

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., July 13, 1894.

A MORTIFYING MISTAKE.

I studied my tables over and over, and backward and forward, too. But I couldn't remember six times nine, and I didn't know what to do. Till sister told me to play with my doll, and not to bother any head. "If you call her 'fifty-four' for a while, you'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann (though I thought 'twas a dreadful shame To give such a perfectly lovely child such a perfectly horrid name), And I called her my dear little "Fifty-four" a hundred times, till I knew The answer of six times nine as well as the answer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always said, "Six times nine is fifty-two," and I nearly laughed aloud. But I wished I hadn't when teacher said, "Now, Dorothy, tell if you can." For I thought of my doll, and—sakes alive!—I answered, "Mary Ann!"

AN EVERYDAY LOVE STORY.

"When Mrs. Booth introduced Caroline to him she might have known it would make a match," remarked Miss Cornelia Barrett, whom the entire village familiarly called "Aunt Corney," as she spread out the numerous sheets of thin note paper on her lap and began again the reading of the letter that had thrown the whole family into incipient hysterics upon its arrival in the early morning's mail. "Mrs. Booth always was a match-maker, and it never seemed to enter her busy brain that a poverty-stricken minister was not the husband for a girl like Caroline. All she thought was that it was pleasant to watch their billing and cooing, and this—she emphasized, patting the letter on her lap as though it were some noxious reptile—"this is the result."

"Cornelia always was down on Mrs. Booth since she said her biscuits were heavy the night of the oyster supper," put in Cornelia's sister, a gray-haired widow, whose eyes and lips smiled in continual harmony. "I could have forgiven her that, Sue, but to go and ask Caroline out to that lonely farm-house just at the time when a young divinity student was lying in the spare room getting over some shilly-shally disease they call nervous prostration, looks to me like premeditated mischief and I'll never forgive her—never. Look at the result. I knew just how it would end—nothing more than I expected," and she placed her gold-bowed spectacles in position and began again the perusal of the letter that had so disturbed the peaceful calm of the little home.

"Just listen, Sue," she commenced. "My DEAR ANNE: Every day I have been hoping against hope, thinking that I might be able to send you some cheering word of our life out here, but I find that each day only makes matters worse, and so I write while I have the strength to do so. The climate, as you know has completely broken poor William down. He tried so hard, for my sake and the baby's, to keep up a brave heart, but you can't imagine what the life of a poor minister in this unsettled section means. Since baby came I have not been very strong; we can't afford any help and every day I feel myself getting more and more down-hearted. Do not think that I regret my marriage—on the contrary, even knowing as I do all the hardships that fall to the lot of a poor minister, I would do just as I did, for a better, nobler husband never lived, and no woman ever had quite such a sweet, dear baby as mine, but oh—"

"That blot shows where she dropped a tear on the page," sentimentally remarked Aunt Corney. "She needn't try to hood-wink me." "Go on, eister," interposed Sue, whose eyes were filled with tears.

"But oh, sometimes I do long so hard for just one night's rest in the old sweet-scented bed that used to be mine, and my eyes ache as I try to imagine just how the lilac bushes look and what you are doing. Do you miss me a little? Write and tell me what you do, for sometimes all the dear old times when I was a girl seem so misty and far away that I think maybe it was all a happy dream and the hard present all that ever was to my life. I am afraid that I have made you think I am unhappy—but I'm not, only just a wee bit lonely at times, a little homesick, perhaps. I will watch so anxiously for your letter. Do not disappoint me. Your loving niece,

CAROLINE GRAHAM.

"When Caroline writes that sort of a letter she's in trouble. Sue for she was always a plucky little thing, and though she glosses over the hard times I can read between the lines and I know things are in a very bad way out there."

"What do you intend to do, Cornelia?" queried the sweet-voiced Sue, who knew that Aunt Corney expected some such question.

"Do! I'm going out there and if things are as bad as I think I'll bring home that family of three even though we have to wear made-over frocks and ride in Gene Brewster's rickety wagon at twenty-five cents a trip for the rest of our lives. Caroline is Mary's only child, you know, Sue, and it's our duty to go to look out for her, even though she did go against us when she married William Graham."

"But Corney," gently expostulated the plump little widow, "you do not really mean that you who never in all your life was in a sleeping car will undertake a trip of such magnitude. Why, you will have to be on the cars three or four days, and its especially trying traveling in the winter. All the commercial men that stop in the village say so, and they ought to know, for it appears to me as though they are on the road all the time."

"Sister Sue, you needn't try to

talk to me out of it. You know me well enough to understand that once I make up my mind to do a thing I'll do it if I break my neck.

"But you don't know the way." "With a tongue in my head and a number of extra dollars in my pocket, I'll get along, never fear, for what people won't tell me for the asking without getting paid for it, they will tell me when I show them the color of my money."

Thus it was decided that simple, whole-souled, innocent Aunt Corney should start out into the wilds of that far Western country, where her niece and her husband were struggling against poverty, sickness and utter helplessness. Such a trip had been taken by but few in the village, and when her intention was announced Aunt Corney was regarded as a heroine, and friends from far and near dropped in to pay a parting call, their conduct being a cross between wondering admiration and a sort of solemn bewilderment such as marks the demeanor of friends bidding farewell to a prisoner about to be hung. Such an array of supposed-to-be-necessary articles for the journey as kept pouring in! Foot and pulse-warmers by the dozens, knitted caps and slippers, shawls and mittens, to say nothing of edibles, accompanied by the suggestion that the donor thought they might be slipped into the carpet-bag without crowding the other contents, and maybe they would come in quite "comfortable" like for a snack between meals.

By the time every arrangement had been made even staid Miss Corney had lost a shade of her usual imperturbable calm, and it is a question whether, knowing the excitement her project would create, she would have ventured upon so rash an undertaking. To her simple mind to go and bring back Caroline was the easiest thing in the world, despite the spite fact that she had never been more than five miles away from home in all her life. The love that prompted the trip served to blind her to its possible dangers and extraordinary incidents, but when she saw the flurry she had created and had to come into personal dealings with officials who revealed in red tape by the yard she began to weaken inwardly, though no one would have guessed it, and if she could have sent a substitute in her place she would have gladly done so. "I am not going to send Caroline a word," she announced at the farewell meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society, a meeting that had turned out to be a sort of dignified tea party, not one single garment being out for undressed heathens or suitable resolutions passed advising action to be taken in the matter of sending them out divided skirts and sailor hats.

Gossip was the order of the day and Caroline's affairs were the principal topic of discussion. "No, indeed, I'm not going to send her one single word, for if I did, womanlike, she'd go and put the best foot foremost and I wouldn't be able to tell accurately just how things are. As soon as I get there I'll write to Sister Sue and she can read it to you all at the next meeting. I'm not much on making up fancy sentences, but I'll give you an idea of what's going on out there, and if it is as I think I'll bring the whole kit and boodle of them home whether they want to come or not."

When the day arrived for Miss Corney's departure half the village turned out to wave good-bye, and the passengers who were already on the train became quite excited over the demonstration, expecting, of course, to see at least a bride and groom as the incentive for all the cheering and hand-shaking, but only a tall, angular old woman, with a very knobby carpet bag, got on, a plainly-dressed denizen of the country town, who smiled and kept giving farewell directions until the train had gone too far to render her voice any longer audible, and who then collapsed into the soft seat of the drawing room car and cried long and quietly behind the fine linen handkerchief sister Sue had ironed so carefully just the day before.

As the clatter and rumble of the train kept up Aunt Corney's tears grew gradually fewer and the novelty of her position obtruding itself upon her grief, after a while she straightened up and began to arrange her belongings as she could in the small space that she would be obliged to occupy for the next four days. She took off the village-made bonnet, tying it up carefully in a paper which had brought along for that purpose, and donned a little knitted cap which had been one of the parting gifts. She slipped off her wrap, put on easier shoes and settled herself with the Kingston Freeman, trying to look as though she had been used to traveling all her life, and quite oblivious to the fact that several stylish city-bred women and girls were very much amused by herself and her funny little belongings. This, however, did not escape the notice of a keen-eyed elderly man whose section was opposite that of Aunt Corney's and for a time he was strangely troubled by it. He need not have given himself any uneasiness, however, for the new scenes through which the quaint old lady was moving made her completely lost to everything else about her. By and by, when the colored dignitary who officiates as porter in these moving palaces announced dinner Aunt Corney looked a little dazed, and the old gentleman offered a few words of kindly meant information concerning the location of the dining car, but his remarks were met with an uncompromising and stony silence. Aunt Corney hadn't read the newspapers for nothing. She had heard of confidence men, so she sailed past him in stately hauteur, thinking that there were many things liable to occur on such a trip that she had not bargained for.

As night settled down upon the travelers the loneliness and novelty of her position so forced itself upon the dear

old home body that she had to take out Caroline's letter from her satchel and read it over once or twice in order to fortify herself against the irresistible longing to cry. "Cry she would not," she argued, while that horrid old man sat near her looking like a white owl. She knew he was a wicked character, for she had seen him take sundry long swallows out of a suspicious brown bottle, and she was perfectly certain that it was neither cold tea nor coffee that flushed his face after each libation. "Dear me!" she thought as the wine corks popped at dinner and she saw old about men and women drinking insidious decoctions that she had been warned against since infancy. "The world is a sinful place, if Sister Sue had known the sort of people I four days she would have argued harder than she did against my leaving home. But the climax came when the hour arrived to go to bed. Poor old Corney, accustomed to retiring when the birds went to their nests, had fanned and looked wistfully about her two full hours before anyone had shown any signs of getting settled for the night. The first to make the move was the old gentleman, who called the porter in, and who despite Aunt Corney's former coldness, instructed him to make up the lady's berth also. In her heart Miss Cornelia thanked him sincerely and mentally dubbed him "much more sensible than I would have supposed after his performances with that black bottle." If she had known it, the stranger had noted the fatigue in her eyes and it was out of the kindest interest that he had made a move to retire early, for if the truth must be told, after Aunt Corney was far away in dreamland he stole out into the smoker, where a little game kept him actively employed until far into the night.

No one will ever know Aunt Corney's exact sensations when she found that she must undergo in the very limited space the section allowed for such nocturnal preparations, nor will it ever be truthfully learned just how she stored away all her clothes and belongings, for she would as soon have dreamed of flying as to settle herself for the night without taking off all her outer garments and donning night-dress and night-cap in regulation go-to-bed-bath fashion. To dress up again in the morning was another sore trial and when, after sundry little feminine shrieks and ineffectual rushes out into the aisle and back again to the shelter of her curtains, she at last managed to get her gray hair settled to her satisfaction and her gown adjusted properly, she gave a sigh of relief and thanked her stars that one trying night of the long journey was at last safely over. But during the second day she made the acquaintance of a young mother traveling West with a restless little baby a couple of years old, and, bringing all her general village aunt knowledge to bear upon the subject, reduced the fractious youngster to a semblance of calm and earned thereby the everlasting gratitude of the tired mother. The old gentleman occasionally ventured a remark and along about dusk his incidental mention of his destination tore down the barrier of reserve Aunt Corney had until then maintained, for he said that he was going to that same God-forsaken section toward which she was bound—the abode of Caroline and her sick husband and baby.

Little by little these two grew more friendly, gentle, unsophisticated Aunt Corney telling in her homely way of the worry and sorrow that were in her heart for that beloved niece, the child of her dead sister. The elderly man did not speak often, but evinced such a kindly interest in the little household at Mountain Creek that Aunt Corney even forgave the boldness that prompted him to offer her some of the contents of the black bottle, when on the third day the cold and fatigue made her look pale and wan and a shadow of homesickness settled on the kindly face as she thought of the cosy farm-house she had left and the unknown misery she was entering upon. When the train slowed up at the tumble-down combination dwelling that did duty for a station at the edge of the great forest, though which a narrow wagon track spread out, only two passengers alighted—the old gentleman and Aunt Corney—and desperately glad and thankful was the latter when she looked about her at the barren, cold, uncompromising settlement and thought how much worse she would have felt if she had stood there watching the rapidly disappearing train alone. A man came out the store, who doffed his hat very respectfully, saying:

"Your team's all ready, Mr. Cooper. It's been standing ready harnessed for most a week back. We've been expecting you every day."

"Thanks, John," replied the old gentleman. "Have you got another conveyance that'll take this lady to Parson Graham's?"

"No, sir. Teams at this season is all up to the clearing. So you're going to the parson's man'um?"

"Yes," replied Aunt Corney, feeling more helpless than at any time during the whole trip, "that is if I can get there."

The old gentleman's eyes twinkled, but he didn't utter a single word of encouragement.

"Things is ornful bad up to the parson's," went on John, "Parson he's down sick, the missis ain't much better and I hear this mornin' that the kid'll die 'fore long of its par and mar don't git no better."

Poor Aunt Corney's eyes filled with tears as she listened to this recital, and with an appealing glance toward the little old gentleman who was at that moment very busy with some portion of the team's harness, she said:

"Mr. Cooper, won't you give me a lift out my niece's way?"

"Of course I will, Miss Barrett, and

glad to do so, but somehow I was afraid to offer, you treated me so cool on the train."

"Let bygones be bygones," she replied, the while a dainty pink flush stole up over the soft cheeks, seeing which John changed his burden of tobacco to the other side of his mouth, slapped his hands into his trousers pockets and ejaculated under his breath, "wouldn't it be ridiculous."

Whatever he thought would be "too ridiculous" never transpired, but when Aunt Corney brought back to Roston ten shadings from a Western land an old gentleman accompanied them, and even before the baby showed any signs of a desire to articulate a gray-haired preceptor did his best to teach it to say "uncle." Nor was this all, for it transpired that the little man was a person of influence, and despite the fact of his sundry calls on a certain black bottle, could secure for the young parson a lucrative charge on East not a hundred miles from the two old ladies, who soon discovered that they could not be separated for any great length of time from that precious baby. Did Aunt Corney marry? Perhaps another letter, this time to and not from Caroline, will answer that question.

MY DEAR NISSE: Your uncle and I have just returned from our winter trip to Twinkle Gap. Thank the Lord, my dear, that you got away from there before you buried your husband and child. It is very profitable in a business way, as your uncle has just made another deal that will bring him in enough to buy the Gaines property on the bluff. I have always wished I was rich enough to live in such a place, but never thought my desire would be granted. Sometimes when I think, child, of the awful forebodings I had concerning that first trip I took, I have to laugh, for it turned out to be the greatest blessing of our lives after all, and even your marriage with William, that I opposed so at the time, I now rejoice in, for if it had not been for that myself never have been able to sign myself

Your affectionate aunt,
CORNELIA COOPER.

—Phila. Times.

He Could Wait.

He Wanted a Vest, But Was In No Particular Hurry About It.

Six months ago a clothing dealer on Jefferson avenue put a lot of summer vests in the front window and marked each at 75 cents. They had been on display but a day or two when a young farmer entered and looked them over and said:

"I want one of them, but 75 cents is too much. I'll give you 60."

His offer was refused and he walked out. In about a week he returned, but the market was still firm. Regularly every week since then he has appeared and renewed his offer. Along the end of August he dropped in to observe:

"It's only a few days to September now."

"Yes,"

"They all say we are going to have an early winter."

"Shouldn't wonder if we would have snow by the middle of September."

"I see."

"There won't be any sale for summer vests after the 1st."

"No."

"Give you 60 cents for that striped one with smocked buttons."

"Couldn't do it."

"Give you the cash right down on the nail."

"No, sir."

"All right for you—all right! There is no great hurry about it, and I'm a great hand to wait. Feller wanted to ask me \$3.50 for a pair of yaller shoes about two years ago, but I waited and got 'em the other day for 10 shillings. There's a gal up our way who has bin expecting me to ask her to marry me for the last four years. I may some day, but there's no great rush. Won't take 60 cents to-day, eh?"

"No."

"All right. That my limit. I'll call about once a week from now on, and along next winter maybe you'll come to time. I've got the yaller shoes and a red necktie, and I ain't suffering the least mite. I shall be drawing sand by here all winter, and it won't be no trouble for me to step in occasionally. If you happen to be looking out of the window as I drive up, I'll hold up six fingers for 60 cents. It's his, go, nod your head: if not shake. Good day."

Yesterday he got the vest.—Detroit Free Press.

Sex and Salary.

There are reported to be 185 male teachers in the public schools of Boston and 1,372 women.

The average salary of the men per month is \$246.06 and the average salary per month of the women is \$70.69.

To what extent the larger salary is a pure bonus to the male sex is an interesting question. Doubtless the fact that many of the highest-salaried positions are held by men accounts for more or less of this disparity, but it by no means accounts for all.

So far as a man receives higher remuneration than a woman can secure for the same labor this excess is a pure bonus, handed over on account of sex.

Of course old (but not venerable) custom sanctions the payment to women of less for the same labor and service than is paid to men, but this is an age when equal rights are supposed to be maintained and fair play to all is supposed to rule.

Why are women still paid less for the same work than men receive? Who knows?—Boston Globe.

The absorbing tariff question And the problem of hard times, And the price of coal next winter, And New York policeman's crimes, And a hundred other topics, Some quite old, and others new, Have to make way for the question— "Is it hot enough for you?"

—Brooklyn Eagle.

President Casimir-Perier.

The president of the French Republic occupies a position nearly unique in the political systems of the civilized world, for while at various points it has its analogies with the positions of other rulers, there is no other land in which, as a whole, its counterpart is to be found. The French President may be described, in general terms, as a constitutional monarch, elected for a limited term by the representatives of the peoples as they exist in the two Chambers. His nominal power is very great. He is the chief Executive of the nation. He is the fountain of honors. It is in his name that the force of the nation is exerted, treaties made, laws administered policies carried out. But while all this is done in his name it is not done by him, because no act of his it valid that is not countersigned by the Minister within whose province it is by law included, and no member of a Ministry can hold office unless the Ministry can command a majority in the Chamber of Deputies, in the branch of the Legislature of France which corresponds to the House of Commons in England, and though less exactly, to the House of Representatives in the United States. The French President is, therefore, responsible in a manner and to a degree unknown in the United States, while, on the other hand, he differs from a constitutional monarch from the fact that his term of office is fixed, and, as was shown in the case of Grévy and in that of MacMahon, may be cut short before its constitutional termination. In spite of these peculiar conditions, the Presidency of the French Republic is one of great splendor and influence and of power which is not lessened because it is undefined and indirectly exerted.

The statesman who has just been elected to high office made vacant by the terrible fate of M. Carnot is one who, if we may judge by his past, is likely to use the great powers and opportunities of the place wisely and well. The three problems that are most pressing for the Government of France are order at home, peace and dignity in its foreign relations, and a wise colonial policy. In all these the character of the President must count for much. He can do nothing without the co-operation of a responsible Minister, it is equally true that no Minister can, in large matters, act without his general approval. While in any open rupture with the Chamber the President must give way if the Chamber be firm, in a thousand cases, short of such a decision, his views will prevail, and if his views are wise and just, based on a fair knowledge of public opinion, and held at once with candor and firmness, both the Chamber and the Ministry will yield to the President. This unquestionably happened not infrequently under M. Carnot, and it is still more likely to happen under a President of the experience, skill, and energy of M. Casimir-Perier.

As to the first of the great problems, order at home, there is no doubt of the spirit in which it will be met by the new President. He not only understands the necessity of enforcing order, but he can command that active sympathy and that confidence which proved fidelity and courage command. Though he is not a military man by profession, the highly prized crimson knot of the Legion of Honor which he wears was conferred for deeds of gallantry in the face of a foreign foe, and every veteran or son of a veteran of the war, scarcely more than a score of years in the past, will recognize the title to respect. In addition to this, he is known, on the one hand, as a Republican by descent and by conviction, and, on the other, as a man who steadily held the fame and dignity of France as a nation above all claims of party.

He has put down resistance to law where his duty called him to do so, and he has had the courage to vote against the exclusion of members of former reigning families from the National Legislature on the ground that France was entitled to the services of all Frenchmen who, in seeking a share in its present government, recognized its validity. Then he enjoys the confidence of that large class in France who hold that religious freedom does not mean freedom from all religion, but equal rights for all who respect and obey the law. It was in his Ministry that M. Spuller avowed the intention to apply a "new spirit" to religious questions and to cease hostilities against the Church, because the Church, by its highest authority, had declared peace with the Republic. It is reasonable to think that with this peculiar combination of influences in his favor M. Casimir-Perier will have the support of the great body of the nation for that policy of firm enforcement of law and order which his own convictions will require.

What will be the general policy of the new President in foreign affairs? It is not easy to say definitely, since he has had little occasion to formulate it, but it is safe to assume that it will not be reckless of policy or adventure. It will doubtless be guided by the spirit shown when he was Prime Minister in the matter of the colonies. Then he insisted that the Government should have distinct control of all that was done in that direction, and for this purpose he compelled the Senate to reassemble after adjournment to act on the bill creating a responsible Ministry for the colonies. It does not follow that he is without sympathy for the spirit of colonial expansion, by which some of the strongest and best minds of France are animated. On the contrary, he may very probably see in the policy a rational opportunity for restoring and extending the prestige of France. But he is likely to be wise enough to direct the efforts of the Government in channels free from extraordinary risks, and to seek the cooperation rather than excite the jealousy and opposition of other Governments—a line of action by no means visionary.

But whatever the wisdom or capacity of the new President of France, the task before him is one of great difficulty and uncertainty. His efforts in its performance will be watched with the keenest and most sympathetic interest by all friends of free government, and by none with more kindly feeling than by Americans.

—Joseph Pulitzer, editor of the World, whose eyes are better, is back from Europe and is now at Bar Harbor, where he will spend most of the summer.

For and About Women.

"She measured out the butter with a very solemn air. The milk and sugar also; and she took the greatest care To count the eggs correctly and to add a little bit. Of baking powder, which you know beginners oft omit. Then she stirred it all together and she baked it full an hour— But she never quite forgave herself for leaving out the flour!"

Mrs. French Sheldon the explorer, has application from 3,000 men who want to join her expedition to Africa.

Pinhead dotted Swiss in pure white shades is trimmed with deep yellow lace and is quite effective as well as distinctly modish.

Serge, which has been popular so many years, has had its day, and glossy satin-finished cloth and tweeds are in great demand.

Parasols of swivel gingham will be much used during the summer. In white they are very dainty. This is to be a "white summer."

Every woman's wardrobe this summer will have to contain, if she wishes to be at all in the fashion, at least one India silk dress. The darker shades are worn on the street, but the lighter colors, heavily trimmed with lace, will be most used for afternoon wear in the country. These dresses are the most useful things for summer wear. They are thin and cool, and repel the dust in a way no other material that has yet been introduced has ever done. Black and white, dark blue and the new shade of amethyst combined with white are all much in demand.

Indolence is the mother of ugliness. Nineteen out of twenty people are too lazy to breathe properly. The rarity of beauty is not to be wondered at considering the absolute necessity to health of abundant fresh air. Habitual deep breathing produces health and beauty, not only by exercising the muscles of the chest, but by throwing back the head and compelling the whole body to assume a straight and majestic attitude.

Have you bought a ruffled jabot? If not get one at once. They are made with a cross-cut neck band in geranium, or any other pretty tint of velvet, with a diamond buckle shaped to the throat, and from it, put on sufficiently wide to cover the entire front of the bodice, a deep flounce of gathered lace. These smarten up all sorts of gowns.

In choosing curtains it is well to remember that a bright yellow fabric will light up a north room as nothing else can. Curtains in a dull shade of light green are most suitable for a room furnished in rose color or yellow, as a green light will soften the bright tints and is always pleasant to the eye. Curtains for bookcases add much to the appearance of a room, and are an absolute necessity on a low bookcase containing volumes with unattractive bindings. Inexpensive curtains may be made of the heavy, repped costume which is now offered in such beautiful colorings. Blue denim, which is made softer than the old-fashioned blue jean, and is, therefore, more suitable for embroidery, is also an excellent material for this purpose, provided the other furnishings of the room will permit its use.

To be well dressed in these days is no easy matter, for a pretty gown is only the beginning. Petticoats, stockings, hat, must all either match or must carry out in some way the scheme of color. A grey creppé gown, for instance, has the skirt lined with blue silk, and the petticoat is also of blue silk, with silk stockings of the same cerulean tint, the note of blue being repeated in the collar and trimmings of the bodice. Another pretty frock belonging to a trousseau is of black, with yellow sleeves covered with black chiffon, and a touch of mauve in collar and petticoat, with black silk stockings striped with mauve. To own silk stockings to go with every dress is very expensive, and therein lies the difficulty of being really well dressed. Many a woman sighs for the days of the clean starched skirts that were put into the wash tub and scrubbed. The present fashion of using the one or two silk petticoats week in and week out is certainly not a commendable one.

The rich-looking moires that have been so popular are being fairly driven off the field by the display of cheap goods, which are flooding the market under that name. These goods are loaded and look fairly well at first, but anything more depressed and miserable-looking than a tumbled, crushed and dingy moire sleeve made of the cheap quality it is impossible to imagine.

A woman's periodical has been having a prize competition in don't in dress. One of the "honorable mentions" is rather clever:

Don't adopt the latest mode, Don't trail your dress upon the road, Don't ever lace your waist too tightly, Don't wear a boot or glove unsightly, Don't wear a thing that needs repair, Don't, please, forget to brush your hair, Don't ever wear too large a check, Don't show too much of snowy neck.

Pretty summer gowns are made of prints which ought to delight the heart of the most exacting man. The bodice is drawn full on a trim lining and is slightly pointed front and back, just a little point that is so becoming to almost any figure. About the edge of the bodice is drawn a silk sash of a color to match the figure of the print. The sash ties in a dainty bow just to the left of the point in front and the ends hang, one to the knee and the other a little lower. A very high folded collar of the silk is finished by a flaring bow that the pretty face above is framed in the butterfly effect. Nothing could be simpler than such a gown, and half a dozen of them will not use up very much of the summer allowance, that is always so much less than it is wished to be.

—Do you read the WATCHMAN.