

# Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., April 27, 1894.

## WHENCE.

Whence come the melodies we're hearing  
From the tree and hill and stream?  
What makes the life without, within us,  
Sweeter than the sweetest dream?

What means the joyful leap of pulses?  
The new and strange delight,  
In voices of each morning's dawning,  
In whispers of the night?

Oh! birds, in branch and treetop resting,  
With breast of blue and gold,  
So happy, you must needs be singing,  
What secrets have you told?

Oh, happy human hearts, exulting,  
In earth and air and sky!  
What mean your strangely quickened currents?  
You sing! you sing! Ah, why?

There is a heart of music somewhere,  
Where all things glad are born,  
That fillets us with its own gladness,  
With every rising morn.

There is a heart of music somewhere,  
So wide, it holds all things;  
So full, it poureth out the music  
With which the whole earth rings.  
—Rosalee Vanderwater.

## THE BREADTH OF A HAIR.

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye!  
All persons having further business  
with this circuit court and court of oyer  
and terminer will now draw near and  
give their attention so to be heard!"

The crier stepped down and the  
judge's gavel fell thrice with sharp,  
short raps. The great trial was about  
to begin. From every corner of the  
spacious court room anxious-eyed spec-  
tators peered expectantly toward the  
group of actors, each of whom was  
soon to play his part in the life drama  
which began as a comedy and would  
probably end as a tragedy. Up in his  
lofty high-backed chair sat his honor,  
with gold-rimmed eye glasses and gen-  
erally distinguished appearance; he  
leaned over and made a remark to the  
sheriff, who nodded and replied. To  
the right stood the district attorney in  
conversation with his associate. He  
was a tall, dark haired man with sharp  
eyes and resolute face. Back of this  
couple was the object toward which the  
curious gaze of the throng was  
ever directed—the prisoner. Those  
were no ordinary features which met  
the curious gaze of the on-lookers so  
firmly, and that was no ordinary fig-  
ure who sat calmly surveying the scene  
with no indication of emotion or even  
passing interest—a young man scarce-  
ly in his twenties, with the stature of  
an Apollo, expressive, cold gray eyes  
and pale cheeks. He was in whis-  
pered conversation with his attorney,  
a stout, little man with gray hair, af-  
ter the Wilkins Micawber style. A  
ripple of excitement passed from  
mouth to mouth as the spectators  
crowded each other for a better view.

"What! that boy?" said one.  
"Why, he's hardly out of his swad-  
dling clothes!"

"Yes," responded his neighbor, "but  
he may be old in crime. I don't like  
his face. It's too cold—hard. The  
speaker scrutinized the countenance  
before him, with the eye of a connois-  
seur who boasts ability to detect the  
faintest shadow of temptation floating  
ethereally across the nether side of the  
experienced felon's heart. "Too  
hard," he repeated, soliloquizing, "too  
hard!"

There was a lull in the babel of  
voices; the jury had filed in and taken  
their seats. For a moment the cloud-  
less face of the defendant turned  
toward the men into whose custody  
the law had intrusted the balance of  
his being—life, death. He studied  
each face earnestly. Then came a  
brief pause, succeeded by the reading  
of the indictment, which proceeding  
was interrupted by the confusion  
caused by the ejection of a drunken  
latter from the crowd surrounding the  
doors. The reading continued, and  
was followed by an interval of pro-  
found silence, during which the prose-  
cuting attorney arose and began his  
opening address to the jury. His  
statement was brief and concise; he  
was not a man of metaphors.

"You will observe, gentlemen," he  
said, in the course of his remarks, "as  
we proceed with this trial, that the  
defendant is guilty of one of the most  
heinous and cold-blooded crimes ever  
recorded in the annals of the jurispru-  
dence of this county—a crime committed  
in a moment of perfect sanity,  
actuated by no hope of personal re-  
ward, inspired by no satisfaction of  
private ambition, but resulting, rather,  
as the climax of a controversy so ordi-  
nary in its nature as to hardly cause  
in the heart of a reasonable man even  
a tinge of acrimony, much less re-  
venge. Fortunately, gentlemen, there  
is in this case no conflict of evidence,  
such as usually obscures and renders  
more difficult a trial of this kind.  
Forgetful of the consequences  
of his act, unconscious of the net-work  
of evidence which he was weaving  
about himself, but only upon the grati-  
fication of his awful purpose, this man  
proceeded to his bloody work calmly  
and with that spirit of coldness and  
unconcern which indicates the pres-  
ence of a depraved and criminal na-  
ture, taking no precaution to conceal  
his action or cover his footsteps. So,  
gentlemen, in reaching your decision  
you will be hampered by no doubts,  
troubled by no uncertainties.

"We will show you that on the 20th  
day of June, 18—, one Lawrence Can-  
nell, the prisoner at the bar, registered  
as a guest at the 'Holden house,' a  
small bostery located in the village of  
Plymouth in this county, having ar-  
rived on the evening train. He was  
assigned a room, and the small hand  
bag which he carried was taken to his  
apartment, according to his direc-  
tions. He then seated himself in the  
office of the hotel and called for sta-  
tionery, which was furnished him.  
After having written several letters, he  
arose from his chair and was about to  
leave the room, when a gentleman en-  
tered and, remarking that he had just  
come from the nation, inquired of the

clerk if he could secure lodging. The  
clerk replied that the last room had  
just been secured, whereupon the de-  
fendant said, "I will share my room  
with you, if you don't object." The  
gentleman expressed his thanks, intro-  
duced himself as 'James De Land,'  
and having lighted a cigar and offered  
the defendant one, the two men sat  
down in the rear of the office directly  
within sight and hearing of the clerk,  
who at that time was the only other  
occupant of the room.

"The clerk—Mr. Banks—will tell  
you that after having conversed upon  
various subjects, the defendant alluded  
to the political situation and expressed  
extreme sentiments in support of his  
opinions, which led to mild criticism  
on the part of his new acquaintance.  
One suggestion followed another until  
a heated discussion took place. At 11  
o'clock the two went to their room,  
still engaged in energetic conversation.  
Thomas Kingsley, the porter, will re-  
late to you that, in obedience to orders  
from the defendant, he went with a  
pitcher of ice water to the room occu-  
pied by the two gentlemen, and that as  
he approached, he heard sounds of an-  
imated argument, together with ex-  
clamations of displeasure, which contin-  
ued after he entered the room and so  
long as he was within hearing, showing  
that the two men were in the midst  
of a controversy. These, gentlemen,  
are matters of fact and will be  
proven.

"We will further show you by other  
witnesses that in the morning DeLand  
did not appear, nor could he be found.  
Upon being questioned, the defendant  
persisted in declaring that he knew  
nothing of DeLand's departure—dog-  
gedly denying all knowledge of his  
whereabouts.

"The occurrence was of such an un-  
usual nature that it was reported to the  
local authorities, who proceeded to an  
investigation. The investigation, gen-  
tlemen of the jury, resulted in the dis-  
covery of some interesting facts. De-  
Land's hand-bag was found, partially  
open and covered with blood, near the  
bed where he had placed it on the pre-  
vious night. The carpet near the bed  
was spattered with blood, and clots  
were upon the pillows and covers. Fur-  
thermore, drops of blood were dis-  
covered leading from the door of the  
room through the corridor, down a  
flight of stairs in the rear of the build-  
ing and to a stream which flows past  
the out-houses. At this point was a  
large pool of blood. Some six yards  
further down the stream, a hat, which  
was identified as that worn by DeLand  
was found caught in some overhanging  
shrubs.

"These, gentlemen, are the main  
facts in the case. Are they not  
enough? Is there need of more con-  
clusive proof? Can there exist a shadow  
of doubt in any rational mind, gen-  
tlemen of the jury, when we shall have  
proven these facts, as to the guilt of  
the defendant? You will be afforded  
an opportunity during the course of  
these proceedings to observe the ner-  
vous, impulsive temperament of the  
defendant. His is a nature suscepti-  
ble to the most imaginative impres-  
sions, capable of being inflamed by the  
mildest expressions of opposition or  
criticism. With such an intense, ac-  
tive disposition, under circumstances  
so likely to inspire vehemence and hasty  
action, is it not possible, nay proba-  
ble, that a controversial remark, a sa-  
tirical taunt—a smile, might have  
aroused the emotion of this man to his  
height, till enraged beyond control, in  
the climax of his mental agitation he  
gave way to wrath, and exhausted the  
force of his passion upon its object?  
It is true in this case. Excited by the  
criticism which his fanatical opinions  
had elicited from the lips of DeLand,  
the defendant fell upon him and suc-  
ceeded, either by the aid of a weapon  
or by brute force, in overcoming his  
victim; and having rendered him in-  
sensible, he calmly carried the insensate  
body and deposited it in the  
water, where the swift current carried  
it away. In the name of right and hu-  
manity, the people of this state, call  
upon you to punish this atrocious and  
terrible crime, that the blood of an in-  
nocent man may be avenged. Their  
voice is the voice of a multitude, which  
arises like a mighty tumult and clam-  
ors that justice shall be dispensed, that  
the punishment shall fit the crime, and  
that Lawrence Canell may be made  
to suffer the full extent of the law  
for the murder of James DeLand on  
the 20th day of June, 18—."

The district attorney resumed his  
seat amid the deepest silence. He  
busied himself with his papers, and  
the defendant had again turned and  
was speaking with his counsel. He  
smiled calmly as he observed the  
movements of the district attorney.  
The latter presently said: "The first  
witness for the prosecution will be Sid-  
eon Banks." The crier's voice rang  
out—"Is Sidoon Banks in court?"

A middle-aged gentleman, whose  
prominent features were a set of  
"Burnsides," came from the rear of the  
room and mounted the witness stand.  
In answer to the attorney's question  
he said he was clerk at the Holden  
house. He recollected distinctly the  
occurrences on the night of the 20th of  
June. He identified the defendant,  
and recited the history of the case  
more in detail, but substantially as the  
district attorney had done. The cross-  
examination was a prolonged, a clever  
but unsuccessful attempt to confuse  
the witness, and he was finally dis-  
missed.

The next witness sworn was Thomas  
Kingsley, the porter. He corroborated  
the statements of the district attor-  
ney as to his knowledge of the affair.  
His manner was so aggressive that the  
defendant's learned counsel had occa-  
sion several times during the cross ex-  
amination to rebuke him. "A prose-  
cution," said the counsel, "is not nec-  
essarily a persecution." But the evi-  
dence remained unaltered.

As the witness left the stand, the ex-  
citement of the spectators demonstra-  
ted itself by frequent ejaculations and  
whispered conversation here and there.  
Jouston Perus, the sheriff of the

county, was next called. He testified  
that he had conducted the examina-  
tion at the Holden house. He was  
the one also who found the hat of the  
missing man. An argument between  
the attorneys took place at this point  
regarding the admission of this evi-  
dence.

James King, M. D., a corpulent  
gentleman, whose voice reminded one  
of Schubert's Serenade in B flat major,  
took the stand. He swore that he was  
the coroner. He had investigated every  
feature of the case. He was prepared  
with a whole arsenal of medical phas-  
es and terms of the profession. The  
cross-examination revealed the fact  
that, while this "expert" could detect  
with difficulty the difference between  
the blood corpuscles of a human being  
and those of other animals, he could  
not estimate the specific gravity of the  
pancreatic juice. He swore that the  
blood discovered at the Holden house  
was human blood.

The district attorney conferred with  
his associate, and then announced that  
the people would rest. The court took  
a recess.

The first witness called by the de-  
fense was the prisoner himself. After  
the usual preliminary questions, the  
counsel asked:

"Do you recollect the night of the  
20th of June last?"

"I do, sir, distinctly."

"Where were you that night?"

"I left Bolton City at 5 o'clock and  
arrived at the Holden house in Ply-  
mouth at 8 o'clock."

"State what occurred at the Holden  
house after you arrived?"

The witness related what took place  
up to the time of his going to bed with  
DeLand, verifying the statements of  
the other witnesses.

"Had you ever known DeLand pre-  
vious to this meeting?"

"I had not."

"Did the conversation upon political  
subjects, which you say you had, con-  
tinue after you had reached your  
room?"

"I did."

"And when did it stop?"

"As soon as we were in bed."

"About what time was that?"

"Nearly half-past 11."

"State to the jury, what else, if any-  
thing, occurred after that?"

"That is all I recollect, sir. In the  
morning when I awoke, DeLand was  
not in the room; I supposed he had  
arisen and gone down stairs. I  
dressed and, after eating my breakfast  
I prepared to depart."

"Well?"

"The sheriff met me at the door and  
took me into custody."

"Is this all you know of the affair?"

"Positively all."

The district attorney smiled complac-  
ently, while a murmur of contempt  
passed from mouth to mouth. In the  
face of these demonstrations the wit-  
ness sat unmoved, with erect head.

The district attorney rose slowly to  
cross examine.

"So you were discussing political af-  
fairs, eh?"

The witness assented.

"It was rather a heated argument,  
wasn't it?"

"We were both very much interest-  
ed."

"And was it not a fact that you were  
—oh a little—well, angry?"

"We might be."

"Answer my question!"

"Yes, sir—but—"

"And didn't DeLand criticize your  
sentiments somewhat severely?"

"He said he was surprised that I  
should entertain such views, and that  
when I was older and had had more  
experience, I would see what a fool I  
had made of myself."

"Is that all he said?"

"Yes, sir—all."

"Well, now, Canell, when you arose  
in the morning, did you notice any  
blood spots on the carpet or anywhere  
in the room?"

"No, sir—I—"

"What!"

"No, sir, I did not."

"Did you see any blood in the room  
at any time hereafter?"

"When the officers took me up to  
the room they pointed out the spots."

"And isn't it a fact, sir, that in order  
to leave the room in the morning you  
were obliged to pass directly over the  
place where the blood was?"

"Yes, sir."

"The counsel glanced knowingly at  
the jury."

"Well, now, Canell, from the time  
you arose until the time when you pre-  
pared to depart from the hotel you say  
you did not see DeLand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you make any inquiries con-  
cerning his whereabouts during that  
time?"

"I—no, sir."

"That is all."

"I have one more question," said  
the defendant's lawyer, rising, "Is  
your eyesight good?"

"No, sir, I have suffered from a stig-  
matism for years."

Several witnesses were called to tes-  
tify to the previous good reputation of  
the accused. The defense closed.

The address of the defendant's coun-  
sel was a magnificent effort. He em-  
ployed the few resources available with  
the science of a master-hand, and  
aroused the admiration of his auditors  
—but it was the compassion which the  
energy of one who struggles for a  
lost cause arouses in the hearts of sym-  
pathizers rather than the approbation  
which observers express to one who  
prosecutes a meritorious mission.  
And so, while the defendant's counsel  
pleaded the ears of the listeners, the dis-  
trict attorney appealed to their judg-  
ment. The eloquence of the one was  
entertaining; the argument of the other  
was effective.

The charge of the court was neutral  
and brief. The jury filed out amid op-  
pressive silence.

During the proceedings the prisoner  
had maintained the stoical indifference

which characterized his demeanor at  
the first. He displayed now no evi-  
dence of anxiety, and when after twenty  
minutes had elapsed, the men came  
slowly back and took their places, he  
showed no signs of even passing inter-  
est.

The clerk of the court arose.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you  
agreed upon your verdict?"

"We have," replied the foreman.

"What say you, gentlemen, is the  
prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty."

A murmur of applause came from  
the spectators. The prisoner smiled.

Two men sat in the "smoker" of a  
train conversing over their cigars.

"Speaking of adventures of that  
kind," remarked one, "reminds me of  
an experience I once had. I was one  
day called on professional business to  
Kingston, and in order to reach that  
city from my home in the western part  
of the state, I was obliged to change  
cars at a small town up the line called  
Plymouth. Owing to delays I was  
compelled to remain over night at the  
latter place. Having arrived late, I  
went immediately to the hotel, where  
I occupied a room jointly with a young  
fellow who smoked cigarettes and  
talked anarchy. After going to bed, I  
suddenly remembered that, having  
made my toilet hastily before leaving  
home, I had forgotten my pocket-book.  
I had used all the change in my pocket  
in purchasing a ticket. This wor-  
ried me. Finally, however, I fell  
sound asleep. Early the following  
morning I had a severe attack of nose-  
bleed. I arose and after dressing left  
my room and went to the rear of the  
building, where was a stream of water;  
here I succeeded in stopping the hem-  
orrhage, although I lost my hat in do-  
ing so. It occurred to me that I would  
save myself considerable embarrassment  
by not returning to the hotel, as I  
had no money with which to pay my  
bill; so going directly to the station, I  
awaited my train and proceeded to my  
destination. Subsequently I inclosed  
the amount of my bill at the hotel and  
forwarded it to the proprietor without  
explanation. I've often wondered how  
he regarded the maneuver."

The speaker paused, attracted by the  
peculiar expression on his companion's  
face.

"What the devil's the matter with  
you, man? You're paler than a  
ghost!"

The other's lips trembled a little.

"Oh, nothing; you see I am the dis-  
trict attorney of — county. A year  
ago I prosecuted and convicted a man  
for murdering you; I'm on my way to  
this execution now, he swings in—let  
me see—"

He looked at his watch—  
"—two hours and twenty minutes—I  
—am glad I met you, sir,"—*From  
Romance.*

**Chicagoans Are Alarmed.**

*The Smallpox Epidemic Appears to Be Beyond Control.*

CHICAGO, April 21.—Smallpox  
in Chicago has again excited  
the attention of the Board of Health of  
the States adjacent to Illinois. A secret  
meeting of health officials was held at  
the Grand Pacific Hotel to-day. Con-  
sideration seized the local health offi-  
cials when it was hinted that the quar-  
antine against Chicago might be declar-  
ed by Wisconsin, Minnesota, Indiana,  
and possibly Michigan, as the result of  
reports concerning the growth of the  
epidemic.

The declaration of a quarantine was  
averted some months ago only by the  
statements of Dr. Reynolds that he then  
virtually had the plague under the con-  
trol of his department. Notwithstand-  
ing his argument at that time, smallpox  
has increased 100 per cent, as the re-  
ports for January, February and March  
and thus far in April, show. During  
March there were 305 cases, being an  
average of little less than ten per day.  
In February there were 233 cases, an  
average of a little less than nine per  
day. In January there were 189 cases,  
an average of about six per day. This  
shows a gradual increase from month  
to month, making a total of 627 cases.

The pesthouse is overcrowded with  
patients. Several suspect cases are be-  
ing cared for at the County Hospital,  
now under quarantine, and at several  
private houses, chiefly in the thick-  
ly populated sections of the city.  
The danger of caring for smallpox at  
the County Hospital, where 750 pa-  
tients were under treatment Five fully  
developed cases of smallpox were re-  
moved yesterday from the hospital to  
the pesthouse.

The next notable oil field in the  
United States may be found in Kansas.  
Prospectors are busy in the State sink-  
ing test wells, and in several instances  
oil and gas have been developed in such  
quantities as to warrant the building of  
tanks for storage. With refining facili-  
ties the oil will be worth nearly as much  
in Kansas for the local supply of ad-  
jacent markets as it is at the seaboard,  
and a new value will be given to all  
farm lands which are underlaid with  
the oil-bearing sand rocks.

—Ex-President Harrison, having  
completed his legal lecture course at the  
Leland Stanford, Jr., university, Cali-  
fornia, returned to his home at Indian-  
apolis on Saturday. At Chicago the  
newspaper men waylaid him, but he re-  
fused to discuss politics and all they  
could get out of him was the announce-  
ment that he means to devote himself to  
the practice of his profession.

—Governor Tillman has been de-  
feated in his attempt to solve the liquor  
question in South Carolina by a novel  
plan, but it is by the courts and not by  
his political opponents. He was doubt-  
less in advance of his time, but the  
experiment will not prove fruitless.  
—*Phila. Press.*

—Another coincidence between the  
calamity howler and the dogwood tree  
is that the latter's bark is of no value,  
either.

## Life Among a Primitive People.

In the country districts men and wo-  
men alike usually wear only one article  
of clothing, a sort of petticoat, fastened  
tight around the waist by the men and  
just above the breast by the women.  
Some of the women adopt the style of  
the men as giving greater coolness and  
freedom. In the neighborhood of the  
towns they generally add an upper gar-  
ment made somewhat in the style of a  
close-fitting night-gown, and either  
fastened in front or not, according to  
the taste of the wearer. The children  
in many cases omit even the chest-pro-  
tector worn by our young fellow-travel-  
ler on the steamer. These little brown  
cherubs, with rounded bodies and well-  
formed limbs, look like bronze statues as  
they stand in the bright sunshine gaz-  
ing curiously at the passing strangers.

About ten miles from Garret is a  
small lake called Bagendit. The road,  
smooth and in good order, runs be-  
tween rice-fields rising on either side in  
well-kept terraces. Men and women,  
standing up to their knees in mud, were  
turning up the rich black soil and  
preparing for the new crop. Gray or  
flesh-colored buffaloes, with hides like  
pig-skins, wallowed in the muddy wa-  
ter, looking up with languid, indiffer-  
ent gaze as we rattled past. Sturdy  
brood children sported gaily among  
their four-footed companions in all the  
freedom and innocence of nature's own  
garb. We felt that we were nearer  
the great warm heart of Mother Earth  
than ever before.

As we neared the lake the villagers  
turned out in force to receive us. Ten  
or twelve hastened away to prepare  
the boats, while the remainder squat-  
ted down in silent respect. It was like  
the villages one reads of in the works  
of African explorers. The low one-  
storied huts of light bamboo poles, en-  
closed with palm mats and thatched  
with leaves, seemed hardly capable of  
affording protection against the fierce  
rays of the sun. We made our way  
through the single street, followed, at  
a respectful distance by a throng of cu-  
rious but timid natives. At the water's  
edge we found the advance guard busi-  
ly engaged in constructing a most pec-  
uliar craft. Four long narrow canoes,  
each hollowed from the trunk of a  
large tree, were arranged side by side.  
On these was placed a sort of summer-  
house of light bamboo poles, rooted  
and floored with bamboo matting. In  
this floating house, which was about  
eight feet square, chairs were placed  
for our accommodation. Sitting at  
our ease we were paddled slowly out  
into the lake, our rowers squatting up  
on the bow and stern of each dugout,  
and propelling the cumbersome vessel  
with small spoon-shaped oars not un-  
like a child's sand-shovel. We forced  
our way through large fields of lily  
pads, each leaf being two feet or more  
in diameter. The flowers, as large as  
a quart measure, were a beautiful pink  
and deliciously fragrant. The seeds,  
as we proved by actual experiment,  
make excellent eating, and are much  
prized by the natives.—*From "A Lit-  
tle Journey in Java," by Frederic M.  
Burr in Harper's Magazine for May.*

## For and About Women.

Mrs. Ballington Booth resides at  
Montclair, N. J. She is the mother of  
a sturdy little son of 6 years and a baby  
girl 16 months old. Although she is so  
much engaged in lecturing and other  
Salvation Army work, her home is well  
kept and her children are healthy and  
sunny tempered. Mrs. Booth manages  
to make her time short, with frequent  
returns home, where, all time, aside  
from her office work, is devoted to her  
children.

Many of the French dresses have in-  
stead of a stiff sleeve lining, a box-plait-  
ing of crinoline sewed in with the  
sleeve on the shoulder about 3 or 4  
inches in depth; this answers the pur-  
pose of holding out the sleeves, and is  
not so heavy.

The fancy for wearing jewelry is  
growing and long watch chains are  
becoming popular again. If the lovely  
jeweled ones are beyond the limit of  
price, then the old fashioned gold ones  
which have been in oblivion for years  
may be brought for duty. A brooch  
fastens it at the neck, and it may be  
fastened lower down and lose  
itself in the trimming of the dress, sug-  
gesting a dainty little watch tucked  
away in the folds.

Tiny jeweled combs, to be worn at  
the side of the head, with the hair coif-  
ured in old-style manner, are also being  
widely introduced.

Pongee silk in its natural ecru shade  
is used for shirt waists, which are made  
very simply with turnover collars and  
cuffs and bishop sleeves. The really  
"smart" shirt is made of colored cham-  
bray, with white linen collars and  
cuffs.

Large brown velvet rose, black velvet  
ox-eyed daisies, with yellow hearts, and  
black velvet violets are the latest nov-  
elties in millinery.

Eton and blazer suits for women's  
seaside gowns and suits for  
small boys are being made of linen duck  
in natural shades.

Mrs. Mary E. Willard, president of  
the American Home School, in Berlin,  
has given to the Association of College  
Alumni a scholarship in modern lan-  
guages, including board and tuition for  
one year in that institution.

It may be considered as established  
that for the next two months the best-  
dressed women will wear coats and skirts.  
For these, cloths, tweeds, and chevots  
have reappeared in all their pristine  
elegance. The newest tailor coats are  
shorter than the three-quarter Prince  
Albert that has been worn this winter,  
although Adolphe, Redfern, and Doucet  
are still making the long garment to  
the knees. Coats are worn in both single  
and double breasted, and the *garcon de  
cave* jacket keeps its popularity.

For spring these fetching little jackets  
are worn with vests of cloth or pique,  
and a dicky. A charming model that  
was made recently for the races was of  
navy-blue and white cloth in large,  
solid-looking checks. The skirt had a  
plain narrow front breadth, finished at  
the top on either side with three large  
exquisitely carved buttons, which gave  
the *chic* to the gown. All the seams of  
the skirt were made over-lapping, and  
piped with dark blue, and in each side of  
the narrow front breadth was set a very  
narrow panel, slashed in the middle as  
high as the knee, piped with blue, and  
finished with a button. The waiter  
jacket had reverses faced with blue cloth,  
A low double-breasted vest of white  
pique, finished with a small revers, and  
a puffed dicky—if it might be called a  
dicky. It looked like the old-fashioned  
puffing that people used to buy by the  
yard, and was completed by a high  
straight collar, and worn with a black  
tie. The sleeves were pleated at the top  
in a box pleat with three side pleats on  
either side, and finished at the bottom  
with a cuff piped with dark blue.

White pique and duck costumes seem  
to be less talked about for this year than  
the fine checked cotton chevots and the  
fancy linens. And blouses will have  
soft fronts instead of the severely starched  
things, exactly like the *chemises  
d'honne* that were worn last summer.  
Some pretty little riding habits have  
been seen lately with short cut-away  
coats worn over polka-dotted shirts with  
stiff collars and men's ties.

There is no perfume more generally  
agreeable than the clean, sweet odor of  
orris root. Violet sachet powder if of  
a very fine quality and so faint as to be  
the mere suggestion of a perfume, is gen-  
erally pleasant. Rose musk and other  
stronger scents give many an unpleasant  
sensation of faintness or even nausea,  
and are always open to the disagreeable  
suspicion of being used for counteract-  
purposes. After all, as Henry Ward  
Becherer said: "There is no smell so  
universally pleasant as no smell," and  
absolute daintiness of person attracts far  
more than any perfumery can do.

The tight, high neckbands of winter  
costumes invariably form a dark line  
about the neck, unless some precaution  
is taken to avoid it, and the mark is  
positively disfiguring when a low-cut  
bodice is assumed.

To prevent this stain or to remove it  
after