

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., May 11, 1894.

SEVEN TO ONE.

Out in a merry Western State
There dwelt an intellectual madam,
Who, when new facts were started round,
With great acuteness, often had 'em.
Her chief concern was "woman's rights,"
And with a patience rarely noted,
She cheered her little band along,
Until, at last, she really voted.

Her step was proud when, at the polls,
She gave her principles expression.
She went there with opinions firm,
Resolved to hear of no concession.
But good intentions often stray,
Mistakes will win, while men wonder,
She found—and shed a little tear—
Her single vote was quite snowed under.

Across the line, not far away,
Another woman lived obscurely.
She read the papers, as they came,
And told her views, though most demurely.
The scene of public toil she shunned,
But gave the love which tones and mellows
To sons who sprang up, lad by lad,
Till they were seven manly fellows.

And in the twilight of her life
She pondered well, while she was resting.
To make her mind up on some points
The villagers were all depending.
She couldn't vote, but still they had
The benefit of her reflection.
For seven men went mother's way,
And seven carried the election.
—Chicago News.

THE CONQUEST OF MISS PINKERTON.

Of the score or more of doors ranged
With painful regularity on either side
of the fourth-story hall of the "Mountain House" only Miss Pinkerton stood open. From it a soft, rosy light, like a translucent pink mist, emanating from the young lady's crimson canopied lamp, issued, stretching across the dim passage and flushing the white-washed wall opposite like a sunset.

It was tinting the little housekeeper's complexion, too, as she sat beneath its rays, absorbed in a loveliness, although she was quite too young and pretty to need this foreign aid, and making the little apartment, with its cheap hangings, its silken pillows, its paltry ornaments and pictures, look like a luxurious bower. It was natural—for the human eye, like the moth, instinctively seeks the light—that the room clerk, bending his weary steps towards the blinking gasoline jet which showed him his own room at the further end of the corridor, should turn his gleaming spectacles in its direction and that his near-sighted orbs should rest lingeringly upon the pretty picture which met his gaze. At the sound of his footsteps Miss Pinkerton laid down her book, hesitated a moment and then rising approached the door.

"Mr. Robbins?" she said, scarcely elevating her voice, for he was but just beyond the pink, sheen-like partition, "where there many arrivals on the half-past nine train?"
"Only three," he replied, turning with eager alacrity at the question and retracing his steps.
"I hope," she said, with a tinge of sympathy in her flexible voice, very grateful to the object of it, "that you hadn't a great deal of difficulty in establishing them as to their rooms."
"Oh, no," he answered, leaning against the door-frame, as if in no hurry to be gone. "They were all men, are not so hard to please as you ladies are. I wonder," he went on, for his companion made no comment upon this statement, "if it would be the same in everything. If you'd be as particular, for instance, in choosing a husband."

Miss Pinkerton laughed, a pretty, musical laugh, as spontaneously gay as a spring bird's burst of melody.
"Judging from the married men of my acquaintance I should think not," she said. "But, seriously, Mr. Robbins," lifting her eyes to his face and then quickly veiling them with her black-ringed lids, "you don't mean me to think that you would be easily pleased in a wife? That would be scarcely complimentary to the lady you may select."
"The lady I may select," thought Robbins, with a momentary touch of bitterness. "I am afraid," he said, and his voice had sunk several tones lower, while something—perhaps it was the reflection from his shining glasses—glistened in his honest eyes, "that I should be as the ladies are about the rooms, that I would set my heart upon one particular one and never would be satisfied with any other." His face was turned toward the rose-colored chamber. He had been making a swift mental comparison between it and his own barrack-like apartment, vaguely wondering if the Garden of Eden really grew trees "pleasant to the eye" before the coming of Eve. Now he turned his eyes in the direction of the deep-seated, semi-circular window at the head of the corridor, which the rising moon was flooding with silver.

"I am worn out," he said, with a little tremor like that of a tired child, and dispirited. "Won't you"—and his voice was full of eager pleading—"sit with me just a little while in the window seat? It would rest me as nothing else would to talk to you."

Miss Pinkerton hesitated. She was one of those women to whose very existence a love affair is essential. Since her pinafore days she had never been without one on hand in some stage of its progress, and this little flirtation with the room clerk, in the absence of anything more exciting, had kept her afloat during that dreary summer, for she had talents fitting her for a higher position than that which she occupied at the Mountain House. She had been very prudent, however. A girl who has her way to make in the world can scarcely be expected to carry a chaparrone. Miss Pinkerton realized this, and Mr. Robbins had been dependent upon the chance opportunities growing out of their allied occupations for his interviews with her.

There had been an arrival that morning, however, which had made her situation an altogether different one. Her uncle who had amassed a

fortune in the far West, had taken apartments in the hotel, and with this social backing the young lady felt that she might venture upon more freedom of action. It was this thought that passed through her mind as she stood hesitating in the doorway.

"I will go with you," she said at length, drawing her room door to behind her, and so together they sat in the deep window seat, basking in the moon's intoxicating rays and drinking in the beauty of the scene without.

Miss Pinkerton's uncle entered upon the hotel register as Mr. Samel Barksdale, of Washington, D. C., was a stout widower of 60 or more, whose grief for his recently deceased partner found expression in a suit of intense sable, in black shirt studs, a doublewidth hat band, and an inkly silk handkerchief and who sat apart from the rest of the company absorbed in the sheets of a newspaper, or puffing a cigar in deep abstraction. He had brought a light vehicle to the mountains with him, and he seemed to take little pleasure in them, only using them to give his niece an airing in her brief hours of leisure in the afternoon.

"It was awfully sad about his wife," so said an acquaintance of the late Mrs. Barksdale to an idle group of gossips assembled on the portico, on the occasion of one of these expeditions to watch the couple drive off. "She hated the West—pined, you know, for early associations; but Mr. Barksdale had that mania for accommodating which one sees in some men (although he hadn't a chick or child to leave his money to), and would never consent to come home until he had pocketed a million or so. Last fall he came to Washington—his wife's native place, you know—and built a house, a semi-palace positively, in the northwestern part of the city; but the poor lady had scarcely moved into it when she was seized with an illness and died."

"How malapropos," said a pretty matron, taking a piece of embroidery from a gay silk reticule and beginning to work upon it. "It was Moses and the promised land modernized."
"Well," (it was a girl in her teens who spoke this time) "people can't expect to live forever. That old couple couldn't have taken any interest in life on their own account, but it would have been nice for Miss Pinkerton to have an aunt living in Washington. She teaches in a school there during the winter, she tells me, and she might have done something for her."

"Perhaps rescued her from a marriage with Mr. Robbins," put in another matron, with a little laugh, not unmingled with scorn.
"Why rescued her?" asked an angular spinster with eager curiosity, "isn't he what he ought to be?"
"Oh yes," replied the other, "he is a good fellow, an exceptionally good fellow, but he hasn't any money, and he never will have any; and I can't bear to see a pretty, spirited girl like that taking the vow of perpetual poverty."

"Now, who knows," said the matron with the reticule, speaking again, "but that Mr. Barksdale will make his wish in Miss Pinkerton's favor, and then, with a 'bless you my children,' depart this life, and join Mrs. Barksdale—well, wherever that good lady may have located. That would be the graceful thing to do."

"He'll never do it," said Mrs. Barksdale's former acquaintance, speaking with great decision of manner. "Miss Pinkerton is his wife's niece, not his, and he is not the kind of a man to leave money outside of his own family."
"Selfish old thing!" exclaimed sweet sixteen, rising from her chair and craning her neck to catch a sight of the vehicle of which a sudden turn in the mountain road gave them a momentary glimpse. Don't you think it's mean in him not to let Mr. Robbins take a drive with Miss Pinkerton now and then, instead of monopolizing her every afternoon himself. The poor fellow looks really thin."

"Who is that, Robbins?" asked a gentleman, catching the last sentence in passing, and joining the group.
"Well, Robbins has cause to look thin. A man who works hard all day, and then sits up with his sweetheart half the night can't expect to look any other way."

"Does he do that?" asked one or two eager voices.
"Now, ladies," said the new arrival, with an air of incredulity, "you don't mean to insinuate that I can give you any information regarding this affair of which you are not already possessed. You must have stumbled upon Robbins and the little housekeeper sitting in the fourth-story hall window in the moonlight."

"The fourth-story window," gasped the stout lady. "I never expect to get as high as that in this elevatorless region."
The gentleman laughed. "Well," he said, "my room happens to be at the extreme end of that corridor, and I have to get up that high, and the very last sound borne in over my transom is that of Robbins' voice in that peculiar buzzing, bumblebee accent which young men adopt when doing their love-making. Pardon the homely simile, ladies, but Miss Webb (with a glance at Miss in her teens) understands the force of it."

"Then it's really going to be a match?" chorused a full choir of female voices.
"And she'll find," put in the angular spinster, "that married poor is a good deal worse than single poor."

The season waned, as seasons must. The guests at the Mountain House dwindled, as the petals of a flower fall one by one, leaving only that naked stalk. Miss Pinkerton, clad in the choicest of traveling dresses, and looking as fresh as the dew morning itself was standing on the platform of the little narrow-gauge railroad station saying good-bye to the rubicund-faced proprietor.
"Well," said that genial individual,

"we'll see you here next summer, I hope."

The little housekeeper looked up, then looked down again, smiling and dimpling in the prettiest confusion. "I am afraid not," she said at length with a shake of the head.

"Afraid not," echoed the proprietor; why, we can't do without you. We depend upon you, you know (with an attempt at pleasantry) to assist us in retaining Mr. Robbins' services."

Miss Pinkerton looked down again, and this time a crimson flood like a tidal wave swept up the very crown of her jaunty sailor hat.

"The truth is, Mr. Hoffman," she said and the agile tongue became strangely entangled in the words, "I—I am going to be married. I suppose there's hardly any use keeping it a secret now."

"Going to be married," repeated Mr. Hoffman in his heartiest tone, taking her little hand between both of his well cushioned palms and giving it a prolonged shake. "Well, I'm delighted. I don't often congratulate a lady on an occasion of this sort but I do congratulate you. I have had Mr. Robbins with me now for four years, and I consider him an exceptionally worthy man. You are taking a step, Miss Pinkerton, that I am sure you will never regret."

"Good-bye again," said Miss Pinkerton, disengaging her hand from the proprietor's warm grasp as a signal for departure sounded, and mounting the car step.

"I say," said that gentleman, calling out to her as she smiled at him from the window, "I will rely on you to use your influence with our mutual friend—you know what I mean. And you come back, too."

"Yes," said Miss Pinkerton waving a final adieu as the train moved out of the station. But Miss Pinkerton did not come back.

Mr. Barksdale, despite his millions, was as untraveled as the little housekeeper herself, and together they were making the tour of Europe, taking their time and doing the thing thoroughly. And Mr. Robbins—well, Mr. Robbins didn't come back either.
—Gilbert S. White.

The Chinese Emperor's Heir.

Story of the Present Emperor's Accession to Power.

The announcement of the birth of an heir to the Emperor of China, which was published yesterday, recalls the story of the alleged tragedy which signaled his accession to the throne. His predecessor, T'ung-chi, died, as was announced, of smallpox, on Jan. 12, 1875. It is said that his death was really due to the widow of the dead Emperor, the Empress, Ah-lu-ta, the daughter of Duke Chong, whom he had married in October, 1872, when he was 16, was pregnant. Her child, if a boy, would have been the legal Emperor, as well as heir by direct descent. She was put in what was represented as honorable confinement, rendered necessary by her being the widow of the dead Emperor and the possible mother of the future Emperor, in the course of which she, with her unborn child died. Her death was officially attributed to her refusing food because of her grief at the loss of her husband, but there is said to be good reason for believing that it was due to the same means which are alleged to have caused her husband's death. The *China Mail* said of her death at the time:

"Her fate has indeed been an unhappy one. Wedded at the age of 15, she became a widow at 17, and since the death of her husband has, if native reports are to be believed, led a most miserable life. She is said to have refused all food for some days previous to her death and to have died from exhaustion. Whether these reports are true or not, we can easily believe that her position was a most unenviable one. At best, she was exposed to perpetual seclusion for many years to come, while she was exposed to intrigues which in view of her expected confinement, might have had her death and that of the possible child as their object."

Other more outspoken authorities attributed her death to foul means. The reason her death was desirable was because the two Dowager Empresses, who were regents of the Flowery Kingdom, wanted to clear the way for the then infant son of Prince Ch'un, the "Seventh Prince," a member of the imperial family, although not of direct descent, whom, for reasons which do not appear, they had agreed to make the nominal occupant of the throne. One of these Dowager Empresses was the hapless Ah-lu-ta's mother-in-law. This infant became of age in March, 1887, and assumed control of the Government in February, 1889, when Ah-lu-ta's mother-in-law, who had survived her co-regent, withdrew from power.

The present sovereign, who reigns under the style of Kwang-sii, was married on Feb. 26, 1889. The birth of his heir renders the succession of his dynasty comparatively secure, although he himself is in bad health and is not likely to live long. When he was proclaimed Emperor, in accordance with Chinese custom his dead predecessor was declared to have adopted him, and an edict to that effect was promulgated throughout the empire.

"The question has often been asked why the army cadets at West Point wear a gray uniform, while the uniform of the army is blue," remarks the *New York Tribune*. "The origin of this distinction dates back to the war of 1812-14, when the Commissary General of the Army could not procure the blue cloth required for General Winfield Scott's brigade, and so they were clad in gray. So distinguished was the conduct of that brigade at Lundy's Lane and Chippewa that when, after the War of 1812, a reorganization of the West Point Military Academy was made, out of compliment to General Scott and his brigade the uniform of the corps of cadets was changed from blue to gray."

—Colonel James Young, of Middletown, Pa., observed Arbor Day by planting 150 fruit trees and 1,180 locust trees on his farm adjoining the city.

Cleanliness the Cure.

Or Rather the Prevention, for the Spread of Tuberculosis—Consumption Not Hereditary.—And is No Longer Regarded as Being of Necessity Fatal.

In view of the agitation for cleanliness in street and elsewhere the following extracts from an article upon "Tuberculosis and Its Prevention," by Dr. T. Mitchell Pruden, in *Harper's*, are of decided current interest:

Almost as soon as the significance of the tubercle bacillus was established, a series of studies was undertaken on the possibility of the spread of the disease by the breath or exhalations of the persons of consumptives. These studies at once showed that the tubercle bacillus cannot be given off into the air of the breath from the moist surfaces of the mouth and air passages, nor from any material which may come from them while it remains moist nor from healthy unsoiled surfaces of the body. The establishment of this fact is of far-reaching consequence, because it shows that neither the person nor the breath of the consumptive is a direct source of danger, even to his most constant and intimate attendants.

It is the sputum after its discharge from the body on which our attention must be fixed. While the sputum is moist it can, as a rule, do no harm, unless it should be directly transmitted to those who are well by violent coughing, by the use of uncleaned cooking or eating utensils, by soiled hands, or by such intimate personal contact as kissing or fondling. But if in any way the sputum becomes dried, on floors or walls or bedding, on handkerchiefs or towels, or on the person of the patient, it may soon become disseminated in the air as dust, and can then be breathed into the lungs of exposed persons. This germladen material floating in the air may be swallowed, and thus enter the recesses of the body through other portals than the lungs, but these are the most vulnerable and accessible organs.

THE GREAT SOURCE OF DANGER.

The wide distribution of tubercle bacilli in the air of living rooms, and in other dusty places where people go, is due partly to the frequency of the disease, and the large numbers of living bacilli which are cast off in the sputum (sometimes millions in a day), and partly to the fact that many of the victims of consumption go about among their fellows for purposes of business or pleasure for months or years. So each consumptive, if not intelligently careful, may year after year be to his fellow-men a source of active and serious and continual infection.

Thus, then, the dried, uncoated-for sputum of those suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis, is the great source of danger; this is the means so long concealed by which a large part of the human race prematurely perishes. Let but this discharged material be rendered harmless or destroyed before it dries in all cases, and the ravages of this scourge would largely cease. This is not a theoretic matter only, for again and again have the living and virulent germs been found clinging to the walls and furniture and bedding and handkerchiefs of consumptive persons, and in the dust of the rooms in which they dwell. A malady whose victims far outnumber those of all other infectious diseases put together, sparing neither rich nor poor, and lasting up to life while it is as yet only a promise, but most inexorable in the fullness of its tide—this malady can be largely prevented by the universal and persistent practice of intelligent cleanliness.

We have learned in the past few years one fact about tuberculosis which is of incalculable consequence to many, and that is that the disease is not hereditary. It is very important that we should understand this, because it seems to contradict a long-prevalent tradition, and a belief still widely and sorrowfully entertained. Bacteria, and especially most disease-producing bacteria, are very sensitive in the matter of growth and proliferation to the conditions under which they are placed, and especially to the conditions on which they feed. So that a germ which can induce serious disease in one species of animal is harmless in the body of a different though closely allied form. More than this, different individuals of the same species, or the same individual at different times, may have the most marked differences in susceptibility to the presence of disease-producing germs. What this subtle difference is we do not know.

INFECTION, NOT HEREDITY.

But this we do know, however much the child of tubercular parents or a member of a tubercular family may be predisposed to the disease, he cannot acquire tuberculosis unless by some mischance the fatal germ enters his body from without. What has been through all these years regarded as the strongest proof of the hereditary transmission of tuberculosis—namely, the occurrence of the disease in several members of the same household—is, in the new light, simply the result of household infection—the breathing of air especially liable to contain the noxious germs, or their entrance in some other way into the bodies of persons especially sensitive to their presence.

But it will perhaps be said: "If the tubercle bacilli are so widely diffused, why do we not all acquire tuberculosis, and why was the world not long since depopulated? In order to explain this matter I must ask the reader to look with me for a moment at some of the body's safeguards against bacterial and other invaders from the air. It has been found that a person breathing in germ and dust laden air through the nose breathes out again air which is both dust and germ free. The air passages of the nose are tortuous and lined with a moist membrane, against which the air impinges in its passage. On these moist surfaces most of the solid suspended particles of the germs among them, are caught and held fast, and may be thrown off again in the secretion. In breathing through the mouth this safeguard is not utilized. Again, the upper air passages leading to the lungs are lined with a delicate membrane of cells, whose free surfaces are thickly beset with tiny hairlike projections. These projections are constantly moving back and forth with a quick sweep in such a way that they carry small particles which may have escaped the barriers above up into the mouth, from which they may be readily discharged. In this way much

of the evil of breathing dust and germladen air is averted. But in spite of these natural safe-guards a great deal of foreign material does, under the ordinary conditions of life in-doors or in dusty places, find lodgment in the delicate recesses of the lungs. The body tolerates a good deal of the deleterious material, but its overtaken tolerance fails at last, when serious disease may ensue.

THE PERILS OF TRAVEL.

Probably the most serious source of infection which one is liable to encounter in the usual ways of life is the occupancy at hotels of bedrooms vacated by consumptives without subsequent efficient disinfection and cleansing, and travel in sleeping cars. I need not enter here into the harrowing details of desperate uncleanness which the ordinary railway travel brings to light. It is to be hoped that popular demand for reform in the routine of hotelkeepers and railroad managers in the matter of ordinary sweeping and dusting, and in the precautions against the spread of tuberculosis, may soon usher in among them a day of reasonable sanitary intelligence. A belief in the communicability of tuberculosis is becoming widely diffused, and it would seem to be desirable, on the ground of policy alone, for the managers of summer, and especially of winter resorts frequented by consumptives, to let it be known in no uncertain way that their precautions against the spread of infectious diseases are effectually in line with the demands of modern sanitary science.

The members of families bearing a hereditary susceptibility to the acquirement of this disease should strive to foster those conditions which favor a healthy, vigorous life, in occupation, food, exercise and amusement, and remember that for them more than for others it is important to avoid such occupations and places as favor the distribution in the air or otherwise, of the tubercle bacillus.

But when the individual has done what he can in making his surroundings clean, and in thus limiting the spread of the tubercle bacillus, there still remains work for municipal and State and national authorities in diffusing the necessary knowledge of the disease and its modes of prevention; in directly caring for those unable to care for themselves; and in securing for all such persons freedom from contact with sources of the disease as the dictates of science and humanity may require and the law permit.

OFFICIAL INTELLIGENCE.

Tuberculosis has in this country been officially almost entirely ignored in those practical measures which health boards universally recognize as efficient in the suppression of this class of maladies. Physicians are not now required to report it to the local health boards, so far as I am aware, except in one of the United States. Systematic official measures of disinfection are not practised, and no attempts at isolation are made. But the official measures just mentioned have been found extremely useful in the limitation of other communicable diseases. While consumption must logically be dealt with by disinfection and isolation and smallpox as a communicable germ disease, it is, in fact, in the light of our present knowledge, when intelligently cared for, so little liable to spread that it is properly exempt from some of these summary measures which health authorities are justified in adopting with the more readily and less avoidably communicable maladies. Moreover, consumption is apt to involve such prolonged illness, and so often permits affected persons for months and years to go about their usual avocations, that general isolation would be both impracticable and inhumane. Moreover, for reasons which it is hoped are evident to the reader, isolation among those capable of caring for themselves is at present entirely unnecessary.

It is no longer for us the hopeless malady which it was earlier beloved to fight upon which one enters who becomes aware that the finger of this disease is upon him. A long and happy and useful life may still be his if the conditions which favor his cure be early and intelligently fixed upon, and patiently and faithfully persisted in. The wise physician is here the best adviser in climate and regimen, as well as in proper selection of remedial measures, and the earlier his counsel is sought and acted on, the brighter will usually be the outlook for recovery.

Drivers Turn to the Left.

How a Peculiar Rule Observed by the English Originated.

"I came near having several collisions while driving in and about London on a recent visit to England, because I couldn't get the hang of turning to the left instead of the right upon meeting a vehicle, as we do in this country," said Mr. Henry Sauter, a globe-trotter, you know we always turn to the right in this country, and but for the vigilance of the English driver I would have been mixed up in more than one smash up. I asked dozens of Englishmen why they had such abnormal customs, and not one could tell, except that they had always done it. One day I stepped into a newspaper office and asked one of the editors. He couldn't tell. He appealed to a young reporter in the room and the boy gave the explanation that olden times the foot traveler passed to the right that the shield on the left arm might intercept the ward of a tracheator blow and the right, or sword arm, be free to strike.

"Horsemen, however, usually had coats of mail to protect them, and there was more safety in being near the antagonist than in having to strike across the neck of the horse, as would have been necessary had they turned to the right. When vehicles came in use later the drivers instinctively followed the old horseback custom and turned to the left. And I believe I have found why we have fallen into the habit of turning to the right. Horses were scarce for several generations in this country after the first settlers came here, and the English custom for foot travelers naturally prevailed, for we were very English in those early days, as you know. We got in the habit of turning to the right, and when conveyances became common we kept turning to the right, because more used to it. A nation will drop into a habit as easily as an individual.

For and About Women.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward is a regular church-goer and much annoyed that the opinions with which she invests the characters in her works are always taken to represent her own in their entirety, whereas she creates them and builds them up as an artist paints a picture.

Shorthand and typewriting are quite overdone, unless the operator is an expert, in which case there is an excellent opportunity for good workers. Telegraphy is subject to very much the same criticism. Expert operators who are steady and reliable are rarely idle. Trained nursing offers a most excellent field for conscientious, painstaking young women. It is altogether likely that the environment of a first class nurse is more agreeable, aside from the necessary discomforts that occasionally attend the sick room, than almost any occupation a woman can choose. The high-class nurse becomes a friend, almost the confidential companion, of invalids. She is looked after and attended upon as in no other profession. This is necessary in order that her entire strength and attention may be bestowed upon her charge. If a young woman will take up this branch with enthusiasm, make herself a medical student as well as a trained nurse, and carefully watch for opportunity to improve, her future is likely to be exceptionally bright.

If we are to wear draped skirts, the pointed "apron" drape, reaching to the edge of the dress in the immediate front, and drawn thence in upward direction to the hips, terminating there, the back of the skirt being moderately full, is as pretty a style as any and also becoming to most figures.

One of the most fashionable ways of dressing the hair is to roll it off the brow and temples and form a low coiledignon and rouleaux behind the ears.

The "sweet simplicity" of white muslin is insisted upon for graduation gowns this season in many of the best schools in the land, says *Harper's Bazar*. All elaboration of fabrics and trimmings are forbidden by some teachers, others permit only ribbon trimmings, and still others allow embroidery or lace, provided it is not extravagantly used.

There are now so many fine muslins of snowy whiteness, most cream-tinted—that it is difficult to select among them. Perhaps the first choice is for transparent mull entirely of cotton, yet as glossy as silk muslin, which is sold at 65 cents; both are 45 inches wide. The sheerest organdies, 66 inches wide, are 50 to 70 cents, while those half the width, one entirely without dressing, are 30 cents. Pin-dotted Swiss muslin is even more popular than it was last summer, and costs, in 81 inch widths, from 45 to 60 cents a yard, depending on the quality. A novelty highly commended by merchants of taste for these girlish frocks is silk gingham, also called swivel silk, a mixture of cotton and silk, the ground smoothly woven, and powered effectively with fine silk gingham elongated dashes. This is three-fourths of a yard wide and costs but 55 cents. It is said to wash as well as other gingham, is durable, pretty, and inexpensive, needing only ribbons for trimming.

High waists with long, large sleeves are prescribed at many schools for commencement dresses, whether for day or evening. The freshest models have a belted waist gathered over a fitted lining of Victoria lawn that is low in the neck and trimmed there with lace or beading with baby ribbon drawn through it as in corset covers. Some waists have a square yoke of insertions and puffs, others are entirely of lengthwise inserts, and others, full at the belt, have cross-rows of insertion at front and back. Sleeves without lining have a wide puff to the elbow, or two or three puffs, or else they are in mutton-leg shape. Some sleeves have three epaulets of embroidery at the top, and others have insertion lengthwise in the puff reaching to the elbow and going around the closed lower part, or else the elbow puff is finished with a lace ruffle falling toward the hand.

White satin or moire ribbons 2 1/2 or 6 inches wide are chosen for these gowns, and are used very simply. A band of the ribbon is drawn in folds around the collar band as a stock, and ends in the back in the bow with horizontal loops. With this a ribbon belt with similar crosswise bow in front, and a drooping bow at the back, with short ends or long sash ends, as one chooses. To trim the waist further, the ribbon starts from the belt in the back, and up a braces, crosses the shoulders to end in front at the end of the yoke in a small rosette close against each sleeve. When this trimming is not used, a wider ribbon forms a large bow across the breast, usually at the end of the yoke.

Fashion has gone lace-mad.

Black and white effects still prevail.

Capes and collars, in great variety are all the go. The newest models for young ladies wear a very dainty collar in black or colored cloth, or a charming one made of mastic cloth attached to a lace-covered yoke of white satin is most attractive. A rolled band of velvet, slightly darker than the cloth, frames the yoke, describing a point in the back and finished in front with a rosette on each side. The collar, in the vase-shaped style, being of the same material as the yoke. White is much utilized this season both alone and with silk or satin is frequently employed in conjunction with dark colors. The newest bolero bodice is made of colored velvet veiled with guipure or Venetian embroidery and lined with silk. The back is very short and there are no sleeves, which permits of its being easily slipped on and gives a dressy appearance to the simplest of dresses.

Of the late Martha G. Kimball, who first suggested Decoration day, Geo. W. Childs once remarked: "She has done more good deeds and said more kind words than any woman I have ever known."

—Do you read the WATCHMAN.