

Democrat Watchman

Belleville, Pa., June 29, 1894.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Pale in the amber-flooded West,
A horned moon dips low;
And soft through silver silence
The rose-winds faintly blow.
Yet still the horned moon shall lend
A lance of lingering light,
To cross the wind to cross the dusk,
And give my love good-night.

The long lake, rippling through its reeds,
Heath tiles all about;
At fall of dew each sleepy flower
Folds up her leaves of snow.
Yet one fair lily-bed shall wake,
To smile all virgin white,
Across the dark, across the dew,
And give my love good-night.

The night may fall, the lily fade,
The lightning's lurid glow
Flame in the sky—the rose-winds rise
To storm that ruddy glow.
Yet constant still as rose to June,
This heart shall take delight,
Across the dark, across the world,
To give the world good-night.—*Martha McCallister Williams in June's Golden's.*

ALICE'S MISTAKE.

Her Heavy Words That Came Months of Misery.

I had thought I loved him but very happy as his affianced bride, and whispered with a strange pride his name, remembering that some day it would be my own as well. But mine was not the nature to work control. It was rather an early date, I thought, when an engagement was so new a thing, not quite three months old, to be called to account for my actions, and what had I done wrong? My betrothed, Clarence Withers, had been absent for a week, and during his absence Will Maynard had been my escort wherever I had chance to go. I would not have my engagement announced, although it was currently suspected; there were many kind friends to whisper the fact of my so-called flirtation to Clarence upon his return. And so my first meeting was not, alas, what I had painted it to myself. When I went forward to meet him glad, oh, so glad, to see him home again, and ready to tell him so, if he needed telling other than the story he could read in my eyes and outstretched hands of welcome, he only took my hands in his and held me off rather than drew me to his heart, where my head had so often lain, and said, in cold, strange tones, so unlike the loving words of welcome I was waiting for:

"Alice, what is this I hear about my wife?"

"Your wife, Mr. Withers? During which of my sleeping moments have I been dignified to that title, or you aspired to the authority of a husband?"

"To me, Alice, a promise made is a promise kept, and from the day you gave yourself to me I have looked upon you as my wife as solemnly as though a priest had already blessed our union. You know full well my opinion of Mr. Maynard. He is a man I would not permit to cross my threshold; yet during my short absence he found some way to get into my house."

"Mr. Maynard is a particular friend of mine," I exclaimed, with flashing eyes, slipping my hands from his clasp "and permit me to say I will no longer listen to this harangue. No right to receive ordinary courtesies, attentions from a gentleman! You strangely forget the fact that you call yourself such when you dare address me thus. Good morning, Mr. Withers."

"Stay, Alice! If I spoke quickly, forgive me. But it was so hard to hear all this just as I arrived home hungry for your welcome. You know dear, there were so many aspirants for this little hand I sometimes can scarce believe in my own rare fortune. Are you not glad to see me Alice?"

"Glad? No. When I was glad you sent all my happiness back into my own heart, and made your first words words of reproach and blame. I have done nothing to deserve either, and I would do the same again."

"Not if you knew it gave me pain."

"Yes; because you have no right to feel pain. If you have no trust in me, let us part."

"It is not a question of trust, my Alice. But come, be my own sweet girl again and promise me to announce our engagement, and thus put a stop to Mr. Maynard's useless devotion."

"No Mr. Withers. I have been enough to know that with such a nature as I have this morning learned yours to be I never could be happy. I will return your letters and your gifts, and you will send me any letters and picture. Hereafter we meet simply as friends."

And so we parted. He grew very pale when I said it was all over—white to the very lips with anger, I suppose. What a fiendish temper he must possess, and what an incorrigible tyrant of a husband he would have made! Well, it is all over now, I thought. I am very glad, although I wished the strange pain would go away from my heart, and could not think what had caused it.

It was two weeks since Clarence Withers and I had met and parted, and I did not see him until the night of Mrs. Struther's party. He was looking oh, so handsome—evidently not pining in secret, for as usual he was the life of the party, and devoted himself to that pretty Irene Brooks. Well, I did not wear the willow either for that matter. Mr. Maynard was very devoted, and my old friends rallied to my standard in all their force. He asked me once to dance with him—a square dance—but I declined, and he laughed indifferently relieved and once when I was laughing and talking with Mr. Maynard, I felt his eye on me, and threw additional expression into the nothings I was saying. Yet I was tired and bored. Why was it Mr. Maynard's society had ceased to attract me?

But yet it seemed so strange to meet everywhere: to exchange a smile of

icy coldness and a courteous bow of formal greeting and feel that all was over. I don't think I quite realized it until the day Mr. Maynard told me his engagement to Irene Brooks was a positive fact. I did not think he could have forgotten in three short months. He always admired her, I knew, and as she is meek and amiable, she is just suited to such a bear. For my part, I hate married men and married life, and thought, with inward congratulations of the many years ere I should take the fatal plunge.

But my congratulations vanished when I awoke, one morning, with the sudden consciousness that I had given, the night before, a favorable answer to Will Maynard's wooing. I did not mean to say "Yes," I did not care for him when he was away from me; but he was so earnest so determined, I scarcely knew I had consented until I felt his lips press mine and he slipped a glittering stone upon my finger. It was there, as I awakened, so that I knew it was no dream. All day I caught its sparkle; all day it served as witness to my folly.

But when, that night, I entered Mrs. Somer's drawing-rooms, leaning on his arm, he looking down on me with a sort of possession look, I fancy, I caught Clarence Withers' eye, full of scorn and full of anger. I think mine flashed back equal contempt. "Am I sure I felt it. Had he not first set me the example? I was only following in his footsteps, carrying out his pet theory, that the man should precede the woman and she bend to his lordly will."

At last the summer came. What a long long winter it had been, and how glad I was to see once more the birds and flowers, I thought as I wandered one lovely morning in June away from the gay party who were spending the day among the woods and trees, reveling in a picnic of the good, old-fashioned sort. I hate picnics and always did and I was glad to escape them all. So I wandered on, stooping now and then to pluck a wild flower or an exquisite fern, until, on the verge of a steep rock my eye caught sight of a bunch of the loveliest anemones. I sprang forward eager to grasp it—too eager, alas;—for my foot tripped and I fell forward upon the sharp stone, cutting an ugly gash in my forehead. I think it stunned me for the moment. I must have fainted; but surely, ere I opened my eyes, I caught the sound of breathless tones exclaiming: "My God, my darling!" and felt hot kisses rain on cheek and lip.

Slowly I unclosed the sealed lids and gazed into the pallid face of Clarence Withers. My strength came back with my pride and, drawing myself away, I said:

"Do not be alarmed, Mr. Withers, it is all right now. Did you imagine you held Miss Brooks? Allow me to relieve you."

"No, Miss Brooks is fortunately in a place of safety. I am glad to see your accident was so trivial. Good morning."

And so he left me. Were those cold indifferent tones the warm, loving ones I had heard him utter when I saw how staunchly the blood with my handkerchief which still flowed freely. I walked on and soon stumbled on Mr. Maynard, hastening to find me.

Oh, how his words of pity and distress grated on my ear. I answered him petulantly, and begged to be taken home. My head ached. He ordered the carriage at once. I would not allow him to accompany me and, with anxious solicitation, he tenderly bade me good-by, closed the door upon me and I was again alone.

All night I lay and tossed upon my bed, and morning found me feverish and restless, but with a new, undaunted resolution, that ere I slept again I should have returned Will Maynard's ring, and asked him to give me back my plighted troth.

Yet the words came with a hard struggle, and the tell-tale blood crimsoned my cheek and brow as I stood before him and acknowledged I could not marry him.

"Do you not love me, Alice?" he said.

"No, Mr. Maynard. You have been very good, very kind, but I cannot love you."

"Why, then, did you consent to be my wife?"

His tones were calm now, with the calmness which precedes the mountain storm, when all nature is hushed, and not a leaflet stirs, not even a blade of grass trembles, until with a mighty roar heaven discharges its artillery and the hills quake.

"Oh, do not ask me. I do not know. I cannot tell you."

"Do you mean that these few months have been a farce in which you and I were the chief actors? Who amongst your friends have been the audience to watch this poor puppet-show, in which your experienced hands have pulled the strings? Do not look indignant. You have no right to indignation. Have you never loved me?"

"Never, Mr. Maynard, as I should have loved you. You came to me at a time when my heart was hungry. Your words fascinated me, and I hoped and believed I would find the happiness I sought. Oh, forgive me! I know how wrong I have been. Indeed you cannot be more sorry than am I, for you have not the added sting of remorse. Think of me as you will, but forgive the pain I have caused you and try to forget me."

But no forgiving glance answered my appeal. Pitilessly and coldly the man spoke, in cutting tones.

"I said we were the chief actors. Doubtless there has been a power behind the scenes. Perhaps Mr. Withers has regained ascendancy over your heart. Heart, did I say? Excuse me, Miss Ellis I did not mean to do you such injustice as to mention what you do not possess. I wish Mr. Withers every joy."

"Stop! You are unjust, indeed—nay! more—cruel, unmanly! Mr. Withers is no more to me than the wind that

blows; less, indeed, for it brings refreshing air and fragrance from myriads of flower. I hope never to see his face again, since his name has only brought me fresh insult, but he at best is a man, and would scorn to strike a woman to the core who pleaded to him for forgiveness. Go, Mr. Maynard. We are quits now. I trust in time I may forgive you."

It was all over then—all over. And for my wicked folly I was punished. Even Clarence, I thought, with curling lip, would have been satisfied. I trust his wooing with Miss Brooks was some what smoother than had been this of mine. Why did I think of him? What cared I whether it were smooth or rough? Our paths lay widely apart. The world was broad enough for both.

Was it? Ah, tell-tale heart that with such strange, choking, throbs, then stood still for a moment, whilst the blood receded from its channels, leaving me icy as death when they told me, two short weeks after, they were not to be expected to live.

He had been stricken with a fever then prevalent in our midst, and on account of which only that day I was to have gone into purer air. And now the physicians said there was no hope of his recovery. Ill, dying—Well, what did it matter to me? Did I not say the world was broad enough for both, and if our paths diverged so widely, what was death but the medium which severed them still further apart?

Ah, no! At least I knew he lived. At least I sometimes caught the music of his voice, the sunshine of his smile, but where was his betrothed? By his side? No; she had gone, too, leaving a kindly message, that was all. Surely she could not have been his promised wife, else she would have stayed. Oh, my poor heart! At last I knew the truth, and scarce knowing what I did I drew a sheet of paper toward me and with blinding tears wrote:

"Before you die, Clarence—before you leave me desolate—at least send me one little word—one token of forgiveness. My pride has all gone dead. I know how wrong I was with you. But you will forgive me, will you not? And though in heaven you must remember another as your betrothed, you will sometimes think lovingly, if you can think there, of ALICE."

There came no answer to my note, and when I heard Clarence Withers was not going to die, that hopes of his recovery were entertained, and slowly gave place to certainty, my first glad inexpressible happiness was succeeded by agony of shame and by the breathless query: "What have I done? Oh, if I could bury myself anywhere so that I might never see his look of withering scorn! Oh, I wish I had died!"

My thought one afternoon a few weeks later as I sat alone, and burying my head in my hands, the tears, which had for so long refused to come, burst forth in bitter, choking sobs. I had not heard a sound until a hand was laid upon my shoulder, a tender, pitying voice said:

"Poor little girl have you really grieved so, Alice?"

"Springing to my feet, I confessed the man of whom I had been thinking. I said, 'What have I done? Oh, if I could bury myself anywhere so that I might never see his look of withering scorn! Oh, I wish I had died!'"

"Have you come to triumph over my weakness, Mr. Withers? I have suffered sufficiently. I can assure you, over my poor folly, without you adding to my misery. I wish, I wish that you had died."

"Listen, Alice! Be calm, darling!" he said, as he drew me down in the old tender, willful way, which made his very mastery sweet. "I wanted to die, too, until, one day, a little, white-winged messenger of peace and hope came and nestled in my breast. I was too ill to answer it, but I kept it there; and when the fever raged its highest and I almost left my hold of life, it whispered of the sweetness the future held for me. And so I bated on. And when I grew stronger and knew I should once more look into your eyes, I would not let impetuous master me. I feared to trust my own great joy, and waited, darling, until, face to face, I could tell you this. All has been a mistake between us. No other woman has ever touched my heart. Irene and I were only friends, and I told her of all my troubles in all that dreary time. Alice, have I found my wife at last?"

I could not answer, but he kissed away the tears, and I sobbed out my confession on his breast; but when I had finished he only drew me closer, whispering sweet words of glad, forgiving love, while I was well content to be nestled in the strong arms of "my bear."—*JENNY WREN, in N. Y. Ledger.*

The Logic of a Lender.

The young Detroit man had borrowed \$10 from the rich old man, promising to bring it back one week from date. The millionaire let him have it, and on time the borrower brought it back.

"Now, Mr. Bullion," said the young man, "I've been square with you in this matter, and I want to borrow \$50 for two weeks."

The old man shook his head. "Sorry," said he, "but can't let you have it."

"Why not?" and the young man was greatly astonished.

"Because you have disappointed me, and I don't want to be disappointed again."

The borrower was more surprised than ever.

"What do you mean by being disappointed?" he asked.

"This," explained the money man. "I let you have that \$10, not expecting ever to get it back again, but I did. Now, if I let you have \$50, I would expect to get it again, and I never would. No, sir," he added conclusively, "one disappointment is enough. Good day, and that ended it."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Chicago's school census gives the city a population of 1,562,789. New York will have to hustle to maintain a safe lead in population.

Some National Flowers.

Those of European Countries, Japan and Egypt—Why America Has None.

The question of a "national flower" for the United States is being pressed by the Society of the National Floral Emblem, organized at Chicago during the Fair; and a good deal of interest has been created in the decision which the society hopes in time to obtain. Comparatively few countries, however, have national flowers; what are called national flowers in almost every case are floral "badges" of sovereigns, adopted without reference to the choice of the people of the countries. Sometimes, however, these family badges have been accepted by the people, and thus become really national flowers. Such, for instance, are the rose of England and the thistle of Scotland. The shamrock of Ireland was never a family badge, and is probably the oldest really national flower in existence.

Roses, even apart from their historical significance, have always been popular flowers in England, and when it was proposed by some English Tories to perpetuate the memory of Lord Beaconsfield, his favorite flower, the primrose, was adopted as the typical emblem of the Tory or Primrose League, which has spread throughout England, more especially in the country districts. Primrose day is regularly observed as a political holiday by many thousands of English Tories.

Every country has some characteristic preference for some flower which either recalls past memories or is in general favor among the inhabitants. There is, indeed, no nation which is without a typical flower of some kind, though in countries having extensive territory the preference of the people varies somewhat in accordance with the geographical divisions which exist.

Under the Bourbon monarchy and later on, under the collateral Bourbons of the house of Orleans, the lily was the typical flower of France and it had a place on the French flag. The original Bourbon flag was of white with three golden fleurs-de-lis on a blue shield. It was not until the breaking out of the revolution that the tricolor made its appearance, the red and blue representing the colors of the city of Paris and the white the previous traditions of French government.

On the accession of Napoleon, the tricolor was modified by the addition of an eagle and several golden bees, which were simply modified lilies. Under the Second Empire the violet was substituted for the lily, it being the favorite flower of the Empress Eugenie.

As a hardy substitute for a national flower, the starwort, Welshmen chose the leek, and those familiar with the play of "Henry V." and the character of it of *Fluellen*, the testy Welshman, do not need to be told how general is the acknowledgement of the leek as an emblematic product of Wales. The leek flower, which every second year under cultivation, is of white streaked with purple.

The lotus is the typical flower of Egypt, just as the tulip is the typical flower of Holland. It has long been cultivated in the Netherlands, and from Holland and Belgium other are supplied with the *variegated variety* speculation in Dutch tulips, and it was deemed necessary to limit the price of bulbs by law. Gardening of all kinds flourishes in Holland on account of the adaptability of the soil to cultivation, but no flower has superseded the tulip in popular regard either in Holland or in any of the Dutch colonies.

The national flower of Greece is the violet and the chief favorite of Germany the cornflower. The cornflower of Germany is blue with small purple streaks, and is one of the prettiest of flowers. It was the favorite flower of the Old Kaiser. In no country is the affection for flowers and flowering plants, and more especially those of a simple character, more general than in Germany, and in any portion of an American city where Germans are numerous the fact is revealed by the profusion of flowers on window sills, roofs, curbs or in gardens. Another favorite flower among the Germans is the geranium.

The national flower of Finland, and indeed of all that part of northwestern Russia and Prussia where German customs or traditions prevail, is the cream colored linden. The typical flower of Saxony is the mignonette, and of Spain the pomegranate.

Japan has a real national flower, the chrysanthemum, and at successive flower-shows there has been a constant increase in the popularity of this beautiful product of the Mikado's dominions. The national flower of Italy is the lily, which appears on certain Italian coins and gains acceptance too, as significant of royalty, there having been an Italian branch of the Bourbon family, and the lily having been taken up as a favorite in Italy when it was abandoned in France at the overthrow of the Bourbon monarchy in 1830. The national flower of Switzerland is the edelweiss.

There is no national flower in the United States, and the diversity of land and climate is such that in all probability there never will be one, each State having its own favorite. In New York a determination of the relative popularity of the various flowers grown was had on Arbor Day, 1890, the children at tending the public schools voting under the direction of the Department of Public Instruction. The golden rod stood at the head of the popular flowers with a total of 81,000 votes. And then followed the varieties of roses with 79,000 the daisy with 38,000, the violet with 31,000, the pansy with 22,000, and the lily with 16,000 votes. Following came the buttercup, lilac, forget-me-not, sunflower, pink, snowball, morning-glory and bellflower.

—There are more working days in the year of the American workman than of any other save the Hungarian. The latter works 311 days in the year, and thus has almost no holiday save Sunday. The number of working days in the American year is 303. This is the same as the Dutch: it is 30 days more than the English. 41 days more than the Russian, and from 6 to 18 days more than the working year of any other European country. It is noteworthy that even newly arrived immigrants keep American holidays.

The Black Death in China.

Feared That It Will Sweep Over Eastern Asia Before It Disappears.

"Black death," that mysterious disease which has been creating such havoc among the natives at Canton, seems destined to sweep over Eastern Asia. Hong Kong has been attacked by this insidious and fatal enemy, and already hundreds have succumbed to it. The colony is almost shut off from communication, save by telegraph with other Asiatic ports, and every effort is being made to check the spread have been made and outgoing steamers on Oriental lines carry neither freight nor passengers.

But the germs of the disease seem to be in the air, for latest news is that death by the plague have already occurred in Japan. The natives are panic-stricken.

The plague made its appearance in Hong Kong about May 10, when many dead rats were found in the streets. This is the first sign the disease makes. Usually other animals are stricken before human beings are affected. The spread of the disease was most rapid. In a few days the victims claimed numbered nearly fifty daily. It was even more fatal there than in Canton, fully 60 per cent of those seized dying in about forty-eight hours.

One cause that led to this result was that there had been no rainfall for a long period and all streams and sources of drainage were foul. Vigorous steps were taken to secure artificial flushing of all drains and a thorough cleansing of the entire city was had, but there was no decrease until about the 20th, when several heavy rain storms occurred.

Health officers made a house to house canvass of the district of the city where the disease seemed to centre, and all sick persons were removed to the Hygiene hospital ship in the harbor. The dead were taken in charge by the same officials and buried at once in a place especially selected.

When the disease was at its worst the deaths in the hospitals numbered about thirty daily. In some cases whole families were exterminated in a few days. Europeans seem to be almost proof against the disease, although in some cases their surroundings were the same as those of the Chinese. An exception to this is the death of several Portuguese in Hong Kong.

The cause of the strange malady is a mystery, but it is undoubtedly a filth disease. A physician who had large experience with the black plague in Peking some years ago said in an interview that it was due to foul smells. The plague's symptoms, as described already are as follows: With or without premonition, warning in the shape of chill, there is a sudden fever rising to 105 degrees or over. There is much headache and cerebral disturbance, accompanied by stupor. In from twelve to twenty-four hours a glandular swelling occurs in the neck, armpit, or groin, rapidly enlarging to the size of a fowl's egg; it is hard and exceedingly tender. With or without a decline of the fever, the patient sinks deeper into a condition of coma and dies usually at the end of forty-eight hours or sooner. He declares the germs were near the ground.

Native reports from Canton say that the epidemic is somewhat decreasing there, but many new cases are still reported. It is said that fish are also stricken, and fishermen in some districts have been forced to cease operations.

The Egyptian Styles of Writing.

The Egyptians had four separate and distinct styles or forms of writing—the hieroglyphic, the hieratic, the demotic and the Coptic. The hieroglyphic was probably in use as early as the year 4000 B. C. and at first was made up entirely of pictures. About the year 2000 B. C. the hieratic form or style was introduced. In this the picture hieroglyphics were greatly simplified, finally developing into forms purely linear. The demotic form of writing was in use among the Egyptians from about the year 700 B. C. until about the year 300 A. D., and was still a further simplification of the earlier forms, which finally developed into the alphabetic form known as the Coptic.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Soap Stilled the Stormy Seas.

During the storm in the Adriatic Captain Gall of the steamship Senegal Meageries Francaises, made an experiment of the effect of soapy water in arresting the fury of the waves. He dissolved six pounds of soap in 70 quarts of water and poured the mixture on some unraveled ropes, down which it ran slowly into the sea. In this way a zone of smooth soapy water was formed around the steamer of about 40 feet in extent, against which the waves broke without being able to reach the steamer. This was while the vessel was lying to, but when she began to move the zone of quiet water moved with her until the engines had made 45 revolutions.—*London News.*

The Chinese Pink.

The Chinese pink was first sent from China to Paris by missionaries in 1705. The double ones were first noted among seedlings in 1719 in Paris gardens. Of late years the improvement has been rapid, and today there are few more satisfactory or beautiful plants in garden borders than the improved China pink.—*Meehan's Monthly.*

THE WAY OF IT.

This was the way her youth went: Care and love for a motherless brood Drained her heart of its fiery blood; Small denials, unfinished things, Blunted ardor and clipped her wings. That is the way her youth went.

This is the way her love went: Then came the hope which maidens prize, A woman's longing for closer ties; Than love adopted, though close it be; But duty spoke, and she made no plea. That is the way her love went.

After a season of pain, 'twas done, The calm, pale face in its coffin lay; But far and wide in the realms of day The angels shouted to greet her home, And Heaven was happier now she had come. That is the way her life went.

—*Florence E. Pratt in Good Housekeeping.*

For and About Women.

No woman in America, whether beauty or belle, enjoys more distinction or widespread popularity than Miss Frances E. Willard, who, after a residence of two years abroad, is now on the ocean and expected to arrive in a few days in New York, where she will be given a reception. Not only in the religious world, but wherever interests in tasks in the advancement and elevation of woman, Miss Willard is recognized as one of the foremost leaders and champions of her sex.

Vests of duck, moires satin and chiffon accompany ladies' Prince Albert and tailor-made suits.

The saucy little empire knot is deemed by the American woman the most fashionable style of coiffure. It is worn quite low or in the middle of the head during the day, and high on the head during the evening. Where the hair is naturally wavy, this knot is exceedingly becoming. However, curling irons are here to perform their important mission and the maiden with obstinate straight strands of hair can manipulate the irons until her locks are as curly and wavy as those bestowed by nature on her more fortunate sister. The hair should be waved and parted before making the knot. Only the sides are waved the rest being drawn up closely to the centre of the head. There it is firmly grasped by the right hand, while the left winds it into a coil straight out from the head. This rope, when tight, is brought forward and twisted into an up-standing loop. At this point the first hairpin is put in, to secure the loop at the top. While the left hand still holds the strand in place, two pins are put in to secure the bottom of the loop. Then the rope of hair is wound the entire length about the loop. If there be short hair on the side and back, it is waved and brought up loosely into the knot, its ends being pinned away out of sight. All this accomplished, a long comb, pin or dagger is then lightly run through.

The gown that is worn for traveling and for general outing, is of course, a tailor-made costume. One of the prettiest models is of fine black serge, and shows a four yard gored skirt with three rows of stitching four inches above the edge. To the round waist is added a circular coat piece. Then there are collar and sleeves of black moire, with wide revers of the same. A masculine cut vest of white duck with tiny black pin dots, a white linen collar and chemise and a broche four-in-hand tie complete this toilet.

A very dressy tailor gown is a golden brown vignon. The skirt has a narrow panel of white novelty moire, with each edge covered with a narrow band of jet spangles. The frock coat has a full back, and the front is added on with seams, like a man's frock coat. It is double-breasted, with jet buttons, spangled wrist-bands revers and turn-over collar of the material, and a chemise of this gown can be worn under the house with a waist of white accordion pleated chiffon, trimmed with jet spangled bands or with a blouse of golden brown and old rose taffeta; with belt and collar of jet and epaulet ruffles of white guipure lace.

For afternoon wear on a warm day, however, nothing exceeds in beauty or comfort the dainty cotton frock, trimmed with lace and ribbon. India muslin, plumeis, organdies, dimities embroidered with lace, mulls, etc., are lovely materials for the afternoon seashore frock. Beautiful effects, however, can be obtained with fine ginghams, especially with the small checked designs, and with the swivel and satin-striped zephyr ginghams in delicate shades.

An exquisite gown, is of pale green zephyr gingham with an embroidery in white lace effects halfway up the skirt, gathered to a deep yoke nearly covered with round rows of inch-wide white lace insertion. The round waist of the gingham has epaulet frills which end as bretelles at the waist line, where they are edged with insertion. The wrists of the leg-o-mutton sleeves (which, like the waist, are unlined) are trimmed with three rows of insertion. On the belt and shoulders are bows of green satin ribbon.

The girls are all wearing "dickies," or "dickies." I'm sure I don't know which is right. It is a caution which wears the individual's sense of economy, to make quite other qualities. Over a plain bodice or over—well, over next to nothing, if the day is warm—one wears a simple front of China silk, belted down at the bottom to the skirt and fitted at the top with a collar fastening in the back. Such a dickey, of course, involves demands a long jacket which you can't shake off. On the whole, the complete winter blouse has every advantage over the dickey, except economy. The dotted Swiss fronts are fresh and lovely, finished with gathered collar, and a full Swiss bow at the front of the neck. An entire bodice of this material is the most delightful thing imaginable on a warm day, and makes those about you even cooler than you feel yourself. One of them worn with a crisp mobair skirt, and belted in with one of the dainty white moire belts, is a neat and faultless toilet. The belts have beautiful silver and enamel clasps.

A pretty summer dress that has been much admired is a pale heliotrope and white striped muslin made with immense shoulder ruffles that narrowed down over a tucked front beautified with lace insertion. The ruffles were edged with narrow lace and the collar and sash were of white satin. These features were distinctly novel. The collar was gathered into two full knots on either side of the front and back and the sash went around the waist from two rosettes set in front and terminated in two rosettes and ends in the back. A pretty idea was in having the ruffle pieces elongated so that the tabs are tied in a bow knot in front.