

# Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 27, 1893.

## OUR MODERN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

"Ram it in, cram it in,  
Children's heads are hollow;  
Slam it in, jam it in,  
Still there's more to follow;  
Hygiene and history,  
Astronomic mystery,  
Algebra, history,  
Latin, etymology,  
Botany, geometry,  
Greek and trigonometry,  
Ram it in, cram it in,  
Children's heads are hollow.

Rep it in, tap it in,  
What are teachers paid for?  
Bang it in, twang it in,  
What are children made for?  
Ancient archeology,  
Arvan philology,  
Fossils, zoology,  
Physics, climatology,  
Calculus and mathematics,  
Rhetoric and hydrostatics;  
Hoax it in, coax it in,  
Children's heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mould it in,  
All that they can swallow;  
Fold it in, hold it in,  
Still there's more to follow;  
Faces pinched, sad and pale,  
Tell the same unvarying tale,  
Toss of moments robbed from sleep,  
Meats untested, studies deep,  
Those who've passed the furnace through  
With aching brow will tell you—

## MR. FRISBY'S DIVORCE.

BY FLORENCE ARMSTRONG.

It was Monday morning, and Mr. Samuel Frisby was hanging out the clothes on the line. He had a large gingham apron tied around his waist, and held up one end of it with his left hand, thus forming a receptacle for the clothespins. With his other hand he lifted the wet clothes from the basket at his feet, and with the occasional assistance of his teeth, arranged them on the line, and fastened them with pins. A half-dozen children of various ages and degrees of blackness played around the yard. In front of the doorway stood his wife, "Big Mag," as she was known in the neighborhood. She had a short pipe in her mouth, and was wringing out clothes from the blue water into the "clear-starch."

"How she got to and out of that same doorway was a wonder to all who knew her. Her height would have been great for a man, and her bones were so uncommonly well covered with quivering, shaking, shining black flesh that one might be almost tempted to doubt their very existence, were it not for her frequent reference to them.

She had not, unapparently that placidity of disposition that is commonly supposed to accompany great corpulence. Her eyes snapped as she now and then threw soapy water around her, to admonish the children that they were coming too close.

Sam had emptied his basket, and was sitting on a wooden stool with his back against the house, tranquilly smoking his pipe, when his meditations were somewhat rudely interrupted by a wet, soapy garment that was dashed in his face with considerable force.

"Yo' lazy, mis'ble nigger, screamed Mag's shrill voice. "Why ain't you hung up de rest o' dem clothes? Heah I am working my ol' bones off, an' yo' loafer, round, smokin' yo' pipe, like yo' was a gen'l'man."

Sam meekly dodged another soapy missile that accompanied the latter part of this wily admonition. He wiped the starch and soapuds off his face with the end of his apron, and looked dubiously at the basket of freshly-starched clothes.

"Sarah Frances," he called cautiously to one of the children, "yo' go an' fetch me dot basket o' clothes standin' by yo' mommy."

After hanging up the clothes instead of returning to the house as before, he left his apron in the basket, first looking to see that Mag's back was turned, and walked down the road, shaking his head slowly from side to side. He was thinking of the days when he had first courted Mag.

"How come I to do it? How come I to do it?" he mused drowsily. He felt now, in an injured sort of way, that Mag had taken a rather undue share of the courtship on herself.

When he got to the foot of the hill, he saw Tishy Taylor, Mag's niece, engaged in the same occupation that he had just quit. It seemed, somehow, to assume a different aspect as he watched her doing it. She was a mulatto girl—what Sam would have described as "light complected." Her slim figure looked trim and pretty in its tight-fitting lavender gown; she was singing to herself as she hung the clothes on the line. Sam leaned on the fence, and sighed heavily as he watched her.

"Hello, Sam," called a voice that made him jump. "What business have you to be leaning over the fence, making eyes at Tish. Haven't you a wife at home?"

"I know it, Cap'n, I know it," said Sam ruefully turning to hold the Captain's horse. "An' that's jes where the trouble comes in.

Captain Scott was Tishy's employer. He had received his wife partly because his father had been in the army and partly because a plain "mister" seemed hardly suited to his portly, jovial figure.

"Why, what's the matter?" Has Mag been licking you again? He asked laughing.

"No, Cap'n, it ain't dat. Leastways, not lately, he corrected himself. "But I tell you how it is, Cap'n, dat woman dose give me a minute's peace o' my life. I can't smoke my pipe in peace, an' I's dat sore from havin' things throwed at me."

"Well, well," interrupted the Captain with his jovial laugh. "The only thing left for you to do, Sam, is to get a divorce."

"A divorce. How's dat?" queried Sam, with a gleam of hope in his eyes.

"Why get a divorce—a separation, you know. The law won't make you live with a woman you can't get along with. Incompatibility of temper the lawyers call it."

"Do the law say that?" said Sam

eagerly. "I'm patibility of temper. Dat's jes' it, jes' it exac'ly."

He stepped aside to let the Captain's horse go by, and stood for some minutes in the road, buried in thought. When he looked up he saw Tishy still at work. The sight seemed to inspire him.

"Good mornin', Miss Tishy," he said, brightly, crossing over to where she stood. "How's yo' health to-day?"

"Why, I 'clare, Mistah Frisby. How yo' sprised me," giggled Tishy. She had been watching him all the while.

"Don't yo' say Mag to me, Miss Tishy," said Sam mysteriously. "It's gwine get a d'vorce from her in' patibility of temper. And," he added, meaningly, "I's gwine get another wife."

"Laws 'ee, Mistah Frisby," giggled Tishy, coyly, with her head so far on one side that it fairly rested on her shoulder. Sam stepped a little closer, and put his arm adroitly around Tishy's slim waist.

"Yo' sholy is sweet, Miss Tishy," he said, tenderly.

"Laws 'ee, Mistah Frisby," giggled Tishy again, and still more bashfully than before. But this time it was on Sam's shoulder, and not her own that he had rested.

In about half an hour Sam started up the road again. The dejection of the morning was gone, and his eyes shone hopefully, but still he walked slowly. Not that Sam ever so far forgot himself as to move with anything approaching rapidity, but this was even slower than his natural gait.

He was debating in his mind how he should break the news to Mag. The formality of having a lawyer did not occur to him. She sholy will take it hard," he said to himself several times shaking his head dubiously.

His reverie was cut short by the sound of her voice.

"Yo' lazy hulkin' nigger," she yelled. "What you been gabblin' to Tish 'bout all de mo'nin'? Ain't I worked de bone outen my body, and de baby cryin', and dinnah to get, an' yo' goes off visitin'?"

She was standing by the fence at the place where the gate should have been. She was holding the youngest child on her hip, and the others were hanging around her skirts. The pipe was still in her mouth, but it did not in the least interfere with the fluency of her speech. She had worked herself into such a passion that Sam deemed it prudent to make a complete circuit of the house and enter by the rear door. He put on his gingham apron again and set about getting dinner. It seemed to him advisable to wait till Mag was somewhat calmer before telling her the news.

After dinner was over he put the baby to sleep. Then he gathered in the dry clothes, sprinkled them, and rolled them tight for Mag to iron in the morning. He kept out of her way as much as possible, though he could not get beyond the reach of her tongue.

"Now, don't yo' get huffy, Mag," he said, soothingly, from time to time. This adjuration far from having the desired effect, only increased her irritability. The next day, while Mag had the flat-irons in her hand, there was a better reason that ever for not disturbing her equanimity by any unpleasant news.

But, though Sam said nothing, there was the light of subdued triumph in his eyes, and an air of passive indignation that served greatly to increase that lady's tendency to "huffiness." She seemed to him to be in just the frame of mind necessary to grasp such a novel idea. During the week, he carried home the basketfuls of snowy, freshly ironed clothes. Every time he passed the house where Tishy lived he would stop, rest his basket on the ground a few minutes, and lean on the fence, looking at the house with a broad smile to himself. Tishy was busy indoors, and he could not see her. Then he would lift his basket again, and go on to the town, chuckling to himself all the way.

On Sunday morning, Sam felt that the time had come. Mag had gone to visit a neighbor. He took out the highest collar and the largest pair of cuffs he possessed. They were ironed to the highest possible state of glossiness, for Mag felt that her reputation as a laundress rested on Sam's looking well of a Sunday. Then from a box under the bed, he produced a suit of light gray clothes, which he patted and smoothed with ineffable satisfaction. They had once belonged to the Captain, and were rather loose on Sam's spare form. After arraying himself in these, he spent about twenty minutes in front of the little looking-glass in the kitchen tying his red cravat. Then after surveying himself with some pride, he took up his hat, and the pair of gold-rimmed spectacles without which no gentleman of African lineage considers his toilet complete, and went out to find the children.

"George Henry," he said to his little son, "when yo' mommy gits back, yo' tell her I's got a d'vorce from her, and I ain't a comin' back no mo'." George Henry looked as if he scarcely appreciated the importance of this bit of information, so Sam went on. "Yo' can tell her that I's jes' about 't'ad of her tantrums, and I's gwine get another wife."

"Chil'ren," he continued, surveying them impressively, "yo' can all kine me good-bye. Aft' this I ain't gwine be yo' poppy no mo'." P's gwine marry Tish Taylor, an den I'll be yo' uncle."

Just how Sam evolved this matter of relationship it would be hard to say. Without understanding the nature of the calamity that had befallen them, the children set up a loud howl, which followed Sam down the road, and seemed to him a pleasing prelude to his new happiness. Just before he reached Tishy's home, he stopped at a cottage and plucked a pink rose to put in his buttonhole. The captain and

his family drove by on their way to church. Sam took off his tall hat with such a flourish that it nearly swept the road.

"You look like a bridegroom, Sam," called the captain.

"Dat's jes' it, cap'n, jes' it exac'ly," returned Sam, with a broad grin.

When he saw Tish he almost forgot his own splendor at the sight of her. She had on a pale blue flowered gown, and a broad rimmed rose-color hat trimmed with black feathers. She also wore white gloves.

"Yo' sholy does look sweet, Miss Tishy," he kept repeating on their way to church, and every time he said it gave her a gentle squeeze by way of emphasis.

"Laws 'ee, Mistah Frisby, how yo' does flatter," she would reply, with a bashful giggle.

At the church Sam proudly walked his partner up to the very front row of seats. As they had only one hymn book between them, Sam felt that it would be only polite to put his arm around her, so that she should be as near it as possible. It mattered little to either of them that he held the book upside down.

"I wish dey would sing a hallalujah hymn," he whispered. "I jes' does feel like hollerin'."

The minister had finished a prayer and the second hymn had been given out when a sudden hush fell on the congregation as if everybody was holding his breath. The perspiration stood out on Sam's face without daring to turn round, he felt that Mag had entered the church.

Without a word, but with a light in her eyes that boded ill to anybody that approached her, she strode down the aisle, and laid her hand on Sam's coat collar. Still silently, she jerked him from the seat and marched him before her out of the church and into the road.

"There was an amount of menace in that 'huh' that would have disconcerted a far bolder man than Sam.

"I was jes' a funnin', Mag," he whispered.

"Well, now, I's gwine do a little funnin' an' yo' see how yo' like it. Now yo' come long."

As she still kept a tight hold on Sam's collar and pushed him in front of her, and as Sam was too much choked and frightened to think of offering resistance, this injunction to "come long" seemed rather superfluous.

A large part of the congregation seemed disposed to accompany them, had not the minister hurriedly mounted the pulpit and called in a loud voice: "Now, my brethren, dey is one thing de Good Book tells us, and dat is, 'Nevah yo' interfe' 'tween a man an' his wife, or a wife an' her husband,'" he added, on second thoughts. "Now, if Brother Brown and Brother Sanders will kindly stan' with dey backs to de do', an' Sister Rachel Green will give us her 'sperience with 'ligion, we will perceed with the services."

Only once did Mag speak on the way home. Her silence, however, was more ominous than any words could be. When they reached the house where Tishy Taylor dwelt, she stopped short in the middle of the road with a suddenness that took away what little breath remained in Sam.

"Yo is gwine get a d'vorce is yo'?" she demanded. The remark was more in the nature of a threat than an interrogation.

The children were collected around the doorway when they reached home, but she brushed through without seeming to notice them. Inside the door she paused. Then she fairly lifted Sam from his feet and flung him, with a force that would have crushed an ordinary man, into a corner.

"Yo' onery black nigger," she yelled at him, "yo' stay in dat co'ner while I prays to de Lawd fo' strength to lick de mis'ble life out'n yo'."

Mag threw herself on her knees in front of a chair, and began her supplications in a loud voice.

"She's gwine kill yo' ol' poppy, chil' ren," whimpered Sam, looking appealingly at the frightened youngsters.

Mag's exhortations rose shriller and shriller. Her body swayed back and forth with the excitement she was laboring under. Finally she raised the chair above her head and rose to her feet with a whoop.

"Yo' is gwine get o' d'vorce, is you?" she shrieked, Sam had dropped on his knees, half dead already with terror.

The next morning, Mr. Frisby, variously adorned with patches and bandages, was again engaged in hanging out the wash. No one did his eyes stray toward the house at the foot of the hill.

## Ventilating Towers.

Some of the English towns and cities have introduced a device for ventilating sewers—a Bunsen gas burner operating to heat to a high temperature a series of cast iron cones over the surfaces of which the sewer gases have to pass on their way out to the atmosphere, which by such contact are entirely destroyed. In order to obviate all danger of explosion caused by leakage, this new safety furnace consists of a series of cylindrical rings or segments, each mechanically fitted. An intermediate ring divides the combustion chamber from the vertical air passages formed between the inner and outer ring of the furnace. The heat of the furnace is conveyed to the outer ring by means of thick cast iron webs that form tiers of air channels through which the uprising sewer air passes, and the burner is supplied with air taken from the outside of the "destructor column."

Directors of physical culture say that heavy dumbbells do more harm than good, as they strain the heart and lungs as well as the muscles they are supposed to benefit.

## Notes From the World's Columbian Exposition.

Few people who have attended the Exposition have appreciated the importance of the Emergency Hospital; although probably they have been terror-stricken by the apparently reckless manner in which the hospital ambulances dash around the promenades. There have been an average of over one hundred hospital patients a day since the opening of the Exposition. The largest percentage is the people who keep on going in their sightseeing until they fall exhausted, and in many cases the attending physicians say indignation brought about by irregular eating has played an important part.

St. Thomas, one of the West Indies, is land discovered by Columbus, is vividly represented by a model in the Transportation building, which is made on the scale of six inches to a mile horizontally. The outlines of the island are an exact reproduction of the sea beach in miniature, and palm groves, towns, harbors and shipping are shown in the naturalness of real life. Among the vessels represented in the harbor are United States cruisers and two of the Columbus caravels now to be seen at the Exposition.

An exhibit made by the Horticultural Department in a section of the Midway Plaisance causes surprise, but is very practical in its way. It is a section of an old rail fence overgrown by a vigorous growth of ordinary garden weeds, which are described by a card as "Things to hit with a hoe." Nearly all of the more troublesome weeds are to be seen here.

Probably very few of the millions of people that have visited the Exposition have thought of the busy scenes that must be enacted after the gates to the grounds are closed to the public for the night. A glimpse late in the afternoon of the plaza around the Administration building and of the benches surrounding the basin and lagoons reveals an amount of rubbish in the shape of packages, papers, and boxes remaining from lunch parties that would fill a great many wagons. Every night, promptly at eleven o'clock, an army of men goes over the grounds gathering up all the rubbish, which is then burned. Another army follows with sweepers, cleaning up and repairing the promenades and repairing breaks in the lawns. Following these come the sprinkling carts. As early as three o'clock a. m., provisions and supplies of all kinds begin to arrive at the various gates.

The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad exhibits a light and heat tender in the Transportation building, which has been used on its vestibule express trains. The car weighs 76,000 pounds. It is fitted with a boiler of the locomotive type, which carries steam at a pressure of 100 pounds. Five thousand pounds of coal and gallons of water can be carried in the fuel and water tanks. These tanks and the boiler occupy about three-fifths of the car. In the remaining space is an electric plant, consisting of a Westinghouse automatic engine of eighteen horse power, belted by a link belt to an Edison five-horse kilowatt motor, which carries a dynamo of 110 volt dynamo. This tender has been used continually in winter on limited trains to ten cars each running between Chicago and Minneapolis, and has not only supplied necessary steam for heating the train, but has also maintained 200 incandescent lamps of sixteen candle power each.

Canada makes a splendid display in the Manufactures and it is evident from the variety of manufactured products that the Dominion has made great strides in fostering home industries. The great feature of this exhibit is the display made by the Indian schools of Manitoba and the Northwest. A number of Indian girls and boys from these schools are seen practicing their trades and kinds of work. One girl will be knitting, another crocheting, others doing fancy needle work and embroidery, while still others spin yarn on an old-fashioned spinning wheel, weave rag carpeting on a hand loom, and do other work. The boys are setting type, operating a hand printing press, and otherwise demonstrating their skill. A great many samples of work done by these young Indians are exhibited. Some excellent carpentry and iron products show the practical training that the boys receive. A wigwam, such as these Indians in their native condition inhabit, adds special interest and contrast to this exhibit. It is covered with buckskin, and in connection with it there are shown household utensils and native-made hunting and fishing apparatus. There is a fine display of robes, such as are used in the extreme Northwest, made of different materials, such as loon skins, lynx paws, deer skin, muskrat, and there are several robes made of Arctic rabbit skins. The skin of the rabbit is tender, and in order to give these robes strength and durability, they are treated with the twists woven, leaving coarse meshes, yet making a very warm robe. This sort of a robe is used very extensively all through British America, from Manitoba even as far north as the mouth of the Mackenzie River, and is in use among the Eskimoux of Alaska. The robes are almost as light as down and have equal warmth.

Idaho's mining interests are extensive as shown by the size of its exhibit in the Mining building, where several large piles of ores, mostly gold, silver, and silver-lead ores, are displayed, but also specimens of copper and lead and a few valuable stones such as opals and rubies. The Utah exhibit also consists chiefly of gold, silver, and silver-lead ores, together with considerable base bullion. There is also shown here coal, onyx, rock salt, rubies, opals, asbestos, potash, sulphur and concentrates, also iron ores. The feature of the Montana mining exhibit is the silver statue which occupies the most commanding position of the section. The rest of the section is given up almost wholly to large displays of silver ores. There are cases of beautiful specimens of native silver and silver crystals, also a case of gold crystals and nuggets of gold from the placer mines and fine displays of sapphires, tin and bismuth, copper ores and ingots and manufactures of copper. Colorado's space is large and is almost walled in by massive specimens of silver and silver-lead ores. Gold ores in various

forms, petroleum, marble, building stones, and coal, both anthracite and bituminous, are also exhibited. In the center of the space are several cases containing specimens of placer gold, free gold and gold crystals. Surrounding these are shafts of building stone arranged in a circle, and on top of each shaft is a rich specimen of siver ore. The silver interests of this State are very completely represented, as are also the iron interests.

Stove manufacturers have vied with each other making large and complete displays. One of the most noticeable exhibits is that of the Garland stoves. There is a superstructure 95 feet high 30 feet long and 10 feet wide, arranged in the form of a huge kitchen stove. In this exhibit is shown what is believed to be the oldest stove in America. It was brought from France in 1853 and placed in the first convent established in Quebec. It is the ordinary type of box stove, and nearly square. The castings in it would be considered excellent work in stove making to-day. In another exhibit there is shown the first anthracite self-feeding base burner made. This stove was invented by the late Dr. Not, who was president of Union College, New York. It is believed to date back to 1817.

A writer in Scribner's Magazine says: "Night and electric light play a great part in the spectacular side of the Fair. Solomon in all his glory never saw such a sight as the plain people of this continent have had on illumination nights this summer. Innumerable incandescent lights sparkle along the cornices and pediments; the top of the wall enclosing the grand basin is outlined in fire; search lights from the top of the Liberal Arts building cut their wide swaths of light in gigantic circles, resting for a moment here and there to bring out now this detail or to throw into dazzling relief a sculptured figure or bust. It lingers longest on the MacMonnies fountain, the fitting jewel resting lightly on the bosom of this Venetian beauty whom but yesterday we called Chicago; and well it may, as in a degree the fountain is the *clou de l'exposition*."

## How Chinese Wed.

Bad Luck Thrown Away on a Fan and Evil Spirits Kept From the Bride by a Wise Woman.—Glasses of Wine Bind the Bargain.

Two of Chinatown's most exclusive sets were united in marriage recently according to the rites prescribed by the laws and customs of the Celestial Empire. The bride was Lum San Toy, the 18-year-old niece and adopted daughter of Lee Chook, a tea importer of Mott street, who is said to be the wealthiest Chinaman in New York. The groom is Chu Fong, 29 years old, also of Mott street, manager of the Chinese Theater in Doyer street, and reputed to be worth \$100,000.

A Chinese astrologer had declared that the propitious time for the marriage of Chu Fong and Lum San Toy was at 5:30 A. M., so no other time was to be thought of for the ceremony. Three hours after mid-night the groom went alone to the Temple of Joss and offered up his devotions, swearing that he would protect and care for the woman about to become his wife. Each had to be a merchant and come of an ancient Chinese stock. All were dressed in the costumes of mandarins.

## HE THROWS AWAY BAD LUCK.

The bridegroom was allowed to wear no garment that was not of silk. He went to his new home and heard the announcement that the bride had started from her uncle's house. When the carriage was at the door, the groom, surrounded by his attendants, turned out to meet the bride. As he passed through the door, he tore down a fan, which was suspended from the lintel, and uttering some Chinese words, which mean, "I throw away all bad luck," flung it into the street. No Chinaman dared to pick up the fan.

The groom advanced to the carriage, the door of which was thrown open, and the bride sprang out, taking his extended hand. She was dressed in crimson silk from head to foot and over her face there was a heavy silk veil. No one was allowed to see her features until she had become the wife of Chu Fong.

As she stepped from the carriage an old Chinese woman, dressed in black, stepped up and held a parasol over the young woman's head until she was in the house. This was to keep any bad aerial spirits from descending upon her. The old woman was brought here from San Francisco for the occasion.

## FRISCO HAS A CORNER ON WISDOM.

She is known as a "wise woman," and San Francisco is the only American city that can boast of any of her kind. During all the ceremonies that followed, she had charge of the bride, and no other female was allowed to be present.

The maiden was taken into the bridal chamber. Chu Fong was ushered into an adjoining room, where there was an altar. Each groomsman picked up a piece of perfumed wood and held it burning in his hand. No one was allowed to witness this part of the ceremony except Chu Giag Yuen, the patriarch of the Chu family, to which the bridegroom belongs.

The bride was seated in the middle of the bed. The bridegroom approached, and kneeling by the side of the bed, promised to love and cherish her as his wife. The patriarch uttered a few words of the marriage contract, to which both responded. Then the bride, leaving over the bed, offered her husband wine from the two tiny glasses which she held in her hand. He drank from both, and they became husband and wife.

Soon all Chinatown was joyfully feasting in the nearby restaurants, which have been leased by Chu Fong for two weeks, and are free to all his friends for that period. No one will go near the husband and wife for a week. Then they will hold a reception at their home, and on Saturday evening, October 14, they will hold a big public reception at the Terrace Garden. Dancing will be a part of the entertainment, and many distinguished Chinese are expected to attend.

## For and About Women.

Our nervous American women find it almost impossible to tell a story with out a superabundance of gesture. This is sometimes piquant and adds to the interest of the tale. Often it detracts from it, and becomes offensive and ludicrous. It is a habit to indulge most cautiously; it may be a good servant, but it is certainly a very bad master.

Miss Florence Nightingale recently celebrated her seventy-third birthday. Although for many years confined to her house by constant ill-health, she is ceaselessly at work for the welfare of her fellow creatures.

Black and white still leads the van in colors in millinery; yellow is highly acceptable, orange velvet flowers for Fall and Winter trimming being greatly in favor. The sailor hat is still in high form, some, however, being modified by bunches of feathers arranged on the right side.

A very striking visiting costume is of black Empire silk, made from a yoke of petunia colored velvet, the full bodice being strapped into the figure by narrow bands of cut jet. Two short capes or epaulettes of silk fall over big sleeves of the velvet, that meet black suede gloves midway between the wrist and elbow. A small tri-corner hat of black velvet is trimmed en suite with full rosettes of petunia velvet and a jet-encrusted feather rises hussar fashion from the left side.

Coats are made with Eton jacket fronts and frock back, the latter being so full in the skirts that they fall in flutes. Such coats must be lined throughout with silk. Coats are so heavily fluted in the skirts that a woman may almost wonder if she can't just sew last season's cape on to a round waist, and so make a coat with skirts flatter than any of them, and at the same time find a use for said last year's cape.

The color that will undoubtedly be worn most during the winter for evening dresses, is a pink shade of magenta, very light and yet brilliant in tone. It looks delightful in face cloth, and two demi-toilettes I have seen made of it have quite entrapped my fancy. One gown was made in princess style—long graceful skirt fitting perfectly over the hips, and quite plain. The bodice had a transparent yoke of dust-colored lace of very fine quality, and dangling jet braces over each shoulder. The sleeves were full to the elbow, and were finished by long transparent cuffs of the dust-tinted lace. The other gown had a short full skirt, with an edge of black satin still outlining the hem. The bodice had a corset of white lace and a black satin belt and high collar of the same. The sleeves were full, and of the plain cloth with narrow black satin cuffs.

The skirts have changed little in style or contour and measure from three and a half to four yards in width, though some of them that fall in deep folds are five yards around the bottom. Bodices are very full and many of them have the little jackets that were so much in favor last winter. These jackets are short and round in front, but are carried in two deep plaits at the back of the waist.

Added basques are a feature on all the bodices, and these are much better suited to heavy materials than the round waist so long in vogue. To those of an economical turn of mind this mode of changing the shape of an old waist particularly appeals, as contrasting material can be used very effectively in this way, and thus a last season's gown can be converted into one quite in vogue.

A stylish combination is brown and magenta, and any one having an old brown costume can, by adding a soft collar and belt of magenta velvet, give it a touch of Parisian elegance that will be surprising. Narrow folds of the velvet set on the sleeves will add still further to its beauty, and when the expense is taken into consideration it will seem impossible to have secured so much style for so little outlay.

Women who have left behind the slenderness of youth and taken on the portly proportions pertaining to the meridian or post-meridian of "life's little day" should be especially careful that their skirts are made to hang as long in front as in the back. Nothing is more awkward or calls attention more disagreeably to an undesirable degree of flesh about the hips or abdomen as a gown which "hitches up" in front.

Now that the season is settling, we find that the favorite color is brown—red brown, gold brown, olive brown, or any other; brown striped or shot, or run or sprinkled with other shades—terra cotta, magenta, green, gold or black. Black and brown combinations are particularly handsome. This favorable deceleration renders all of our mink from last year especially valuable, for it will blend with the other tints.

A Conundrum Tea was given recently to a party of children. Each one was asked to bring four riddles—not original—with him. These were asked in the evening and a prize given to the one who guessed the most. The supper consisted of articles named on the menus in blind characters, like enigmas, as: Country in Europe (Turkey). Son of Noah (Ham), gritty wizards (sandwiches), etc.

Overskirt is the cry of the times, double skirt or gray redingote style, out open in front over another skirt. And the fall openings also show the gowns made after this fashion. But, strange to relate, it is only in fashion papers and in openings that we see much of this departure. There is a slight hark in the buzz of dress designing, while womankind makes up its mind. Is the overskirt worthy of adoption? Does it permit anything attractive? For the time is past when a single woman or a single great modiste could send forth a mandate and watch it become a law. If the innovation suits, well and good; if not, there must be none of it.

The house wherein Poe wrote "The Raven" is still to be seen in New York.