

Bellefonte, Pa., Sep. 15, 1893

MAN'S REQUIREMENTS—WOMAN'S WANTS.

(Probably no poem except "The Beautiful Snow" has been accredited to more sources than this. Mrs. Browning, Mary T. Lathrop, Adelaide Proctor and Ella Wheeler Wilcox are all spoken of as its author.)

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing Ever made by the hand above? A woman's heart and a woman's love— And woman's wondrous love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing As a child might ask for a toy? Demanding what others have tried to win, With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out— Man-like have you questioned me— Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul— Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot Your socks and your shirt be white; I require your heart to be true as God's stars, And as pure as His heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef; I require a far greater thing; A seamstress you're wanting for socks and for shirts, I look for a man and a king.

A king for the beautiful world called home, And a man that the maker, God, Shall look upon as He did on the first, And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the roses will fade From my soft young cheeks one day— Will you love them "mid the falling leaves As you did 'mid the bloom of May?"

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep I may launch my all on its tide? A loving woman finds heaven or hell On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true, All this that a man should be; If you give them, I would stake my life To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot be this—a laundress and cook You can hire, and a little to pay; But a woman's heart and a woman's life Are never won in that way.

THE NEW YORK "HERALD" AND ITS NEW HOME.

BY JAMES CREELMAN.

Nothing in the career of James Gordon Bennett so accurately expresses his leadership of uncommercial journalism as the beautiful Italian palace at the junction of Broadway and Sixth Avenue, which was occupied by the New York Herald on August 20th. This is his reply to the newspaper proprietors who have erected grand office buildings, in which the editorial forces occupy garrets and the pressman are crowded into dark cellars. Architecturally, the new home of the Herald is a rebuke to the utilitarianism of the American metropolis, an appeal for something better than sky-scraping ugliness.

If there is one thing more than another on which the proprietor of the Herald is determined, it is that his paper shall never get into a rut, and for several years he has looked upon journalism as the greatest of all artistic vocations. Printing-house Square is too far away from the center of life. The Herald must follow the people. It is an original and daring step for the organization and business of a great newspaper are so nicely adjusted to its neighborhood that when Mr. Bennett first announced his intention of moving the Herald more than three miles away from its present site, nobody believed him to be in earnest. The Herald now declares itself to be independent of neighborhoods and fearless of the result. And the influence which a vast newspaper establishment exerts upon its immediate surroundings may be judged by the fact that as soon as the new Herald site was made public, the price of real estate in that part of New York advanced thirty per cent.

The new Herald building covers a trapezoidal plot of ground formerly occupied by the army of the Seventy-first Regiment. Its extreme dimensions are two hundred feet long and a hundred and forty feet wide. The structure consists of two stories and an attic. It is a little more than fifty feet high. This splendid example of pure Italian Renaissance has been so skillfully adapted by the architects that it meets all the practical requirements of a newspaper office without losing a single line of beauty. Externally, it is an exquisite palace; internally, it is an almost perfect workshop. Art and science are blended and exhausted in this wonderful combination. The Herald is now without a rival in the convenience and close relationship of the varied departments necessary to produce a metropolitan newspaper, and in the completeness of its apparatus for interior communication and variety of mechanical resources.

There is a note of refinement and elegance in the architecture that breathes through the whole design. It is, perhaps, too conservative, but that is a fault rarely discovered in American art and may be welcomed. The low facades, with their delicate, pure ornamentation, horizontal accents and sheltering arcades, enriched by dainty columns and arch, the unbroken roof of red tiles and the simple doorways, devoid of garish symbolism, all speak eloquently of the spirit that prompted this innovation. But the advantage which the building has in its isolated position is somewhat marred by the presence of the grimy elevated railway which has a tendency to dwarf its proportions. The banal and ridiculous Dodge statue, which stands about sixty feet in front of the main entrance, is another inharmonious element.

On the Broadway and Sixth Avenue sides are arcades extending along three quarters of the building's length, behind rows of polished columns that support graceful arches whose function is purely ornamental, as the load of the outer line is borne by iron floor girders resting upon the inner main wall. These arcades are separated from the interior of the structure by a series of arched plate-glass windows, through which hundreds of spectators can watch the interesting operations in the immense press-room and the stereotyping department. The fascinat-

ing rush and whirl of men and machinery late at night, when the place is ablaze with electric light, and the entire mechanical force is straining to get the paper printed in time for the early trains will be one of the notable sights of New York, while around the edge of the roof a row of twenty gilded owls will wink electric eyes at regular intervals by a mechanical device connected with the clock set in a rose-window, the twin window being occupied by a wind-dial. Above the roof cornice over the main entrance, and in a line with the sentinel owls, will be two great bronze statues standing with uplifted hammers on either side of a ponderous bell. The mechanism of the clock will automatically cause the giants to strike the hours with resounding blows upon the bell, after the fashion of the famous clock machinery of St. Mark's Square. This bronze group is the work of distinguished French sculptors, but it will not be ready for its place for months. The presence of the owls is explained by the fact that the owl is a jolly fellow of Mr. Bennett's and is to be seen in every part of his private establishment—stuffed owls, bronze owls, printed owls, iron owls—on his yachts, his carriages, his note-paper, his coaches in various parts of France, and in his many residences. The bird that is awake and alert when all else is asleep is not a bad emblem for the Herald.

The exterior of the building is principally of pale terra cotta, and the flat spaces are filled in with pilolith, which closely resembles marble, but is to be preferred because of its adaptability to withstand heat and cold. The general effect is that produced by the Renaissance stucco-work of medieval Italy. The color scheme is, in this respect, absolutely perfect, no tone being too pronounced.

Three arches constituted the main entrance, but as one of the supporting shafts stood in the way of the actual door of the counting-room, the obstructing pillar had to be removed, and two of the arches blended into a single flat arch. The counting-room is superb. Twelve splendid columns of Pavonezza marble support the ceiling, with its delicate traceries of white and gold, from which depends a fine chandelier. The moulded cases of the columns are of white Vermont marble. The floor is of mosaic, and the wainscoting of the spacious room is of Pavonezza marble. In order to preserve the unity of tone, all the furniture and fittings of the counting-room are worked out in white mahogany.

From this resplendent hall which is occupied by the business department, with a corner allotted to the Commercial Cable Company, a flight of stairs bordered with white statuary marble leads to the second story. Here is the main hall. Around it are grouped Mr. Bennett's office, his private room and bath-room, the reception-room for visitors; the office of Mr. Howland, general manager; the auditor's room and editorial council-room a circular apartment decorated in white and gold. The appointments of the executive headquarters are of the costliest but simplest character. Each of these rooms opens into the other, and all are connected by doors with the main hall.

Two corridors penetrate the second floor from the main hall to the Thirty-sixth street side or rear of the building. Along these corridors are arranged the spacious and convenient rooms of the editors, reporters, and out-of-town correspondents whose journals enjoy the privileges of the Herald establishment. The editorial and city departments of the Evening Telegram are also on this floor. A central court is arranged so that every room is full of light. The corridor on the Broadway side ends in a vast room intended for the army of reporters, while the corridor on the Sixth Avenue side leads to the well-equipped library. Between the office of the night editor, who has charge of the Herald at the moment it goes to press, and the telegraph room, into which messages will come direct on special wires from all parts of the country.

Here is the index department—a unique feature, for a copy of which many thousands of dollars were refused—containing two and a half millions of entries describing news in the Herald, with date, page, and column indicated. It took two expert men working night and day for about thirty years to build up the index system, which covers virtually everything printed in the Herald since its foundation. There are more than one thousand entries relating to General Grant alone; and the references to Mr. Cleveland outnumber all others. The index is alphabetical, geographical and topical. There are now three index editors. In connection with this department are the bound newspaper files, more than a thousand volumes ranged in locked cases. There is a skeleton of the index in the editorial rooms of the Paris edition of the Herald. In addition to the news index there is an index of ten thousand illustrations, and pigeon-holes containing thousands of obituaries, ready for use when the subjects die. The library numbered eleven thousand books, but the least useful volumes have been weeded out within the last few weeks.

There are three hundred iron frames for the compositors in the enormous room on the third floor under the sharply slanting roof, and this is lit entirely by the central court. Five Mergenthaler linotype machines, driven by electric motors, are on the Broadway side. But in addition to the composing-room—a remarkable sight in its way—there are twelve other apartments on this floor, among them the art department, electric light, photograph-room, restaurant, kitchen, and matrix-room.

But the glory of the new Herald building is in its press-room and power plant, which stand in full view of the public. This wonderful system of machinery is interchangeably operated by steam or electricity. Two huge black marble switch boards, glittering

with brass levers, control the electric force. When steam power is undesirable, the huge dynamos are brought into play, and when everything else fails, a turn of the wrist connects the operating mechanism with the electric lighting mains in the street. In this way there can be no failure in the press-work or lighting apparatus. No matter what breakdown occurs, the Herald will be printed on time. There are ten electric motors. The capacity of this department is illustrated by the fact that there are more than eighteen hundred sixteen candle-power lights in the establishment, not to speak of the various electric elevators and ventilating fans.

Of the eight massive presses two are intended to print in four colors, after the manner of the Paris Figaro Illustrate. Each press prints two colors simultaneously. The Herald's immense press, which turns out more than sixty thousand copies an hour, will be on the Thirty-sixth Street side. It is the most improved and productive printing machine in the world. The press room has an aggregate capacity of a little above two hundred and eighty thousand sheets an hour. Ink is pumped from a tank in the vaults under the sidewalk to the fountains of the presses. The whole course of the white paper is in full view from the street, as it spins from the damp rolls in continuous webs, flashes between the whirling cylinders, turns, reverses, enters the marvelous folding apparatus, and finally appears folded, counted, and ready for delivery. The machinery is so exquisitely adjusted on its rock foundation that there is scarcely a vibration to be noticed when the whole mechanical department is in full swing. No other press-room approaches this one in the perfection of its equipment and the swift interchangeability of its various parts. The lightness and airiness of the space, and the orderly, logical arrangement of the engines, motors, and presses, all combine to make this part of the Herald establishment a model for the world. The lower floor is so broken that while the press-room consists largely of the basement and ground story thrown into a single lofty hall, the delivery room and stereotyping departments are on a level with the street, one on the Thirty-sixth Street side and the other on the Sixth Avenue side. The stereotype metal is melted in sight of the public in two huge pots, over which hangs a metal hood to carry off the hot air, by means of an electric fan, in the exhaust duct. Five casting-boxes are arranged in a semicircle in front of the melting-pot, so that the whole process of casting the shining plates from which the paper actually takes its impressions can be seen in all its detail by outsiders.

A remarkable part of the new Herald system is the apparatus for communication within the building. Seven lines of pneumatic tubes carry advertisements, news, and editorial copy and proofs to and from all parts of the establishment. Conversation can be carried on between persons on different floors and in different rooms on the same floor through speaking tubes and by means of a really notable independent telephone system of seventeen stations, any one of which can connect with any other without the aid of an operator. There are twenty-seven lines of speaking tubes so conveniently placed that the head of any department can communicate directly with any other department.

There is a large coo-p filled with fine carrier pigeons over the well-hole in the central court. It is proposed to reserve these aerial messengers for extraordinary occasions. Notwithstanding the network of electric wires that connects the Herald with the rest of the civilized world, it is likely that some great news announcement may be brought to the office under the wing of a pigeon.

The cost of this peerless newspaper building is more than half a million dollars, and it is the result of recent success in the principal newspaper establishments of Europe and America. The originality and courage required to carry out the new undertaking can scarcely be exaggerated. But the proprietor of the Herald feels certain that the office ought not to be at one end of New York, but right in the heart of the theatre, hotel, and shopping district, close to the centre of population. In London, Paris, and other great cities the newspaper offices are grouped within easy distance of the financial centres. But the Herald is carrying out its principle of self-reliance and accompanying the northward movement of the population. Its splendid mailing department, that has excited the admiration and won the applause of so many postmasters, will be put to a supreme test now, for some of the railway depots are far away.

So the old days and the old home of the Herald have passed away. It is a mighty organization, with more than two thousand five hundred correspondents, and a system of bureaus that carries it into the uttermost ends of the earth. The elder Bennett started the paper with a nominal capital of five hundred dollars in 1835, and he lived to be a maker of Presidents. The present proprietor of the Herald, who is also its real editor in every vital detail, would not sell the paper for any price, although it was recently valued at twenty million dollars. In 1869 a group of capitalists offered two millions and a half for the Herald to the elder Bennett, but he laughed at the proposal. He declared that he would rather know what to do with the money now with himself if he sold the paper. Four years ago a New York syndicate cabled a message to Mr. Bennett asking him what was the lowest price of the Herald. His only reply was, "The price of the Herald is three cents daily, five cents on Sunday." A prominent politician offered Mr. Bennett a check for fifty thousand dollars for the support of the Herald. Mr. Bennett looked him in the eye, and said, "This check can be traced to

me." "Then I'll get you the money," said the politician, deceived by the calm bearing and impetuous countenance of the journalist. "Good!" said Mr. Bennett. In a few minutes the politician returned with a big roll of greenbacks. Mr. Bennett could no longer suppress his rage. He tore the check up, threw it in his visitor's face, and drove him out of the room in a burst of fury. Names cannot be mentioned just now.

The Herald is rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Its scorn of money considerations is indicated by the payment of nearly four thousand dollars in cable tolls for a despatch of less than two columns, and its proprietor is planning to make it more and more the representative of uncommercial and impersonal journalism, a public institution that cannot fall into the hands of factions even after his death, but go on as a sort of journalistic republic. Of the Herald more than any other newspaper in the World Thackeray's words may be repeated: "There she is; she never sleeps. She has her ambassadors in every quarter of the world—her couriers on every road. Her officers march along with armies, and her envoys walk into statesman's cabinets. They are ubiquitous. Yonder journal has an agent at this moment giving bribes at Madrid, and another inspecting the price of potatoes at Convent Garden."

Thomas Jefferson said that he would rather live in a country with newspapers and without a government, than in a country with a government but without newspapers. And if this be the expression of a sound judgment, the future of a great newspaper like the Herald, whose agents have opened a continent to civilization, explored the arctic seas and talked with crowned monarch, and overthrown governments and political policies, must be a matter of grave interest.—Harper's Weekly.

Remarkable in Surgery Annals.

Captain Robert Staple, a veteran of the late war, recently died at Allentown, Pennsylvania. While in the service Captain Staple was wounded and the wound was one of the most remarkable in the annals of army surgery. At the battle of Chancellorsville he was hit by a minnie ball, which fractured the eighth rib, passed through the diaphragm and dropped into the alimentary canal. Notwithstanding his terrible injury, Captain Staple walked to the field hospital, a distance of a mile and a half. At that time it was supposed the matter which protruded through the cavity, and which was as big as a fist, was a portion of the lung, making it really a hernia of the lung. At a post-mortem examination it was discovered that this was not the case, but the supposed exposure of the lung was the omentum, or a pro-covering of the intestines, which had worked itself through the lung cavity and between the fractured ribs, the edges having grown fast around the opening. A singular coincidence in connection with this case is that Captain Staple, while in New York some years ago, stopped at a shop window of a haberdashery and saw an open copy of "The Surgical History of the War," and on the page before him was an illustration of his case.—Globe Democrat.

How Congressmen Choose Their Seats.

The following are the rules of the House in respect to the selection of seats:

1. At the commencement of each Congress, immediately after the members and delegates are sworn in, the clerk shall place in a box prepared for that purpose a number of small balls of marble or other material equal to the number of members and delegates, which balls shall be consecutively numbered and thoroughly intermingled, and at such hour as shall be fixed by the House for that purpose, by the hands of a page draw said balls one by one from the box and announce the number as it is drawn, upon which announcement the member or delegate whose name on a numbered alphabetical list shall correspond with the number on the ball shall advance and choose his seat for the term which he is elected.

2. Before said drawing shall commence each seat shall be vacated and so remain until selected under this rule, and any seat having been selected shall be deemed forfeited if left unoccupied before the call of the roll is finished, and whenever the seats of members and delegates shall have been drawn, no second drawing shall be in order during that Congress.

It Was Safe Then.

"Did any man ever yet make anything by opposing a woman's will?" exclaimed a tormented husband. "Yes, I have made a good deal by that sort of thing," answered his brother Richard.

"But Dick," responded the other, "you're a lawyer, and the woman whose will you opposed was always dead."—Boston Globe.

THE ESCAPE.

Alone by the sounding sea he sat, He in his hammock white, She in her gown and jaunty hat, Fleecy and fluffy and white.

"I've promised to marry you soon," she said, "And I mean it, so never fear; But I wanted to ask if you knew," she said, "That gowns like this are dear?"

"I mention this gown because you see, It fits me and feels so nice; If you're a good guesser, my dear, may be You'll hit right away on the price."

"Why certainly, dearest," he laughingly spoke, "I'm aware that your gowns are not low, And of course getting married is never a joke; Let us say twenty dollars or so."

She smiled. "Was a pitying smile she gave 'Til, 'twas forty dollars," quoth she, "And her lover rose as a great green wave Came in from the sobbing sea."

"Ninety-five dollars," he echoed. "Well, well!" Excess me a moment, my own; Someone is calling me in the hotel, But an instant I'll leave you alone."

And he sped away, and his bill he paid, And homeward his footsteps set; And as for the ninety-five dollar maid, May be she's sitting there yet. —Tom Mason in New York Sun.

A Dark Horse.

"Talk about being beaten at your own game," said a well-known turfman, coming in from the races at Mar-mouth Park the other day, "I ran up against an experience down in the Indian Territory in 1882 which would make a man hit his grandmother. At that time I was riding, and was considered the crack jockey of the country. Now, although I was such a success as a horseman, my hobby was cards. Something within me was whispering that my fortune was in cards, and in marked cards. I invested a large percentage of my mount winnings in these cards, until I had a collection which would have done justice to the biggest cut-throat gambler in Denver. I sat up late into the night, when all the stable was quiet, poring over my marked packs, studying on and solving the mysteries of his gambler's cinch.

"At last I felt that I had mastered the science, and now for some unsuspecting victim. I went down stairs, and finding all the feeders and trainers busy, made the general and sweeping remark that I had played no cards for a long time, but if any one present felt like taking a hand with me I would give him a chance for his life.

"At this an old codger who was kindling the fire spoke up and said: 'Well, Bud, if ye'll wait till I git this durned fire to burnin' I'll try an' accommodate ye.'

"All right, Whiskers," I answered, and strolled on up stairs. In my room was a stable boy, who also performed the duties of my valet; handing him a certain pack of cards I told him to put them in his pockets and saunter about the stable, and when he heard me kicking about the cards we were playing with, and asking if no one had a deck of decent cards, he was to flash his deck with the offer to sell them to me.

"Well, I went down stairs and found old Whiskers' fire burning in great shape. He washed his hands in a horse trough, wiped them on a tow sack, took a big chew of black navy, and remarked that he was ready to take my money.

"We played for half an hour or so with a greasy old deck of his, and I was winning right along, though not so heavily as I wanted to. Moreover, I felt so smart about my marked cards that I was fairly itching to show off. Presently I began my kick. First, the cards had sand on them; then they were greasy; then I found a split one, and so forth, until I finally lost patience and called out in a loud voice to know if no one had a decent pack of cards. Quick as a flash my confederate up: 'Ise got er nice pack, boss, but dey coses two bits.'

"I took the cards, grunted something about their being a little better, tossed him a quarter and laid the deck beside me. Old Whiskers laid his finger on the top card of my deck, and with a dexterous twirl had them spread out before him on the table; then, gathering them up he laid the pack beside his own money and went on dealing with his old greasy ones. I let him go on awhile afraid of arousing his suspicions if I was too insistent. Presently, however, I got the split card again, and asked suddenly, as if I, too, had forgotten my purchase: 'Why don't you use the new deck?'

"Oh, I don't give a darn which deck I use," he replied, and picking up my deck dealt the hand out.

"My luck began to change from that hand. Of course I could read that cards in his hand, and every time I caught him with a pair I tried to make him lay down. In this way I had to bet large sums of money on a small pair of my own, but the only time I could make him lay down was once in a while, when I really had the best hand.

"I lost \$900 in this way on one hand, trying to make my pair of sevens beat his pair of eights, and whenever I did have the top hand he would not call my bet. Of course this one-sided business couldn't last long, and just one hour from the time I had introduced those intangible marked cards of mine I was dead broke.

"Ye tired?" broke in the old man's voice upon my reflections.

"Oh, no!" I said, trying to keep a straight upper lip.

"Want to play enny more?"

"Well—no—er—I guess not. I'm broke."

"As I went to get up the old man said, still shuffling that accursed deck; 'Say, Bud, whar'd ye git this here deck er yards?'

"You saw where I got them," I replied somewhat nettled.

"Well, hit may not be er powerful lot er satisfaction far ye to know hit in the circumstances, Bud, but I want to tell ye that ye're a durn smart chap."

"Oh, I guess I've got a thing or two to learn," I modestly replied.

"Yas, thet's so," he said, 'an' the very fust thing ye larn, Bud, let hit be thet when ye're goin' to use marked cards ye want to git some other bran', 'caze thar ain't a 6 year ole boy in the nation that don't know them durned things like a boss knows oats.'

"Then, turning the deck backs up in his hand, he lifted the cards off one at a time, and read them faster than I could read the faces."—N. Y. Record.

For and About Women.

Among the women lawyers whose names are best known in this country are Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, Miss Lelia J. Robinson, Miss Phoebe W. Cousins, Miss Alice R. Jordan, who alone has a degree from the Yale Law school, and Miss Mary A. Ahrens, well known for philanthropic work in Chicago.

Some very good advice about marrying is given to girls by Harper's Bazar. I quote a small portion of a long article on the subject.

"A man often does a girl a great injustice in supposing that she cares more for material things than for what he has to offer her—love, companionship, a true heart. While to marry without some certain means of support is an undoubted folly, to marry on a small income, when both parties to the contract are united in their determination to face the world together, is a piece of wisdom. There is a certain glory in meeting and conquering difficulties when people are young and strong. The very effort to accomplish an end on which two are set draws the two into a closer union. 'If there is bread for one, there will be bread for two,' said the young wife of a man who set out to try what his brave heart and skilled hands could do to build up the fortune of his family, in a new environment half way across the globe. The true wife would not remain in the old home with her parents in luxury when the young husband was starting out in perils of sea and land, they dared their day of small things side by side.

The imperative and especial demand of the day of small things is mutual confidence and inflexible justice. Granted these premises, the result is never uncertain.

A beautiful little baby blanket was seen lately, of fine flannel embroidered with four-get-me-nots. It was folded exactly like the square of a shawl, with one point hanging down in the back to make a pointed hood. At the sides it was caught together to form sleeves, so that it was a compromise between a loose wrap and a sacque.

As for the style of coiffure now prevalent, says the "New York Sun," only a Bonola or one of Miss Muloch's low-voiced women could wear with becomingness, for the very latest thing in hairdressing, copied from the old time mode, has smooth and glossy tresses combed trimly down on either side a fine white parting, to be twisted in a soft coil at the back. This style of coiffure demands a delicate, youthful face, a low, broad forehead and an exquisitely molded head. Another style, much affected by young girls, is a modification of the 1820 style, with ringlets falling down either side of the face from a parting, the hair knotted high in a puff in the centre. The expression to be worn with this coiffure should be one of sweet modesty and gentle unopinionateness.

Still smarter and becoming to the full fledged belle or youthful matron is that coiffure in which the hair is tossed back from the forehead to fall in soft, careless curls at the side or in a single curl in the middle of the forehead. Some women of the dark, Spanish type, with faultlessly regular features, dare attempt this style of coiffure with no curls and the smooth hair combed back lightly to the twist. Handsome women are distinguished, intellectual women striking, with this sort of framing. The woman who isn't so sure of herself and her beauty will part her now disheveled bang a little at the side, perhaps, and leave the soft fringe to fall over her forehead, and the petite style of woman, who has an irregular sort of beauty, waves her hair into a tangle of curls, that fall back apparently in spite of her, to flutter over her brow.

If more people understood that any appearance of haste or carelessness was out of place in formal correspondence they would not use such an expression as "many thanks," any more than the hardly less objectionable phrase "thanks" in conversation. Such curtness is like the old story, "worse than wicked, its vulgar."

After the bath it is a nice habit, particularly in hot weather, to drop a little benzine in enough water to make a milky substance, and then apply it to the skin with a soft cloth. The result is a delightful, violet-like odor imparted to the body, no decided enough to be in the least objectionable.

A very long watch chain is to be seen sometimes this season worn surrounding the neck, to fall over the accompanying blouse front in festoons and to tuck away the watch itself in the belt.

Velvet will be everywhere seen this fall and on every possible article of attire—plain, ombred, striped, shot, plaided and in mirror effects, reflecting many lights.

ALPACA FOR AUTUMN COUNTRY WEAR.

The gowns being built just now for seaside and country wear are great modifications on the earlier season's styles.

Alpaca is gradually coming to the front, and the light and cool, if somewhat stiff material, (excellent for bell-skirt) is admirably adapted for country wear and early September days. In beige, cool, clear grey or shot—the latter exceedingly pretty—it will be much worn.

The skirt is either plaid, stitched around the hem, or ornamented with three narrow stripes of gros-grain silk, stitched on about three inches from the bottom of the skirt; this trimming is either black or matches the shade of the material. Plain mohair braid in undulating rows is also used, placed round the hips about seven inches below the waist line.

The corsages are of the universally adopted Eton jacket variety, tight-fitting in the back and finished with short coat tails. The broad-faced lapels are turned back with moire, satin or gros-grain. These are worn over fancy blouses of silk, or mousseline de loie, with lace inserted; or more frequently with the mannish and ever-smart stiffly-starched shirt with up-standing collar and "stock" tie.