

Bellefonte, Pa., Dec. 15, 1893.

FARE-WELL TO THE WHITE CITY.

IDA A. SMULL.

Fare-well my best, my sweetest heart,
Too soon, too soon, for aye we part,
Still in thy glory looming up,
All unconscious of the bitter cup,
Of the shadow, the midnight and gloom,
Of pall, of destiny, of approaching doom.
An soon thy life has proudly spent,
Then e'en be thou as under rent,
By hands of greedy, merciless man;
Thine's been a bright, a glorions span,
Since of minor details, thou knowest ought.
But all that's great, in thee was wrought.
Lovers hadst thou, score upon score,
But of millions, none loved thee more.
None more sadiy thy loss to feel,
My heart is breaking, my senses reel,
At thoughts of dissolution drawing nigh.
Oh, heart of poetry, must thou die?
My soul, thou'st wholly captive taken,
Now, groaning, from the spell I waken.
Spirit of beauty feed my soul,
Till broken be the golden bowl.
A better fate it could not desire,
A queen, a mistress sweeter, higher.
But 'tis fare-well, thou life victorious,
Surely to thee, finale glorious. IDA A. SMULL. Surely to thee, finale glorious.

Thou diest ne'er of failure knowing,
Diest, with triumphant victory glowing.

## THE LAST OF THE PEPLOWS.

BY G. B. BURGIG.

Miss Maria Peplow stood on the stone doorstep in order mournfully to watch the carpenter's assistant unscrew the brass plate which had braved the storm of some five and. twenty winters, and replace it by a new one bearing a slightly modified legend. Peplow House was still what the humorous local gravedigger, when under the influence of beer, was facetiously accustomed to describe as a "cemetery for young ladies;" but beneath that ghoulish statement the words "The Misses Peplow" no longer appeared. Miss Jane Peplow, the elder sister, had basely deserted the flowery paths of scholastic tuition, and would be shortly known as Mrs. Barton, the spouse of a benevolent provision merchant in the town. Miss Maria grieved that the ancient family of Peplow should bedisgraced by what, in her oldfashioned "French of Stratteforde at Bowe," she was wont to term a "missalliance." Miss Jane had indeed made a false step, and, what was worse had not even evinced a proper shame in doing it.

When the new doorplate was screwed on-every twist of the screws hurt Miss Maria-she entered the passage, went up to Jane's bedroom, and sternly opened the door. Jane, a fair-haired, handsome woman of forty-eight-Miss Maria was dark, three years younger, and more aristocratic in appearance, with a not altogether unpleasing suggestion of lavendar like primness-had just emerged from the hands of her bridesmaid and was radiant in black. silk and orange blossoms. "Enter Maria," she said pleasantly. "I trust you have reconsidered your decision, and will honor my nuptials with your presence." But she quailed visibly.

Miss Maria sat down. She spoke with an effort. "If dear papa were alive," she said frostily, "as an officer and a gentleman he could not have anproved of such a match-such an incongruous mingling with the plebian throng; it would have broken his heart. We have never before descended to-to combine with butter. Correct me if I err in this statement,

Jane dared not. She had often heard the same remark before, but affected to treat it as wholly novel.

"You must be aware that by such a marriage you forfeit all claim to social recognition. Already, the hateful effect of such a descent has made itself felt. Two of the parlor boarders are about to leave. The-the ostensible pretext was Australian tinned meat was the fact of your entering into a matrimonial alliance with butter, perhaps oleomargarine. Under the circumstances, you cannot expect me toto extend the hand of cordiality to that -that doubtless worthy person. The the few brief years they dabbled in commerce.'

"You are very proud, Maria," said that there are finer things to do in this world than to devote one's life to the exaction of deference based upon mere family considerations." Mies Maria declined to discuss the

question. "Has the hymeneal chariot arrived? she asked.

Miss Jane hastened to the window and peered out. The old flyman from the Red Lion over the way had just af-

fixed a white ribbon to his whip, and was rheumatically climbing up on the box. Then he flicked his Romannosed roan as it lumbered over to Peplow House. The flyman had put on his best coat for the ceremony, and had hidden his crooked, unliveried legs in a chastely striped rug, as a tacit! concession to the sentiment proper to such an abnormally solemn occasion.

"The the chariot waits, sister?" she said. Miss Maria would have fainted had Miss Jane called the an-

Better the intellectual refinement of a solitary crust and celibacy than the prevenu plenty of tinned tongue and a family honor."

Maria. John --- "

ohn' never!"
"Mr. Barton," blushed Jane, "Mr. Miss Maria, with a stately courtesy,

Barton wishes to know if you will hon- motioned to him to be seated. or him by living with us and giving The vicar seated himself on a caneup the sch—the academy?" bottomed chair as if it had been a

Miss Maria was touched, but called throne, and proceeded to acquit him- Mrs. Barton.

"Jane, do not add to your other indispath of duty. I do not blame you, Jane. Your confiding nature was no match for the wiles of one versed in the sophistries of the retail provision trade, the questionable morality which covers with an with an eleemosynary candlestick the doubtful quality of his dubious foreign wines; your innocence of plebian usages is the best excuse for what you are about to do; but, Jane, much as it pains me to tell you so, Mrs. Barton cannot be received within the walls of this academy.

You -you understand?" "I understand," faltered Jane. "Of course, Maria, with your stern sense of family duty, it could not be other-

"No," said Miss Maria, with Spartan fortitude, "it could not be otherwise; Jane" But she crossed over to Jane and kissed her. "But the-the bills?" timidly sug-

gested Jane. "When your name was removed from the prospectus and the doorplate of the academy," said Miss Maria, 'vou naturally ceased to have any connection with the business details of such an establishment. The chariot waits. I believe it is customary for the bride to lead the way. As my eld. of her difficulties without relying on

precedence. "Oh, sister, I'm so nervous," faltered Miss Jane, with tears in her china blue eyes. "I ought to be so happy, and yet I'm thoroughly miserable."

Miss Maria shook her iron gray

locks with grim determination, and led the way; but Jane drew back. "This—this is the first quarrel we have ever had, sister," she faltered. go to my new home;" and she flung | tered. her arms round Miss Maria's neck and burst into tears.

are for a moment, and blessed the suggested Miss Maria, if she could be somewhat mature bride. "I-er- persuaded to stoop to such an appointhope you may be happy, Jane. I shall miss you, although you never could maintain discipline in the dor- Mr. Barton said. "She's breaking mitories. Now let us descend. The Jane's heart, vicar. I think a little populace await us."

ioned him aside with, "I commit Miss | and thank you, but we daren't be seen Peplow to your care, Mr. Kesterton; with you, or she'd suspect something. and Mr. Kesterton received Miss Jane and led her up to the altar, Miss erected six beautiful little Queen Anne Maria following behind, and turning red brick cottages, and an arched off at her own pew, sternly unconscious | dwelling in the centre with a spire on of the fourteen pupils, who giggled the top. The central dwelling was aland wept alternately, or dropped sur-

him in the choir until she learned they were allowed to do as they pleased from her father that Stebbins was be but they were required to be back in neath her socially. How could she their possibly be on terms of intimacy with The Lady Matron, of course could a man who supplied milk for her stav out as long as she liked. young ladies! Miss Maria recognized should honor his poor house by her presence. though temporary, equality like the

supplied by Mr. Barton. In reality, it ny, Miss Maria went into the Vestry, signed certain documents, and drove home alone under the vigilant protection of her red-nosed charioteer. Nothing but a stern sense of duty enabled her to bear up under Jane's departure. That night, for the first time in her Peplows were always wholesale, for life, she was unable to sleep. Jane had shared the same couch with her for thirty years, and Miss Maria had Jane sadly. Sometimes, I think protectingly over Jane's head. Presalways slept with one hand thrown ently she bethought her of a soft hair brush, with the bristles upwards, and placed it on Jane's pillow, but care- gone." fully removed it every morning lest Dorcas, the housemaid, should discov-

er her weakness. grew smaller and smaller, until even the romantic yet elderly assistant gov. vant." erness was dismissed and Miss Maria reigned alone-reigned alone, with a haggard careworn look which nearly moved Jane to tears as she sat opposite to her sister in church every Sunday. And then one day the crash came. Perkins, the butcher, obtained judgment by default, put a greasy-look. ing Sheriff's officer "in possession," and Miss Maria gave up the struggle as she sat, with folded hards and slightly twitching lips, watching her household gods—her dearest relics— being labelled and ticketed and cata-

Maria Mariana Andreas Miss Maria sternly refused all asscale. I am still left to watch over the among the ruins of her home. A few down near the door. mily honor."

Miss Jane hesitated nervously. small worldly possessions still remained to her, but they were of little somewhat blurred eyes. "Let us made no answer. "Some day you may be glad of a hus- value. On the last afternoon which thank God for all His mercies." she band's sheltering love," she said gently. remained to the last of the Peplows in said. "And Dorcas-" "The struggle has been a hard one, her old home she wandered about the desolate house, and took a final fare cas. "I am not socially conscious of the well of all the precious possessions existence of any individual of that which were henceforth to be scattered but draw your chair up to the fire." name," said Miss Maria, primly tying among the inhabitants of High Dray her bonnet strings. "Officially I am ton. Then she came back to her own compelled to recognize Mr. Barton's sitting room, and was rather startled chamber. She tucked up Miss Maria existence as your husband, but as when some one knocked at the door | very tenderly, and then went back to

up the family pride to maintain her self of a somewhat delicate mission. "He faltering resolution. "Jane," she said . "You will pardon me for intruding up in the tones of a female Casabianca— on you at such a time, Miss Peplow," "Li he said, deterentially, "but the fact is cretions by seeking to lure me from the I have come to ask of you a favor,'

Miss Maria smiled. It was the one ray of sunshine in the crash which had shattered her fortunes. She bowed to the vicar and motioned to him to proceed.

"The truth is," said the vicar, "we are in a difficulty, Miss Maria. The brush, touched Jane's soft hair. She matron in charge of Hollibone's Trust has somewhat suddenly gone away, and there is no one to fill her place. It has been pointed out to me that you are accustomed to command, and I have lost not a moment, as I was unaware of your plans, in hastening to place the post at your disposal.'

was not going to sacrifice the family pride so easily. "Of course, you must consider my position," she said graciously. "As a Peplow I should lose caste by accepting such a post."
"I have thought of that," said the

vicar, "but perhaps you will recall the fact that the matron before the last was Lady Castlemaine's niece.

"A precedent of that sort enables me to accept the post you are good enough to bring to my notice," said Miss Maria amiably, and feeling that she must break down if the vicar staid much longer. Here was the way out er sister, you are doubly entitled to the loathsome succor of trade. She was not aware that trade in the person of Mr Barton had bought out the matron and hastily disposed of her in order that Miss Maria might be spared the pain of becoming homeless. But then trade is seldom credited with refinement of this kind, and so Miss Maria never knew who it was that stepped in to shelter her; which was just as well, or she would have gone out into "Sister, dear sister, bless me before I the rain and have refused to be shel-

Trade had pointed out to the vicar that the post was vacant, whereupon Miss Maria lost her stony compos- that worthy gentleman had at once ment. Then trade had used plain language. "It's all her wicked pride," misfortune would do her good; but The vicar was waiting to receive the she's lived a blameless, honorable. party at the church, but even at such | hard working life, and I don't see how an eventful moment his first thoughts she's to strike root elsewhere. If were for Miss Maria. Miss Maria mo- you'll coax her into it, Jane will come

The late lamented Hollibone had lotted to the Lady Matron, the six cotreptitious bags of rice all over the seats, tages to divers elderly widows and Mr. Barton, a middle aged, gentle spinsters of the town whom misfortune manly man, hastened to meet the had overtaken. In return for a small bride. He was supported by a tall, weekly dole, they were expected to atgrave individual named Farmer Steb. tend church twice on Sundays and bins, a mighty producer of mangolds once on Saints' days, to pray for Holliand manures. Miss Maria had played bone as well as their own souls. with him in the fields and sung with When they had performed this duty. v 8 o'clock every night.

That particularly handy man, Farhim frigidly and bowed her head in up. mer Stebbins, happened to be passing compromising prayer. Ordinarily, she at the time in a very roomy vehicle patronized Farmer Stebbins with a and was pleased to place it at Miss stately dignity, occasionally so far un- Maria's disposal. While Miss Maria's bending as to drive out to the farm and scanty goods and chattels were being pay his account. On these occasions removed to the Lady Matron's lodge, Farmer Stebbins had exhibited a quiet | the vicar took her back to see his wife, pleasure that so majestic a little lady and kept her there until it was dark.

Miss Maria, as the vicar handed her But he had never before into a cozy brougham and told his met Miss Maria on such terms of social | coachman to drive to the lodge, felt that she wanted to cry. She had upheld the family honor under exception-After the completion of the ceremo. ally trying circumstances. Providence had come to her assistance, or she would have had nowhere to lav her head. She drew the black for carriage rug round her and shivered, for the autumn night was chill.

When the carriage stopped Miss Maria got out. "This way, it you please, Ma'am," said a well-known voice.

"Dorcas!" cried Miss Maria, in surprised tones. " "You here?" "Yes, if you please, Ma'am," said Dorcas. You didn't think I was going party. "I have been selfish in accept-

"But, Dorcas," said Miss Maria gently, as she sank into a chair before the fire, and Dorcas brought out her And Jane and her husband waxed fur slippers as usual, "you must be happier every day, although the school aware that I have met with pecuniary

> Miss Maria had once nursed Dorcas through an illness, and Dorcas-a very pretty, affectionate girl-was illbred enough to remember the fact. "I'm going to be married in a few months. Ma'am, to Farmer Stebbins' head man," she said; "and the vicar has offered me the lodge ?" demanded

"Here, Ma'am," replied Dorcas. 'My duty is to look after my mistress. But it's time you had your negus.' cient vehicle a fly.

"Very well," said Miss Maria.

being labelled and ticketed and catalogued, and announced for public sale into strips, Miss Maria, her gown turned back, as was her custom, sat

with her feet on the fender thoughtful ly warming both hands at the cheerful fire. At 8.30 Dorcas brought in Miss. husband beneath one in the social sistance from "trade," and sat waiting Maria's Bible and respectfully sat

"Yes, Ma'am quietly returned Dor]

"Don't sit over there in the cold, Dorcas had made her bed in the little dressing room next to Miss Maria's Maria. "Where are you going?" her own room. Miss Maria was so tired that she tell asleep without thinking of the hair brush. Then Dorcas stole quiet. ly down stairs and admitted those shivbottomed chair as if it had been a ering, half frozen conspirators, Mr. and jeure,

"Like a lamb, Ma'am," replied Dorcas. "Would you care to have just a peep at her?'

She would think it a great liberty," said Jane; but she followed Dorcas pass. softly upstairs, and knelt by Miss Maria's bed.

Miss Maria's hand wandering unconsciously about in search of the hairgave a little cry and awoke. "Jane! Jane!" she cried. "Dear,

dear Jane, where are you?" "Did you call, Miss?" asked Dorcas. after Jane had crept away.

"Yes, 1-I-I must have been dream-Miss Maria almost wept, but she ing, Dorcas, I thought Jane was here, and that she cried over me." "It's the strange room, Ma'am," replied Dorcas, tucking her up again, and again Miss Maria slept.

> As the days went by every one of any importance made a point of calling on Miss Maria. People respected her gallant struggle against overwhelming odds; they wanted to show their respect, and so they called at all hours trom old Lady Castlemaine down to choir with Miss Maria when they were children. In those days Miss Maria had patronized Stebbins with a gracious condescension which some hat overwhelmed him, never forgetting to let him teel that they were separated by an immeasurable gulf. And Stebbins had sighed and gone about the accumulation of filthy lucre in the shape of manure as the one object of his life. Many a maid had longed for him and sighed in vain; many a matron had lured him in to afternoon tea or Sanday and thrown out mysterious hims that so warm a man ought to marry and settle down. Farmer Stebbins had never married. And now that his idol had seemed to fall from her high estate, he developed a more chivalrous courtesy than before. It is needless to say that he had not worried Miss Maria with bills. Every morning he came personally with a tin can of his best cream for her own use; every week he brought eggs and butter to Dorcas; and when Miss Maria gently checked him one morning, he replied that he was sorry to displease her. but that he must obey orders. Miss Maria thinking that he alluded to the trustees, made no more objections, but, from gracious condescension, actually invited him into the parlor once a

month for five minutes' conversation. Stebbins was true to her; he had always recognized her social position, and the disparity in their family was so great that Miss Maria felt that she could safely meet him on the neutral ground of their childish experiences without losing caste. Jane never had cared for caste, and was happy; Miss Maria had cared for caste all her life, and was unhappy. She fell into the habit of inquiring about Jane from Stebbins. Jane also asked about Miss Maria from the worthy farmer. Thus an indirect method of communication between the sisters was established. Miss Maria also relied upon Stebbins to help in the onerous duties of her post. To her surprise, she found herself gradually glad to leave most of them in his hands. Her long struggle with the world had tired her mentally and physically. The ruddy cheeked Stepbins, with his enormous muscular strength and gentle, clumsy ways, exercised a soothing effect upon her nerves. She even discovered from the County Guide that his family had once been the DeStevens. He came of more honorable and ancient stock than the Peplows themselves, although his father had never served her Most Gracious Majesty. Hence, when Steb-bins, with many blushes, asked her to take tea at the farm in order to meet Mrs. Barton on neutral territory. Miss Maria, after a faint show of resistance, actually consented to do so. For some three or four months-it was now January-she had lived her solitary life, haunted by the fear that Dorcas would

marry and leave her. "You must not waste your life on me, Dorcas," she said, as she dressed to leave yourself, now Miss Jane has ing your devotion. When do you intend to be married?"

"Not before you, Ma'am," said Dorcas, quietly, and went away. Miss Maria started. Poor Dorcas! Then a faint flush dved her cheek. Dorcas, what did you mean by that remark?" she asked, when Dorcas

returned with her best cap.
"What I said, Ma'am," answered

Dorcas, carefully putting the cap in the box. "Shall I bring a lantern to light us on the way back ?" It was a clear, frosty afternoon. A robin twitted faint, make-believe music

on a bare branch outside the window. Miss Maria listened to the bird for a moment, and then drew on her gloves. When she went down stairs another suprise awaited her in the shape of the Red Lion chariot. "What do you want?" she inquired somewhat sharply of the red nosed Jehu. . Jehu was a man of few words.

You, Mum," he stolidly answered. "What for ?" inquired Miss Maria. "Stebbinses," said Jehn woodenly. "But, my good man, I didn't order

you to come," said Miss Maria. Jehu flicked an imaginary fly from Miss Maria looked round with the venerable ruin in the shafts, but "Go home," said Miss Maria. "I

shall waik.' She went down the path, followed by Dorcas and the chariot. When she looked round Jehn still followed at a snail's pace. "Didn't you hear me?" asked Miss

"Stebbinses," said Jehu. "I think we'd better get in, Ma'am suggested Dorcas. "He'll go there all

the same.

Jehn touched his hat when she got received injury.

"How does she take it?" sobbed out of the chariot. "Nine o'clock, be asked.

"Yes, said Miss Maria, taken b surprise; and the chariot rumbled away, each wheel looking as if it wanted to go to a different point of the com-

Stebbins was at the hall door to re ceive them. Miss Maria thought that he bad never shown to such advantage. All his natural timidity had vanished He was the quiet, courteous host, full of homely cordiality and good feeling. His housekeeper took Miss Maria up stairs to remove her bonnet. There was a cozy fire in the best bedroom. quietly presenting herself with a light | Suddenly Miss Maria-the housekeeper had gone down-fell on her kneed Miss Maria sat up in bed wildly. by the side of the bed and began to cry softly, utterly regardless of the fact that she was crushing her best cap beyond redemption. She moved from brilliants or cut steel; others are intrione familiar piece of furniture-furniture which she had thought never to see again. There it all was-the old familiar mahogany bedstead, the little bookcase by its side, the ancient bu. black. reau, the vast clothespress, the faded carpet, the painting of her father on the wall, the needle work sampler which had bidden contemptuous defiance to all well known laws of orni-Farmer Stebbins, who had sung in the thology and botany for so many years; nay, even the paper was the same pattern, although fresher and newer. And the room had been partitioned off to exactly the same size as her old apartment at Peplow House. There was even an old fashioned pincushion on the table-no one knew how sorely she missed that pincushion-just as it had stood for years at Peplow House. Before she had recovered from her

surprise, the housekeeper knocked at the door. Miss Maria hastily busied herself with her cap. "Does any one use this room?" she asked.

"No Ma'am." Then she went down stairs, and was not surprised to find herself back at the Peplow House drawing room again. Stebbins came forward to meet Miss Maria with quiet deference, and led her to a chair—her chair—by the fire. She could not speak.

"Has anyone ever used it?"

"No Ma'am."

Stebbins gave her time to recover herself. "How can I thank you?" asked Miss Maria.

"If it gives you pleasure," he said. in his simple, honest way—"if it gives you pleasure," Miss Maria, it is the only excuse I have for doing it. I didn't like to think of your missing the things.

"But don't you see," she said, "you -you make it harder for me to go back.'

"Don't go back. I'll go away if you care to stay here." "What, John!" His name slipped from her lips unconsciously. She had

not called him 'John' for five-and-twenty years. "Give up your home for me!" 'Yes," he said simply. Why not?"

to see you happy," he said. "I could think of no other way than to preserve comforted me.'

"Comforted you?" "Have you any sorrow?" hesitating-

ly inquired Miss Maria.

Then a light flashed upon Miss Maria. which was insurmountable. He had watched over her, cherished her, loved her, only too be repaid by condescending impertinence and patronage. Even now he was to noble to be revenged, too magnanimous to crush her as she deserved. His sole thought had been for her happiness, for her well-being.

For a moment they stood looking into each other's eyes. The woman's fell. She moved blindly towards the door. Most men would have taken adin her best lavendar silk for the tea vantage of her helplessness. This man would not speak even now. Snddealy she came back and held out her hand.

"Will you forgive me?" she asked. 'I have treated you very cruelly, very unworthily. I only see my own meanness through my tears. Had I found this out years ago, when I was younger and unbroken by the world. I--I whould have acted differently."

Stebbins stood as one dazed, but she came nearer still, her thin, white hands clasped together. "I am so sorry," she said, "so very, very sorry. Oh, if our lives could come over again. Now, I am broken, and old and worn, with no one to love me, no one to care, no one to remove the barriers which my hideous pride has raised around fringed ends. me. I have wasted my life-and yours! Forgive me!"

Stebbins raised her up. "You are the only woman in the world for me," he said. "I've loved you ever since we sat in the choir and our voices ming led together. You made my heaven. then. Will you make it again ?" She crept into the shelter of his

strong arms. "You are so strong," she sobbed, and laid her head upon his breast.

Hairpin In His Nose. Young Man's Collision With His Girl's

Back Hair Results Disastrously. CINNCINNATI, 'Dec. 9 .- Wm. Koch-

man, while waltzing at a ball Saturday night, slipped and bumped his face against his girl's back hair. The next day he had violent pains and since then has been growing worse until the doctors gave up hope of saving his life. While searching for his mysterious

ailment to day, they found a hairpin Miss Maria got in, mentally deciding driven far up his nose. It was extracthat she had yielded only to force ma ted, but Kochman's condition continues serious, and it is thought his brain For and About Women.

Mrs. Mary G. Bryan, who has probably the largest salary of any literary woman in America, though Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is said to have made a larger fortune, receives \$10,000 a year from the publisher of a New York periodical in return for writing two serials a year and a short story each month, as well as an answer to correspondents.

Buttons have assumed great importance, lending an air of supreme elegance to coats and bodices. They usually come in three sizes, the very large ones being used on outside coats, the next size for the bodice, and a smaller size for the sleeves. Many of them are very elegant and costly, being a disk of dead gold or silver, surrounded by a rim of cate Genoese filigree or of faceted steel ; still others are of changeable mother ofpearl hand-painted. Models of colored silk are covered with silk crochet in

Full waving tresses drawn back in a very simple knot that projects slightly at the crown make up the conffure most affected at present. The bair is parted down the middle when becoming-that is, when it is very thickly set above a low and broad Greek forehead. Otherwise it is carried back and upward in a soft waving roll, and the high forehead is softened by a fringe not heavy enough to be called a bang, or by a single curl down the middle, with slight curving tresses on the sides. A jewelled hair pin, or one of fligree gold or silver in small comb shape or forming a tiny wreath, a wing, a pair of wings, or a fan is thrust in the coil at the back. The coronet front of the entire crown of jewels is worn by matrons. A cockade bow of light satin ribbon attached to a hair-pin is very popular either in wing shape, or as a tiny chou with two pointed ends springing from it.

A pretty winter gown is chestnut brown face cloth, with a green velvet facing on the skirt. The velvet is cut on the upper edge in a waved outline, and several velvet pipings are above it, all following the same outline. The bodice has several waved pipings around the bust, a velvet stock collar and a little basque of cloth lined with velvet, all in godets, so full round the back that one would call it a fraise.

The sleeves have no particle of trimming, but they are deliciously full abovethe elbows; and over the close wrist is drawn up a tan suede mousquetaire glove not very long, only four-button length completing a toilette, with which no one can find fault.

Steaming and face massage are advised to all who are desirous of improving the complexion, but oftentimes with little teaching as to the proper time and intervals. Some complexions require more care than others, and on the other hand some skins would be absolutely injured by the friction and steam given Miss Maria's feeble edifice of family to another with impunity. A coarse, pride tottered and crumbled away like largepored skin, with a tendency to a house of cards. "John," she said softly, "I have spent my whole life in steamed every day, and if two short pursuit of shadows. You shame me steamings do not make it uncomfortably tender they would not be too many. He led her back to her chair, more delicate skin, which grows red whence she had risen under the influence of strong emotion. "I only want ceive this attention not oftener than every three days, and then only for a short time.

A thorough application of cold the things you love. They-they-cream will be found very soothing after a steam bath, and when convenient the latter should be taken just before retireing, as the cream may then stay on the skin for eight or nine hours without be-"Yes," said John; "ever since I can ing washed off with soap. A fine, mild remember anything, it has been with soap should always be used in connection with steaming, as a coarse soap will make the skin rough and sore at times. This man had loved her throug life. A little almond meal is a good thing to She had made a barrier between them place in the bath or toilet basin, and aids in softening the skin and making it smooth. No powder and no rouges This rule is implacable, and to its disregard may be attributed the non-success. of many who are otherwise faithful in

> Straight linen collars, which we seriously advise artistic women to eschew, unfortunately threaten to crowd out ruffles. Only white is permissible; colors vanished with the summer.

> An excellent way to put on the dress binding is to place candle wick in the bias velvet facing, this forms a thick, soft cord, causes the dress to stand out from the feet and prevent it from wearing.

> Remember that your belts must be no longer broad and full, but tiny rolls, that bring out the slenderness of the waist. For the short bodiced effects are grown distasteful, and we want no more of them. The narrow band has long streamers in front, falling to the feet, These sets are wonderful brighteners, and, if a jeweled clasp catch the band together, all the better. Sometimes the belt is broadened into an Oriential scarf, knotted loosely and falling in

Rose-red cannot be put in contact with the rosiest complexions without causing them to lese some of their freshness. Dark red is less objectionable for certain complexions than rose-red, because being higher than the warmer tone it tends to impart whiteness to the skin, in consequence of contrast of color. A delicate green, is, on the con-trary, favorable to all fair complexions, which are deficient in rose, and which may have more imparted to them without inconvenience. But it is not so favorable to the complexions that are more red than rosy, nor to those that have a tint of orange mixed with brown. the latter case a dark green will be less objectionable than a delicate green.

In lieu of the haircloth facing many dressmakers run several rows of featherone, an exceedingly pliable material, in the facings of skirts; it is lighter, less expensive and more manageable than hair cloth, will not break or wear and is not injured by dampness.

Overskirts with very deep points leaves or saw teeth are placed on dressy carriage or afternoon costumes.