Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., July 21, 1893

UNLEARNED.

He is lovely just to look at,
With his thoughtful, dark brown eyes,
His gentle face and shining curls—
But he isn't very wise.

Two birthdays he has counted,
Two dimples he can show.
Yet he's ignorant of many things
That many babies know.

Though he talks in childish fashion
He knows but pretty words,
And he says them in a voice as sweet
As the cooing of the birds.

He smiles at everybody,
But he hasn't learned to fret,
And angry looks and angry pouts—
He doesn't know them yet.

Oh, everything contents him,
He has never learned to tease,
And kicks and screams—he's unaware
There are such things as these.

But he's lovely just to look at
And to cuddle and to pet,
For to wringlee out of loving arms—
He hasn't learned it yet.

Oh, as at fir t I told you,
He isn't very wise,
Yet were we all as ignorant
Earth might be paradise.

—*Emma C. Down in Toronto Truth.*

A TRAGEDY ON THE RANCH.

Sitting at the open window of her room in the upper story of the farmhouse on the Rancho San Gregorio, Senora Violante Ovando de McPherson watched, with the deepest interest, a cloud of dust which rose in the still May air far down the valley, for it was evident that the color in her cheeks and the sparkle in her violet black eyes spoke a language of devotion and happiness. Her husband was coming home, and with him his vaqueros, after a tedious drive of cattle to San Francisco. He had been gone but a month; but what an interminable absence that is to a wife of one year! She had watched the fading of the wild golden poppies; she had seen the busy workers of the beehive laying up their stores of honey culled from the myriads of flowers which carpeted the valley; and she had ridden over the Gabilian hills to see the thousands of her husband's cattle which dotted them. She had been respectful of her housekeeping duties, and had directed Alice, the sewing girl, in the making of garments for the approaching hot season. Yet, busy as she thought she was, and important as she imagined herself to be in the management of the great ranch, time had dragged itself by in manacles. But now was coming the cloud of dust to lift the cloud of loneliness, and if ever a young wife's heart quickened with gladness it was hers.

Presently the fine young Scotchman leaped from his horse, clasped his wife in his arms, asked a few hurried questions concerning her welfare during his absence, untied a small buckskin bag which depended from the pommel of his saddle, and remarking: "I thought you might need some spending money, Violante," held up the bag containing gold, containing a hundred times more gold than her simple tastes and restricted opportunities would permit her to employ. But was not her Robert the most generous of men? Other eyes than hers saw it—those of Basilio Velosco, one of the vaqueros—a small, swarthy man, with the blackest and sharpest of eyes, in which just then there was a peculiar glitter.

What a handsome couple were the young husband and wife as, arm in arm they entered the house—he so large and red and masculine, she so dark and reliant and feminine! Beautiful Spanish girls were plentiful in those youthful days of California, but Violante had been known as the most beautiful of all the maidens from the Santa Barbara Channel to the Bay of Monterey. Hard-headed and fiery tempered Scotch Presbyterian, gentle, patient and faithful Catholic, they were the happiest and most devoted of couples.

"Well, little Violante," he said, "take the bag up to your room and give us dinner, for before we rest we must ride over to the ranch and look after the cattle, and after that you and I shall have a good, long visit."

These pleasant duties were quickly dispatched, and the dusty men, led by her husband galloped away. From the open window of her room she saw the receding cloud of dust, wondering at that urgent sense of duty which could make so fond a husband leave her, even for a short time, after so long a separation. Thus she sat, dreamily thinking of her great happiness in having him once again at home, and drinking in the rich perfume of the racines of wistaria blossoms which covered the massive vine against the house. This old vine, springing from the ground beneath the window at which she sat, spread its long arms almost completely over that part of the wall, divided on either side of the window, and hung gracefully beneath the eaves, embowering their lovely owner in a tangled mass of purple blossoms. It was an exquisite picture—the pretty wife sitting there in the whitest of lawns, looking out over the hills in this frame of gorgeous flowers—all the more charming from her unconsciousness of its beauty. Behind her, at the apposite side of the room, sat Alice, sewing in silence.

As the senora looked dreamily over the hills she became aware of the peculiar actions of a man on horseback, who was approaching the house from the direction in which her husband and the vaqueros had disappeared. That which summoned her attention was the fact that the man was approaching by an irregular route, which no ordinary circumstance would have required. He had such a way of keeping behind the trees that she could not determine his identity. It looked strange and mysterious, and something impelled her to drop the lace curtain over the window, for behind it she could watch without being seen.

The horsemen disappeared, and this made her uneasiness all the greater, but she said nothing to Alice. Soon she noticed a man on foot approaching the house in a watchful, skulking fashion, slipping from one tree or one bit of shrubbery to another. Then, with a swift run he approached the house, and stealthily and noiselessly as a cat began to ascend to her window by clambering up the wistaria vine. Her spirit quailed and her cheeks blanched when she saw the naked blade of a dagger held between his teeth. She understood his mission—it was her life and the gold; and the glittering eyes of the robber she recognized as those of Basilio Velasco. After a moment of nerveless terror the ancient, resisting blood of the Ovandos sprang into alert activity, and this gentlest and sweetest of young women armed her soul to meet death on his own ground and his own terms, and try the issue with him.

She gave no alarm for there was none in the house except herself and Alice. To have given way to fear would have destroyed her only hope of life. Quietly, in a low tone, she said:

"Alice, listen, but do not say a word." There was an impressiveness in her manner that startled the nervous, timid, girl; but there was also in it a strength and self reliance that reassured her. She dropped her work and regarded her mistress with wonder. "Look in the second drawer of the bureau. You will find a pistol there. Bring it to me quickly, without a word for a man is clambering up the vine under my window to rob me, and if we make an outcry or lose our heads we are dead. Place full confidence in me and all will be right."

Alice, numb and nervous with fear, found the pistol and brought it to her mistress.

"Go and sit down and keep quiet," she was told; and this she did.

Violante, seeing that the weapon was loaded, cocked it, and glanced out the window. Basilio was climbing very slowly and carefully, fearing that the least disturbance of the vine would alarm the senora. When he had come sufficiently near to make her aim sure, Violante suddenly thrust aside the curtain, leaned out of the window, and brought the barrel of the weapon in line with Velasco's head.

"What do you want, Basilio?" she asked.

Upon hearing the musical voice, the Spaniard quickly looked up. Had the bullet then imprisoned in the weapon been sent crashing through his vitals he would have received hardly a greater shock than that which quivered through his nerves when he saw the black barrel of the pistol, the small but steady hand which held it aimed at his brain, and the pale and beautiful face above it. Thus holding the robber at her mercy, she said firmly to the girl:

"Alice, there is nothing to fear now. Run as fast as you can to the west end of the house, about a hundred yards away, and you will find this man's horse tied there somewhere in the shrubbery. Mount it and ride as fast as God will let you. Find my husband and tell him I have a robber as prisoner."

The girl almost fainting, passed out of the room, found the horse and galloped away, leaving these two mortal enemies facing each other.

Velasco had heard all this, and he heard the horse clattering up the road to the range beyond the hills of Gabilans. The picture of a fierce and angry young Scotchman dashing up to the house and slaying him without a parley needed no elaboration in his dazed imagination. He gazed steadily at the senora and she at him; and, while he saw a strange pity and a sorrow in her glance, he saw also an unyielding determination. He could not speak, for the knife between his teeth held his tongue a prisoner. If only he could plead with her and beg for his life!

"Basilio," she quietly said, seeing that he was preparing to release one hand by finding a firmer hold for the other, "if you take either of your hands away from the vine I will shoot you. Keep perfectly still. If you make the least movement, I will shoot. You have seen me throw apples in the air and send a bullet through every one with this pistol."

There was no boastfulness in this, and Velasco knew it to be true.

"I would have given you money, Basilio, if you had asked me for it; but to come thus with a knife! You would have killed me, Basilio, and I have never been unkind to you."

If he could only remove the dagger from his mouth! Surely one so kind and gentle as she would let him go in peace if he could only plead with her. But to let the dagger fall from his teeth would be to disarm himself, and he was not quite ready for that; and there was much thinking and planning to be done within a very few minutes.

Velasco, still with his gaze on the black hole in the pistol barrel, soon made a discouraging discovery; the position in which he had been arrested was an insecure and uncomfortable one, and the unusual strain that it brought upon his muscles became painful and exhausting. To shift his position even in the smallest way would be to invite the excursion of a bullet through his head. As the moments flew the strain upon particular sets of muscles increased his pain with alarming rapidity, and unconsciously he began to speculate upon the length of time that remained before his suffering would lead him into recklessness and death. While he was thus approaching a very agony of pain, with the end of all human endurance not far away, another was suffering in a different manner, but hardly less severely.

The beautiful senora held the choice of two lives in the barrel of her pistol; but that she should hold any life at all was a matter that astounded, perplexed and agonized her; that she had the courage to be in so extraordinary a position amazed her beyond estimation. Now, when one reflects that he is courageous, his courage is questionable. And then, she was really so tenderhearted that she wondered if she could make good her threat to shoot if the murderer should move. That he believed she would was sufficient.

But after the arrival of her husband—what then? With his passionate nature could he resist the temptation to cut the fellow's throat before her very eyes? That was too horrible to think of. But—God!—the fellow himself had a knife! By thus summoning he husband was she not inviting him to a mortal struggle with a desperate man better armed than he? It would have been easy to liberate Basilio and let him go his way; but she knew that her husband would follow and find him. Now that the mischief of notifying him had been done, it was best to keep the prisoner with her, that she might plead for his life. Therein lay her hope that she could avert shedding of blood by either of the men. Her suspense, her self-questionings, her dread of a terrible termination to an incident which had already assumed the shape of a tragedy, her fearful responsibility, the menacing possibility that she herself, in simple defense of her life, might have to kill Basilio, her trepidation on the score of her aim and the reliability of the pistol—all these things and others were wearing her out; and at last she, too, began to wonder how long she could bear the strain, and whether or not her husband would arrive in time to save her.

Meanwhile Velasco, racked to the soul by the pains which tortured him, and driven to the wall by a desire to drop the dagger and plead for his life, and by fear of parting from his weapon, was urged to despair, and finally to desperation. All the supplication that face and eyes could show pleaded eloquently for him, and with this silent pleading came evidence of his physical agony. The muscles of his legs and arms twitched and trembled, and his labored breathing hissed as it split upon the edge of the knife. He was unable longer to control the muscles of his lips: the keen edge of his weapon found a way into the flesh at either side of his mouth, and two small streams of blood trickled down his chin and fell upon his breast. Not for a moment did he take his gaze from her eyes; and thus these two regarded each other with a silence and stillness that were terrible. A crisis had to come. Here was a test of nerve that would inevitably make a victim of one or the other. The spectacle of the man's agony, the pitiful sight of his imploring look, were more than the feminine flesh of which Violante was composed could bear.

The crash came—Basilio was the first to break down. Whether voluntarily or not, he released his hold upon the knife, which went clattering through the vine to the ground. In another instant, his tongue, now free began pouring forth a supplication in the Spanish language with an eloquence which Violante had never heard equalled.

"Oh, senora!" he said, "who but an angel could show a mercy tenderer than human? And yet, as I hope for the mercy of the Holy Virgin, there is a sweetness and kindness in your face that belongs to an angel of mercy. Oh, Mother of God! surely thy unworthy son has been brought into this strait for the trying of his soul and for its chastisement and purification at the hands of thy sweetest and gentlest of earthly daughters; for thou hast put it into her heart—which is as pure as her face is beautiful—to spare me from a most horrible end. Thou hast whispered into her mother soul that one of thy sons, however base and undeserving, should not be sent unshriven to the judgment seat of the most Holy Christ, thy Son. Through the holy church thou hast enlightened her soul to the duties of a Christian, for in her beautiful face shines the radiance of heaven—ah, senora! see me plead for mercy! Behold the agonies which beset me, and let my sufferings unlock the door of your heart. Let me go in peace, senora; and you shall find in me a slave all the days of my life—the humblest and most devoted of slaves, happy if you beat me, glorying in my slavery if you starve me, and giving praise to Almighty God if you trample me under your feet. Senora, senora, release me, for time is pressing—I can barely escape if you let me go this instant. Would you have my blood on your hands? Can you face the Virgin with that? Oh, senora—senora——"

Her head swam, and all her senses were afloat in a sea of agonies. Still she looked down into his eyes as he continued his pleadings, but the outlines of his body were wavering and uncertain, and inexpressible suffering numbed her faculties. Still she listened vaguely to his outpouring of speech, and it was not until her husband, with two of his vaqueros, dashed up on horseback that either of the two strangely situated sufferers was aware of his approach. Seeing him, Violante threw her arms abroad, and the pistol went flying to the ground, and then she sank down to the floor, and the brilliant sunshine became night and the shining glories of the day all nothingness.

* * * * * *

She awoke and found herself lying on her bed, with her husband sitting beside her, caressing her hands and watching her anxiously. It was a little time before she could summon her faculties to exercise and to an understanding of her husband's endearing words, but, seeing him safe with her, her next thought was of Velasco.

"Where is Basilio?" she asked, starting up and looking fearfully about.

"He is safe, my dear one. Think no more of Basilio, who would have harmed my Violante. Be calm, for my sake, sweet wife."

"Oh, I can't, I can't! You must tell me about Basilio." And, in a frightened whisper, she asked: "Did you kill him?"

"No, loved one; Basilio is alive."

She sank back upon her pillow. "God be praised!" she whispered.

Suddenly she started up again and looked keenly into her husband's eyes. "You have never deceived me," she hurriedly said; "but, Robert, I must know the truth. Have no fear—I can bear it. For God's sake, my husband tell me the truth!"

Alarmed, he took her in his arms, and said: "Be calm, my Violante; for as the Almighty is my witness, Basilio is alive."

"Alive! alive!" she cried; "what does that mean? You are keeping something back, my husband. I know your passionate nature too well—you could not let him off so easily. Tell me the whole truth, Robert, or I shall go mad!"

There was a frantic earnestness in this that would have made evasion unwise.

"I will, Violante; I will. Listen—for upon my soul this is the whole truth: When I saw you drop the pistol and sink back upon the floor I knew that you had fainted. I ordered the vaqueros to secure the weapon and make Basilio descend to the ground. Then I ran up stairs, placed you on the bed, loosened your clothing, and did what I could to restore you. But you remained unconscious——"

"Basilio! Basilio! tell me about him."

"I went to the window and sent one of the men to the hacienda for a doctor for you, and told the other to bring Basilio to the room. He came in very weak and trembling, for he had fallen from the vine and was slightly stunned, but not much hurt. He expected me to kill him here in this room, but I could not do that—I was afraid on your account, Violante. He was very quiet and ill—"

"Hurry, Robert, hurry!"

"He said nothing. I spoke to him. He hung his head and asked me if I would let him pray. I told him I would not kill him. A great light broke over his face. He fell at my feet and clasped my knees and kissed my boots and wept like a child. It was pitiful, Violante."

"Poor Basilio!"

"He begged me to punish him. He removed his shirt and implored me to beat him. I told him I would not touch him. He said he would be your slave and mine all his life; but he insisted that he must make some physical atonement—he must be punished. 'Very well,' I said. Then I turned to Nicolas and told him to give Basilio some light punishment, as that would relieve his mind. Nicolas took him down and lashed him to the back of a horse, and turned the animal into the horse corral. Then Nicolas came back and told me what he had done. I replied that it was all right, and that so soon as I could leave you I would go and release Basilio. And then I told Nicolas to go to the range and look up Alice and bring her home, for she was too weak to come back with me."

"And Basilio is in the corral now?"

"Yes."

"How was he lashed to the horse?"

"I don't know—Nicolas didn't tell me; but you may be sure that he is all right."

She threw her arms around her husband's neck and kissed him again and again, saying: "My noble generous husband. I love you a thousand times more than ever. Now go, Robert, at once, and release Basilio."

"I can't leave you, dear."

"You must—you shall! I am fully recovered. If you don't go, I will."

"Very well."

No sooner had he left the room than she sprang out of the bed, caught up a penknife, and noiselessly followed him; he did not suspect her presence close behind him as he went toward the corral. When they had gone thus a short distance from the house her alert ear caught a peculiar sound that sent icicles shooting through her body. They were feeble cries of human agony, and they came from a direction other than that of the corral. Heedlessly, and therefore unwisely, she ran toward their source, without having summoned her husband, and soon she came upon a fearful spectacle.

McPherson pursued his way to the corral; but when he arrived there he was surprised not to find Basilio in the enclosure. The gate was closed—the horse could not have escaped through it. Looking about he read the signs of commotion that must have occurred among the horses, caused, undoubtedly by the strange sight of a man lashed in some peculiar way to the back of one of their number. The ground was torn by flying hoofs in all directions; there had been a wild stampede among the animals. Even when he entered, possibly more than a half-hour after Basilio was introduced among them, they were huddled in a corner near and snorted in alarm when he approached them. The horse to which Nicolas had lashed Basilio was not to be seen. Annoyed at the stupidity of Nicolas, McPherson looked about until he found the place in the fence through which Basilio's horse had broken; only two of the rails had been thrown down. Alarmed and distressed, McPherson leaped over the fence, took up the trail of the horse and followed it, running. Presently he discovered that the horse in his mad flight had broken through the fence inclosing the apiary, and had played havoc among the twenty or more beehives therein. Then McPherson saw a spectacle that for a little while took all the strength out of his body.

The senora, guided by a quicker sense than that of her husband, had gone straight to the aviary. There she saw the horse with Basilio naked to the waist strapped upon his back, and the animal was plunging madly among the bee hives, kicking them to fragments as the vicious insects plied him with their stings. Basilio was tied with his face to the sun, which poured its fierce rays into his eyes; for Nicolas was devoted to the senora, and he was as determined to make matters as uncomfortable for the ingrate as possible. Upon Basilio's unprotectdd body the bees swarmed by hundreds, giving him a score of stings to one for the horse, ann he was utterly helpless to protect himself. Already the poison of a thousand stings had been poured into his face and body; his features were hideously swollen and distorted, and his chest was puffed out of resemblance to a human shape and was livid and ghastly.

Without a moment's hesitation the senora flew through the gate and went to the deliverance of Basilio, praying to God with every breath. His cries were feeble, for his strength was nearly gone, and his incredible agony, aided by the poison of the bees, had sent his wits astray. For Violante to approach the maddened horse and the swarming bees was to offer herself to death, but what cared she for that, when another's life was at stake? With the coolness of a trained horse-woman, she finally twisted the fingers of one hand into the frantic horse's nostrils, bringing it instantly under control. In another moment, unmindful of the stings which the bees inflicted upon her face and hands, she had cut Basilio's lashings and caught his shapeless body in her arms as it slipped to the ground. Then, taking him under the arms, she dragged him, with uncommon strength from the enclosure and away from the murderous assaults of the bees.

He moaned; his head rolled from one side to the other. His eyes were closed by the swelling of the lids, and he could not see her; but even had this not been so, he was past knowing her. She laid him down in the shade of a great oak, and she saw from his faint and interrupted gasps that in another moment all would be over with him. Unconscious of the presence of her husband, who now stood reverently, with uncovered head, behind her, she raised to heaven her blanched face and beautiful eyes, and softly prayed: "Holy mother of Jesus, hear the prayer of thy wretched daughter, and intercede for this unshriven spirit." She glanced down at Basilio, and saw that he was dead. Feebly she staggered to her feet, and seeing her husband, cried out his name, stretched out her arms toward him, and sank unconscious into his strong grasp; and thus he bore her to the house, kissing her face, while tears streamed down his cheeks.

—W. C. Morrow in the *San Francisco Argonaut.*

The Christian Endeavor.

From the Doylestown Democrat.

The Twelfth annual convention of the Christian Endeavor Society, which met at Montreal last Thursday, had some features about it of more than usual interest. The speech of welcome was made by the Mayor, and, in the course of his remarks, he showed that a broader spirit of Christian charity prevails on the other side of the Canada line than is to be found in some other parts. His speech was an admirable one, and must have impressed the American delegates. He said among other things:

Every one of you know that I am a Roman Catholic, yet I am here to tell you that, while the population of Montreal is largely Roman Catholic, still there is not one who will not extend to you the most cordial and sincere welcome. [Cheers.]

"I think after all we can find ground wide enough upon which we all can walk. You come here and teach us what Christian charity and what union can be. We believe in that ourselves. A fact which I think must have struck you all very forcibly, since you have come amongst us, is, that we do not allow the chimneys of our industries, to extend above the spires of our churches. We believe in progress and industry, but we do not believe that the goal of life is industry, commerce the physical welfare of humanity. When you look at the top of the chimneys, you will see always a cloud, which prevents you from seeing above, but when you look at the spire of the church, that gentle figure looking towards Heaven, it is felt that we have something more; that we have another destiny which Providence has prepared for us, and so among Christians there is now a general feeling that the old strife must discontinue, that the battle is not between creed and creed but between believers and unbelievers;"

These are rather unusual words from such a source, but they are words of cheer for Christian progress, and are evidenced of the broadening of Christian thought. Of course "we can find ground wide enough upon which we all can walk," and firm ground it is; and how much better it would have been for the world had this discovery been made sooner. Although the Democrat may be charged with heresy, it cannot help saying that it can see no reason why Protestants and Catholics should not unite in all practical Christian work. There are a thousand and one things they can find to do that will advance the cause of Christianity without trenching on each others faith. The shell, that has enclosed and separated Christian denomination for so long a time, seems less hard than it was even a quarter of a century ago. We can already discover cracks in it, and we believe the day will come when all sects will unite in all practical Christian work, when, as the Mayor of Montreal puts it, "the old strife must discontinue, and that the battle will not be between creed and creed, but between believers and unbelievers." Hail the day when religious strife shall cease!

Comet Easily Visible.

Observations Made at the Allegheny Observatory.

The new comet that is making some stir in scientific circles is quite bright and easily visible to the naked eye, even in the strong twilight of the evening sky about 8:45 o'clock, and can be observed in a field glass until after 10 o'clock. It has a very bright nucleus and a tail which can be traced for a distance of fully three degrees from the head of the comet. If the telegraphed position of its discovery is correct it has moved about two degrees toward the west since the 8th of July. It will be readily found by tracing a line through the star forming the corner of the bowl of the great dipper nearest the handle down through the star at the opposite corner. Continue this line nearly double the distance between them downward and two stars just in the corner of the Urso Major will be met. Just below this about 3 degrees and a little to the west the comet was seen, but it will be found somewhat nearer the two third magnitude stars noted this evening. The tail "points almost directly upward, though it does lean toward the east. This comet will be watched with interest by astronomers, and though it is rather low it is hoped good spectroscopic results will be obtained by Prof. Kuhn."

For and About Women.

The Empress of Austria has a collection of jewels worth $1,500,000.

White ribbons are taking the place of black as a stock-collar, girdle and shoulder-knots on summer frocks of batiste and organdy.

That if grease or oil is spilled on a carpet, flour or fine meal should be sprinkled over it as soon as possible, and let remain for several hours and it will absorb the grease.

A new waist trimming is made of a straight piece of material about 14 in., long. This is gathered in very full at the collar and droops of its own free will over shoulders and bust.

A new hop-sacking of lihgt weight with surface like alpaca is imported from Paris for midsummer dresses for out-of-town wear. It comes in clear red and in navy-blue, and is prettily marked with dots and dashes of white or of cream-color.

A pretty accessory to a gown, and one which makes an old waist look new consists of a flounce of lace falling from the neckband in straight folds nearly to the waist in front, forming epaulets on the shoulders, a collar in the back and all in one piece.

Mrs. Taylor of Little Washington, Pa., is called among her neighbors "an artist in oils." She began by making a few careful investments in the Pennsylvania oil fields. She has sold these at an advance, bought others and is now worth $3,000,000.

My Lady's Locks.—For the street the hair should be done so that all the dressing shows beneath the hat or bonnet.

For customers who are going to the theatre professional hair-dressers put the bonnet on while the hair is down and then arrange the coiffure.

The latest collar out is one deep cape of accordion-plaited silk muslin, upon which motifs in cream application form a light and pretty floral patterned border. This collar is finished around the neck with a Pierrette full frill of black chiffon edged with cream lace, tied with long black satin ribbons.

Reefer jackets of brown holland accompanied by a walking skirt of the same are cool summer costumes; sold for $16,50 to $20, The jacket is well lapped in front, and fastened by large pearl buttons. The skirt is cut off above the knee, and completed by a gored flounce of six breadths.

The serpentine waist is another name for the surplice blouse that crosses over in the front and is tied in the back of the waist. To this is now added the serpentine flounce, beginning on the left of the hips and winding in spiral fashion three or five times around the skirt, to cease under a chou at the foot on the left side.

Black satin, satin duchess and satin brocades are all very fashionable for entire dresses. The first is also one of the most popular of trimmings for all materials of dress goods. It is employed for the large leg-of mutton sleeves now so much favored, and for millinery folds, flatbands, crossway puffings and narrow French hemmed flounces.

The Psyche knot is experiencing its perennial revival. A modest, unassuming thing it is now, nestling rather low in the softly waved hair. It is not the aggressive door-knob atrocity of several years ago. Some women wear the famous three short curls from the centre of the knot. They lie close to the head at the lower edge of the twist.

The "figure eight" style is perhaps more often seen than any other. It is not new, but can be made so individual by each wearer that its longevity is certain.

The thick twilled cotton fabrics in stripes and in plain colors called Galatea twills have long been in favor for children's sailor suits for girls and boys alike, and are now adopted by ladies for country wear, for boating, seaside, mountain and outing dresses generally. They are especially liked in quarter-inch stripes of red, pink or blue with white for young women, and in brown or black with white stripes by those who are older. They are made up in the way popular for cotton cheviot dresses, with a shirt waist and a skirt of four breadths, the front and the sides gored narrowly toward the top, with a straight back breadth. Boating and yachting gowns of striped Galatea have a belted waist opening in a V shape on a plastron or sailor shirt of white or plain twill the color of the stripe. Rows of braid, either white or colored in contrast with the shirt, trim it prettily. These rows may be across or lengthwise, or else one or two rows coming from the sides merely cross in the middle in X shape. Coat sleeves with widened top have cuffs bands of the plain Galatea, with rows of braid as trimming, and the skire is finished with a four inch border of the plain goods headed by rows of braid.

There are many gowns made with double skirts, that is to say, formed of two flounces cut all around and both trimmed with cross bands or galoon. this sort may be copied with three flounces of equal width, and mounted on a foundation without gathers. To give them a modern air add about 39 inches at the bottom of the skirt, the slight train being cut off and the edge rounded. If there is no material left of the gown, then new must be bought to match it It is impossible to give an old skirt the requisite width, but nothis easier than to give it an appearance.

To do this all that is wanted is to trim it as far as the knees, or even a little higher, with flounces three and a half, four and a half and five inches in depth, the widest being placed at the bottom of the skirt and separated from the middle flounces some three and a half inches, whilst the centre one need only be placed two and three-quarter inches below the smaller upper one. Of course, these can be arranged lower or higher, and at closer distances than are given above. If the skirt is very narrow and the wearer tall, the more flounces the better; but care must be taken that the flounces, bands, straight rows of velvet, galoon. ribbon, etc., are very evenly placed, the distances between them are always the same.

——Read the WATCHMAN.