

# Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 3, 1893.

## THE LAST GAME.

The base ball grounds are vacant,  
The bleaching boards are still,  
And from the grove of maples  
Calls the lonely whippoorwill;  
The moon shines cool and placid  
And percolates the shade,  
But the season now is over,  
And the last game's played.

The band of champion slingers  
Have traveled out of town,  
And all the pretty blazers  
And dashing suits are gone;  
Reed, Miller and Bill Soper  
Have separately strayed;  
The season now is over,  
And the last game's played.

Ah, well! The lights fill midnight,  
And after them the moon;  
The winter'll go bumping  
And spring will here be blown soon;  
Meaders life forever  
Thro' sunshine and thro' shade,  
Sweet is remembered summer,  
Tho' the last game's played.

—With Apologies to Judge.

## MISS PIM'S PARTY.

An Old Maid's Oyster Supper and its Consequences.

By LAVINA H. EGAN.

Nobody ever knew how it came about least of all Miss Pim herself. "It just popped into her head," she said, "and she did it."

Perhaps it was the sight of those quantities of oysters that Miss Pim saw at the little Italian's on the corner every afternoon as she returned home and the big pile of empty shells which Pasquale himself would be heaping up on the sidewalk next morning as she passed by to her work that first made her think of it. Perhaps it was the accounts of the balls and parties, and receptions and 5 o'clock and "high teas" that she read about in the state papers which her friend "Gloves" sometimes gave her as she passed through the saleroom on her way to the fourth story, for Miss Pim was only a cutter in the ready made department of Great & Co. Now Miss Pim was fond of saying that she chose work of this kind because her talents ran that way. In the little village up country which she had once been Miss Pim's home she had had, she said, excellent advantages in art, and had at one time thought of making it a profession, "but," and Miss Pim's eyes were seldom dry when she spoke of it, "dear papa had died and there had been mamma to think of besides herself," and so she had just come down to the city and taken work as a cutter, because it was in her line, as it were, since she had always had such an eye for form. Mamma was dead now and there was only Miss Pim's self for her to think about, but still newspapers were a little beyond her. "Gloves" confided to her that she herself got them of a "feller" who was a type-setter and who sometimes came to walk home with her nights.

But however it came about, Miss Pim fully determined to have an oyster supper in honor of the anniversary of her own birthday. "In all the born days of her life," she had never tasted oysters, and with deliberate avoidance of stating the exact length of that time, would simply add that she "couldn't do it any younger." So that part of the matter was settled; she would have an oyster supper. It was so very fortunate, she declared, that her birthday came in November, a month with the talismanic "N" in it. Clearly it was intended that she should have an oyster supper.

Miss Pim began to think of it and plan for it weeks before it came off. At first she was in a state of great perturbation to know what to have besides oysters. They were such an unknown quantity to her that she found it difficult to work up a repast with them at all. She would simply add that she "couldn't do it any younger." So that part of the matter was settled; she would have an oyster supper. It was so very fortunate, she declared, that her birthday came in November, a month with the talismanic "N" in it. Clearly it was intended that she should have an oyster supper.

Upon the morning of the 21st Miss Pim rose early. Every crack and creak of her little room was swept and garnished. Upon the bed she put the time honored white spread that she had known on the "company bed" at home, and the embroidered slips that showed the work of her own dainty finger covered the pillows. She set the table, putting upon it the darned cloth of snowy damask which still bore its ancient smell of cedar and lavender. Her stock of tableware she exhausted in laying three covers, but she kept saying, with childlike "make believe," "maybe they won't all come."

There was the plate with the wreath of roses all around and the cup and saucer to match. These she would put at "Alexia's place," she said; and the ones with garlands and bow knots she put for the "odd gentleman." She herself would use the little set decorated with those immodest shepherdesses in their short frocks, who sat so very close to the shepherdess that Miss Pim fervently wished none of her guests would observe them.

It seemed to her the day would never end, but when the hour for closing at the great store came, her heart was as light as a feather. There was quite a little spring in her step when she left the elevator, and she was just on the point of inviting "Gloves" out of hand and taking her off in triumph for her supper. But "Gloves" greeting her when she came up was to announce that she was going to the

but that would serve her purpose. Weeks before the event was to take place she conned the social column of her stock in hand of newspapers, making selection of the guests she would invite. After much cogitation, she decided to invite four couples and "one odd gentleman." "The ten of us will make such a nice sized party," she said. Miss Pim's hair was turned quite gray, and steel-rimmed spectacles held down the loose curls of it that clustered about her ears, but her heart gave a little flutter when she began to scan the papers for the name of the "odd gentleman" whom she was to invite to her supper.

Miss Pim was, in the highest degree romantic, but singularly enough determined that she must have a good, strong, sensible sounding name for her "odd gentleman." This she hit upon in Adam Croft. She saw this name recurring frequently in paper after paper and it sounded so substantial and the man who owned it seemed to be so popular that she was sure she had made a wise choice. It made no difference to her that her papers were out of date. She made selections from their notes just the same. The first young lady whom Miss Pim hit upon to invite was a Miss Alexia Brain. Now, once upon a time Miss Pim had had two names herself, and that other one, which she had lost along with her father and mother and the friends of her village childhood, was Alexia. So that is why Miss Brain, her namesake came to be the heroine of her romance concerning the "upper ten," as Adam Croft was the hero, and why those who were to be the first invited. The other seven guests she selected in a haphazard kind of way, setting upon a D, and E, and F and a G, an H, an I and a J.

But how was she to invite them? Miss Pim's first idea was to write a card to each one and then stuff the whole batch of invitations up the chimney, as she had used to do with letters to Santa Claus long ago. But somehow that seemed too much "make believe," and she finally determined to spend eighteen of her hoard of pennies for stamps and mail the cards, addressed only "dearly," which was as much as Miss Pim knew of the whereabouts of the guests she was inviting. This gave much more tangibility to the thing and pleased her beyond measure.

Upon the cards she intended for Alexia Brain and Adam Croft she took particular pains. On the former she wrote in her little neat hand: "At Home, Miss Pim, November 21, Room 17, No. 413—Street," and around the margin she scattered little pen drawings of oysters on the half shell. She hit upon this as being an excellent way of announcing "the style of entertainment." The card which Adam was to receive she felt must be more ornate still, since he was to be the "odd gentleman." So instead of pen work she did the writing in gilt with a fine brush, and with her water-colors painted forget-me-nots and bow-knots all around. It was very "pretty," as Miss Pim called it, and the next morning as she went down stairs carrying her little packet of nine cards, all duly signed, sealed and addressed to the city at large, her heart beat very fast, and she had a vague fear that she would trip and scatter her precious invitations over the dusty steps.

The new young man was just coming up and Miss Pim was in such perturbation she could scarcely return the bow he gave and which she, however, afterwards always declared was a remarkably gallant one. Now the new young man was a tall, broad-shouldered, good-looking fellow who had rented the little room at the end of the hall from Miss Pim's and who kept a light burning in his room half the night. Miss Pim's womanly heart misgave that she could not invite this young man to her supper. Though he wore a rough great coat, and only a simple "wide-awake" atop of his crisp waves of hair, Miss Pim fancied she saw the "prince in disguise" look about him, and she was quite sure, from a look that she sometimes saw in his handsome gray eyes, that he was in trouble, and she longed to comfort him. She was certain that he ate oysters, for she had frequently seen him carrying a little paper box of them to his room. But—and her heart sank—she could not invite him, she did not even know his name, and, besides, it would not be proper, since he would be the only one who would really come.

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theatre with her "feller," so that settled it. Mr. Pasquale was very gracious when she stopped to make her purchase of the precious oysters, and himself added two for "lagniappe," he said. He selected the whitest and crispest stalks of celery, wrapping them up carefully so as not to break the tops, and was satisfied to weigh only in his soiled but doubtless generous fingers the half pound of crackers that completed her order.

The little cobbler was just closing his door to go home to supper when Miss Pim passed.

"Seasonable weather," he said pleasantly, and Miss Pim knew from his manner there was more to follow.

Was a lady inquiring for you this mornin' he went on. "See anything of her? A youngish lady, and pretty, too. I see that through her veil."

"A young lady inquiring for me?" asked Miss Pim blankly.

"Yes," responded the cobbler, warming up to his subject. "You see, the first thing I know, a carriage drove up and the young lady she gettin' out. There warn't nobody but her and the big 'funky' on the box, and I know time I see her she's that girl with so much money she couldn't use it all, so she took to runnin' 'round to find somebody to spend it for her. 'Slummin',' you know, they calls it, and I see this girl over and often passing her on her way to the back room. Well, she held a card in her hand and she looked at it and then at the number at the door there, and then at me again, and she said, 'Can you tell me please, if Miss Pim lives upstairs?' I told her you did, and 'fore I know it, she was there in the shop, the young lady askin' me all about you. I didn't seem to know much. Seem's I only know you passin', and patchin' for her once in awhile, and I asked her if there was any message, and she said: 'No, thank you,' and left quick as she came, drivin' off in the carriage."

The man waited for Miss Pim to speak, but she was too busy with her thoughts. "Warn't any of your kin?" he asked.

"Oh, no, she said, 'I have no idea who it could have been,' and the little lady spoke truly and tripped up to her room with her brain as full of fancies as her arms were of packages.

Everything was just as she had left it. A bright fire was soon burning in the grate and Miss Pim went about the little table carefully blowing upon every vacant spot of cloth that no semblance of cinders or dust might cling to the snowy linen. She polished the little array of cups and saucers and plates till they shone again, and put the crisp stalks of celery on a stand in the midst of all. She pressed her lips close together, and there was just the least bit of an upward turn to her nose as she dumped the oysters out of the paper into the little white bowl. She stuffed the soaking box into the grate, and set the bowl a little gingerly on the table.

"The things do look so s-s-slippery," she said to herself.

A knock at the door startled her. She hardly knew herself afterwards what she had expected, but when she held the door open and saw coming in to her a girl tall and slim and graceful with long gray furs and holding in her gloved hands a bunch of exquisite roses, Miss Pim, in telling of it now, says: "I felt that I should faint."

What Miss Pim actually did was to stand stock still until the girl with the beautiful hair and beautiful eyes and beautiful face went quite up to her and said: "Miss Pim, I am Alexia Brain, and I thank you so much for letting me come to you to-night, and I brought these roses, thinking you might want them for your table."

Now never in all Miss Pim's "born days" had she seen so many and such beautiful roses, and when she had longed for them she had thought that only in heaven would her wish be gratified, and now? What did Miss Pim but lay the precious flowers in her arms and sink down on the little chair and cry for very joy and wonderment, to her little room, never saying a word of welcome to her guest. To this day she cannot tell how it came about that Alexia Brain just laid her furs up on the little bed and sat down beside her in the warm glow of the firelight, putting about her a pair of strong young arms, and resting her head upon a firm young shoulder till the flood of tears was spent. She never knew either how it happened that she soon came to be telling Alexia all the strain of the great battle of Shiloh, 60,000 killed and wounded, came in one night. I knew the telegraph operator at Detroit, and I went to him and made a trade.

"I promised him Harper's Monthly and the New York Tribune regularly if he would send out little dispatches along the line and have them posted up publicly. Then I went to the Free Press and took 400 copies. That emptied my treasury. I wanted 200 more. They sent me up to the editor. It was Wilbur Storey, a dark looking man. I managed to get up to his desk and made a strong plea. He listened and then yelled out, 'Give this arab 200 papers.' I took 600 papers out. I was taken off my feet when we reached the first little station. The depot was crowded with men wanting papers. The next station it was worse, and I raised the price of the paper to 10 cents. At the third station there was a mob, and I sold out, with papers going at 25 cents apiece."

"Well, do you know, that episode impressed me that telegraphy was a great thing and I went into it. Telegraphy led to electricity."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—Maude—"Mamma, what is a stag party?" Mrs. Veni—"A party where a lot men get together and stagnate for the lack of ladies, dear."

and a moment later he had taken her hand in his. She looked up into his eyes, and then a strange thing happened. Adam Croft knew that a question he had been telling himself every day and hour for the past year he could no longer hope to ask had, in that moment been asked and answered. And Alexia Brain knew that a question she had so longed to hear had, in that moment, been asked, and rejoiced that her heart had answered.

Is there any more to be told? Yes, still of Miss Pim's oyster supper, and surely there was never anything like it.

By-and-bye Alexia put the roses into the little bowl which Miss Pim called the "old blue and white," but which she called "a crown Derby." There was only a bit of white at her throat, and the girl wore a simple blue wool dress, but her cheeks glowed and her eyes shone beneath the curling rings of hair, and Adam Croft knew she had never been more beautiful. He watched her cut slices from the loaf which Miss Pim hastily fetched from the cupboard, dismayed at the meagre amount of crackers, and himself knelt beside her on the hearth to help with the toasting.

"A knowledge of cooking is what I bought with that money," he said with a smile.

"Only in part," said the girl. "It has been just a year since you lost that money, as you call it, and during that time you have not let your friends see you, but did you think there were none who would recognize your thoughts in what you have written?"

"I hoped you would recognize them," he said, "and in that thought I dipped my pen."

Miss Pim's joy was supreme. "Just at that," she said, "and looked at the two beautiful things till I was fairly dazed for joy at their happiness. I am sure I was quite dazed else I could never have managed to eat those horrid—slippery things—of which Alexia put into my plate. I am sure of this, for I have never eaten them since, and never shall, I hope."

Times have changed for Miss Pim since that night, however, if she has never learned to eat raw oysters, and times have changed for Alexia Brain and Adam Croft, too.

"I should never have had the courage to speak if you had not come to Miss Pim's oyster supper, Alex, dear," he always says, and she answers confidently: "Then I should have died, Adam dear."—Miss Pim, at least, believes it.—Pitts. Times.

## The Best Coal to Buy.

There is Economy in Using the Right Kind—How to Tell It.

When coal is the fuel of the household there is less care in getting the winter supply, writes Maria Parloa in a valuable article on "Opening the winter home" in the September Ladies Home Journal.

Suitably many things to consider. Coal is a mineralized vegetation, of which there are many varieties. The two kinds most in use are anthracite and bituminous. The anthracite is the most thoroughly mineralized of all varieties, and burns without flame. Good anthracite will contain upward of 90 per cent of carbon. It will be hard, brittle, black, and lustrous. Coal that has a brownish, dull look, and that will scale off, will be unsatisfactory—not burning well, nor giving the proper amount of heat. This is what is termed slaty coal. There is great waste because of the large proportion which is not combustible, and it is unwise to buy at any price this kind of coal for household purposes. The anthracite coals are known by the ashes as white ash or red-ash coal. The red-ash burns more freely than the other, leaving but few cinders. If the chimneys do not have a good draught the red-ash is desirable; or white and red may be mixed, as one would soft and hard wood. The red ash is always the more expensive. If the furnace has a good draught but the draught is poor use a smaller coal, or some fine with the regular furnace coal.

The coal for the cookstove should be rather fine. Grates and heating-stove will take coal of larger size; but as it is not always convenient to get these sizes consider the cooking-range before the stoves or the grates. Soft coal breaks so easily that the stick in which it is delivered to the housekeeper does not make so much difference; still, it should not be in such large pieces that it will be necessary to break them.

How Edison Took Up Electricity.

"Now that you have left electricity, how did you first come to enter it?" "I will tell you. It was by a peculiar incident. I was selling papers on a train running out of Detroit. The news of the great battle of Shiloh, 60,000 killed and wounded, came in one night. I knew the telegraph operator at Detroit, and I went to him and made a trade."

## The Seals Decreasing.

An Authority Who Thinks the Arbitration Will Not Work.

Colonel Joseph Murray, who for five years past has been United States special agent to the seal islands of St. George and St. Paul, came down on the steamer Farallone yesterday and is at the Palace. He stumped Indiana for Harrison and is now going to stomp Ohio for McKinley.

He furnishes interesting information about the seals and is very outspoken in his utterances regarding the steady decrease of the seals.

"They are getting less and less each year," he said, "and sealskins are sure to continue increasing in price. Last year they sold for \$40 dollars apiece in London. I have had, in the course of my duties, to ascertain many details in regard to the seals. I have made several reports that have been printed at length by the government, and a book soon to be issued from the department has the latest statistics about the seals."

"Two years ago, when I was a government agent and was here, I did not wish to talk. Now I am out of the service and do not feel obliged to hold back anything. You see, I served my full term under President Harrison and have just been up to this time starting in the new agents, that's all. I'm out completely now, and am going home. I have studied the seal life very carefully. I was there three years at a time without once getting out, and in that time there were only six days that I saw the sun. I mean by that, six days that were clear all through, something like today. The rest were cloudy and foggy, so much so for months at a time that everything was obscured and you could see nothing, even at comparatively short distances. This will give you an idea how difficult it is to contend with the poachers. They can come and go, and the United States vessels stand little chance of knowing anything about it."

"The first year I was up there, that is in 1889, we took 100,000 seals, the full quota, and it has never been reached since then. The next year 21,000 were taken. I refer to the catch of both Islands. In each of the three following years, 7,500 were taken, including the present year. This is under the modus vivendi."

"I have been there five killing seasons and have had charge of the killing most of that time. Sometimes I have been on one island and sometimes on the other. My opinion is that the seal herd will never again be so large that 100,000 seals can be taken in a season so long as the seals can be hunted by men in the water."

"There is not one-quarter of the number of seals on the rookeries that there were five years ago. I have been on every rookery on both Islands and know how they have from year to year been reduced. This arrangement allowing sealing vessels to hunt the seals 60 miles from the land is all hump. They might as well have left the limit at 3 miles as at 60."

"The fact is, if I had a sealing schooner and was hunting seals, I would, as a matter of choice, prefer to go 150 miles away, say to the south, and there I would get far more seals than at sixty miles. The reason is that the seals go beyond the sixty-mile point, and they are nearly all females, too, which makes it disastrous for the future of the seals."

"The males do not move about, for they are thin and poor, but the females are heavy with young. They go in groups and lie on the rocks and sleep, and it is easy to kill them. The females often go 250 miles. Statistics show that they can swim at a wonderfully rapid rate—sixty miles an hour. They may often go 200 miles and back in two days. This shows how easy it is for them to become a prey outside of the sixty-mile limit."

"All that I can see we have got to do is to settle the sealing question is the aid of England in preventing pelagic fishing during May, June and July, and the use of firearms, excepting shot-guns, which may be used under restrictions. Other pelagic hunting must be by spears. The greatest trouble will continue to exist from the fact that the females go far beyond the sixty miles, and, having gorged themselves, fall asleep on the water, and in this sluggish condition are easily taken."

Colonel Murray says he is glad to get away from the rookeries after his long experience in the fogs and clouds. He will only remain here a day or two, before he will go to his home at Greeley, Col., where he settled with the Meeker colonists in 1872.

## Bismarck No Worse.

Passes His Time Reading Novels and News papers—The Paralysis Report.

Prince Bismarck's condition remains about the same. He passes most of his time lying upon a couch reading novels and newspapers. The Prince remarked to his physician, Dr. Schwenger, that the newspapers ought to be very grateful to him for giving them so much copy in the dull season. Dr. Schwenger is very indignant with the officials who are attempting to make a scapegoat of him in connection with Prince Bismarck's illness.

Many contradictory reports are current regarding the condition of the Prince and the slightest change for the worse is magnified into a serious condition. For instance, yesterday it was stated that the Prince had suffered with paralysis and that his right hand was paralyzed. Today it was announced that the paralysis was caused by the bite of an insect. The Prince was recently bitten on the neck and the swelling thus caused extended to the right arm and hand, rendering it impossible for the time being for the Prince to use that hand. He is now able to use it. A barber was called in to-day to shave off the beard the Prince had grown since his illness.

Court Herbert Bismarck denies the report published in an English newspaper that his father had sold his memoirs to a South German publisher for 500,000 marks, on the condition that they shall be published immediately after his death.

—If you want printing of any description the WATCHMAN office is the place to have it done.

## For and About Women.

Wisconsin has 8707 women farmers. The Populists of Leavenworth, Kan., nominated a lady, Mrs. Eva M. Blackman, for Coroner.

The greatest lesson that woman has yet to learn is to think before she speaks. All to prevalent in these days is the spirit of cruel and thoughtless criticism among women. Thoughtlessness of speech has done more to injure woman than any single element in her life. It has laid her open to the charge of being unreliable—and oftentimes justly so. It has kept from her confidences that were hers by right; it has stood in the way of her progress; it has placed her innumerable times in false positions it has judged her as being cold where she was in reality affectionate; cruel where she was gentle. It is the one inconsistency in woman's nature that has baffled many a one anxious to believe in her.

Wools are attractive, not so much by reason of real novelty, as from new settings and combinations. Hopsacking takes the lead, perhaps, or at any rate is very prominent, and in consequence has commanded proportionate attention from manufacturers. In the size of weave marked differences are noticeable, some being close and firm, while others are characteristically large and loose, the former, of course, being of higher grade, not only because wearing better, but because more readily handled in making, since some varieties are so loose as perpetually to slip, thus rendering it difficult to keep seams in position.

There are still perfectly plain skirts and these are much liked by the best-dressed women. They are usually of handsome material that need no garniture.

In gowns the tendency is toward very fanciful bodies and simply trimmed skirts. The latter are, however, so elegant in form that any great amount of decoration would be unnecessary. One charming model is of navy blue bengaline, with narrow folds of sherry red velvet. The waist is a French one, gathered into a belt of dark red velvet the collar being of the same material. The sleeves were the feature of this costume, being of red silk, covered with navy blue accordion-plaited chiffon.

The added basques are features of the newest winter models, and it is certainly a relief to see something besides the round waists on the women of fashion. Such a pretty waist in brown rhamades had these added basques in white satin, edged with overlapping spangles of jet. The combination of brown, white and black is very much affected in millinery and is one that is quite stylish and elegant.

A little borax or ammonia in water, just lukewarm, will keep the skin clean and soft. A little oatmeal mixed with the water will whiten the hands.

Many people use glycerine on their hands when they go to bed, wearing gloves to keep the bedding from being soiled; but glycerine makes some skins harsh and red. Such people should rub their hands with dry oatmeal and wear gloves in bed.

The best preparation for the hands at night is white of an egg, with a grain of alum dissolved in it.

Double-breasted effects appear upon many of the bodices for autumn and winter, and this is even carried out in stylish house dresses, the bodices often pointed and cut rather low, over a gump of some contrasting color and fabric, the wide bretelles or revers partly covered with ecru guipure lace or left plain and faced with velvet. Short double-breasted house jackets also show among the novelties, these lapping well to the left side, and finished with handsome buttons of good shape. These are made of dark velvet, moss green, reseda, or black velvet, over an accordion plaited blouse of silk or sheer wool that shows at the top above the low-cut double-breasted jacket.

Have you noticed—that antique combs and jeweled pins are being hunted up and worn on special occasions? That the really stylish woman is seldom pretty? That the dullest females wear the flattest hats, while their tall sisters plant upon their heads millinery Eiffel towers?

Misses M. Keinston and Carrie L. Hodson, who arrived in Boston a few days ago, are newspaper women who spent the summer riding through the British Isles on bicycles.

The blouse and belted waist are not to be retired with the close of the summer, but are to be glorified rather, when made of Liberty's soft fabrics and in the new French accordion plaits that are large at the top and taper almost to a point at the end of waist and sleeves. Many blouses have been described, and to these are added triple blouses of three circular layers, each longer than that above it, yet all quite short.

A new, swallow-tail blouse that is pretty and not mannish looking has two box pleats falling 18 inches below the waist in the back, while the front is round in jacket shape. There is still a fancy for short jacket waists, many double breasted fronts, and all having revers. Broad effects still prevail in trimmings for waists, and in collarette shape, falling from a high stock collar. The white satin stock, much like that of our ancestors, promises to rival the simpler black one now worn.

Sleeves have more material in them than they had last season, but are made to drape softly from the armhole and widen below. Mutton-leg sleeves are cut much wider at the elbow than formerly. Deep circular caps are the stylish trimming for close sleeves, and will be used in remodelling dresses of past seasons. They may be single or in pairs, and are merely a large circle with a hole cut in the middle for the arm to go through.

Velvet will be seen everywhere this fall, and on every possible article of attire—plain, striped, spot, plaited and in minor effects, reflecting many lights.

Children's dresses, are trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon.