

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., May 18, 1894.

THE DUEL.

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and what do you think?
Neither of them had slept a wink!
And the old Dutch clock and Chinese plate
Seemed to know as sure as fate,
There was going to be an awful spat.

(I wasn't there—I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate.)

The gingham dog went "how-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "me-ow!"
And the air was streaked for a while
With fragments of gingham and calico.
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney
Paced
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreared a family row!

(Now mind, I'm simply telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true.)

The Chinese plate looked very blue
And wailed: "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Walked this way and that
And utilized every tooth and claw
In the awfulest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico!

(Don't think that I exaggerate—
I got my news from the China plate.)

Next morning where the two had sat
They found no trace of the dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away;
But the truth about the cat and pup
Is that they ate each other up—
Now what do you think of that?

(The old Dutch clock, it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)
—Eugene Field.

MY BUNKEY.

"I have eaten your bread and salt, I have
drunk your water and wine,
The deaths ye died I have watched beside
and the lives that ye led were mine."

A long dreary waste of glistening
sand that extended for miles and miles
in all directions, off to the left a slug-
gish stream of thick yellow water that
crept over an uneven and rocky bottom,
and above all a hot August sun that
beat down unmercifully on the roofs of
the few adobe buildings constituting
Fort Packer, in Arizona. It was not
an attractive sight, but to our little
detachment of recruits, just joining after
a two week's wagon trip over the hot,
arid sands of Arizona, it meant at
least rest and comparative comfort.

It was back in the seventies, when
railroads were few in Arizona and
fighting plenty, when men held life
very cheaply, and when the mere
handful of troops stationed there did
deeds glorious enough to reconcile one
to the living exile service there meant.
Our detachment numbered twenty,
and when we halted in front of the ad-
jutant's office, and looked around at
the men with whom our lots were to be
cast for the next five years, life seemed
indeed a serious thing.

The allotment was soon made.
There were only troops of cavalry at
the post, and the detachment was
evenly divided between them. An
hour later I found myself a full-fledged
trooper, gazing rather hopelessly at
the kit issued me—two bridles, a sad-
dle, saddle-bags, currycombs, brush,
lariat and picket pin, nose-bag, side
lines, carbine, revolver, sabre, spurs,
prairie belt, and a dress belt and
cartridge-box. For a moment I gazed
at the chaotic pile, almost lost in de-
spair, and then, hearing a footstep be-
hind me, turned, and beheld John Sil-
verton, the man in whose memory this
little sketch is written.

It is hard to say just how old he was;
his hair was rather gray, but his face
and figure were those of a man still in
the early thirties. He was a magnifi-
cent specimen of manhood, almost six
feet, superbly put together, and with
an air and grace that at once stamped
him a gentleman. Upon his arms he
wore the most chevron of a cavalry
sergeant, and the letter K on his
campaign hat I saw we belonged to the
same troop.

"Somewhat perplexing, youngster?"
His voice was rather low, with a some-
thing in it that instantly attracted me,
and then, without waiting for an
answer, he knelt down, and in a short
while had reduced the apparently un-
manageable pile to shipshape.

Later on, after the usual preliminaries,
I was assigned the place next to
Sergeant Silverton in the troop bar-
racks, and thus we became bunkeys.

Soldiering was different in those
days; post exchanges had not been
dreamed of, and a barrack was by no
means the comfortable and even luxur-
ious one of the present. It was a time
when men lived hard, drank hard,
gambled hard, and fought hard. Their
jests and jokes were rough, their lan-
guage not always polite, their manners
abominable, but their hearts were gen-
erally true, and there was a rude hu-
mor among them that smacked strong-
ly of real manliness.

It was the youngest of our detach-
ment, still in my teens, and to Silver-
ton's kindness and tact I owe more
than can ever be repaid. There were
times when the life seemed absolutely
intolerable; times when one almost
envied the men who cared for nothing
and lived accordingly; times, especially
during the long hot summer
nights, when sleep was impossible, and
one was seized with horrible morbid
fancies that almost made life a hell on
earth; and there were other times,
when God, with "boots and saddles"
drove all drivelling ideas out of one's
head, and the real soldiering began.

The first year at Packer was rather
uneventful—a decent amount of field
service, two or three little skirmishes,
and a slight change in the personnel of
our troop. I had gotten my first pro-
motion, and was a corporal in Silver-
ton's squad. My chevrons had been
properly welded according to troop tra-
ditions; I had put my name in the
water-barrel and called corporal to see
how it sounded, and had almost been
reduced the day after promotion for
imagining (for a few brief moments
only) that the junior corporal ranked
the first sergeant.

In Silverton there was little change.

He was the same quiet, dignified sol-
dier, perhaps a trifle more impatient,
but thoroughly liked and respected by
the whole troop. My Bunkey had
grown to be my friend and mentor, and
it was due to his teaching and care
that I achieved my first step towards
my cherished goal.

The summer of 187—will be remem-
bered by all who were there as the hottest
and driest summer the Territory had
ever known, and, to make matters
worse, the Mesquero Apaches were at
their old tricks of raiding and murder-
ing the defenceless and isolated set-
tlers.

On the 20th of August a detachment
consisting of Sergeant Silverton, Cor-
poral—(the writer), and fifteen pri-
vates was ordered out on a ten days'
scout in the direction of Tombville,
from whence rumors had reached us
of an anticipated raid by Chief Victoria.
Our orders were to take in carefully
the adjacent country, and to gather
any and all information that might be
of service in case of any further trou-
ble. It was a wearisome and thor-
oughly uninteresting march across the
hot, sandy prairie, studded with mes-
quit and cacti. We made Tombville
on the fourth day, and after a careful
survey of the situation, Silverton, after
a night's halt, decided to return to
Packer by what was known as the old
"Animas Trail," winding round to the
south through the foot-hills of the Gra-
ham Mountains.

What his specific orders were we
never knew. He was a man of most
excellent judgment, equal to any occa-
sion, and, I am inclined to believe was
given carte-blanche by the post com-
mander as to the way of conducting
the scout. On the morning of the
third day we were only twenty miles
from Packer, and not a sign of an In-
dian had we beheld.

Silverton, who was always very quiet
and reserved, seemed in an almost
boyant frame of mind that was a re-
velation to us all. I rode by his side,
and he chatted, absolutely chatted,
merrily over some of the few funny in-
cidents of the trip, and about soldier-
ing in general. "It was the only life
for a man, after all," he said, his blue
eyes flashing as he gazed around to-
ward the little detachment joggling
along quietly in the rear.

"The life of a trooper—Crack! A
puff of smoke from behind the
rocks to our right; a singing,
shrilling sound none of us were
strangers to; a sharp pish; a sound of
tearing flesh; and "K" Troop could
repeat another casualty."

For a moment Silverton reeled in his
saddle, and then fell toward the ground
head foremost.

With one accord the detachment
halted. As I went to his assistance,
ten of the men deployed and started to-
ward the rocks. The engagement that
followed was of short duration. Not
over forty shots were exchanged, but
the firing from behind the rocks was
soon silenced.

There were three good Indians in
Arizona that we could vouch for.
Silverton was shot through the
body, how seriously we knew not. We
dressed his wound as best we could,
and then struck the trail again for
Packer, which we made late that day.
The news of Silverton's hurt created
some little excitement in the garrison,
which, however, soon subsided, for ev-
en the death of a man meant not
much in those days. The morning re-
port bore him from "duty to death,"
and the monthly return showed "one
more recruit required."

There was no hope from the begin-
ning. The doctor told me, as soon as
he had examined him, that death was
a matter of only a few hours.
That night I sat with him as he
lay stretched on the little hospital bunk
apparently asleep. Taps had just
sounded, and the lights in the barracks
flickered up for a moment, and then
went out in total darkness. There was
the stillness of death around us,
and for a moment I almost feared, yet
hoped, the end had come.

"Bunkey!" It was the first time in
our service he had ever called me so,
and in an instant I was by his side.
It was almost over. Boy as I was,
I could see that the shadows were fast
gathering about him, though his eyes
shone with their old brightness, and
his face had that brave and subdued
look I knew so well. With one hand
he groped under his pillow, and then
bringing forth an old long leather
case, placed it in my hands.

"I want you to have it. Keep it al-
ways, youngster, and may be some
time it may help you. Believe; have
faith—" His voice was growing rapidly
weaker; and then with a pathetic little
smile he said, "Always take your
medicine like a man, Bunkey."
It was almost over. I had to bend
to catch his words: "My wife, my
sweetheart—my son."

His eyes were almost closed, and
then as his hand wandered along the
coverlet as if in search of something, I
caught it in mine.

He never spoke again, and death
came so quietly, I knew it not until his
hand grew cold within my own.

In the case I found a tress of a wo-
man's hair, a newspaper clipping an-
nouncing the birth of a son to the wife
of John—(the name was not Silver-
ton.) another clipping six months later
telling of the death of both mother and
boy by accident, and the following let-
ter, which I give in its entirety:
"It is just one month ago to-day,
dearest, that our boy was born, and I
have not had a line from you since
you left me two long months ago. You
left with a sneer on your lips and a
look in your eyes that nearly broke
my heart, and yet I did not and could
not say one word to keep you or call
you back to me. Pride is a dreadful
thing, but sometimes it is all we poor
women have with which to hold our
own in this world. When you left me
I thought you would surely come back
in an hour or so. But the weary
night dragged on, and daylight found
me sleepless and wretched, eagerly
waiting for your footstep. The days
passed, and still you came not. Can

you imagine my feelings? How I
managed to live God only knows!
And then at last your lawyer came.

"When he told me you would never
see me again I almost laughed at him.
What did he know of our life, our love,
and our—hope? He said you had
been generous, and spoke of an allow-
ance of what, dear? Of money; and
my heart was breaking for a sight
of you. It all seems like a horrible
dream, and I remember little of what
occurred until after my baby was born.
They tell me I called for you constan-
tly. Do you wonder, dearest? To
whom should a woman call on at such
a time? And yet I called in vain!
At first I prayed God that we—the boy
and I—might die; but when they
brought him to me, and I felt him in
my breast—our boy, dearest—I wanted
both to live for your sake. Do you re-
member the plans we made for him so
long ago? What a man his was to
grow into—strong, sturdy, and fear-
less! He was to have been a soldier,
dearest, like your father; he was to
have been named after him. He was to—
oh, how can I bear it all! John!
John! how can I bear it! You must
know how wickedly you are treating
me!

"Do you remember the night you
asked me to marry you? It was the
happiest moment in my life, and when
I became your wife there was no
prouder woman in the whole world.
How could you leave me as you did?
Why, dearest, no wife has been truer
or more honest than yours. Even now
I don't know why you are away from
me. Your lawyer simply told me you
had sworn to never see me again. And
I asked him nothing; I could not bear
to speak of it.

"But now I asked you, what have I
ever done to merit such treatment? Is
it many? Is it generous? But for all
this I care nothing. Come back to us;
for it is us, now dearest—your wife
and your boy! Come back, I say, and
let me take you by the hand and show
you your son. When you have seen
him, look into my eyes just a moment,
and then, if you still want to leave me,
I will gladly let you go.

"I don't even know where you are
or what you are doing. I only know
I love you and am miserable without
you. I send this to C—, where Mr.
Grant tells me he last heard from you.
Your boy sends a kiss, and his mother
prays God to send you back to both of
us before long.

"YOUR OWN WIFE."

More of my Bunkey's life I never
knew.

The letter was old and worn and
sometimes illegible. There were
stains in many places, probably made
by the hot regretful tears of the man
to whom it was written. There can be
no betrayal of trust in giving it to
the world now, for my Bunkey has lain for,
lo! these many years, neat the shifting
sands of Arizona.

THOMAS H. WILSON,
First Lieutenant, Second Infantry,
U. S. A.—Harper's Weekly

Per Capita Wealth.

According to the census valuation of
real estate in the United States the per
capita share of each man, woman and
child in the country is \$1,039. This is
an increase of 49.02 per cent. in ten
years.

In 1850 the total valuation was a
little over \$7,000,000,000, or \$308 per
capita of population. In 1860 it was
\$16,000,000,000, or \$514 per capita.
In 1870 it was \$30,000,000,000, or \$780
per capita. In 1880 it was \$43,500,
000,000, or \$870 per capita, while in
1890 it was \$65,037,091,000, or \$1,039
per capita, as before stated.

New York is the richest State in
Union, with a valuation of \$8,500,000,
000. Pennsylvania is second with
\$6,000,000,000. Illinois is third with
\$5,000,000,000 and Ohio next in rank
with nearly \$4,000,000,000. The next in rank
after Ohio are in order as follows:
Massachusetts, California, Missouri,
Iowa, Texas, Michigan, Indiana, Wis-
consin, Kansas, New Jersey, Nebraska,
Kentucky, Colorado.

In mines and quarries Pennsylvania
leads the list. Colorado is second and
California third.

In machine shops and mills New
York stands at the head, Pennsylvania
second, Massachusetts third and
Illinois fourth. In railroads New
York is second, Kansas third,
Pennsylvania fourth, Texas fifth, Iowa,
sixth and Ohio seventh.

In farm lands and improvement val-
uations, Illinois stands at the top,
Ohio comes next, New York third,
Pennsylvania fourth, Iowa fifth, In-
diana sixth, California seventh, Kan-
sas eighth, Michigan ninth and Mis-
souri tenth.

In live stock, farm implements and
machinery Iowa leads, Illinois comes
second, New York third, Missouri
fourth, Kansas fifth, Ohio sixth and
Pennsylvania seventh.

A Garden of Irises.

The Most of these Flowers in Japan Are Grown
in a Suburb of Tokio.

Among the comparatively small
number of plants to which the Japanese
have devoted themselves with a view of
increasing the beauty of their flowers,
the iris certainly represents their great-
est achievement, says *Garden and Forest*.
Other plants, much cultivated in
Japan, and greatly changed by cultiva-
tion from their original forms, like the
peony and the chrysanthemum, are of
Chinese origin, and were cultivated in
China for centuries before their intro-
duction into the Mikado's empire. But
the iris is a Japanese plant; and if the
species (*Iris levisgata*) that is cultivated
in Japan grows also in China, which is
probable, it is not, so far as we have
been able to learn, a favorite garden
plant, like the peony and the chrysan-
themum, in that country. By perfect-
ing the flowers of this iris, and by rais-
ing the splendid varieties with which
we have become familiar here in Amer-
ica during the last ten years, the Japa-
nese have made a distinct and valuable
contribution to the aesthetic enjoyment

of the world, which should in some
measure, at least, atone for the horri-
cultural monstrosities with which they
have inundated us.

The great centre of iris cultivation in
Japan is a comparatively small garden
it is situated in Horikiri, a suburb of
Tokio, largely given up to small florists'
establishments, and reached by the
avenue of cherry trees in Mukojima,
which in April, when the trees are in
flower, is counted one of the chief sights
in Japan.

The iris garden occupies an irregular
shaped basin, surrounded by artificial
mounds planted with evergreen trees,
and affording at different points oppor-
tunities to look down upon the towers
from open summer houses. Near the
middle of the garden stands the tea
house. Which is found in every Japa-
nese garden, large or small, where visi-
tors are refreshed with small cups of
straw colored tea and sweet cakes. Near
the entrance is a large shed, where the
workmen live and plants are packed to
send away.

The remainder of the level surface,
perhaps half or three-quarters of an acre
in extent, is divided into irregular-
shaped small beds, divided by narrow
walks, raised about 18 inches above the
general surface of the ground. The
plants are set in beds in straight rows,
3 feet apart, and are arranged accord-
ing to the colors of the flowers, each row
being made of plants bearing flowers of
the same color. The rows are also ar-
ranged in the beds according to the col-
or of the flowers, from the one with the
lightest colored flowers at one end, to
that with the darkest colored flowers at
the other. The sunken beds permit the
flooding of the plants during their period
of active growth, and during the sum-
mer the surface of the ground, which is
covered with a thick layer of night-soil,
is kept so wet that it would be impos-
sible to walk dry-shod through the gar-
den without the raised paths.

It is not improbable that the limit of
perfection in the flowers of the iris of
this particular species has been reached
in the Horikiri garden. Certainly none
of the varieties which have been raised
in the United States or in Europe equal
its standard types in perfection of form
or in brilliancy and delicacy of coloring.

Mira, The Wonderful.

A Variable Star That Is Now Brightest and
Most Interesting.

Low in the west, half hidden in the
evening twilight, there may be seen
just now a star that 300 years ago
earned for itself the name of "Mira,"
the Wonderful. And its behavior at
present seems to justify its name. It is
in the constellation of the Whale and
is known to astronomers as Omicron
Ceti. It is only visible now for a
brief period after sundown, when it
may be seen hanging just above the
verge of the horizon, under Jupiter
and the Pleiades. Its red color dis-
tinguishes it, although higher up in the
constellation, is another reddish star in the
same place. Last winter the spot
which this star occupies was absolute-
ly vacant to the naked eye. But a
telescope showed that a faint star
was glimmering there. Since
then that star has blazed a thousand-
fold in brightness! Now it shines
with a ruddy hue, suggestive of a vast
and fierce conflagration.

What renders this wonderful vari-
able star particularly interesting at
present is the fact that it is now bright-
er than it usually is at its maximum,
and that the period of maximum has
been delayed for several weeks. Ac-
cording to the calculations of the as-
tronomers, it should have been at its
brightest on February 17. But it has
continued to grow more brilliant since
that time, until it has become several
times as bright as it was then.

Mira is a sun, and when it blazes
up, as it is now doing, it must sud-
denly pour forth a quantity of heat that if
concentrated upon the earth at close
quarters would melt it and turn it into
a hot cloud. When Mira is faintest it
is of less than the ninth magnitude;
when brightest it has been known to
equal a star of the first magnitude. That
happened in 1779, when it was
brilliant as Aldebaran. At such a
time it emits 2,000 times as much light
as it does when at a minimum; 2,000
times as much heat, too, probably.
Now, when it is near the third mag-
nitude it is 300 times as bright as it was
two or three months ago. The com-
plete cycle of change that this wonder-
ful sun runs through averages about
11 months. But for more than two-
thirds of that period it remains faint
and invisible to the naked eye. Its
brightening begins suddenly, and it
usually gains light faster than it sub-
sequently loses. A probable view of
the matter would seem to be surrounded
with a partially cooled envelope of
metallic vapors whose absorption al-
most extinguishes its light except, at
intervals, when there comes an out-
break of the pent-up forces within, or
a heat eruption, which bursts the
shell and fires the surrounding gases to
a dazzling incandescence.

If we knew just how far away Mira
is we could tell how it compares in
size with our sun. We do know, how-
ever, that it is probably a larger sun
than ours. We may fairly assume
that its parallax is not more than one-
third of a second, which would make
its distance from the earth over 550,
000 times greater than the distance of
the sun. If it really is as far off as
that, then, when it flames with the
brightness of a first magnitude star, it
must be pouring out eight times as
much light as the sun gives forth. But
when it is at its minimum its light can
be only one-two hundred and-fiftieth
of the sun's light. And in either case
the intensity of its heat probably ac-
cords with that of its light.

Surely we cannot suppose that there
are inhabited worlds revolving around
such a sun as that. But worlds may
be there that were once inhabited. Did
any prophet forewarn them of the time
when their day-making sun would be-
come a destroying furnace, and their
elements would dissolve with fervent
heat?

—Do you read the WATCHMAN.

Mother of Washington.

Dedication of the Fredericksburg Monument.

On Thursday May 10, the President
and Vice President, the Cabinet, the
Chief Justice, and Associate Justices of
the Supreme Court, many Senators and
Representatives and other dignitaries
assisted in the dedication of a monu-
ment which has been erected at Fred-
ericksburg, Va., by the women of the
United States in honor of Mary Ball,
the mother of Washington. The Gov-
ernor of Virginia delivered an address
of welcome, to which President Cleve-
land responded and at the request of the
Board of Lady Managers, he presided
over the subsequent proceedings. Law-
rence Washington, the son of Augus-
tine Washington, the favorite nephew
of the father of his country, who inher-
ited Mount Vernon and sold it to the as-
sociation which owns it now, made an
address in behalf of the family, and
John W. Daniel, United States Senator
from Virginia, delivered a formal oration.

The more distinguished guests were
entertained at luncheon by the ladies of
Fredericksburg, in the house in which
Mary Washington lived during the Revo-
lutionary war, and in which she
died August 15, 1789, while her favor-
ite son, upon whose character she had
exercised so much influence, was attend-
ing to his presidential duties in New
York. At 6 o'clock there was a ban-
quet, given by the Mayor and citizens
of Fredericksburg, in honor of the visit-
ing officials, and afterward a "colonial
ball" at the Opera House.

The monument, which was made at
Buffalo, is a plain monolith of granite
50 feet high, and stands upon a base 11
feet square. It bears this simple inscrip-
tion:

MARY
the Mother of Washington.

The monument was erected by the
patriotic and persistent efforts of two
women—Mrs. Amelia C. Waite, which
Mary Washington lived during the Revo-
lutionary war, and in which she
died August 15, 1789, while her favor-
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Letter Boxes Will Not Go.

The report that the letter boxes at the
railroad stations would be removed
created considerable excitement among
business men in this place, who felt that
the removal would be taking away one
of the greatest conveniences they have
in the line of postal facilities. Many
of the merchants and business men do
the most of their correspondence with
city firms in New York and Philadel-
phia after the post-office is closed and
before the morning train. The organiza-
tion of an association to remedy this dis-
grace with her best as president and herself
as secretary, was the result.

The Altona Tribune of Monday
says: In response to the request of
many citizens Postmaster McDonald
general in regard to the report and re-
ceived the following reply:

WASHINGTON, May 5.
Postmaster, Altona, Pa.—Sir: Yours
of the 1st instant, enclosing a clipping
from one of your daily papers stating
that letter boxes are to be discontinued
at railroad stations and asking informa-
tion in relation thereto, has been re-
ceived.

In reply you are informed that the
postmaster general has not issued an or-
der discontinuing these letter boxes, they
are regarded as a convenient accommo-
dation to the public, and there is no disposition
to discontinue them. Very respectfully,
FRANK H. JONES,
First Assistant Postmaster General.

Dying of Hiccoughs.

A Colored Skipper is Slowly Wasting Away.

Captain Dempsey Hill, an aged boat
skipper, colored, is dying at Wareham
Mass. from an attack of hiccoughs.
"Old Dempsey" has been infirm for
some time, and troubled severely with
dyspepsia. Wednesday morning he
was attacked with the hiccoughs and he
has been hiccoughing incessantly since
until his body is so weakened that life is
despaired of.

Old Dempsey the authority on cur-
rents, shoals, fish and their abiding
places in Buzzard's Bay waters, and
each year creates a sensation at the Bos-
ton State House with his quaint but
common-sense statements before the Fish
Committee.

The Next Thing.

Miss Single. "It is all very well to
say that a woman's place is by her own
fire-side, but suppose she has no fire-side?"
Mrs. Fangle. "Then she should stay
by the radiator."

—Belgium has the deepest coal
mine.

For and About Women.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Ella
Wheeler Wilcox and Marion Harland
do not want to vote.

Young girls of 16 will hold in favor
the Marguerite coiffure. For this ar-
rangement part the hair very loosely,
then turn it up, bringing the end to the
top of the head, finishing it there with
an Albatian bow of black velvet. If
the hair is waved the effect is more
graceful. The plait is caught down to
the other hair by two shell pins.

We are becoming slaves to the big
bow. It has been encroaching more
and more during the past few weeks,
and its power is rapidly becoming alarm-
ing. It will not be able to hang round
our necks much longer, for it prevents
us from turning our heads, and this
alone apart from any other considera-
tion, would be fatal to its continued
popularity. But it is taking possession
of the backs of our heads, it is fastening
upon us like a vampire; we are gradu-
ally being eclipsed by it and from the
rear we have entirely lost our identity
and become even as monster bats.

What are the new spring styles?—I
think I can truthfully say that every
third one was a fine check of some de-
scription or other, in either cloth or silk
made with the inevitable bolero or Eton
jacket. Skirts were much oftener plain
than draped, and there was little change
in the skirt, four yards full, with four
godet folds, of the early spring. The
most conspicuous novelty seemed to be
the mull and illusion crests, the latter
finished with duffy cravat bows of illu-
sion or with full Perrot ruffles. One
lovely costume was on fine black and
white checked taffeta, made with a bol-
ero trimmed with fancy ball fringe.
The Jacket had a round fitted back, ex-
tending to the belt and straight there,
while the fronts were laid in rather wide
side pleats, loose at the bottom. They
reached to the waist at the under-arm
seams, and sloped up gradually to the
end just above the bust in front. Under
this was a loose baggy blouse of
white mull, finished with a threeinch
ruffle down the front.

With this dress was worn one of Car-
lier's latest creations, the "snowball"
hat—a black toque hat almost entirely
concealed in front by three of the most
airy-looking great balls of tulle, from
the centre of each of which were appar-
ently flying away a black wing and an
aigrette, with the same black wings at
the back.

The common laundry table is much
used for hall and piano settles, and
when stained and cushioned it bears no
small resemblance to the antique
"monks' benches" which have been re-
vised of late. A table of this sort may
be purchased for \$4 or \$5, and by past-
ing strips of incrusta along the edges
and applying oak stain a very good ef-
fect of carved oak may be obtained, but
it must be well polished to give a satis-
factory result. Mirrors are sometimes
set in the high back, which add much
to its elegance, and with a cushion of
dark green corduroy for the seat a really
effective piece of furniture may be se-
cured. These benches are often orna-
mented with poker-work, which is eas-
ily mastered; but nail-head decoration
is the