

Bellefonte, Pa., March 23, 1894.

THE SLEEP.

Of all the thoughts of God that are Borne inward into souls afar, Along the psalmist's music deep, Now tell me if that any is, For gitt or grace surpassing this— "He giveth His beloved sleep?"

What would we give to our beloved? The hero's heart, to be unmoved, The poet's star-tuned heart to weep, The patriots voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
He giveth His beloved sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake.
He giveth His beloved sleep.

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say, Who hath no tune to charm away Sad dreams that through the eyelids But never doleful dream again Shall break the happy slumber when He giveth His beloved sieep.

Oh earth, so full of dreary noises, Oh men, with wailing in your voices,
O delved gold, the waiter's heap,
Oh strife, oh curse, that's o'er it all
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His beloved sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill, His clouds above it falleth still. Though on its slope men sow and reap More softly than the dew is shed, Or cloud is floated overhead, He giveth His beloved sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan A living, thinking, feeling man, Confirmed in such a rest to keep; But angels say, and through the Word I think their happy smile is heard "He giveth His beloved sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go Most like a tired child at a show— Seeing through tears the jugglers leag, Would fain its weared vision close, And, child-like on His love repose Who 'giveth His beloved sleep.

And friends-dear friends-when it shall be When round my bier you come to weep, Let, one, most loving of you all, Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall. Say, "Not a tear must of the Brewning He giveth His beloved sleep."

—Elizabeth Barret Browning

MISS LIVINGSTON.

BY MARION HARLAND.

Miss Livingston had been one of the passengers on the Butavia when she came into port after a rough voyage one week before I introduce you to her. For all that environment said to the contrary, she might have occupied her

present abode for seven years.

Her only brother had taken the house in Fifty-seventh Street, and had it fitted up, at her request with old furniture, bequeathed to her by her moth er, Miss Livingston had brought over with her divers cases filled with stuff accumulated in five years' residence and travels in foreign lands. The room in which she sat alone on the Saturday night before Easter Sunday was small, luxurious and glowingly cozy with the blaze of a wood fire and the shaded shine of a silver lamp.

She had not moved for an hour. Her head lay back among the yielding cushions of her casy chair; her hands were folded together in her lap. They were beautiful hands, long, slim, and perfect in form. The full gray eyes, that seemed to count the tossing waves of flame, were deepened by thought or sadness, but not softened. The mouth lines were proud and severe. Attitude and vieage belonged to one who knew fate too well to fight against it, yet whose fortitude failed

"Handsomer than ever-and haughtier!" Mrs. Robert Liwingston had reported to her husband after lunching with her sister-in-law that day. "She hasn't gone off one bit, although she that I could go to the stake as easily is only two years younger than I. It is odd that the children should take to her as they do. She insisted upon my bringing Cathy and Rob with me. Of course she doesn't understand babytalk, but she gets along wonderfully with them."

"Sara was always sensible, interjected the hueband of Miss Livingston's sister-in-law, dryly.

His pippin-cheeked apouse prattled

on. "She brought me some heavenly old lace and the darlingest spring outfits to win him back to his allegiance. for the children. They must have cost frightfully." Sara was always the most generous

of women," rejoined her husband raising his glass with a gesture that, to a quick-witted or imaginative spectator, would have hinted at an inaudible toast and apostrophized pledge. Mrs. Robert Livingston's wits were

key-hen has more imagination. Had urably for these deficiencies, she would have kept back her next observa-"It wasn't in the least like a confirm-

ed old maid to cater so cleverly for my tastes and the children's complexions. Heigho! I suppose people will call your sister that. Seems to me that belles are not so apt to marry well as others. Think of what Sara was-achere she is, at twenty-seven, Sara Livingston still.'

There are worse possibilities in women's lives than to be Sara Livingstons at any age," said the sententious

He never bickered with his pippincheeked Agnes, but neither would be have her belittle one he loved fondly in his way-which was also his sister's.

At twenty one Miss Livingston had named as her "triumvirate of best-Vida Van Nest.

first in any other, but when the prince who will cutrank us all steps into line. I shall be fourth-almost out in the

great-aunt. The girls were intimate from the beginning of their school life to the evil day when Sara set out for her pallor. California with her invalid mother. A winter in Santa Barbara was imperatearfully by Vida, disappointed Sara. She was too sad of heart to be hurt or angry. She had much upon her mind just then. Her lately betrothed it. Rensselaer Morris, a rising young lawscheme vigorously, and finally resentthe healthy young, he classed chronic invalidism with "fads." Mrs. Livingstons cough was partly nervousness, partly indigestion, according to his disdainful diagnosis. It was preposter-ous and professional in the physicians to send her to the Western water shed | pellet.

and hers. As the time of departure drew near, variance of sentiment became a clash of wills. Each of the privately plighted pair was proud; both were conscientious in belief and action. Love fanned the flame of dissension, and when frayed cord rather than the snapping

Sara loved him as he loved her, she

of a cable. So said Miss Livingston to her mother and to Vida. Mrs. Livingston never guessed the cause of the quarrel. She had confidence in her daughter. It was fortunate that the engagement had not been announced, she remarked when Sara told her that it was broken. There would be no need to mention it in her next letter to Robert. Things crony or old lover." happened so providentially. And about furs now? It seemed hardly returned to New York. Since then, "My dear Sara!"

"Miss Livingston had sailed for the er, in time or eternity!"

"My dear Sara!"

Cousin Sabrina's han to him for storage last spring. A furlined circular ought to be all she would ripened out-of-doors in January.

anguish of what the new day had in store, Sara Livingston let her companion see to the bleeding core of her heart.

"I love him as I love my own souland more !" she said, her face agleam said harsh words of my 'willingness to sacrifice him for the the vagaries of a hypochondriac.' It was suffering that made him unjust. Should he judge me more leniently—should you guess, never so remotely, that he would ac cept a recall-tell him frankly what I have said to you to-night. Tell him as to leave him. Oh, I must be very wretched, or I could not say thus much

brought to bear upon the prideful lover | reach her.

"Only give me a few weeks-maybe one man, however haughtily obstinate, against us-especially when his own heart is a traitor to his will ?"

Away off in the monotonous shine of the Californian town, Sara waited, first hopefully, then patiently, practical, and a high-shouldered tur- for news of the predicted change, no ting reluctantly the growing infrequena modicum of tact compensated meas- cly of Morris's name in Vida's letters, yet never asked a question of how matters were going under the tender diplo- "I wonder," Vida had said once, ters were going under the tender diplomacy of her ambassadress. After six years of knowing and loving her friend "if my passion for daisies isn't an ecodoubt tound no lodgment in her thoughts of the leal little fairy.

Mrs. Livingston's decline, although anmistakable, was agonizingly slow. When spring-time came, she was removed by easy stages to a mountain complished, literary and so on-and village in New Mexico, and there spent the long, heartlessly bright sum-mer. In September, Robert Livingston was summoned to see her die. It was mid-October when he returned to home-made gown in its second season antiphon. New York, bringing his dead mother as to a Worth creation just imported. and living sister.

The day after the funeral Sara had a call from her ancient aversion. Vida Van Nest's great aunt. The sorrowing girl's inquiries for her friend had been answered by the intelligence that Vida was visiting relatives in Boston. Sara had no letter from her for more and laid to vour sweet mouth as you be loveds" her mother, her brother, and than a month. Rensselaer Morris's say. 'How Vida loved me and daisname had not been mentioned by eith- | ies!' "You put me last!" pouted her con- er of the friends in half a year. Hast-"The third place in your ening eagerly down stairs to meet one heart is better worth having than the who must have later tidings of her for whose companionship the orphaned ter all these journeyings had the old heart was famishing, she was met by a wound only skinned over that it bled you forgive and forget it." blunt revelation that would have driv- at a scratch? Turning impatiently en a weaker woman mad.

ial, nimble of brain, and facile of Morris. With blending grin and snarl, was strong enough to put away once added strange gentleness to her and overweighted heart. "I am glad! stately mate. She was an orphan, be rid of a troublesome parasite. Her and dependent upon a tart, stingy black eyes twinkled and glared alter ple upon the shards of tawdry clay

"I could have told you why she wouldn't go with you to California. tively advised by desperate doctors, and The Lord knows I tried hard to shake the daughter caught at the faint hope her off my hands then, but she was the recommendation held out with the like a rock. She staid for a purpose, energy of almost despairing love. Her and so I told her. He walked right in brother was abroad upon his bridal to the trap, coming, first, and for ever self-torturing on account of? Say it in ing at Robert Livingston, as one agitattour, and she resisted the powerful impulse to recall him. He had planned your confidante, until she fastened her happy? Foonsh soul! what act of Miss Livingston let her brother ans to be absent for a year, and the ques soft clutches-like a devil-fish's-upon Legislature was there that thou wer for her. Dizzily she descended tion of life or death would be decided him. I used to listen at the inner door shouldst be happy? There is in man the church steps between the two men, in a few months. She would have of the library, and hear how the pretty a higher than Happiness; he can do and the three had strolled abreast taken Vida Van Nest with her into work went on. He was all for writing without happiness, and instead thereof for several blocks before she took part exile but for the obstinate refusal of to you and making up, and taking all find Blessedness. This is the everlast- in the conversation. the aunt to allow her ward to accept the blame upon himself, until she told ing yea, wherein all contradiction is the richer girl's invitation. She "would of a talk you two had the night before solved." not let her flesh and blood play the you set out for California, and how you part of humble companion even to a had charged her to keep him from an as was safe in her guarded solitude. Livingston." The decision reported noying you with overtures, since your She added, in biting self-contempt : "I at her mother's side. love for him had died out like the have never found blessedness, it is true. ingston pride. That is what she called true. Has anybody ?" By and by he believed her. I

> when the letter came to-day." She chuckled so maliciously Sara rallied the pride at which aunt and niece had sneered. Every slow word had the chill and tinkle of an ice

of the continent, when the best air and "I am sorry to hear that your niece the best civilization were to be found has repaid your many benefits by such upon the Eastern. It was cruel and flagrant ingratitude, and done such characteristic in the prospective mothdiscredit to the breeding learned from er-in-law to accept their dicta. Had you." As she said it, she arose. "Sorry, also that you have put yourself to would cast the weight of her influence the inconvenience of coming out on a into the scale that held his happiness of the past eight or ten months have him better than life, better than my made other matters seem unimportant, soul's salvation!" If there is nothing I can do to testify to my sympathy in your affliction, will my faith in God and in man. How you excuse me? I am very busy with can I pardon that which is unpardonarupture came, it was the parting of a preparations for an absence from home that will last for several years. I have friends who sail for Japan next week, and I shall accompany them. 1 have long desired to see the Orient, and at gether and swayed in pain. leisure."

Her civil smile, if wintry, was unemto her niece, the toiled gossip assured and torget it. For Ren's sake! You the bride that her former intimate loved him once!" "didn't care a brass penny for old

she cared to enumerate to-night. She shoulder. The fire had blazed up need in a climate where strawberries Agnes always drew hard upon her cel-On the eve of the journey the two girls sat together in Sara's dressing room, four feet upon the fender-stool that now supported Miss Livingston's like with the passionate livingston's feet were numb, her mouth and tongue were dry.

"You were suffocating in this hot room." the mild spinster went on to Paris slippers, and talked until the say, raising a window. "I never knew stir and groan of the awakening city manless household was passing the you to have a nightmare before." evening with friends. Miss Living ston was utterly alone in her cozy cor ner, and, she admitted to her candid consciousness, utterly desolate.

Between her and the red-hearted fire grew as she mused, the simulacrum of a picture she had seen in a Venetian with strange pallid fire. "He has gallery. High upon a black rock, surrounded by sullen surges that were sicklied, not illumined, by a waning moon, a shipwrecked woman wasted by famine, raised eyes and hands to heaven in a prayer not for succor, but for death.

It was a grewsome fantasy for one steeped in the warmth and that estrangement is slow death to me, color of this luxurious nook, but tail of a costume too simple in its eleit forced itself upon her, a ghastly interlude to the stages of reminiscence. What I have recounted succinctly, she even to you, dear heart! See how I dwelt upon at length, sparing herself trust you, surely as no woman ever no detail, tempering no blackness of before trusted another!" shadow with factitious gleams. Of the shadow with factitious gleams. Of the Between her sobs, clinging to Sara four people who had made her world with gushing tears and consoling and were the light thereof, but one recaresses, Vida promised all that was mained to her, the brother whose retiasked-and much besides. What cence she interpreted by her own, and woman's ingenity could devise and there were Agnes and the children to loving arts accomplish should be be considered before his thought could

His Easter offering, received at dusk that atternoon, stood upon a marble a month or two. 'Time and I against column near the window—a great jar, any other two.' What chance has exquisite in ware and design, in which was set a pot of marguerites. He had had arisen; of the humanity that is to not forgotten her old fancy for daisies. He had never surmised that she loved them because they were Vida's favorcanopy of snowy flowers crowning the

> her head set meditatively on one side, nomic instinct? They are the poor girl's flower's, never expensive, and warranted to wear well. But I love you, my sturdy, saucy beauties," raising suddenly to her lips the big bunch of winter marguerites Sara had given her to carry to a ball. "You are always smiling, always frank, always faithful, in all sorts of weather, and "And ki faithful, in all sorts of weather, and lend yourselves as cheerfully to a you sweep along!" throbbed the weird When I die, Sara mia, I should like, not to 'blossom under your feet in purple and red' after the fashion of Maud's lover, but to spring up again in a daisy meadow, and kiss your arched instep as you sweep along, my princess, and maybe be gathered by your dear hands,

The lonely dreamer winced as at a temptation! Ah! let the wild unrest and Agnes makes a point of punctualstiletto prick in recalling word, tone, of my own sinful heart attest to the and glance. In all these years and af- might of it!") again to the fire, she gazed resolutely

tongue, she a nonpareil of a foil to her she told what a relief it was to her to stately mate. She was an orphan, be rid of a troublesome parasite. Her woman she had ever known; to tram casual speech of her escort in the ves. I heard of it!" ple upon the shards of tawdry clay nately as she surveyed the statuesque idols. Fate had decreed that she listener whose black gown accentuated should be set apart from happy dwellers in happy homes on this night when meet hers in a close clasp before either the jocund murmur of the Easter dawn spoke. mingled with the roar of traffic rising

> "What is this that thou hast been fretting and fuming and lamenting and

She said the oft-conned words aloud,

An invisible force drew her eyes didn't. I've known the little snake too | gently and gradually from the drowsy yer, discouraged the Santa Barbara long, I wrote to her last week that you fire-soft, mysterious compulsion she were on your way home. 'Look out, did not resist. Delicious languor en-With the heated intolerance of my lady !" I said. 'She'll get him wrapped her senses and swathed the behind her the deadly pain and sinful lax limbs. Faint currents of perfume stole toward and past her. Where pillar and plant had been, stood Vida in fort her heart came to her again like surface, and the whole will make a pretback yet?' So I wasn't surprised lax limbs. Faint currents of perfume bridal robes; a gauzy veil shimmering from her head to the hem of her trail ing gown. She leaned slightly forward hands clasped, eyes dilate and yearning, fastened upon the woman she had she said, simply. wronged. A trail of daisies dropped from her fingers to the floor; daisies her feet.

rainy day to tell me a story that concerns me less than it would have done a year ago. The engrossing interests risked my soul—and yours, but I loved Time

my faith in God and in man. How

ble? She said it in a whisper-the whisper was fierce. The vision flung her hands over her face, bowed herself to-

"If I had not sinned, pardon could not be," she moaned. "Because my barrassed. In reporting the interview guilt was great I pray you to forgive

Miss Livingston struggled to rise. "How dare you name him to me?" she gasped. "Forgive! forget! Nev

Cousin Sabrina's hand was on her was weary in body, mind and spirit. anew in the corner, marble pedestal and massed marguerites showed pure lular tissue, and with the passionate in the shine of the silver lamp; Miss

II.

Easter Sunday was raw and dour. Cousin Sabrina's rheumatism, aroused by the nipping sea air, prevailed over pious desire to worship once again in a New York sanctuary. Agnes's baby had sneezed twice since his bath and breakfast, and she durst not leave him with a nurse who might not keep account of further sternutations.

Thus it came about that the brother and sister walked to church in com pany, and sat without other companions in the family pew. Had the wellbred curiosity that mastered every degance to have been made anywhere but in Paris been as observant of the wearer, a light cloud of color that swam over the patrician face would not have passed unnoticed as her eyes fell upon the floral decorations of chancel and desk.

Except for an altar of lilies arising from the centre of the parterre, the only flowers in the church were marguer-

Alert yet serene, happy yet solemn, leaning their cheeks together as if whispering of the day's joyful secret, or looking straight heavenward with wide invocent eyes, they told the story of the Easter-tide; of the Christ who be redeemed.

Neither in heart nor voice did Miss Livingston join in the General Confesite flowers. Some occult force at sion, or in responsive prayer. The tracted her eyes at length from the glorious music poured from organ and blazing logs to the pillar gleaming choir fell upon deaf ears. Mechaniwhite against the velvet curtain and the | cally she followed the order of downsitting and uprising; she saw nothing but the hundreds of grave, expectant eyes that seem to question hers; a spell like last night's dream, bound sense and thought. Above the mimic meadow of daisies she beheld, with slowly filming eyes, the pleading vision that had bent toward her from the haunted corner last night; through the long-closed chambers of her heart stole in broken music tones and words to which she had refused to hearken

("Oh, the tender humility of the love that was mine beyond the peradventure in that dear, distant day !") "And be gathered by your dear hands."

("I can feel the seeking, clinging touch of the slender brown fingers !") And be laid to your sweet mouth as you say, 'How Vida loved me and dais-("She was not always false-and the

Because my guilt was great, I pray

("O human Saviour! as I hope to e forgiven!")

nette, petite, animated, supple, mercur- marriage yesterday to Mr. Rensselaer woman should accept life as it is. She prother s side, the curves of the mouth the storm of tears relieved tense nerves sume by degrees a better color.

tibule, she found herself face to face with Renselaer Morris.

He held out his hand mutely, to

"I had not heard that you were to her windows. She had learned the futility of complaint, the folly of tears. saw you in church. When did you get back, and where are you staying or living? With you, I suppose?" look-

The Easter collect she had not heard to-day recurred to her now, as she had learned it from her mother's lips and responded to it many times, kneeling ful an appearance.

"We humbly beseech Thee, that, as snuff of a candle-'killed by your Liv- That I probably never shall, is also by Thy special grace preventing us Thou dost put into our minds good desires, so by Thy continual help we may bring the same to good effect."

What better effect could spring from as it were the heart of a little child. The face uplifted to her former lover was clear and sweet, her tone was cordial. "I hope that Vida is quite well?"

He looked surprised and extremely gratified. A moved smile lent charm bound her veil, and were heaped about to his grave features. "Very well, I her feet.
"I have come back, as I said I would," said accents like the dying that goodness if I request permission to bring her to see you, and before

Time and place were singular for a speech that implied full knowledge of what had separated her and himself. "You ruined my life! You blighted But Ren was used to be as frankly impulsive as she was discreet. Her answer was direct and gently spoken: "I shall always be, glad to see you

both. He smiled again, and brightly, and pushed his advantage with the boyish impetuousity she recollected but too well. "May we come this afternoon? I promised to walk with her. I am hers, soul and body, on Sundays. Not that I rebel against the sweet tyranny, but I foresee that I shall not be allowed to make the call without her. If it will not be an intrusion," bringing up abruptly, struck, perhaps, by something in the kind serious face he

looked upon. "It could never be that. You will not forget the number? I shall expect

you both. Good morning." They were turning a corner, and she chose to take it for granted that their

wave diverged. The good desires held fast, but the poor human heart was dragging anchor. Involuntarily, as they parted from Morris, she put her hand within her brother's arm. Robert never failed her. His love was stable; his presence was a tonic. Just now she must lay hold of something of her very own. Glancing down effectionately, he noted without verbal comment upon her extreme pointed effect.

lack of color. She smiled back at him. "It is good and heipful to be with yon again, Rob. You are such a sat-

isfactory entity." He pressed the gloved hand upon his arm more closely to his side. "Thank you! Old friends are the best, atter all, eh? Ren Morris is evidently of the same way of thinking. I am glad we fell in with him. You and he were prime cronies in the olden

days, weren't you?" "We saw a great deal of one another about the time of your marriage. I missed you, you see," feebly playful. "He is a noble fellow. I have bethe last year, belonging as|we do to the same club, and being in the same profession. But I haven't seen him look so bright since his wife died as he did at sight of you." He interrupted himthey used to take long tramps together. "I don't believe he has made a social call in two years. Or is it three since he lost his wife? He devotes himself to business and to her four-year-old namesake. She is a pretty sprightly ittle thing, the image of her father. You saw how pleased he was when you inquired after her, and how full

he was of talk about her. She is all he has in the world, you see." His sister had missed the step again. He reflected, in repairing the fault, that unmarried women walked but little with men in foreign lands. Now that he had her at home again, they would return to old ways and habits. Agnes would not take his arm in the daytime. She said nobody did it nowadays except fossilized married couples. He liked to feel the light weight upon his sleeve. It warmed his heart and inclined him to confidential chat. At Miss Livingston's door he took a closer look at her.

"Now that the sea tan has gone off, you are whiter than is altogether natural. Take care of yourself. The sun is coming out. Suppose I give you a turn in the Park this afternoon. The color returned in a painful rush.

She looked down at the door mat on which she stood. "I should enjoy it .ot all things, but since Mr Morris spoke of bringing his

little girl-" "Of course! How stupidly forgetful I am! Another time, then. No, dine early with the children on Sunday

Miss Livingston dragged her bethe door, and flung herself upon her size of the figure. knees beside the marble shaft with the capital of marguerites, weeping wildly

For and About Women.

The second Vassar graduate to receive from Yale the honor of the publication of her thesis at the expense of the university is Miss Laura J. Wylie, of the class of '77. Her subject was the "Evolution of English Criticism from Dryden

to Coleridge.

Miss Wylie was for some time a resident of Bellefonte, Pa. Her father was the Presbyterian minister who preceeded Dr. Laurie.

Better marry a praying sinner than a preaching saint.

Adelina Patti celebrated her 51st. birthday Sunday at Hartford, Conn., by giving a dinner to a party of friends. Few women of her age present so youth-

A pretty paper weight which is to be placed in a business man's Easter stocking by his sweetheart is an egg filled with plaster of paris, thus avoiding the danger of breakage. Around the bottom is a frill of muslin, such as the new desires than strength to cast Columbus wore, and on the head a cap like those we see in pictures of Columty remembrance of the world's fair year.

> A woman with a happy disposition is far more to a man as a wife than the woman with a great fortune, for riches take wings. Worldly prosperity has a way of altering, and if once money vanishes the gloomy individual does naught. but sit down and weep, having no word of encouragement for the husband, on whom the blow falls most heavily. The happy dispositioned wife will see a way out of the difficulty, or will accept matters as they are in a sweet spirit of cheerfulness that endows her husband's zeal and causes him to look upon her as the guiding star of his existance. If God has not given you such a disposition cultivate it as tar as possible. does no good to brood over one's troubles. It doesen't help matters out a bit, Be on the lookout for bright rays and you will certainly find them.

"Bows are ubiquitous," said madame: "they rival the grip; every one has

them No hat for the early spring will be in the mode unless it is crowned by one of the Virot bows, over which Paris has gone wild, or a Princess Tam, or at least a butterfly or a fishtail.

A buckle and a bow in fact will con-

stitute the trimming for most of the hats which smart folk put on in the beginning of the season.

The Virot bow is always placed against the back of the hat, the jet buckle that confines it resting its edges

on the hair. It is made from a one-ward length of silk (preferably watered) cut on the bias and three-eighths in width. The edges are well turned in and blind stitched. The two ends of the silk are sewed together, so that the strip becomes a circle. It is folded then into four two on either side, the upper ones a bit longer than the lower ones, and the lower edges of each loop drawn tighter than the upper edge-this compasses the

Holding the loops firmly in place with the fingers the left loops are turned over the right ones, and the whole tied into an ordinary "tight knot." forms the knot in the centre that confines and completes the bow, without

any sewing to be done. A jet buckle is fastened over this knot, or a few small rhinestone stick pins hold it in place. Wide ribbon can be used to make a

Virot, but bias silk is preferable. When such a bow is placed at the back only a low bunch of flowers is used in front, or in some cases simply a large buckle. As all the spring hats are to have decided crowns, even to cone come rather intimate with him during shaped ones, a Virot bow does not appear singular.

Ribbons will be more popular than ever for trimming summer dresses, they say, now there are several novelties self to catch step with her. Her gate among them. A "perfectly lovely" was less even and steady than when sash ribbon is stiff enough to stand alone. and has tiny bouquets of flowers pow-dered over a white ground, like the exquisite little sprigs on old Dresden china. The same design in black gros grain is also very effective, and another pretty novelty is a ribbon with a longwhite lace edge.

The spring wrap par excellence has it sewed on to the full capes of black moire. These jaunty little affairs are frequently finished in front by a mammoth cravat, but if we are wise in our prophecy the big bows are not destined for a very long run among the elect. The lace and feather boas are so much prettier and far more becoming. Speaking of neck trimmings a most charming affair is made of pleated moire ribbon, standing up quite full as a ruching. This boa has the advantage over the feather and lace ones of being damp proof, something of an item when one has spent time or money on a trivial bit of prettiness, which wills down directly when there is the slightest indication of rain.

Not to own a tailor gown this spring is to argue yourself deplorably old-fash-ioned, for severity is the thing and every eyelet, must be finished in real man fashion.

A very pretty dress was of summer silk in golden brown with narrow stripes of black and pale yellow. The bodice had a vest of pale yellow satin bordered on either side by coffee-colored lace jabots, a black satin collar immense sleeves to the elbow meeting lace cuffs and a sort of pointed corselet in black satin just edged with yellow.

Every garment that extends below the waist line hangs in godets to the numbed feet up to her boudoir, locked lower edge, apparently increasing the

She was a bewitching elf—this Miss Van Nest the elder had that into it. She had come home to rest, dearest girl friend of the belle. Bru-morning received news of her niece's not to suffer. At twenty-seven a wet as she passed down the aisle at her the same words, over and over, until kept in order by constant brushing, as-The best remedy for ill-used tresses is