

# Democrat Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Feb. 16, 1894.

## WISHES.

BY L. M. L. FICKELHARDT.

I asked a little child one day,  
A child intent on joyous play,  
"My little one, pray tell me  
Your dearest wish; what may it be?  
The little one thought for awhile,  
Then answered with a wistful smile,  
"The thing that I wish most of all  
Is to be big, like you, and tall."

I asked a maiden sweet and fair,  
Of dreamy eyes and wavy hair,  
"What would you wish, pray tell me true,  
That kindly fate should bring to you?"  
With timid mien and downcast eyes  
And blushes deep and gentle sighs,  
Her answer came, in accents slow,  
"I'd wish some faithful heart to love."

I asked a mother, tried and blest,  
With babe asleep upon her breast,  
"O mother fond, so proud and fair,  
What is thy inmost secret prayer?"  
She raised her calm and peaceful eyes,  
Madonna-like, up to the skies,  
"My dearest wish is this," said she,  
"That God may spare my child to me."

Again, I asked a woman old,  
To whom the world seemed hard and cold,  
"Pray tell me, O old woman true,  
What are thy hopes, what are thy fears?"  
With folded hands and head bent low  
She answered me, in accents slow,  
"For me remains but one request—  
It is that God may give me rest."

## FINNEGAN'S ABSALOM.

I knew him from the time his birth, twenty-four years ago, shook the nurseless and physicianless frontier community in Jackson county, which was then on the foremost edge of advancing civilization, to its foundation.

Finnegan had been a respectable clerk in his native Ireland, at a starvation salary, and Mrs. Finnegan a poor dependent who acted as nursery governess and general slave and scapegoat in the family of a coarse, unfeeling, well-to-do relative.

They had loved each other long and faithfully, but timidly, and dared not venture a marriage on poor Finnegan's pittance of salary. But things came to people—even so far off as Ireland—who wait patiently long enough, and do not die; and when this pathetic couple were middle-aged a legacy came to Finnegan without apology for its tardiness, which enabled them to marry, and with which they immediately came to Texas, of all places, and bought, of all things, a cattle ranch.

However, fate appears sometimes positively ashamed to be unkind to such innocents, when they are delivered over into her hands; and the Finnegan was as prosperous as most of their neighbor.

Their loneliness was dispelled in the course of a year or two by the arrival of a son, the only child of this gentle pair, and the only child that ever howled the roof off a shack. At 2 or 3 years old, when he got to be an expert on his feet, and with his fists, and his voice, he made the ranch house so hot that the boys were glad to give it the cold shake, and be out on the range or in camp; and by the time he was 4 he ran the ranch, whaled and bit any one that interfered with him, and made himself such a terror that not a Mexican would stay on the place. Finnegan had to build a mess house for the men, although the headquarters house had not long since been made large purposely to have them all together.

The foreman, who was myself, and the cowboys only stayed for love, of Mrs. Finnegan—Aunt Mary, we called her—and I was always losing my best hands on account of the little cuss.

He was smart enough; he didn't lack enterprise and savvy. He learned to ride—and ride like the dickens,—before he was 6. He used to fairly roar and cavort because the men would not stand still and let him rope them. He practiced on every animate and inanimate object about the ranch; and by the time he was 8 he could ride a cutting pony that was just lightning and rope a calf, or even a yearling with the best of us.

In the course of a couple of years things got much worse. Hereafter we had only to stay away from the headquarters house to be rid of him; but now on his pony he haunted the camps, the outfits, the roundups, and was the most everlasting, lively, ingenious torment.

When he was about 10 or 12 I remember he was in camp one day when we were moving about, getting ready to go to a round up. He had a new California rope he was awfully tickled with, and he kept riding up behind the men, jerking the noose tight around them, arms and all, so that they were helpless till he got done whooping and laughing and slacked up on them.

I saw Frosty get out his big-bladed knife, as sharp as a razor, and when the kid, after awhile threw his rope over him, Frosty slashed it smooth in two at a point where it lay for a moment on his saddle horn. Robbie went back almost out of the saddle, as he braced back for the jerk that never came; and when he saw his new California rope cut in two he yelled with rage.

He ran his pony up to Frosty's and raised his quirt, blubbering like a great baby;

"You cut my rope! I'll kill you!"

"You little gaddy," said Frosty, catching his arm, "you touch me with that quirt and I'll pull you off your pony and wear you to frazzles with it. I'll stripe you like a zebra—I'll skin you. You'll get it once in your life if I'm fired for it before sundown. Now cut loose and quit me if you want to!" But the kid didn't want to any more. He had had a taste of the sort of thing that would have cared him all along, and he went off as quiet as a lamb and never did monkey with Frosty any more.

He followed Alex McRaven's outfit along one day—Alex, was one of my wagon bosses—and kept up his usual tricks of roping the riders, stealing things out of the mess case and chargin

ing the middle of the remuda, scattering the horses in every direction.

Finally Alex, a slow serious Scotch man, but as hard to turn as a buffalo bull when his blood is hot, jerked him off his pony and gave him a regular Scotch Covenanters thrashing.

Those who witnessed the spectacle say it was a most pleasing and diverting one—Robbie howling like a pack of timber wolves, with grief, terror and amazement, Alex, thrashing away conscientiously and methodically, almost with tears in his eyes, as he reflected that Aunt Mary would exorcise him, and Finnegan fire him immediately; but determined to finish the Lord's work at any cost to young Finnegan's anatomy or his own feelings. When he had done, he hog-tied the bellowing victim, dropped him in the wagon like a pig, pulled the little saddle off his pony and turned it into the remuda.

Toward evening the outfit came to headquarters, and Alex, untied the entirely exhausted Robbie, set him out of the wagon without looking at him, and after putting the pony in the pasture and the saddle in its place went to the messhouse.

Not a word was ever heard from headquarters about this awful treasonable deed, any more than there had been about Frosty's little scrap with the kid, which made us all wonder if Robbie hadn't some decent points about him, and if plenty of thrashing might not, after all, make a man of him.

At 16 the boy had a little brand of his own—all stolen except what his father had given him for he was beginning to be the most audacious, skillful and successful thief in the Panhandle. His earlier, and always his most extensive stealing, were from his father; and from them he graduated into a regular full-fledged rustler.

The foreman of the Quarter Circle Z ranch met him one morning skirting around their pastures with his rope out and swinging, and Robbie had a very lame explanation of why he was there. He had always a branding iron in his boot or about his saddle.

He mavericked his father's calves more freely than any other, and under the very noses of the old man's cowboys; and it was his heartless ingratitude, and his poor old father's untiring love and inexhaustible admiration and fondness—a tenderness which followed and protected the young scamp from the consequence of his rascality, and which refused to see or hear anything wrong about the boy—that suggested to some one the descriptive title of "Finnegan's Absalom," which immediately stuck and entirely superseded his proper name. I don't believe half the people in the Panhandle—to which newly-opened country I had come to ranch for myself, and they had followed later, when he was about 12—knew that his name was Robert Emmet Finnegan.

When he was about 19 the old folks gathered him up rather suddenly and sent him to college. He had got to be a big, fresh-colored, rather fine-looking fellow, with an investigating blue eyes, and a peevish under lip, the kind of fellow all the girls naturally go wild over, but no man could see without wanting to kick, unless his legs were paralyzed.

I knew the whole Panhandle to a man thirsted for his blood, and yet he was safe from bodily injury for the sake of his poor old father and mother. But everything could not be home; the old man was gently but firmly offered an alternative; so off to college Absalom went.

An account I incidentally overheard one day ran like this:

"Say! Finnegan's Absalom's gone off to college."

"No!"

"Yes. Country got too hot for him, and Finnegan sent him away."

"What was it?"

"Oh, they say he swung too long a loop for them, and they wasn't going to stand it any more."

And this was a clear statement of the case in cattle vernacular.

He was two years at college, spending his vacations at San Antonio and other cities. Then they had to bring him home. In the first place, his prodigality was about to ruin them; the cattle just wouldn't hold out. Then, too, it was judicious to withdraw him when they did, instead of waiting for expulsion.

Shortly after Finnegan's Absalom was sent away to Austin, the Finnegan household had acquired a new member. This was a half Mexican girl of about 15, whose parents, attempting to cross the treacherous Canadian at night, when the river was up, had missed the ford, gotten into the quick-sands and been drowned—a thing easy enough of accomplishment in the Canadian, even in daylight, and without an extra big stream.

Ysabel was the offspring of one of those strange, incongruous unions you see sometimes on the frontier, where such odd jetsam and flotsam from the great sea of life are drifted and tossed together in fantastical combination.

Her peregrinating father had long been a sort of institution in all north and west Texas, in the guise of the harmless, necessary pedler.

A Yankee of the Yankees, selling patent churns, new-langled household implements and recipes for making everything in the world you wouldn't want in Texas—including all sorts of perfumes, marvelous cements, furniture polish and fancy temperance drinks.

A man of iron muscles and tremendous will power, there seemed to be a lack in him that prevented him from using his remarkable and varied forces except to the most trivial ends. A crank, that lacked but a balancing touch to be a genius; full of strange contrivances and inventions, a devourer of all books and papers, author and admirer of all sorts of wild social, financial and political schemes.

Only a little weight, a touch of continuity, a little sequence in his ideas, persistence in any one line of thought or effort, and he might have been a

statesman, a financier, a leader of men, and left his mark upon his time and place, instead of one of fate's blank cartridges—an adventurous Bohemian, blown idly hither and thither by every little gust of destiny.

It was in one of his outbursts of reforming social conditions, wiping out prejudices and breaking down race distinctions, that Jason Tuttle married Felice Gomez.

This girl was of a Mexican family of some traditions, a little property in land and cattle, and much pride, refusing to associate upon terms of equality with the run of poor Mexicans in the country, and insisting apologetically upon Castilian blood whenever such a matter was broached. They had some teaching and a few old Spanish books which they read persistently; and not one of them could be got to confess to the understanding of an English sentence by so much as the turning of an eyelash.

The funny part of the matter came in the attitude of the Gomez family toward this marriage. They were furious. They proceeded to regard the connection as little better than a disgrace, and to cast Felice off, in the most correct and edifying old Spanish manner.

And so it came about that when, sixteen years later, Tuttle and his Mexican wife were drowned in the greedy, faithless Canadian, that has stolen away so many lives entrusted to it, their 15-year-old Ysabel was left as utterly alone and forlorn as a little woodpecker or squirrel, orphaned before yet old enough to leave the nest; and the kindhearted Finnegan, hearing of it, went and got the child and brought her home. Her position in the household was a mixture of adopted daughter and petted, indulged servant.

Being the only child, Ysabel was much educated and trained, in the most singular, erratic and contradictory manner, by her strangely assorted parents; her mother watching and laboring incessantly to the end that the child should read and speak only Spanish, and grow up an ideal Spanish senorita; and her father, feeding her active brain upon the most emancipated literature, and industriously pumping the most advanced of his radical ideas into her receptive mind. I spoke well for the girl's native force and judgment that she really found out some things, formed some ideas, and drew some conclusions of her own from the bewildering process.

When she first became a member of the Finnegan household she was a slender slip of a girl, quiet as a little shadow, but with ample promise of beauty if an eye had looked discerningly at her. And in the two years that elapsed that promise bloomed into most opulent fulfillment.

Her form was pretty and graceful; but it was a curious air of individuality, a strong personal and original note in her bearing despite its still demureness, that piqued and attracted. And then, the rich red shining lamently through her creamy cheeks and breaking into open crimson on her full lips, the big, black eyes, with their long fringes downcast, and the flashing white teeth that helped to make dazzling her rather rare smile—all of these were calculated to inflame the susceptible masculine heart.

All the unattached cowboys and cattlemen in all the adjoining counties cast approving eyes upon this glowing beauty, and some had endeavored to do a little covert sighing at her shrine. The old people who had come to be very fond of her, were now as careful and watchful of her as of a daughter, and Ysabel herself was a model of demure discretion.

When Absalom came home and found this enchanting creature in the house, his instinct was just to reach out and take possession of it—to have and please himself with it. Wasn't it the same as everything else on the ranch, his?

For once the old people opposed him stoutly and unflinchingly, and prepared to send her to a convent school at Trinidad. Upon the heels of a long and somewhat stormy interview with Ysabel, in which he found her as determined in her views as the old people, and entirely satisfied to go away to school, he flung in upon his parents with the announcement that he was going to marry her.

At first blush this seemed as terrible to them, with their strict Old World ideas of caste, as that he should entertain less honorable intentions toward her. But their resistance was, as usual when the boy wanted anything, short-lived and their final capitulation entire.

Of course everybody's notion of the matter was that Finnegan's had simply gotten another adoring slave; and squadrons and battalions of his masculine admirers, with their weapons and munitions of war all cleaned and primed, were breathing fire and waiting to defend her against the wrongs and insults they felt sure would be heaped upon her attractive little head, or avenge them in large quantities of the very best blood her wronger and insulted had about him.

Vain solicitude! Ysabel needed no defense.

As with all the women of her race and class, marriage made a great change in her. From being nobody, with nothing to say, she became suddenly somebody, with a great deal, and to the point, to say. The dignity of her titles, her possessions and position, was strong within her, and she showed herself entirely capable of managing not only Finnegan himself, in a daughterly and deferential manner, when he counseled her to a conciliatory policy toward the young bull.

Capable of managing Finnegan! She was only too capable of managing the entire ranch, and could have run the entire Panhandle, financially, politically and socially, had she ever got any sort of cinch on it.

It was not for nothing that she was

the daughter of her father, with her mother's balance weight of unpretending, dogged persistence. Finnegan's didn't know itself. The ranch was gradually metamorphosed, and run on a plan that came directly from behind those black brows of Ysabel's. And its transformation partook humorously of the dual strands intertwined in her nature. Through her suggestion a live, bustling young business man was brought from Kansas City to do the clerical work, and the handsome stationery upon which he wrote with his typewriter the able and diplomatic letters evolved by himself and Ysabel in conclusive bore a neat lithographed head which read: "Rancho del Santa Cruz, Graded Hereford cattle: Merino sheep; imported Norman Percherons. Cattle and sheep grazed and herded on shares."

The cowboys used to assert that the cows on remote ranges were mysteriously aware of the stern regime, and forbore straying off to the Salt Fork for the purpose of bogging up as heretofore; that they came meekly in, unpersuaded, at branding time, and presented their calves to be monogrammed; and that even the infrequent maverick—that Arab of the plains who owns no master—showed a chastened joy and pride in having Ysabel's rapidly increasing brand—Y. T. F., over a Roman cross—singled on his unfettered ribs, and sported it thereafter as a decoration, not a badge of serdorm.

Absalom had his allowance—a liberal enough one—and was not permitted to over run it; and the place emerged from debt as time went on. Ysabel's besom a clean sweep of sweaters, loafers, shirks, abuses and all sorts of superfluities, which had accumulated like barnacles upon the easy going old Irishman and his softhearted wife, and the Finnegan were on the road to wealth.

She relaxed, almost immediately after her marriage, into her beloved mother tongue; and compelled her husband if he wished to hold communication with her, to speak and understand Spanish. It was as comical as it was amusing to see how she tamed him. When he sought, in the early days of his subjugation, to relieve his overstrained heart by abusing his father and mother, saying to them what he would not dare to so much as look at her, he met with a violent and unexpected check.

Ysabel was tenderly and gratefully attached to the old people. She would roll those great black eyes on him, fairly nailing him, and with her arm stretched straight out at him, would ejaculate in her sonorous Spanish:

"What ungrateful one! Wilt thou speak so to my honored father and my beloved mother? Go hence with evil words! Take thy face away from me! I'll have patience to look upon it!"

And Absalom would stand irresolute, evading those compelling eyes, making desperate efforts to get himself to the point of revolt; but always doing eventually as he was bidden. This fellow, the holy terror of an entire section, was thoroughly broke to all sorts of gaits and any kind of harness by a little, soft, plump crap of a girl that wouldn't weigh more than a hundred pounds!

He that was bellicose is meek; he that was insolent is polite; he, the arch tyrant of Finnegan's, speaks civilly to his inferiors; he that thought it brave to blaspheme, and witty to be profane and impious, goes to mass—ay, to early mass—of a row and nipping February morning.

All these wonders were worked simply by the ascendancy of her strong, intent spirit over his noisy, ungoverned weaknesses.

If she doesn't convert the goods she has on hand into a man, it will not be from lack of skillful, intelligent and persistent effort in its evolution, development, manufacture, manipulation; and, further, if she doesn't finally achieve her idea of a Spanish gentleman, it will only be because the stuff wasn't there. —Alice MacGowan in California Tales.

## The Ark Beats All.

Speaking of ancient ships and ship-building, Professor J. Harvey Biles said that, though Great Britain and America had made such great strides in ship-building, none of their wooden ships approached the dimensions of the Ark which was 450 feet long, seventy-five feet broad, and forty-five feet deep. He calculated that this was the size of the vessel from the Bible measurement, taking the cubit to be eighteen inches. This, he thought, was the correct measurement. The largest wooden ship afloat now was the Shenandoah, and her dimensions were 299 feet by forty-nine feet broad and twenty-nine feet deep. Even the Campania was much smaller than the Ark, except in length, and the dimensions of the Ark had only been exceeded in the case of the Great Eastern. In 1856 a prize was offered for the best model of a ship made by any one in the United Kingdom, and the models were on view at the Royal Institution. The prize was awarded to a model six times the beam to the length, and ten times the depth to the length, these being the same proportions as those of the Ark. —Scientific American.

## In for a Good Time.

Vegetarian—Where are the blue goggles?  
His Wife—Here they are. What do you want of them.

"I want to wear them. Now tie this scarf about my neck clear up to the ears. Pull my hat down over my eyes. That's right. Now help me on with this old overcoat I dug out of the attic. I'm going to the butcher's to buy a porterhouse steak." —Chicago Daily Tribune.

—Two old slaves, John Thompson aged 85 years, and Kitty Owens 70 years old, were married at Louisville the other day. They were lovers previous to the war, but from that time until a short time ago they had not seen each other.

## Fruit Culture in Pennsylvania.

At one time Pennsylvania was a leading fruit growing state, and its apples, pears, plums and peaches held a high position both for coloring and flavor. The prominence of this industry was due to the German settlers in colonial times, who brought with them from their fatherland the choicest products of their orchards. The soil and climate gave the rich colorings and the delicious flavor matched only by the same fruits in northern New York, Massachusetts and Canada. Then came disease and insects which preyed upon both tree and fruit. Apathy and ignorance allowed both to gain such formidable headway that, in time, Pennsylvania fell far behind other localities as a fruit-producing state. Plums, once a prominent feature in every orchard, and a sure source of revenue, were ravaged to such an extent by the black knot and canker that eventually they were rarely seen. Peaches, through the attacks of the yellow, became unprofitable to grow in this state, and Delaware and New Jersey profited thereby. Even apples, cherries and quinces had their enemies.

But, with a better understanding of the habits of the insects and fungoids, which attacked the fruits and trees, and by the energies of the Fruit Growers' association of the State Horticultural association and similar bodies, the industry is slowly improving, and there is reason to hope that before many years Pennsylvania will once more hold its own in fruit culture in all its branches with any state this side of the Rocky mountains.

Nor is the poor crop of apple and to some extent of pear, last year a discouragement. This was the result of special climate influences, unusual and unpreventable. Furious storms tore a large percentage of the apples and pears from the trees and a prolonged drought prematurely ripened the remainder. This, and not indifference or want of attention to fruit culture, prevented a home production of these two fruits.

The revived interest in fruit culture in Pennsylvania is nowhere better shown than in the report of Mr. Cyrus T. Fox, chairman of the general fruit committee of the State Horticultural association, recently published. A voluminous document, it deals minutely with every branch of the industry, and a careful review shows that farmers and others are largely adding to their orchards and vivifying them the same intelligent care that is devoted to the raising of other crops or to other agricultural pursuits. Spraying with Paris green; the application of whale oil soap; the use of air-slacked lime, and similar remedies or preventives are slowly, but surely, eradicating diseases and killing off noxious insects. Plum trees once more are being given a prominent place in the orchard, and peaches last year yielded a large and profitable crop. In reading Mr. Fox's report it is pleasant also to note that of the three most successful pears of last year, two, the Seckel and the Keiffer, are Philadelphia productions.

Besides apples, pears and plums, Mr. Fox gives close attention in his report to small fruits and vegetable, and from his showing growers of the former are not only numerous, but they have had rich returns for their investment, despite the unfavorable climatic conditions which the large fruit growers labored under. With no glut in the market at any time, all that was raised found a ready sale at good prices more than balancing losses by drought and storms.

In reporting on the vegetable crop, Mr. Fox deprecates the fact that many farmers' gardens contain only a few kinds of vegetables. One-half of the gardens, he says, is usually devoted to early potatoes, and the remainder to lettuce, onions and cabbage, the onion bed giving place later to celery, peas, beans and tomatoes are only produced in limited quantities. Why this should be so is a little curious. The explanation of "what is good enough for father is good enough for me," might have been an explanation a few years ago, but as the average agriculturist of to-day is as intelligent and inclined to be as progressive as his brethren in other branches of trade or commerce, that is hardly satisfying. As most farmers are perfectly well aware that there are numerous other vegetable as easily grown and quite as palatable and profitable as potatoes, cabbages and onions, perhaps Mr. Fox, by the time another year rolls around, may be informed of some reason why they are not added to the meagre list of products of the farmers' garden of to-day. —Philadelphia Ledger.

## An Editor Pro Tem.

A drummer for a certain paper mill met a sentimental young woman on a Grand Trunk train going up to Fort Huron, Mich. The largest wooden ship afloat now was the Shenandoah, and her dimensions were 299 feet by forty-nine feet broad and twenty-nine feet deep. Even the Campania was much smaller than the Ark, except in length, and the dimensions of the Ark had only been exceeded in the case of the Great Eastern. In 1856 a prize was offered for the best model of a ship made by any one in the United Kingdom, and the models were on view at the Royal Institution. The prize was awarded to a model six times the beam to the length, and ten times the depth to the length, these being the same proportions as those of the Ark. —Scientific American.

"What business are you in?" she inquired naively.  
"The newspaper business," he said.  
"Oh," she twittered, "how lovely it must be to be an editor. So much intellect. Such comprehensive breadth of knowledge. So much of all that develops a man's brain and makes him equally a scientist, teacher, poet, artist, politician and statesman. I am sure!" —and, oh! how softly sweet her eyes turned up to him—"I am sure I could love an editor!"

Then the modest, diffident drummer kicked his sample case under his seat and didn't tell her any better. —Detroit Free Press.

—Although the world is getting so fast that comparatively few fast on appointed days of religious observance, still there are some who do, and last Wednesday, as the beginning of Lent, was kept that way by thousands. The Lent comes from length-tide, the Saxon term for spring; Ash Wednesday is so called from the custom in the Catholic church of the priest making the sign of the cross on the forehead of the faithful in ashes made from the palms blessed on Palm Sunday and saying, "Memento homo, quia cinis es et in pulverem reverteris."

## For and About Women.

Mrs. Annie S. Austin, the new Mayor of Pleasanton, Kansas, is a buxom woman weighing 200 pounds.

I must tell you of a dainty spring hat that a little friend of mine has just finished. It has a true Parisian touch, I am sure you will say when you see its copy. So easy it is to make that you can reproduce it yourself—a tiny toque of crushed and crumpled tulle velvet, with one big chou, of the velvet just in front. At each side of this small bunch of violet lies. At the back, rising from a smaller chou, is an aigrette formed from the finest and thinnest of cream lace. That is all there is to it. Can you not reproduce it?

Each night the candidate for a skin suggestive of peaches and cream must wash her face and throat with hot water rubbing it gently with the flannel rag, on which plenty of pure soap has been rubbed. If the face is already chapped it is better not to use soap, but to employ a thin rag full of oatmeal as a cleansing agent. Then the face must be rinsed in hot water, in which a few drops of benzoin may be dropped, dried gently with a soft towel and treated to a massage with cold cream. It is not enough to smear some unguent over the face and expect to wake up transfigured. The grease must be thoroughly but gently worked into the skin.

In the morning more hot water is necessary to wash off the cold cream. After the face and hands have been thoroughly cleansed of this, they should be washed in cold water, as indeed, the whole body should be. They must be thoroughly but not roughly dried, and it is well if one is going immediately into the open air to dust the face and hands lightly with dry oatmeal, which must be wiped off at once. This will insure perfect dryness of the skin, and that is the main feature of the war against chapped cheeks and lips.

There is no surer way to ruin one's complexion than to stay indoors in the hope of protecting it. The skin needs air and sunshine. Constant indoor life is ruinous to it. To accustom oneself to the outdoor air in all sorts of weather is the surest way of escaping all the complexion ills that bad weather brings to over-sensitive skins.

A pretty decoration seen on a ball gown of yellow crepe the other day was a flight of black velvet butterflies. They were arranged down the side of the skirt, and two large ones poised on the shoulders. One was fixed in the blonde hair of the wearer on a wire with good effect. The bodies and eyes are of jet.

A charming costume just completed is of a rather dark fawn, in a fine cloth. The skirt is perfectly plain, does not flare in the front and falls in soft organ plaits at the back. The coat is a long basque fitting without a wrinkle, and with the regulation full back and full sleeves. Not a speck of trimming anywhere, not a line or fold out of place—severely plain, it was the ideal Lenten gown.

When the back of the neck aches and the lines of the mouth droop from weariness apply water as hot as it can be borne to the face and throat for five minutes. Then rub the neck with toilet vinegar for a minute or two and lie down in a darkened room for a quarter of an hour. At the end of that time one will be ready for anything.

An effective, though plain, gown is one of English mixed cloth. The skirt is untrimmed, with the two front seams heavily stitched and the ends of these seams are brought up and buttoned on the edge of the waist, which is made perfectly plain, fastening under the arm. The sleeves are full leg-o-mutton plain at the hand. The English dog-skin four-button gloves and a small round hat, plainly trimmed, should be worn with this gown.

Lined oil is a sure remedy for both hard and soft corns. If they are indurated and very painful the relief it gives in a short time is most grateful. Bind on a piece of soft rag saturated with the lined oil, and continue to dampen it with oil every night and morning until the corn can be removed easily and without pain.

Francis de la Ramée, or "Ouida" as she is known in the literary world, is about 50 years of age. Years ago it was said that she overdressed shockingly, and her costumes have not improved with age. She delights in the most pronounced colors irrespective of their effect in comparison with her complexion.

To wear a hat properly this winter it must be set well back on the head," says a fashionable milliner. "Ladies on this side of the water have not yet adopted this style, but, like the bustle, it must inevitably come." The very large hat will not be worn, neither will the extremely small bonnet. The shapes are of medium size, and except those that are twisted in every direction will be turned up squarely, either in front or back but the hat off the face is most fashionable. Turbans will be much worn. By turban one does not mean the stiff little affair of former years that fitted the head like a gentleman's smoking cap. These are artistic little gowns, made of soft French felt crushed into a cute little cap shape and trimmed high in front, and the woman they wouldn't be becoming to would have to be hopelessly ugly.

The new materials for spring wear are in the shops, and the fall rose are hardly done blooming. Grenadine is to be worn again, and the new designs are exquisitely lovely. Some of them imitate moire, and many have the prevailing short effect. French chaille is also to be much in favor. Some of it is woven with bayadere silk stripes to simulate rows of ribbon. Swiss muslin and quantities of ribbon will be worn. Men think because a dress can be washed it is cheap, so they are fond of telling women that they look well in white. The fact of the matter is, white dresses in the city are a gold mine to the washer woman, and they cost in the long run more than silk.