for liquor on a fair day or a market day or on the occasion of a merrymaking was in the course of na-ture, but to be tipsy early in the afternoon, and with your work all undone, was so disgraceful that none of the Pryces could stand it. The mother had her say; then Reuben spoke about drunken wastrels, and Caleb, the youngest, wondered where folks found the money to get drunk on, since for his part he could never feel the price brothers were working together unstacking corn to remove it to the barn for threshing. Without answering, Daniel threw down the long fork with which he had been working and left

the field. Things were too bad to tolerate, and his shame of himself was a large factor along the road, his hands in his pockets, his chin fallen on his breast. It was a remote country road, disused, others eyes, as the consciousness struck | except by the local farmers, since the making of the highways. Tufts of grass grew here and there amid the paving stones, and briars flung their long arms across the gaping ditches, Daniel threw himself down on one of the tufts and soon fell asleep. It was late October weather, and though there was a little tardy sunshine in the air, the earth was damp and cold. Daniel sighed in a strangled way now and Daniel had dressed to go out for the | then, as the chill stuck to his bones, but he did not awake.

Bessie Dennet was on her way to a neighboring farm for her daily milk supply when she found the man she loved asleep like a tramp by the waydone him more harm than I should. When she spoke to Daniel he sat up.

'It's you, Bessie," he said dully. "Yes, you must not sleep here, Daniel; you might take your death from it, or the fever, like your father. Get up and come home."

He rose obediently and went with "We never see each other now," her.

"I don't think that's my fault, Dan-"Has anybody told you that I'm-

goin' to the bad?' "You mustn't go, Daniel," Bessie said, firmly. "You are too good and ingly. She was used to these frank fine a man"-here her voice went low references to her own end, and was not -- "to let any trouble to turn you into conscious that they pained her. a sot for the children to point at." He started as though a whip had

struck him, and opened his lips as if to speak, but no sound came. 'We don't make our troubles less by beginning to live wrong," she went on. "We must try and be brave, no

matter what happens." "It's about you," he said, huskily. "Do you think that makes a difference? I don't just see what harm we Pryce went on mournfully. "Me and did you, my father and I, but if your and Mrs. Bridges was just talkin' it mother thinks we did, maybe she all over last night, and we did say that

had begun in the parish, for Daniel many a girl in the country that's that, Pryce had sailed for America. He too, an' yet would make him comforttook the price of his passage and a able when you're gone, an' be a good small outfit as his inheritance, and the wife to him. He's a bit easy-goin', farm would be Reuben's. It was you know, and not like to think of chiefly Bessie's doing, her conception what's best for himself; but if you of what would be best for the man for would speak to him, for his goodwhom her love had that protective element without which love is not wholly love. To have new surroundings, new

Bessie wrote several times after he had ceased to answer-letters but little more eloquent than his own, and then

The dull days succeeded each other at Grimpat, and the seasons came and went, the flowers in the garden budded Bessie understood perfectly. "And and bloomed and died, and the simple routine of life went on at the cottrge below the hill, but no young step stopped at the gate, no brown face smiled over the half door. Daniel had been disinherited and transported just for lov-

Thoughts like this are fatal when thought she would have rebelled a lit- one is not very strong. Bessie came of tle; but before she spoke she had ac a weakly race: vitality does not grow robust at the loom. In the second "Well, we can always be good summer she went about her work less vigorously, lost flesh a little, and had now and then long spells of idleness. Me put out his hand and wrung hers her hands lying limp in her lap. For so that it hurt her, and then he turned a time she put a good face on things, never complained, pretended to feel; It is dangerous to interfere with but by and by there was no good in these slow and silent natures. Daniel | pretending when her whole aspect cried

Geordie grew anxious; he had lost two other children just like this, fail-Dennet do any one? His heart harding, never complaining, dying at the ened against his mother. She was a last. If Bessie went, too, he did not cold woman, caring for no one's hap know what he should do. The neighpiness, not even her own, valuing a bors began to condole with him, telling man, even if he were her own son, no him how good Bessie was, just as it he more than an ox, thinking nothing of all the world had not the best right mattered but labor. Well, he would to know that. When it became allabor, but after that he would please most beyond question that Bessie himself. If he could not go to the would die, then every one became very weaver's he would go to a worse place. kind, called often to cheer her up, sent Who could spend all his leisure in a little presents, and said only what was dull, overcrowded kitchen, with men best of her. Even Mrs. Pryce bestirred too tired, and a woman too ill-temper- herself; she had no grudge against Geordie Dennet or his daughter; on Daniel sulked. He obeyed because the whole they behaved very well, and had said no evil of her, or dropped an unkind word when Daniel went away.

Regarding Daniel, Mrs. Pryce was not wholly satisfied. He had been a good son, had never thwarted her except in that one matter of going away. Reuben was different, was more masful, had a will of his own, was not disposed to ask advice, nor always to take it when the mother recalled Daniel's ways with a new tenderness and missed

him strangely.

Meantime, while the longing for him grew and grew at home, Daniel was forgetting. It is inevitable; change is such an enlargement, and the new life was pleasant. He was only a farm hand where he had gone-but the work was far lighter than he had often done at home; the splendid machines. which he soon learned to manage skillfully, were a constant delight to him, and the weekly wage a gratification he having had so little money of his own in his life. Then there was a pretty and buxom girl in the farm kitchen, who saw no reason why she should not make frank overtures to Daniel; farm hands did just as well married or single when one could manage the dairy and the other the harvest; a house CRV to things. And Daniel heard and pondered-and forgot. But that was before he saw a Star of Bethlehem, the flower he remembered growing abundantly 'round the old sun dial in Bessie's garden at home. What memories came back to him in a rush as he saw it-the gray blue sky; the long grass swaying with with a liquid motion and a sheen of silk as the breeze rustled it; the scented breath of the clover meadows; the tweet of the sparrows on the eaves; but above all a plain good face full of an unutterable affection for him! He gave a husky cry and covered his face with his hands.

Mrs. Pryce had called to see Bessie. She had come once or twice before; this time she brought a few flowers, a bachelor's button or two, a cluster of dwarf roses, a bunch of the crucifier, called rockets in country places, a blade or two of ribbon grass. Mrs. Pryce was growing more kind and pitiful because she thought the end was very near. To Bessie her little manifestations were doubly touching because they were so awkward.

"I just said I'd come to day whatever happened," the visitor said, seating herself on the edge of the chair and looking at the girl's thin face sharply. "The busy season is comin' on now, and I might have difficulty in gettin' away again till 'twas too late, maybe.' "I'm better," Bessie said deprecat-

"Yes, that's always the way with decline," Mrs. Pryce answered with

the kindest intentions; "one day better, another day worse, another day better. and then proof! out you go." Bessie quivered a little, and the hand that held Mrs. Pryce's posey

shook. "I'll be dreadful lonely for your father at his age, you know," Mrs. knows best; anyway, you must be a somethin' ought to be done to put him in a right way when he's lett. He's A month later a nine days' wonder up in years, to be sure; but there's

"I'm not so sure that I won't get better, Mrs. Pryce," poor Bessie said. "My dear, I'm sure we all hope you interests, to escape keen eyes and harsh | will," Mrs. Pryce said with a hearty judgments, that would be best for Dan- intonation of doubt; "but don't set iel. But oh, the difference to her when your mind on it. Life is not a thing to be set on when the Lord has decreed to a sad heart, what with my man ill, an' He wrote two or three letters after the farm an' beasts to see after, an' the Mrs. Pryce, Daniel's mother was Things had been too good to last, be landed, the painful, dumb letters of children to bring up. The Lord highly respected in the parish. As and Bessie knew the end had come the illiterate, saying he was well, hop-knows what a time I've had. An' a good stock, residents in the place for talked common places, as women can had got work and that the country Look at my sons after all I've slaved agreed to let me go back after it.

for them! Daniel at the world's end. an' Reuben minded to think he knows verything better'n I do.'

"Has there been no new letter from Daniel ?" Bessie asked, the little tremor in her voice perceptible to herself, in spite of her efforts.

"No. Maybe I'll never see or hear of him again. Why, Bessie, if he'd married you an' stayed at home, 'twouldn't have been half so bad." She had no intention of being either coarse or cruel; she simply spoke out her own full heart, as is the rural way, without thought of her companion's

point of view.

"But he did not marry me, you see, and he'll never want to now. You've had your troubles, Mrs. Pryce, but I can't say I'm sorry for you," Bessie said. She had been stung intolerably, and she, revolted more suddenly because of her weakness. "You had a good son who never gave you a sore heart or a shamed face until you took shame out of what was no shame. He worked like a horse, that's what he did, from he was able to stand, and all the diversions ever he asked was to It resembles a fluted lampshade when lock in for an hour at our house when worn. All rumors to the contrary, his work was over. An' our company was safe company, Mrs. Pryce, whether it was grand or not. He never learned to think worse of goodness from us; he would have been no worse son to you in your old age for anything ever we said to him. But you did not care for that; to your mind it was better to drive him to drinkin' out of the country, than that we should be friends. Well, you've had your will; we're not friends any longer; but don't ask me to feel for you, for I don't and I

Mrs. Pryce was not angered, scarcely surprised. She listened to Bessie as to a fractious child and said: "There, there !" at intervals in a soothing way, sighed heavily when Bessie ended, and said then, in a complaining tone, and more to herself than the girl: "It's hard to know what to do best many a time. One speaks a word in haste, and things follow it that one never thought of."

Bessie did not answer; she was weak and trembling, but the tears only glittered on her lashes, and did not fall. Whatever came of it, she was glad to have spoken her mind once to this hard old woman.

After a time Mrs. Pryce rose, and emotions and cried as if her heart just now so much in vogue. would break. What a world it was! It was no great grief to leave it, with its mistakes and cruelties and pain. It was these that mattered, not the living ple velvet edged on both sides with or the dying, which happened to all alike. Bessie was very simple, very of white chiffon, with lapels of the velinexperienced, very illiterate, but she vet overlaid with fine jet embroidery. had grasped a truth that often eludes much whether she went down or backward-saw the ugly things that spoil life-the tyranny, the pride, the spite; and the fair things, love, loyalty, generosity, truth, that make it worth living-saw that it is not always the bad people that crush others, but just as often the good, in a bad mood. Her heart went out suddenly in a rush of tenderness toward that by gone might have been. Now that she knew his mother better, she understood all that she, Bessie, must have been to Daniel. In the harsh, hard-working household into which he had been born, what chance had he of loving anything?

And then she sat up suddenly, and the red flushed in her face like flame. She was experienced enough now to be able to minimize the daily shock of heart, it sounded so like Daniel's. This time it did not pass; it paused, came slowly up the path among the flowers and entered at the door.

Bessie rose and stood, a frail figure, against the high chairback, and Daniel came forward and laid his great hand on the thin shoulder and said, with a terrible cry in his voice : "What have they done to you ?"

"Hush! Don't be frightened · I'm better." She sat down and took his hand between hers and held it. "I was very ill; but I'll live, now you have come back.'

And she did live, grew strong, and even pretty the neighbors said. Mrs. Pryce behaved generously. She wanted Daniel at home now, and she made promises and overtures, would have conceded a great deal, or thought she would have done so; but Daniel had traveled, his horizon had widened. Grimpat was not in his eyes what it had been, nor the farm a great inheritance. He wanted Bessie, but he wanted to go away then, parting peaceably with every one. Mrs. Pryce gave them a grand wedding; and the young couple left for the vessel that was to take them abroad. Geordie sailed with them; and in one of the few letters he wrote home to tell how

Loosing Faith in Editors.

Bethlehem. Chambers Journal.

prosperous they all were he said Dan-

iel's garden was half full of the star of

Old lady. "I don't believe this Sure Cure Tonic is a-goin' to do me any good.' Friend. "It's highly spoken of in

the papers." Old Lady. "Yes, but I've taken forty-seven bottles and I don't feel a bit better. I tell you what it is, Sarah, I'm beginnin' to think those newspaper editors don't know everything.

-Scene at Chicago railway station. Kiunk)-What? Going back already, few of us are.

Smith ! Second ditto-Yes. You see we have some more property which is in my wife's name, and the hotel people have For and About Women

Paris and London are using far more satin, velvet and fancy ribbons than we are and we are doing quite well.

Plain fine serges have been succeeded by the wide ribbed varieties, which show to such advantage in the plain skirts.

The latest use for silk is a plaid, striped or changeable blouse, with collar, puff sleeves and a skirt of black woolen

Most of the dresses that are now being made have no darts at the top of the skirt, the fullness being gathered into the waistband. Waists are inclined to be short and

are finished at the bottom with either a frill or soft folds of silk, and have enormous drooping sleeves. Red cloth driving capes are finished

with triple shoulder capes of velvet and trimmed with black silk guipure lace and jet ornaments. In skirts, first of all, the circular

shape is considered the most popular. skirts continue to be close fitting at the top, unless for sheer or summer materials. Miss Mary Redmond, the Irish sculp-

tress, whose colossal statue of Father Mathews was recently unveiled in Dublin, is only 20 years old. Her first work was entirely destroyed by the youth who served as her models but she pluckily went to work and reproduced it. The old fashioned half-moon back

comb for a little girls hair is now replaced by an elastic band, which is passed behind the hanging tresses at the nape of the neck and fastens on top of the head with three small rosettes of

baby ribbon matching the dress in color. Mrs. Christine Ladd Franklin is one of the few women who have won a well-deserved reputation as a scientific thinker and writer. She is an American by birth and the wife of an American savant, and her name is frequently found in German periodicals among such writers as Helmholtz and Muller.

A pretty summer gown was of grav blue hop sacking, made with a full skirt and a regular man's vest in dark blue cloth with tiny white figures and a double row of pearl buttons. Outside of this was a little short jacket with wide revers and immense sleeves that with a commonplace or two took her fall from the shoulders in graceful folds, leave; then Bessie gave way to her giving that sloping appearance that is

A charming gray and white wash silk had an 1830 skirt trimmed with six narrow bias bands of eminence purrow black lace. The waist had a front

A black gown was of mousseline de the wise and learned—that life is meant | soie, as light as a feather and as dainty to be very satisfactory and serene if on- as can be imagined. The skirt had ly we would not complicate it needless- three wide ruffles of the goods, each one ly for each other and ourselves. In the is supplemented by another tiny one of calm that followed that burst of storm, black net. A piece of heavy yellow Bessie saw things clearly, saw that she lace over black satin branched off into in them. He felt in a bad way toward the whole world, as he moved aimless. and people were happier married; it stood at the grave's edge and did not three little caps, two of the lace and one of net. All of these gowns were as stylish as could be desired, and certainin much better taste than many of the elaborate, erratic conceits that some women think are the correct thing.

One of the most attractive and desirable styles for traveling uses is the new Empire princess costume. In the back its adjustment produces a number of natural folds that spread gracefully at the lower edge, which measures little over three yards and three-quarters in width. The side fronts overlap the centre front, and a picturesque-looking cape collar follows the curved edges of the sidefronts on the bodice. Mutton-leg sleeves and a standing collar which closes at the left shoulder seam complete the gown. although there are often added fanciful short capes of velvet, and in this case the sleeves are very full puffs that extend to the elbows, drooping over deep Reuben Pryce's footfall passing the cuff facings of velvet, applied to coatgate, but it always thrilled her to her shaped lining. The ends of the cape and all the free edges of the gown are trimmed with narrow gimp or velvet.

Here from the Chicago News are even interesting "dressing room dont's" Don't-unless your arms are white and rounded, wear only a little puff on the shoulders in your party dresses. Have your sleeves made in one or two big drooping puffs to reach almost to the elbow, where they will meet the long gloves of the same shade. You will look quite as stylish and dressy.

Don't—if you have a pale complex-ion—wear a light gray or tan felt hat, because it will give you the effect of being sallow. If you must have it, a light shade to match your dress, the inside with dark velvet, which will make your skin look fair. Apropos of hats, the rule holds good that untrimmed brim is trying to all save the most youthful faces, whereas a pleating or even a fold of velvet imparts a look of softness.

Don't-if you are very thin or very stout, or if you even suspect yourself by your dressmaker into having an empire gown. It is a style which suits one woman out of ten, and the other nine are simply foils to get off her charms. Don't- If your feet are short and

broad-squeeze them with agony into the shortest shoes you can put on. If your wear a 3 B, get a 31 A, and see how much slenderer and better shape your feet will look.

Don't-if you are blonde, brunette or medium-be afraid of wearing yellow. There is surely one shade of that color which will suit you and bring out all the pink in your skin; if you are sallow it would make you look white.

Don't—cover your face with one of the purple veils. Very few colored veils are to be trusted as being becoming, while black and white are always in good style.

Don't—copy everything that you see is the fashion. Suit your own figure and face and among all the varied designs you will find something that will give you an individuality of your Remember that the lovely ladies First visitor to the World's Fair (from in fashion plates are all Venuses, which

> -Railroad companies will have to reduce the fare to Chicago or they will find travel exceedingly light.