

# Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. 24, 1893.

## HER HOME MUST NOURISH FREEDOM.

I met a little woman as I wandered down the street; Indeed, where'er my footsteps lead we always chance to meet; And I wondered if all knew her for her rare intrinsic worth; For she bears no blazoned banner when she walks forth.

But to-day she stands the bravest of all guardians of the peace; At her coming fierce contentions, malice, slanders cease; Would you know her? She is only just a wife and mother plain; And the dress her busy fingers have made ever once again.

Tells the story all too plainly of the clasp of the milk; Of the fear of coming winter with its train of nameless ills; And her brain is racked by problems, always summing up in doubt As to what by needs demanded can be somehow done without.

And the man who walks beside her, gathering courage from her faith; Braves the world's noisome din from the straight and narrow path; Down the road of rebellion, ever rising in their might; For the sake of one loved woman who is simply doing right.

Not an army with equipments such a sure defense as she; Gains all foes of law and order born of greed or anarchy; Honor her where'er you meet her, though but call her dress; Pray the Lord to give her courage and her patient waiting bliss.

With return of wide-winged plenty to her basket and her store; With the hum of wheel and spindle through the widely opened door; For men boys meet the bulwark of our nation's pride and stay; And her home must nourish freedom, now forever and for aye.

Erle, Oct., 1893. Mrs. T. P. RYDER.

## AN EVERY-DAY STORY.

BY MARIET MALLEY.

"Death ended his troubles.—At 9 o'clock last evening the body of a respectably dressed man was found in the river near Ninetieth Street. Only a few cents were in his pockets, and it is presumed that money difficulties led the man to commit suicide. The body was discovered by river boatmen and taken to the morgue.

One more drop in the ocean of eternity! An every-day tragedy of the police items, yet pitiful in its meagre details. How many readers of our morning papers, who see such paragraphs between the sipping of their coffee and the puffing of their cigars, can imagine the sad history which preceded that frenzied plunge into the relentless waters of the river?

"And you can give me nothing to do?" "Unfortunately, sir, nothing." "I am willing to do anything, anything whereby I can earn a little money—even though it be ever so little." "I am sorry, but we have no vacancy." And the well-to-do merchant returned to his office.

For two long, weary months he had tried in vain to find employment, entering each day only to leave with the feeling of despair tugging at his heartstrings with greater force at each successive failure.

Robert Seymour was a robust man and had "a right to work." Indeed it was his persistency in preaching this doctrine that had brought him to his present pitiful condition. He was an ardent advocate of the right to demand good wages for good work; in short, to live like a human being, and not exist without a ray of sunshine or a drop of comfort to lighten the burdens of life, and so he fought against the sickening round of ill-paid drudgery and monotonous toil. But might prevailed, as it always does, and the men were forced to yield to the influence of capital and the still more forceful arguments written on the faces of their careworn wives and hungry children. The leader who fought for them was left to starve.

Was this misery never to end? Was he compelled to die, like a rat of starvation? His home was not the same as two months ago. Every article of value had, one by one, found its way to the pawnshop—the pawnshop. And nearer, ever nearer, crept the horrible specter—Hunger.

As Seymour left the large establishment he passed an elegantly appointed restaurant, through the large doors and windows of which he could see the waiters darting hither and thither laden with the choicest food and delicacies. Men and women were sitting at the tables, and the popping of champagne corks ever and anon broke through the merry laughter and the murmur of well-bred voices. In another apartment sat young men of the world. They had barely touched the food which failed to stimulate their faded appetites, and as they listlessly leaned back in the luxurious chairs they looked the personification of boredom, a realization of the lines.

"Now the glory of life has departed, We have emptied the goblets of delight, We complain of death, it is weary, And we cry of day, it is night."

The pleasant odor of the choice viands was wafted out to the despairing man on the sidewalk. Oh, if he could only take some of that food home to his starving children. And then came over him that blind fury which is born of disappointment and desperation. What had these people done that they should exist in luxury, while he and those dearest and nearest to him were perishing for the want of bread?

"Oh, is there mercy in heaven? Is there a God in the sky?" he moaned. "Should these people have all that money can buy, while I and my family are starving? Is this divine love and justice?"

He wandered on. Were these men and women honorable and righteous, wallowing in luxury, wasting what in

their extravagance would sustain hundreds, while the life-blood of thousands was being slowly and surely sapped from their miserable bodies through the lack of bare necessities?

He hurried on, looking neither right nor left, but the maddening specter—Hunger—Starvation—kept ever before his eyes.

Many of the people who saw Seymour he had met at meetings, where they were foremost among the labor agitators. And, fired by the harangues of these people, and their recital of his own wrongs and those of his fellow-workmen, he had become an ardent advocate of the "Rights of the Masses."

And then came the strike. After that his friends one by one, had fallen off and when they met him on the street would look the other way. As Napoleon wrote when the evil days overtook him: "The hairs are falling from my head; they are leaving me one by one."

He toiled wearily on till he reached a tenement building in a squalid portion of the town, staggered up the steps and rang the bell. The door was opened by a thin, pale-faced little woman. Three children scrambled up from the floor and ran to meet him, crying "Papa's here! Papa's come home."

He said not a word, but sorrowfully shook his head. The hopeful look on the woman's face faded away, and she sadly wiped away the tears which forced themselves to her eyes—but by no word or look did she reproach her husband. Surely he had enough to bear. He had made a great mistake, but was he not being bitterly punished for it? But she could not repress a sigh as she brought in what was to be their midday meal—watery soup, potatoes and dry bread. How different it was when he was working!

Robert with difficulty swallowed a few spoonfuls of the soup; his mind was on the drawn, pallid faces about him and the little uncomplaining woman opposite him. But to the children the coarse fare was appetizing, and they ate heartily, which only served to make their father further feel the poverty he had brought upon them.

"I pawned the last of our bedding to-day," said the wife when they were finally alone.

He gazed straight past her in blank despair.

"What was the use? It matters little whether we live a couple of days longer or meet the worst to-day."

"Robert?" said the pleading voice, "don't talk so."

"Why not? Haven't I tried to find work day after day without success? Nobody wants me, and what does the Workman's Union care? Do they look after me? I only ask for work, anything to bring you and the little ones food. It's enough to drive one mad!"

"Keep a good heart—don't give up, Robert!"

"Ah, you always say that, Mary. You are an angel—always hopeful—but we can't live on hope."

"Have you tried Matthews?"

"Three times, but couldn't see him. When a man's down he can never see his friends of better times."

He lay down on this tattered couch and tried to sleep. But it was of no use. Much as he needed rest he could not close his eyes. At the window sat the patient being who but a few years back had stood at the altar and promised to love, honor and obey him. She was turning the leaves of her much-loved hymn-book, but when she came to the lines, "How great is God's goodness to all here below," the book slid from her hands and she burst into tears. And then from the courtyard below was borne up the voices of the children as they played—their children. Ah, how glad she was that they couldn't realize the great trouble that was hanging over them. But it couldn't be kept from them much longer. The last thing of value was gone, and soon the little money she got for it would be spent—then what? She shuddered at the thought of it. But a ray of hope came to her in the assurance that Robert would surely get something to do.

Seymour arose and carefully brushed his clothes.

"Good luck, Robert dear," said his wife.

"Good-by Mary; you are not angry because I—you have been brought so low by me?"

"Oh, Robert! when I love you so much. Oh, Robert!" and she threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him.

"Good-by, Mary," he said, kissing her. In the courtyard he kissed the children long and passionately.

"Good-by, papa; come back soon!" And he passed out into the street, and walked on and on until he came to a fashionable house—the residence of his old friend Frank Matthews. He had risen in the world and become wealthy. How? Such a question is never asked. The end justifies the means. The "end" is success—the "means" whatever methods are necessary to reach it.

The white marble steps were covered with Turkish rugs, while inside a delicious coolness pervaded the air and every evidence of wealth confronted the visitor.

This time Seymour was admitted and was ushered into the luxurious waiting room. Costly paintings, beautified by the subdued light of the afternoon sun, hung from the walls.

The contract struck Seymour painfully. What a difference between the two men! One wealthy and self-satisfied, with a face on which meanness alone had marked its lines, while with his fat white hands he played with a massive watch chain. The other tall and narrow-chested, on whose careworn face trouble and want had left their ineffaceable mark.

Matthews expressed his sorrow for his friend's misfortunes, but did not see his way clear to do anything for him at present.

"Nothing doing just now," he said;

"business is at a standstill. Later on perhaps; but couldn't find room for you at once. You must have patience—no use hurrying in these matters. Sorry I haven't any ready cash on hand, or I might tide you over."

Seymour nodded mechanically. Formerly he would have raged over such contemptuous pity. Now everything was indifferent to him. He left the house with a saddened smile, and turned his steps homeward along the side of the river. Home! What a burlesque his seemed.

He stopped and gazed into the water. How sluggish and dreary it looked! Just like his life!

If he were dead, would the world take care of his wife and children? Fortunately, in his prosperous days he had had his life insured. The policy hadn't lapsed, for it had been paid up a year ahead. His dear ones would get that, and be better off without him. But he shuddered at the thought of never seeing them again, and walked on. He could not shake off the terrible influence the dark waters at his feet had exerted over him, and he trembled at his weakness. The sun had long since gone down, and he gazed, fascinated, into the dark waters. He gasped a rail with his feverish hands. His brain reeled and the whole scene changed to one, pleasing to the eye. He saw, in the shimmering waves, a brilliantly lighted room in the centre of which was a table richly laden with the choicest viands. His darling patient wife and children, healthy and happy, were seated around. His youngest child, his little baby, seemed to raise a piece of bread to him as she called "Papa, papa!" Robert stretched out his hand eagerly to grasp it, but the vision retreated. He leaned forward, there was a splash—and a being had gone to his death unless snatched from it by human hands.

People on the bank who heard the splash hurried to the spot, and some sailors in a boat nearby rowed over to where the unfortunate had disappeared. The tide was running pretty strong at the time, and it was some time before they could find any trace of the man. They finally found the body beneath the surface of the water wedged between two huge wharf beams, whither it had been driven by the force of the tide, and when they brought it on land it was nothing but a lifeless body. By some letters in his pocket his name and address were ascertained.

It was 10 o'clock. Mrs. Seymour was putting the children to bed.

"Will papa come soon, mamma?"

"Yes, dears; he'll be quiet now and go to sleep. Papa'll soon be back."

"Will he bring home something good? I'm awfully hungry!"

"I've nothing else to give you, darling. Try to sleep, there's a good boy."

There were footsteps outside, and then the bell rung.

"There's papa, now!"

Mrs. Seymour quickly opened the door and was comforted by a policeman.

"Are you Mrs. Seymour?" respectfully asked the officer.

"Yes—but—"

"Your husband?"

"For God's sake tell me! What is it?"

"Your husband—the policeman hesitated—'has met with an accident.'"

She seized his arms. "Tell me the worst," she cried.

"Come with me."

"Mamma, hasn't papa come yet?"

"Not yet, darling."

As in a dream Mrs. Seymour followed the officer to the morgue, and when she saw the dead body of her husband she threw herself upon it and covered the dead face with kisses. It was a pitiful sight and one which stirred the hearts of the sturdy officers and brought tears to their eyes.

The sergeant finally induced her to go home, reminding her of the little ones, who now more than ever needed her presence, and those who saw her leave the stationhouse will never forget her heartbroken cry and parting look.

Papa never came home, but his little ones are taught to pray for him every night so that some day they may go to meet him up there beyond the clouds.—Home and Country Magazine.

## How an Elephant Fights.

The elephant although a very large animal, is not a great fighter. A lion can jump upon his back and tear off his big, loose hide in a way which will make the elephant roar with agony, and the tiger and the panther can do the same. Even the kangaroo, whose front legs are mere paws, has the advantage of the elephant for it can jump underneath him and scratch vigorously with its two powerful hind legs, while its forepaws dig deeply into his sensitive trunk. So the elephant, in warfare, has to resort to strategy. One of his tricks is to stand very still, until the lion or the tiger, as the case may be, has jumped upon his back, and then, before there has been time to do much damage, Mr. Elephant lies down and rolls over, crushing his enemy.

There is a pretty story told by an African explorer of how an elephant killed a whole family of lions by backing with them, one by one, into deep water, and they were so far in the stream that they could not swim to the shore. The elephant, who was a cunning fellow, would dip very low into the water and the lions would have to give up their grip upon his back. Elephants are very intelligent fellows, and good-hearted, too if not provoked.

## Awful Work of Floods.

Over 600 Persons Drowned and Thousands of Homes Wrecked.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 19.—Further particulars of the recent floods in Yokohama, Japan, show 644 deaths from drowning, 444 injuries, 207 houses washed away, 6,742 houses nearly quite destroyed, 47,420 buildings partly wrecked and 7,519 acres of land more or less damaged.

## The State Buildings.

Various Plans Adopted in Regard to the Disposition of Them.

One of the developments since the fair is a movement to transfer a dozen or more of the smaller State buildings to a tract of land immediately south of Jackson Park. The prime mover in the scheme is Dr. Willoughby, a millionaire of the Pacific, who owns 40 acres of unimproved land directly south of the fair grounds. Dr. Willoughby has been bidding for several of the State buildings with a view to removing them bodily to this tract of land. He proposes a colony of buildings that will have a direct association with the great fair, and which will be the nucleus of other handsome residences to follow. He has already purchased the Rhode Island building, the papers having been drawn up a few days ago. Rumor has that the New Jersey and possibly the Delaware building will go to the same purchaser, although the Delaware people are anxious to perpetuate their building in some choice locality in their State. The Connecticut building was sold some time ago to Mr. Richards but the latter purchaser is said to be willing to let Dr. Willoughby have it for a premium. There are more of the New England buildings that could be moved at comparatively small cost, and the commissioners are now considering bids from various owners of land near the fair grounds.

Of the larger buildings, California's has been sold outright to a wrecking company, which will at once convert the huge structure into a temporary warehouse. The purchasers being the World's Fair Wrecking, Salvage & Warehouse company, of which Joseph Cummins of New York is president. The company proposes to do a general salvage business on the grounds and will use the California building for storage purposes. The California commissioners got \$500 for the building. Former bids were that the commissioners should pay from \$14,000 downward to a wrecking company and give the latter the building besides. The choicest of the California exhibits will go to the mid winter fair, and packing begins this morning. But for the mid winter fair the Columbian museum would have received these exhibits. The California commission will retain possession of the building until December 1, but the salvage company will also use it during November.

The Illinois building and exhibits will go—the natural history, geological, forestry, archeological and educational exhibits to the State university at Champaign. It is probable that the fish exhibit will go to Lincoln park, Chicago, as a permanent exhibit. Negotiations with the park commissioners are on foot to that end. The Illinois fish exhibit was one of the star features in the building. The mortality among the fish was practically none, in marked contrast to the government fish exhibit. The artistic nature of the Illinois aquarium has led to reproduction in various parts of the country, including one in Madison Square park, New York. If the transfer is made to Lincoln park there will be additions and improvements, making it one of the first aquariums in the country.

Washington's great building, offered, as it stands, to the trustees of the Columbian Museum for a permanent forestry exhibit. The museum trustees at once entered into conference with the park commissioners, regarding permission to preserve the building. If the park authorities agree to its preservation, the gift of the building and exhibit will be supplemented by expensive additions and alterations offered by the Lumbermen's association of Washington. A few of the Washington exhibits, including the natural history group, go back to the State university, and the State Agricultural college, but most of the exhibits are included in the proffered gift to Chicago's new museum.

Ohio's building was sold to a Cincinnati contractor, who will take it down for the salvage and a few hundred dollars. The Ohio commissioners will remove the fixtures, and expect to make about \$1,000 profit out of the building. Montana's building was sold to Thomas J. Miller of Parkersburg, W. Va., who will ship the framework and fixtures east to be rebuilt. The taxidermy and other exhibits are being packed for removal to Montana, although a good quantity has been sold to the private collectors.—Chicago Herald.

A Museum of Natural History for Chicago.

The Art Palace of the Columbian Exposition will be retained as a Museum of Natural History. A process has recently been discovered by means of which the staff covering may be made permanent by the application of a soluble glass paint. The proposed Columbian Museum was made possible by a gift of one million dollars made by Marshall Field, the millionaire merchant. There is material enough in the fair grounds to start one of the most complete museums ever organized. The ethnological department under Prof. Putnam obtained \$200,000 worth of specimens gathered in all parts of the world. This magnificent collection will be presented to the museum and will form the nucleus around which the later additions will be placed. Most of the rare woods in the Forestry building will also be presented to the museum. The new museum will be within easy walking distance of the University of Chicago.

## Don't Brag.

There is no more childish trick than the too common one of boasting. One encounters it everywhere, particularly where one's antecedents are not realized by the listeners. Older people indulge in it more than their children who seem to have a keener sense in this way—of the ridiculous, and women are more prone to it than men. This is, however, because they care more for the pomp and vanities of this world than do men in general. If a man has a weakness for fine things, for swell society and acquaintances he is pretty sure to allow his folly to creep out in the form of brag. Such folks should serve as object lessons for their fellows. In that sense they are of use in the world.—Philadelphia Press.

## Over Horse Shoe Falls.

Two Young Men Lose Their Lives While Duck Shooting at Niagara.

BUFFALO Nov. 19.—Two young men went over the Horse Shoe rapids of Niagara at dusk last night. The bodies have not been recovered, so that the identity of the men is not well established. When the Michigan Central train stopped at the new station the passengers saw two men in a boat in the Horse Shoe Rapids, opposite the third of the Sister Islands. They were making frantic endeavors to reach some rocks and it looked as if they were about to reach them.

When the train brought the report to the city a great rush was made across the Goat Island bridge to get a glimpse of the men. The gates were closed which caused some delay. The first of those to get in sight of the rocks saw the men swept away from the last chance by the swift current of the river. The bodies were quickly carried over the falls.

It is known that one of the young men was John Supple, of Niagara Falls. The name of his companion is not known. They started up the river duck hunting in the afternoon and permitted their boat to float too far with the current. Search is being made for the bodies.

EGGS UPON TOAST.—Put a good lump of butter into the frying pan. When the butter is hot stir in four or five well-beaten eggs, with pepper, salt and a little chopped parsley. Stir and toss for three minutes. Have ready some slices of buttered toast, cut round with a tin cake cutter before they are toasted. Spread thickly with ground or minced tongue, chicken or ham. Heap the stirred egg upon these in mounds and serve in a hot dish garnished with parsley or pickled beet.

TRIFE AND OYSTERS.—Fifty oysters, one pint of cream, one tablespoonful of flour, one pound of boiled tripe, one tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Boil the oysters in their own liquor one minute; drain. Put the cream and a half-pint of the liquor on to boil. Rub the butter and flour together and stir into the boiling cream; stir constantly until it boils, add the tripe cut into pieces about one inch square; let come to a boil, add salt and pepper, and then the oysters, bring to a boil again and serve very hot.

Cuba promises to make 1,000,000 tons of sugar during the season of 1894. Large tracts of new land have been planted with cane, but as the time approaches for making sugar the problems of necessary help and money face planters and millers. Much of last season's crop is still unsold, though the stock in the Havana warehouses is less than half what it was at the corresponding date in 1892.

Mamma.—"What's the matter, Johnnie?"

Johnnie.—"Boo-hoo-oo! yesterday I fell down and hurt myself."

Mamma.—"Well, what are you crying today for?"

Johnnie.—"You weren't home yesterday."

Mamma (going off on a journey).—And now, Ethel, what shall I bring you from Washington? Ethel (promptly).—A box of candy. Mamma (who doesn't much approve of sweets).—Oh, something better than a box of candy. Try again, Ethel (after a moment's serious thought).—Two boxes of candy.

A large golden eagle was captured in Greene county a few days ago and is now confined in a sty goods box. When discovered it was peacefully walking about with a flock of turkeys. Golden eagles are very rare in this section, their habitat being the Rocky mountains and upper Canada.

The estate of the late Edwin Booth is valued at six hundred and five thousand dollars, and the greater part of it is left to his only daughter, Edwina Booth-Grossman. A life of Booth, written by his friend, William Winter, is soon to be published.

Mrs. Dugas, daughter of Gov. Pickens, of South Carolina, died lately, and her body was borne to the grave by ex-slaves, not one of whom left the service of the family, notwithstanding the emancipation act.

"No, Johnny, I can't buy any candy for you. It's bad for the teeth." (After some moments of profound thought).—"Mamma, what would the dentist do for a livin' if every family was run like ours?"

"Why should a soldier never lose his head in battle?" asked a German captain of a private soldier.

"Because if he did he wouldn't have any place to put his helmet on."

Ada—No; Priscilla will never marry unless she finds her ideal.

Ida—What sort of a man is her ideal?

Ada—A man who will propose.

Charles—There's the doorbell ringing I wonder who it is.

Edward—A man. I just saw Sister Nellie run to the looking glass.

## Better Late Than Never.

A lady of Jasper county, Mo., over 80 years of age has just died the church.

The expansion of water in congelation is such that eleven feet of water make twelve feet of ice.

It is estimated the apple crop of Wayne county is worth at least \$25,000.

A Pottsville baby has five fingers and a thumb on each hand.

## For and About Women.

The correct thing for a lady to use is a white linen handkerchief, hemstitched and having a monogram in white embroidered in one corner.

Behavior is a comprehensive little word that means kindness, politeness, civility, consideration and whatever enables one to be a credit to himself and a comfort, help and companion to his fellow man. If boys and girls and to become gentlemanly and ladylike they must learn good manners by observing and imitating the behavior of those whom they know to have been educated and carefully trained. They can learn how to hold their knife and fork, how to drink quietly, how to eat with their lips closed, how to taste without smacking their lips, how to sneeze and yawn without making a noise or offending people's taste, how to sit up straight, how to walk gracefully, and how to wear their clothes. It is offensive to blow the nose or touch the hair at table; it is offensive to discuss painful subjects; it is offensive to eat with the knife, or to grasp either the knife or fork below the handle; it is offensive to eat greedily or to try to talk with the mouth full.

Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris has received a large increase of income since the death of her husband. She was already rich, as her father-in-law at his death three years ago left her an income of \$35,000 a year and the London house.

It was a heliotrope cloth. The skirt was quite plain, but the waist made up for any deficiency in that line. It had large black satin sleeves and a fan-tail back that reached half-way to the knees. The front was draped over a vest of cream broadcloth stuffed with jet.

It has been the fashion for several years for children to wear the hair loosely hanging around the face, but it is now quite a fad for the locks to be demurely parted, in keeping, perhaps, with the old-fashioned names of Dorothy, Ruth, Margaret, Esther and the rest.

Any one who labors under the delusion that the uses of bread are limited should have seen the enthusiastic throng of women who crowded about a braided-trimmed frock the other day and exclaimed more over it than over the gold and silver braiding on its neighbor.

It was a dark green broadcloth, and the black silk braid with which it was trimmed was put on in festoons. Near the foot were three rows and near the hips three more. The jacket, which was only a simple Eton affair, was trimmed in the same way. And the vest worn with the dress was a bright red one, made in narrow tucks. A black satin belt, fastening in a bow in the back, finished the bodice.

Mrs. Leland Stanford is one of the busiest women on the Pacific Coast. Since the death of her husband, with immense wealth at her command, and with no one in the world who is especially near and dear to her, she has devoted her time to managing personally her late husband's vast interests. She is at her desk almost continuously from 8 in the morning till 4 in the afternoon. She is 68 years of age, but as spry and keen as a woman of 50.

The high collar is now more an evidence upon swell gowns than at any former time. Veritable "chokers" are some of the neck bands, and stiff enough to give the most perfectly moulded throat a painfully stifled effect, as if the wearer has been pinned in the stocks for some misdemeanor.

To wear this collar with anything like grace the head must be held high and the chin up-tilted. Even this superbly, disdainful position does not amount to much unless a woman has a neck as slim as a swan's. However, this does not trouble the fleshy, short-necked woman in the least. She builds up a barricade of ermine and buckram to her ears, and is actually decorated with the results, imagining, as she does so, that she is smartly collared.

The most fetching part of these stately bands is the garnishing, which consists sometimes of a multiplicity of soft folds finished by a quietly flaring bow at the back or side, or a series of rosettes or loops buckled in place by a gleam of silver or gold, sparsely jeweled.

A costume in blue and green plaid, having thin lines of yellow silk crossing the squares, is garnished with bias velvet folds piped with yellow silk and the trimming is alike in back and front. The skirt must be lined with some heavy fabric and is cut on the bias and trimmed with three bias folds of velvet. The puffed sleeves are laid in two deep pleats and the centre is lengthened to form shoulder straps reaching to the base of the collar and piped with silk. The bodice is garnished with bias folds of velvet and the standing collar and folded belt are made of yellow silk.

Many of the new bodices are double breasted, fastened by large buttons and cut short at the waist, with extremely short basque finished with a heavy cord. Waistcoats are not so much worn in winter as summer, but they still appear in dark colors of Tattersall pattern. The novelty in waistcoats is watered silk in light or dark shades with hand-some buttons. Also rich brocade is used and a soft tie of silk with small knot and broad ends or the lace or batiste stock.

A "brownie dress" is a novelty for the small boy.

It is made of brown cloth, with a diminutive jacket cut away to show a white linen shirt waist, which has broad collars and cuffs, turning over the outside and edged with Irish point lace.

The little knee breeches, as well as the jacket, have several rows of stitching. An orange silk tie and brown stockings and shoes complete a very "fetching" little suit, and one which a skillful mamma can easily make it at home.