

Bellefonte, Pa., July 27, 1894.

SWING HIGH AND SWING LOW.

Swing high and swing low
While the breezes they blow—
It's off for a sailor thy father would go;
And it's here on the harbor in sight of the sea
He hath left his wee babe with my song and

with me;
Swing high and swing low
While the breezes they blow

Swing high and swing low while the breeze they blow—

It's oh for the waiting as weary days go!

And it's oh for the heartache that smiteth an when I sing my song over and over again; "Swing high swing low While the breezes they blow!"

"Swing high and swing low"-the sea singeth And it waileth anon in its ebb and its flow And a sleeper sleepe on that song of the sea,

Nor recketh he ever of mine or of me!

"Swing high and swing low

While the bréezes they blow

'Twas off for a sailor thy father would go."

—Eugene Field.

MY MOTHER'S SILK DRESS. BY ELIZABETH STEWART.

It was after tea and we were sitting around the fireside, mother, Dick, Kate and myself. Dick sat on a low stool at mother's feet, with his curly head resting on her knee. Kate and I, with our arms twined about each other, lounged on the old settee, which was drawn close to the old fireplace. had been very quiet for some time, when Kate broke the silence by say-

"Mamma, do tell us a story?" Mother laughed a low, sweet laugh as she said: "I should like to oblige you, Katherine." mother always called her Katherine, "but am afraid Dick might object."

"Mamma," and Dick's head rose very quickly, "if I am 20 and go to college, do you suppose I will ever tire of listening to the delightful stories you self Dick's curly head sank back to its resting place.

"Tell us about the crimson silk that we found in the chest, mother," I coax-

"Oh, Dick," Kate explained, "you ought to have been here the other day. Louise and I were looking through an old chest on the attic and we found the loveliest old fashioned dress you ever saw. The grandest crimson silk, trimmed in heavy lace. Just my favorite color, too. We carried it down to have this lady's maid inspect my to show mother and she almost cried scanty wardrobe. when she saw it, and said there was a story attached to it and that some day we should hear it."

Dick was interested at once, "Yes, tell it, mamma." he said, "it's just the night to hear a good story, with the

rain falling in torrents as it is." Mother's face had grown very thoughtful while we talked. but when Dick put in his plea she said:

"The story is rather long and if I and cried. tell it you must promise not to get tired. It was the hardest but at the same time the most valuable lesson I ever learned."

"If you rememb in comfortable circumstances, but the year previous to the one in which my story opens, father, for some reason or other, had been obliged to mortgage we were compelled to live in the strictest economy. I was attending an academy that was in the town where money father gave me, a plain, or the store, we lived and, in hopes of being able to wrapper for mornings and a dark red of the store. "Esther," Amy said, "you would dross that mother said would do nicely course in one year, so that I could i teach in the coming fall."

"At this time we received a letter from brother Richard, stating that an epidemic was spreading through the college and, as most of the boys were leaving for home, he desired to know whether he should go or stay. Father wrote at once that he should come home. We were to have three weeks vacation in March and I was overjoyed when they told me Richard coming home.

The day before Richard came, my mother received a letter from my Aunt | top of her head. Her eyes were of a Ella begging that mother would let me spend a few weeks in the city with her creamy white, with just a delicate tint

Amy, feeling sure that mother would grant the favor, had enclosed a check for the amount that would cover trav-

eling expenses.

"Mother, surely I can go, can't I Do say yes. "I would like very much to have

you go, dear, but I cannot say yes until I see your father," she said, gently. I knew coaxing would be in vain, for mother would never settle anything like this until she had talked it over with father. But he did not come home until late that night, and as I was in bed I did not know whether I was to go until the next morning.

Before I was up mother came into my room and I could see by the expression of her face that I was to go. She sat down by the side of my bed

and, taking my hand in hers, said:

"My daughter, after some consideration, father and I have decided to let you go on this visit. you candidly, dear, had your aunt not kindly offered to bear the expenses, it said as she watched me. would have been impossible to have you go. So father wrote that you good exercise," I answered. would leave here Friday morning, as that will be the earliest I can get you ready, and now, while we are here together and have time, I wish to say a few words to you. Your aunt and uncle are worldly society people and they do not lead the simple life we do. They live in a grand home and have every luxury that money can buy. Amy has fine clothes and handsome ornaments and plenty of servants to wait upon her; but, if I for a moment thought that this ease and luxury would make my daughter discontented with her simple home life, I would hesitate long before I could say yes to

her going. "Esther, you have never been very far from home, and that is why we trust you and let that keep you from doing anything rash, and, above all things, don't let the gay scenes turn your thoughts from more serious things."

I laughed at what I called her fool-

letter was now beyond recall, and then I reasoned with myself that this was a grand opportunity for me to see the city and I had better take it.

I did not tell Richard until the next morning, but I shall never forget how disappointed he was.

"Never mind, Richard," mother said, "father and I think she had better go, as she has been studying very hard this winter and needs a rest. That afternoon, as I was fixing over

one of my old dresses, father came in and laid some money in my lap. "That will buy you a new dress, daughter," he said, "and perhaps a few ribbons or a pair of gloves. It is had time to thank him he had left he

room. By Friday I was ready to start. It happened that a friend of father's was going to see that I arrived safely. had never been from home farther than the nearest town, so the whole journey was a source of continual wonder to me. At the station I was met by uncle John I had never seen him before. but as he had eyes like father's and such a quiet expression that I knew I should like him, And I was not mistaken, for, by the time the carriage stopped before the elegant mansion, we were the best of friends.

Aunt Ella gave me a warm welcome and then called a maid to show me to tell," and having thus delivered him- my room. And such a beautiful room as it was! All blue and white. I stood still on the threshold, feeling almost as though I were in fairy land, but, seeing how the maid stared, I

quickly regained my composure. "I am to unpack the mademoiselle's trunk and assist her to dress for din-

ner," she announced. "Thank you," I said, "but if you will show me where I can hang my dresses I will not need your assistance." It was far from my intention

"Is not the mademoiselle tired after her long journey? Can I not assist?" Amy's "No," I said, "if you will just tell solved. me where to hang these dresses I will not need your assistance." Seeing that I was really in earnest. she pointed out the place and then after a some what prolonged stare. left the room. I locked the door after her and then, sat

"Oh, why had I come here?" I said ed in and out the doors. to myself. Aunt had given me a warm gan, "I have told you that father was and had to make the best of it, so geta physician in a small but prosperous | ting up I bathed my swollen eyes and country town. We had always been unlocked my trunk. I spread my dresses out on the bed so that I could decide which one to wear for dinner. There was my gray dress, a white cashmere, that mother had washed his home. In his efforts to pay it off, and done over, with some pretty silk she had found in an old chest, pretty blue silk I had bought with the

for a house dress. After some consideration, I hung up all the dresses except one-the red one Then I put it on, and fastening a little pearl brooch at my throat, I sat down to wait until the dinner bell should ring. But I had not been seated long when there came a gentle tap at the door. I opened it and in stepped my cousin, Amy. Such a picture as she made as she stood in the door way. I can close my eyes now and see it."

Her hair, which was of the color of deep violet color and her complexion a of pink. She was clad in a robe of some soft, clinging material, while around the neck and sleeves was lace of the finest texture. Then a soft languid voice said:

"I am so glad you came, cousin Esther, ever since I'v known you were so near my age I've been half wild to have you visit me." Then drawing my face down to hers she kissed me and said, "Why, you are real pretty, Esther.'

"Oh, Amy," I said laughing, "you are mistaken for I have always been considered plain."

"No, no," she cried, "it is you who are mistaken. You have such beautiful eyes and hair. How could you be otherwise than pretty?" The dinner bell rang then, interrupting our conversation.

That night as I stood before the mirror brushing my hair and wondering if what my cousin said was really true, But I will tell the door opened and she came in.

"Doesn't it tire you to do that ?" she

"Dear me, it would tire me nearly to death if I had to do it myself," Amy said, "Lisette always does it for me. But there was something I wanted to ask you," she said after a little while. ed tone. "Why wouldn't you let Lisette help

"Because I am used to waiting on myself and I like it much better, too,' I said a little sharply. "Don't you keep any servants at

you to unpack your trunk.

all ?" she asked. "We did keep one until just lately, I said. "For heaven's sake, Esther," she

said "don't tell that to any of our the bill, in the delight of possessing friends, for they will be sure to think you are poor.

hesitated. You are thoughtless, dear, ed coldly, "for, though I do not hap- paper among its folds. Opening it I frightened. "Don't, dear, don't," he but remember how father and mother pen to be a city girl, I never discuss my private affairs with strangers." Then I shut my lips to keep back the

angry words that would rise.
"There, you needn't take offense, for I only thought I'd warn you as you are so blunt." And then, with a "good night," she went out leaving me ish fear, but she only kissed me, and I igood night," she went out leaving me noticed she still looked very grave in anything but an enviable frame of mind. "I will tell her that I did not this bill to my father?"

"Yes, of course she will. I'll go and when I saw how glad he was to be thought before going to sleep that down stairs at once and have mamma wondered with a dull, sort of a pain, if with us again, I was for the first time | night. When Amy met me the next | write a note to madame," she answersorry that I was going away. But the morning at breakfast she acted as ed readily. though nothing had happened, so I wisely passed it over.

such as I had never thought of, even me against had led me. But I was de- ed in me? But it must be done for in my wildest dreams. We went to termined no one should suspect that I father's sake. So I opened the door the operathat night and I wore my had any trouble. So that night, and we entered. Uncle stared in surlovely bouquet of red roses, and when gayer than I. I had fastened a few of them in my bair, Amy said; "Esther, never say again that you are not pretty."

I am sorry to say that Amy's flattery was making me vain, but one night at a party my pride was laid low. I was sitting in the conservatory, waiting until my partner should come with ices. Suddenly I heard my name couple of tropical plants stood two ladies.

"Do you really mean to say she is a relative of the Grahms ?" said the taller of the two.

looking cousin, for cousins they are. them. Will and I were at the opera around my neck. When I looked into the other evening and we saw her in a the mirror I beheld a most beautiful box with Amy and Fred Le Van. She looked real nice then. In fact Will seemed to think she was pretty, but I don't believe he would say that it he could see her in that dowdy cashmere dress she has on to night. Amy told Nell that her cousin was wealthy, but they lived in a country town where a fashionable dressmaker could not be had, so she came to the city to have her clothes made. To tell

It is needless to say that my pleasure for that evening was spoiled. had decided to wear my white cashmere as much as possible and to save my silk for Amy's party. But now I would have to wear my silk on all oc-Amy's party was a question to be

dress. I eagerly assented, for there was nothing I enjoyed more than look ing at the beautiful things displayed in down on one of the dainty white chairs | the stores and watching the crowds of richly dressed shoppers as they stream-

While we were examining the silks welcome, but at the same time, I knew the clerk laid before our admiring she had seen my shabby traveling eyes the most beautiful crimson silk I dress and cloak. But I was here now had ever seen. Amy looked at it for had ever seen. Amy looked at it for a few minutes, and turning to her mother, said :

"Wouldn't this be lovely for Esther, mamma? You know she has nothing to wear but that old blue silk, and if she wears it at my party all my pleasure will be destroyed." This was not intended for my ears, but I stood so near Amy that I could not help but hear every word she said. Aunt made

look grand in this silk, you are so dark, dear, that it is just the thing for

you. "Yes," I assented faintly, "but, of course, Amy, I could not buy it, for I

really haven't the money.'

"But what will you wear at my par ty?" she asked anxiously. "My blue silk, of course," I answer-

ed impatiently. Why did she ask that when she knew it was all I had to wear "Well, Esther, I think you might

gold, was piled in heavy masses on the buy this, if only to please me, at least, Your silk dress is pretty, but you have worn it so often. Why, just the other evening I overheard Nell Fields say "she guessed you only owned the one party dress.'

During the time Amy was talking a severe struggle was taking place in my mind.

"Don't do it," conscience said, "remember how fully your father and thing but what there was some mismother trust you. Sooner than cause take. When father came home they them any sorrow be willing to bear Amy's taunts.

"Nonsense," my evil spirit answered, "this once will not make the least take made, but that the young lady trouble and you can easily pay the said it was to be sent to her father and money back to your father when you teach. Your blue dress does look too shabby to wear. Amy cannot help but feel disgraced if you persist in wearing it at her party."

"Have you decided whether you will take it ?" Amy asked. The clerk says it is a splendid bargain, and you can self. I can't understand why I was so have the bill sent to your father. He weak as to buy the dress." And then, will be given a few days in which to pay it.

"Yes," I faltered, "I will take the goods." Aunt Ella came over to us while the

silk was being measured. "I thought you did not want that piece," she said to Amy.

"Nor do I, mamma; Esther is taking it."
"Esther," said my aunt in a surpris-"Yes, mamma, won't she look too

lovely in it," Amy says. "She says she has not enough money with her to pay for it, but at my request they consented to send the bill to her father.' her dress, and, with our many parcels, | dear, to cause you this extra pain. Madame de Longe. By the time we

such a beautiful dress. "You need have no fear," I answer- from madame's I found a small slip of down the room. Richard looked positions.

read an amount written there for the pleaded. But it was quite a while bemaking of the dress that, for a few fore I could gain my self control. minutes made me sick with dismay. that the Madame's servant was wait-

ing for the money. Too proud to show my distress, said as calmly as possible: "Amy do for the money, as I know these people

"Yes, of course she will. I'll go

Once more I was alone, and not until now did I fully realize how far the could I tell him that I had betrayed Then began a round of pleasure thoughtlessness that mother warned the trust father and mother had repos-

night of Amy's party came. I was to flowers and rich, but rumpled dress. go home the next morning and had "Why Esther, child, what is wrong?" my trunks already packed. It was he asked. nearly a week since the bills were sent home, and during that time I had received no letters. Although greatly added, "Richard tells me that father worried, I tried to lay aside all care cannot possibly pay this now and I and enjoy myself thoroughly this last | hardly think these people will be willall I can spare, Esther. I am only mentioned. A little distance from me night of my visit. I allowed Lisette to ing to wait. So is it asking too much too sorry it is so little," and before I and almost shut from my view by a assist me in making my toilet, for I of you to buy this dress? I feel as if I was so nervous I could hardly arrange never wanted to look at it again, so I my hair.

Amy, looking very elegant in the cream satin she had chosen for herself came into my room while Lisette put "Yes, who'd ever have thought that the finishing touches to my toilet. Amy Grahm would own such a dowdy | She held a small blue box in her hand | the receipts to your father." and, when I was free from Lisette, she But I think they must have money or came over to where I stood and telling surely Amy wouldn't have her visit me to close my eyes, clasped something pearl necklace.

"A present from mamma," she explained, laughing at my surprise. "But don't stop to say anything about it now, for she sent word that we were to come down at once.'

I felt greatly elated over the admiring glances cast at my rich costume and especially over those from the two young ladies who had so severely criticised my white cashmere. The lights, the truth I had my doubts about it when Nell told it." Then they walked away and my partner came with the fairly giddy. "I shall be gay to night, come what will," I said thinking of the bills. But I was not prepared for what did come.

It was as I was coming from supper that I heard a servant say: right in here, sir, and I will call Miss Graham." I wondered whether "Miss casions, and what I would do for Grahm" meant Amy or me, bat I had cried and begged me to visit her soon not long to wait until the servant entered the room, and, coming directly A tew days afterwards Amy asked to me said "There was a young gentlethere sat Richard. What had happened? I felt sure it was something dread-

ful. Then I thought of those wretched bills.

then stopp "Esther! Esther!" he said, "then it I knew what he meant and swing-

ing my hands as I said, "yes, it's true, Richard, it is true." "But what did you do it for especially when you knew how hard father is involved trying to pay off that mort-

gage ?" he asked, reproachfully. "I don't know, Richard, I really couldn't have known what I was doing when I bought it. But what did fath er and mother say?" I was fairly sobbing by this time and Richard, see ing how deep my repentance really was, gently drew me on a sofa by his side to

wait until I had become calm. Then he told me how father had left home one morning bright and early and not knowing when he would get back left orders with mother that all the mail should be opened, and if there was a letter from a man named Wilson, it should be answered as he would and brought it into the sitting room, up a book and was reading, when suddenly mother gave a slight scream, to be. and coming over to him laid a slip of paper in his hands. It was the bill for my dress. A note was sent with it explaining why the bill had been sent to father and also requesting that the money be sent not later than three Mother would not believe any showed it to him and he wrote to the merchant that night. The next day an answer came that there was no misgave his address. That day Madame

De Long's bill came. Richard said father had no word of blame for me, but he went about the house looking so white and miserable. "Don't tell me any more," I said. "Oh, Richard, I can never forgive my-

in answer to his questions, I told him how it was I bought the dress. "Why did you come to the city ?" I asked after a pause. "To see if these people cannot possibly wait for this money, as father is not able to pay it now," answered. I looked at him for a few moments and then asked it that was the only reason why he came, for I felt sure he was keeping something from me. He hesitated, then said Perhaps I had better tell you at once.

Can you be calm, Esther?" "Yes," I said feeling as though a leaden hand was tearing at my heart. "Tell me anything you choose. I am prepared for the worst." He took my Then Amy selected the material tor hands in his as he said : "It hurts me we were driven to aunt's dressmaker, You know mother was not very strong when you left, so this trouble has utleft madame's I had almost forgotten terly prostrated her and now she is so low that we tremble for her life." ch a beautiful dress. | did not cry, my sorrow was too deep When the dress was sent to me for tears. I could only pace up and

"Did you say father could not pay Just then Amy came in to inform me that the Madame's servant was waiting for the money.

"Yes," he said, "it may be several weeks before he is able." "Well, then I must go to Uncle John and ask him

will not wait," I said decidedly. As we passed through the long hall we could hear the merry voices and I I could ever laugh and be gay again, When I reached the door of uncle's room my courage failed me. How blue silk uncle presented me with a among a roomful of guests, none were prise, and it was no wonder. Surely I must have made a strange picture, The time passed rapidly until the with my tear stained face, crushed

> In as few words as possible I told my miserable story. "And, uncle," don't mind giving it up." "You will wish to leave here on the

earliest morning train," he said, turning to Richard, when I finished. I will pay these bills myself and send "Thank you very much, uncle,"

Richard said gratefully, "you have taken such a load off my mind." Then, laying his hand on my shoulder, uncle said : "Esther this has been a hard lesson to you, but I hope you see its value. Remember this, that the little word 'no,' with only two letters in it, some people find very, very hard to pronounce. But I believe the next time you are called up-

on to say it you will be able." "Then, uncle, I shall regard this as a loan," I said after I had thanked

him.

I had no desire to go down to the parlors again that night, so I went to my room, leaving uncle and Richard together. Uncle explained Richard's presence to aunt and Amy by telling them of mother's illness, thus making no mention of the bills, for which I was very grateful. When I left Amy again.

When we reached home, we were met at the door by father. "Mother," me to go with her to the store where man in the library who wished very she intended buying her new party much to see me." Excusing myself, I could endure the strain no longer, but under that of ribbon, but it was rather followed him from the room. When I with a little cry fell, senseless, into my opened the library door and stepped in father's arms. When I became constarted back, pale with fright, for scious I was lying on the sitting room inated in her own brain. couch, the lamp burned very low, casting a dim shadow over the room. On a chair at the other side of the room, "What is the matter?" I cried, for hands, sat father. I could not but see begins upon the hither verge of Spring. Richard had started toward me and how much whiter his hair was than on It is never safe in fashions to prophesy the morning I started for the city.

to the couch and laid his hand on my brow. "What is it, daughter?"

"Can you torgive me?" I cried, ". know I am not worthy. But, oh, fath-

er, I have been so miserable." "Hush, daughter, you must not worry yourself to-night. But rest assured your mother and I have fully

forgiven you." "Will mother die ?" I asked, chok-

ng back a sob. "No, no, Esther, to-day we had reason to hope for the best. But I fear it will be some time before she is well. Now you had better retire, and tomorrow morning we will talk about Josephine with equal advantage. this." Then he stooped to kiss me and

left the room. a long talk. I felt I had never loved or en to deeds of philanthropy, but she is a honored my father half enough. He model housewife. There is no work in was so gentle and so forgiving. Then tell us. Richard went for the mail he took me to mother's room. But it was not until I had looked on her dear where mother sat sewing, He picked | face that I fully realized what a costly bargain my dress had almost proved

> It was weeks before mother was down stairs again, and one day I heard her say to father, "The lesson was hard, but it has charged Esther from a thoughtless girl into an earnest, thought

ful woman. Here mother leaned back in her chair, and, as she gazed into the fire, there was a far-away, dreamy look in her eyes. Then, awakening from the ers about the waist; grace of movement reverie, she drew out her watch and is destroyed by the overlapping and illexclaimed:

"Why, it's 11 o'clock. I had not intended keeping you girls up so late." As we waited for our good-night kiss, she said : "That silk dress caused me more than a little suffering. So, children, if you are tempted to do some thing that you feel to be wrong, and, though it seems small don't do it, for great harm may come from it.' Then Kate and I went up stairs,

leaving mother and Dick still sitting before the fire.

A Seasonable Disease. Pauline (aged 9) sitting in the shade on the porch with Old Sol making desperate efforts to accomplish a century run, had been quiet for two consecutive minutes. After some vigorous work with a tan she said seriously :

"Papa, do you know what I would like to have?" "No, my dear, what would you like ?"

"Well, I'd like to have a real chill, like you get when you are sick."

-German postoffice employes are not permitted to marry without the special permission of the Govern-

-For the 88 United States Senators at Washington there are 16 pages, and they all thoroughly enjoy their

For and About Women

Said a saucy little Maple To her cousin, Willow Tree; "Miss Fir has no new mantle This Spring, like you and me.

"She wears the same old garment
That she's worn since I was born;
I should think she'd feel so shabby
With no new bonnet on."

As she tossed her head and nodded At the Fir Tree's old-style clothes, Willow laughed—she couldn't help it— At the turned-up, pea-green nose.

The Fir Tree, staid and modest, Answered Maple not a word, Though I'm very sure, yes certain, Everything was overhead.

She only softly murmured, As she rearranged her clothes; "I'm glad my friends don't leave me With every wind that blows.

Methodists throughout Great Britain were surprised to hear that the Central Church, Hastings, elected Miss Dawson, of Redhill, as a district representative to the forthcoming Wesleyan conference at Birmingham. Hitherto no lady was allowed to enter the Wesleyan conference and whether this will now be permitted remains to be seen.

Skirts are almost universally made plain now. This is the mark of the really smart gown, for any purpose. There may be the contrast of dropping sash ends, or velvet tabs, with big buttons or buckles, but there should be no interruption of the downward line of the cloth. Flounces may hide bad cutting. In a dozen gowns of faultless workmanship you shall not see more than one with ruffles about it. And the menace of the overskirt is removed. We are a good deal nearer the panier than the overskirt now, though last Spring we were groping timidly toward the useless draperies. Paniers, by the way, are equally useless. But when we get hold of the wrong

Miss Samantha King, a pretty school teacher at Inland, Ohio, with a wagon and team recently worked out the poll tax which had been levied upon her.

thing it's best to drop it quick, isn't it

Even the plan of using fancy pins to hold the skirt and belt together at the "Just as you please, Esther, about back, does not work always satisfacit," he said kindly, "but you may take torily. A very pretty woman has a vour own time in paying it." come the skirt difficulty. The belts do not always match the skirts by any means. She usually has a stock and belt to match, however. The belts are made either of muslin, linen, silk or ribbon, and in the middle of the back a piece of the belt ribbon is ruffled on to the lower edge of the belt for about three inches each side of the point exactly marking the centre of the back of the belt. This can be caught to the skirt at the corners with a couple of pins, and not only conceals the entire strip where ornamental as well, and the woman hasn't any patent on the idea which orig-

gins while yet 'tis Autumn, and surely with his head resting wearily on his every costumer knows that Autumn more than one month ahead. Two "Father," I called softly. He came | months is a guess, three a conjecture, all beyond that the limbo of the unknowable. The wise in such matters say that we shall have the sleeve for the present nearly stationary in size, and unhidden by cape or collarette; that waists will shorter grow and skirts more scant, and that you must buy right away two little side combs and one high one, to assist in training the hair low over both ears and high in the back after the manner of long ago. This is pleasant news enough, for no more lovely manner of coiffure was ever devised. Further, Napoleonic features of the 1805 period will be less agreeable to short and dumpy women. Not every one can wear the garb of the Empress

Mme Carnot, widow of the mur-The next morning father and I had dered French President, is not only givher home which she is not as competent as her own servants to do.

A tall, brown jar with a slender neck, filled with long stemmed daisies and set on an oak table, makes a study in color which may well delight the eye of an artist, and the golden hearted blossoms will make a speck of beauty in a dull room which is worth 10 times the expense and trouble of arranging them.

Most women overdress themselves They wear too much clothing. The symmetry of the figure is destroyed by the collection of bands, bones and gathdraped skirts, and not only comfort but health is destroyed by their weight. Corsets of clumsy construction and ridiculous length make caricatures of the women who wear them, and the average woman stands accused. With the big sleeves, the full skirts, the coats and shirt waists, the underskirts and petticoats the little women suggest rag bags and the big women are monstrous.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Haines went to Washington D. C., 12 years ago, a widow, with about \$1000, and started a small notion store. She now has \$40,-000 invested in a stock of general merchandise, and keeps about 60 clerks employed. She owns the building in which her store is located, known as the Haines block, the third story of which is used as a city hall.

Tailor-made shirt waists of silk Madras are worn with duck or linen skirts in the morning in the country, or in town when one is belated there for a day or two, says Harper's Bazar. A white duck skirt with a pale blue shirt of the glossy Madras is cool and youthful looking. A pink Madras waist is especially pretty with brown or gray linen skirts. This material is very similar to silk gingham, and is preferred in solid colors than in stripes. It is made up in French blouses that droop over the belt in front, and in the simple voke shirt. Instead of a turned over collar there is usually a crush collar of the Madras, and sometimes a wide ruffle is added down the front.