

A FISHING PARTY.

Wanted we went a fishing—me An' my Pa an' Ma—all three, When they was a picnic, way Out to Hatch's Woods one day.

An' they was a creek out there, Where the fishes is, an' where Little boys 'tain't big and strong Better have their folks along.

My Pa he ist fished an' fished! An' my Ma she said she wished Me an' her was home; an' Pa Said he wished so worse'n Ma.

Pa said if you talk, er say Anythin' er sneeze, er play, Hain't no fish, slyer or dead, Ever go' to bite, he said.

Pur' high dark in town when we Got back home; an' Ma, says she, Now she'll have a fish for shore!— An' she sayed one at the store.

Neen at supper, Pa he won't Eat no fish, he says he don't Like 'em. An' he pounded me When I choked!—Ma didn't het!— James Whitcomb Riley, in the Century.

DEACON BATES'S WIFE.

BY MRS. C. M. LIVINGSTONE.

Mrs. Bradley had come up to Berkshire with her husband and many others to attend the annual convocation of their church. While she rested in her room after the morning session, she heard a conversation which interested her, between two men on the veranda, just under her window.

Through the half-open blinds she recognized one of them as Deacon Bates, a sturdy farmer delegate, who had shown much good sense in the few words he had spoken upon one of the resolutions in the business meeting.

"Whether farming can be made to pay or not, depends a good deal upon the kind of a wife a man has," Deacon Bates was saying, and this was the sentence which arrested Mrs. Bradley's attention.

"If he has to run the farm and the house too, and depend upon hired help, he can't lay anything up. One of my neighbors is in that fix; his wife don't know how to work herself; she trusts everything to help, and she spends her time gadding about. Things go at sixes and sevens; their butter and poultry are the poorest in the market. I am sorry for him. I believe I've got the best wife in the country, myself," he went on, tipping his chair back against the house and clasping his hands over the back of his head; "she beats everything there is going for work. She tends to everything herself; is up at daylight, and sometimes before, her butter is tip top; we get the biggest prices going. She's a splendid cook, too; I never need to go away from home to get good victuals, now I tellyou. Well, the fact is, she is as smart as a steel trap at anything she takes hold of. She makes all her own clothes and most of mine, and boards the farm hands, and once in a while also takes some city boarders. I never would a been so forehanded if it hadn't a been for her. And she's all ways at home, summer and winter; I don't believe she's been off the place, only to church this twenty years."

"Poor drudge!" Mrs. Bradley exclaimed to herself, as the dinner-bell put an end to the conversation.

It so happened that in the course of that summer Mr. and Mrs. Bradley wished to find comfortable quarters for a few weeks in the country, near enough to the city so that Mr. Bradley could go in and out conveniently, were directed to Berkshire and to the house of Deacon Bates.

It was not until she got seated at the tea table in the cool dining-room of the Bates family one July evening, that Mrs. Bradley identified the man with an extraordinary wife. Mrs. Bates did not look in the least like the busy bustling worker Mrs. Bradley had pictured. She was a small, pale woman, with gray hair and wistful brown eyes. Her low spoken words were few, and her manner apathetic, as if life had lost its flavor, if it ever had any.

During the next few weeks Mrs. Bradley had opportunity to prove that Deacon Bates had spoken truly of his wife. Her house was a model of neatness, her "victuals" were truly delicious, each day she turned off an amount of work, assisted by only one other pair of hands, which was truly incredible. "A working machine," Mrs. Bradley thought, as she watched the treadmill round of skimming milk, churning, baking, dressing poultry, washing, ironing, cooking and washing dishes, beginning at sunrise and not by any means concluded at sunset. Sometimes in the twilight the tired woman rested a few minutes, then Mrs. Bradley, pitying the narrow life, would try to awaken her interest in an article in the newspaper, or a bit from an amusing book; but the weary listener usually nodded in the midst of it.

One evening after tea, as Mrs. Bradley wandered about the place, she came upon Mrs. Bates, who was out under the apple tree engaged in picking chickens.

"You are at it early and late, aren't you?" Mrs. Bradley said as she watched the swift fingers travel over the plump chicken. "I heard that you were perfectly remarkable, but I had not imagined that one so persistently industrious existed."

"You heard that of me?" Mrs. Bates exclaimed with more interest than she had ever before displayed. "How could you?"

"It was when the convention was held at Berkshire. I happened to hear your husband sounding your praises. Mrs. Bradley hoped that at last she had found a key to open this closed heart as a gleam of surprise flashed for an instant on the worn face of the farmer's wife, so she exerted all her powers of pleasing; she praised the flower garden, and admired the luxuriant vine which clambered over the wood-house; but Mrs. Bates seemed

absent-minded and less inclined to talk than usual. There was silence for a minute while she worked as if her life depended upon getting done at a certain moment. Mrs. Bradley was just thinking how useless it was to try to get anything out of such a wooden woman, when suddenly Mrs. Bates without lifting her eyes, jerked out a question.

"Mrs. Bradley, I should like to know—would you mind telling me—what it was Daniel said that day up to Berkshire?"

"Who? Mr. Bates? Oh, he said he had the best wife in the whole country!"

And then, searching her memory, Mrs. Bradley gave a faithful report of what she had heard.

It was curious to note the effect of her words in the light which came into the sad eyes, and the faint flush which stole over the faded cheeks.

"Did Daniel say that?"

The wistful tone and the starting tear were pitiful to the other woman, who affected not to see or hear anything. She broke off a spray of flowering currant, and said, as she tucked it in her belt and moved away:

"Yes, he did, and I quite agree with him." And then remarked to herself— "Poor creature, she has a heart after all!"

It was an hour later when Mrs. Bradley sat alone on the front piazza, that Deacon Bates, his chores all done, came and sat on the upper steps. He was a man of much shrewd intelligence who read his weekly religious paper from end to end, and liked to discuss an article on a doctrine with a bright woman like Mrs. Bradley. His wife was still busy in the kitchen, as the rattle of milk cans occasionally testified.

Mrs. Bradley's thoughts followed the tired worker; her kind heart longed to make the weary life of this woman different. If only somebody would speak a few plain words to her husband, she reflected, and get his eyes opened.

"Why not do that yourself," said her inner voice.

She shrank from that, through telling her conscience that perhaps she would sometimes, if she got a good opportunity.

The deacon, taking off his hat, ran his fingers meditatively through his gray locks, and opened up an article he had read that afternoon on the comparative merits of a trade or profession compared with farming.

"In my opinion," he declared, after descending at some length upon the subject, "the farmer has the best of it everytime; it's a healthy, independent sort of life, and he doesn't have to work like a slave the year round. In the winter he can get time to tinker at odd jobs and do a sight of reading besides, if he's so disposed."

Then Mrs. Bradley could not resist taking hold of the subject.

"And the farmers' wives? They, too, have a good rest in the winter—fairly idle, aren't they?"

"Oh, no, there's plenty of work, but it isn't hard. In the fall, after the berries are put up, comes the drying of apples and pumpkins. Then there's sausages to make, and lard and tallow to fry out—When all that's done, there's a lot of sewing and knitting and carpets to rag. My wife makes her own carpets, and my clothes, and the boys' all but our Sunday coats. Then it takes a lot of cooking to keep three or four appetites going, and we don't have any help in the winter, usually."

His listener could scarcely keep indignation from her tones as she replied:

"Is it possible that all this is added to the work of the summer? I do not wonder that according to the statistics a large proportion of the women confined in lunatic asylums are farmers' wives. It is a dreary life, making a woman into a perfect drudge."

"Well, I don't know," the farmer answered, musingly, "we must earn our bread by the sweat of our brow. The Bible says that work's good for us. I guess it is, and a wise provision of Providence. I don't know it's any worse for women than it is for men."

"But it seems to me that the lot of the farmer's wife is less desirable than that of her husband. According to your own account she has less leisure, and then he seems to have more variety in his work, and it is relieved by small pleasures. In summer it is mostly out of doors; then he jumps into his wagon and is off to town two or three times a week on errands; and his neighbor often happens along and he takes a nap in his chair or reads his paper a few minutes, but according to my observation a farmer's wife is a drudge. She seems to have no time for these little rest places, and the consequence is, all is dreary and monotonous. It is no wonder she loses her mind and has paralysis; for her work is never done."

Deacon Bates sat silent a minute while he stroked the gray stubble on his chin, then he said slowly:

"I don't; may be it's so. I never thought about it just that way."

Mrs. Bates came around the corner of the house just then, and took down some clothes from the line in the side yard. Her husband watched her mechanically as she folded and placed them in the basket.

"Your wife is a marvel to me, accomplishing all she does," Mrs. Bradley said as she watched her; "but she looks worn; she will break down some day suddenly, I fear. It would make a wonderful difference in this world to have her busy hands and feet still forever."

The deacon turned and looked at Mrs. Bradley half wildly, as if such a thing had never crossed his mind. Then he got up, strode over to the line just as his wife was about to lift the basket of clothes, and taking it from her carried it into the house. She followed, amazed.

Not since the first years of their married life had "Dan!" offered to do any of her work. What had come over him?

When Deacon Bates had anything special on his mind he was wont to take himself to the orchard. He went there now and sat down on a low, gnarled limb, and leaning his head against a tree, tried to think over the tormenting words Mrs. Bradley had just spoken. They nettled him. He told himself she ought to mind her own business. But after all he had himself to blame. By his confession his wife was a hard working woman. It was too humiliating! He had prided himself on being kind to animals and considerate toward help. Was it possible he had been cruel to his own wife? It must look so, or a good woman like Mrs. Bradley would not have spoken as she did.

The deacon was a good man. He was not going to spare himself now that his eyes were getting wide open. He went back over the years when he first came to the farm. "Cynthy" was young and bright. She used to talk and laugh then. What had changed her into the silent woman she now was?

"If her busy hands and feet should be silent forever!" What a awful word!—He had no more calculated on any change of that kind than that the old eight-day clock which had ticked on for forty years should suddenly leave its place. And then that dreadful thought about the farmers' wives becoming insane. He had read enough of insanity. What if that state should be slowly coming on his wife, for certainly she grew more silent and sad year by year.

It must be that she worked too hard when he came to reckon it up and tell over to Mrs. Bradley all the work she did, summer and winter, it was more than he had supposed. How could she get any time for reading or going out?—And now that she thought of it, she never went anywhere, except to church and not always there, because often she was too tired. How different it used to be! Once she frequently went to town with him, and they occasionally took tea with a neighbor or drove in to the sewing society.

But of late years work had been so pressing that there had been no times for going or inviting company. He had just gone on buying more land and more cows and employing more men, so adding to her labor, while she had but the one helper they used to have when the farm was small. And as if this was not enough, he had encouraged her to go on taking summer boarders occasionally, as she herself had suggested long ago, one year when the crops had failed. And he pretended to think she did it all because she loved work so much. That was all stuff! He had seen her stand in the door and look after him when he rode off to town on a pleasant afternoon, and he had heard something like a sigh just as she started. The dear, patient woman had not complained or said sharp words; he wished she had, then maybe her pig headed husband might have seen things as they were.

The truth was, the love of money had taken possession of him and he had sacrificed everything. He had not even hinted to his wife that she must spare herself, and he had forgotten to speak a word of praise.

He hated himself! For although he had been mean, selfish and grasping, he still loved the wife of his youth. What would all the money and land he had scraped together be to him when he had laid her in the old burying ground? The sturdy farmer, as he sat there thinking these sharp truths in the gathering shadows, realized for a moment the desolation of going on without her. He bowed his head and gave thanks to God that he might pray with all his soul and his wife might go together hand in hand down the hill that leads out of this life to life eternal.

The darkness had settled down when Deacon Bates got up and went into the house. He had gone over everything, had reconstructed affairs on a new basis and made several plans. He would have no difficulty in carrying them out, for his word had ever been law in his own house. If he had suggested anything it must be done, and this not on account of tyranny, but because of the old-fashioned reverence for her husband as head of the family which Mrs. Bates had always maintained, and which "Father knows best" was her unvarying decision.

It was not like Deacon Bates to say much about his good resolutions, but to proceed to put them in practice as rapidly as possible. There was no light in the sitting room which he entered but that of the moon which streamed in at the long window. He thought the room was empty till he caught sight of his wife asleep in her chair. Her mild, pale face upturned in the white light sent a pang through the self-convinced man. He went over to her and laying his hand on her head said:

"Come mother, you better not wait up for the boys. I'd go right to bed if I were you."

He continued to smooth her hair as he said it, and Mrs. Bates presently sat up straight and wondering. It was long since her husband had lost the habit of bestowing little endearments; he used often to do this very thing in other days.

"Was Daniel going to die?"

The next morning soon after breakfast Mr. Bates went away in his spring wagon, returning in the space of two hours with the strong, capable girl who assisted them on extra occasions, announcing to his wife that Sophia Mills had come to stay till the "heat of the summer's work" was over, "and mind you keep her busy," he told the astonished woman, "and you get some time to rest."

In the afternoon Mr. Bates drove to town, and as Mrs. Bradley had the day before said she wished to match some worsteds, he took her along, taking occasion to say as they were well on their way:

"I'm much obliged to you, Mrs.

Bradley, for giving me a hint about my wife, last night. I have been blind and dumb as an old bat. But 'nough said. Things'll be different. Now I want to ask another favor. I wish you'd pick out a dress for my wife—a nice one that'll do for best. I'm going to take her out West to see her sister when the crops are all in. She don't know a word about it yet."

Mrs. Bradley was delighted; she just would be glad to help. What would he like?

"Oh, you must settle that; something sort of ladylike; black I guess; and get some of that soft white stuff such as you wear, to go round her neck, and some ribbons and all the trimmings."

A more dazed woman than Mrs. Bates could not be found, when her husband, that night, after every one else had gone to bed, presented her with a roll of handsome black cashmere.

"And Cynthy," he said "you must have it made up nice like Mrs. Bradley's, with some ribbon a flutterin' in the wind."

"What's the matter with you, Dan?" his wife asked anxiously.

"Whatever does all this mean?"

"It mean, little woman, that I've been an old brute. I've let you slave yourself 'most to death with not a minute of fun thrown in. Now it's going to be the rest of the way. What would you say now to takin' a trip out West next month to see your sister Hannah?"

It was too much. Mrs. Bates could only cry and cry as if she would never stop, while her husband murmured as he stroked her hair:

"Women are curious. I looked for you to laugh instead of cry, Cynthy."

Sandow's Romance.

The Strong Man Marries the Young English Lady Whom He Saved from a Runaway Horse.

Sandow the professional strong man was married lately in Manchester to Miss Blanche Brooks, the daughter of a Manchester photographer. Sandow and Miss Brooks met four years ago and had been engaged for some time. Miss Brooks returned only a few weeks ago from Germany where she had been studying the language.

The story of Sandow, the strong man, met Miss Blanche Brooks, the young English lady to whom he was married, is a romantic one. While Sandow was performing at the Crystal Palace in London some four years ago, the platform on which he was supporting his horses on his breast broke, and it was only his presence of mind that saved him from being crushed to death.

As it was, he escaped unhurt, and crowds of people pushed forward to shake hands with him and congratulate him. In the midst of this excitement a lady, who was sitting in a box, threw him a bunch of violets. A few months later a runaway truck horse came near rushing into a coupe occupied by a lady. Sandow, who chanced to be passing, saw the danger, and by his great strength succeeded in diverting the course of the runaway horse, and so saved the life of the young lady.

She proved to be the same who had thrown him the bunch of violets, and Sandow now learned that her name was Miss Blanche Brooks. And now they are married.

A Conundrum Supper.

A conundrum supper is one of the latest devices for raising money and spending an enjoyable evening. A menu in which the edibles is presented to each guest, who makes as good a selection as possible under the circumstances. He is quite likely to be served with cucumbers and tooth picks as anything else, unless he proves a good interpreter. A sample menu is as follows:

Turk's Delight, Cereal Compound, A Mixture by Competent Cooke, Murphy Clothed, The Origin of the African Race, Belated Sister's Comfort, Fruit of the Vine, A Tear Producer, Chips of the Old Block, An Eastern Relish, How a Goat Will Greet a Girl, A Spring Offering, A Dyspeptic's Horror, The Opposite of Fair, A Hint of the Lower Regions, A Golden Offering, Round and Light, Natives of the Pacific, Suspended Feline.

Hundreds in a Burning Mine.

WARSAW, August 11.—The extensive coal mines near Dombrowa, government Brodno, have been burning since yesterday afternoon. The fire was started by an explosion of gas when the full force of men was underground. The main shaft was wrecked, and comparatively few miners have been rescued. The latest report is that several hundred men are entombed in the mines, and great numbers of them have been abandoned. The miners are owned by the Franco-Italian bank.

Caused by a Secrecy of Water.

LANCASTER, Pa., August 12.—All the electric cars of the Pennsylvania Traction company were compelled to stop running this afternoon owing to the exhaustion of the water supply. A new section is being pumped in the main feed pipe from the pumping station to the reservoirs, which, it is expected, will be completed to-night. In the meantime, the city is without water, although the reservoir, full of water is held in reserve in the event of fire.

Breeches, Trousers and Pantaloon.

The words breeches, trousers and pantaloon are now used interchangeably, but originally the signification was quite different. Pantaloon were at first nothing but long stockings, worn in Italy as a sort of religious habit by the devotees of Saint Panta. Breeches originally reached from the waist half way to the knee, and finally to the knees, where they were fastened with a buckle. Trousers are the present style of leg gear, a combination of the former two.

Making of Opium.

In the manufacture of opium in America the Turkish crude opium is used entirely. That used at Victoria and Hong Kong is an Indian article of "cooking" is very simple. The crude, which resembles a piece of dirty soap, is first dissolved in lukewarm water. The water takes on a very dark brown color. The water is then boiled and strained, divided off and re-boiled until the stuff begins to thicken. After this the process must be watched very carefully to prevent the mixture from burning. The boiling is continued over a steady fire, at tremendous heat, and at last the opium is reduced to the consistency of thick coal tar. It is then placed in small brass boxes, hermetically sealed, and is ready for use.

A conservative estimate of an undoubted authority places the number of cans of opium annually smuggled into San Francisco alone from Victoria, B. C., at between 4,000 and 5,000 cans. There are also large quantities landed straight from Hong Kong, and much comes across the Mexican border. The incentive to smuggle, with the duty at \$12 a pound, is a strong one.

The quantity of opium coming into the United States legitimately and illegitimately is appalling. White men and women every day fall victims to the seductive influence of the dreadful habit, which is daily growing and fastening its fearful shape upon the poorer population. There is but one way to stop it all. The laws should be amended to most rigid strictness. There should be a prohibitive duty placed upon all opium; punishment for smuggling should be made most severe, and then the world that cares for reformation should encourage the officers whose arduous duty it is to enforce the regulations.

The Sacred Bo Tree.

One of the Most Wonderful Natural Growths Ever Known to the World.

In October 1887, the sacred bo tree, at that time supposed to be the oldest living vegetable monument on the earth's surface, was uprooted and destroyed by a cyclone which swept over the island of Ceylon. The oldest written description of the sacred bo tree now in existence is that by the celebrated Chinese historian Fa Hian, who visited the island and the sacred tree in the year 414 A. D. According to this learned Chinaman, the tree was at that time 702 years old, having been planted in the year 288 before our era by King Devinijattissa.

As soon as it was known throughout the island that the tree had been destroyed by the fury of the elements great crowds of mourners gathered around its "sacred remains" and held regular funeral services for two or three weeks. After the season of mourning was over the tree was cut into proper lengths, each piece wrapped separately in white cloth and cremated with the same funeral rites which would have been given a member of the royal family.

So perished the sacred bo tree, one of the most wonderful natural growths known to the world—a tree which had been worshipped daily, one might almost say hourly, for 2,175 years, and under the shadows of its branches perhaps heathenish rites had been enacted exceeding in solemnity anything known to the tree worshippers of either ancient or modern times.—St. Louis Republic.

Important to Sheep Owners.

An important decision upon the sheep law of 1893 was handed down by the court of common pleas of Huntingdon county on Friday. In April of the present year Miles Guernsey, a Cass township farmer, notified the township justice that in June, 1893, dogs had destroyed a number of his sheep. The justice notified the auditors, who assessed the damages at \$21. The county commissioners refused to pay it because Guernsey had neglected to report his loss for more than nine months. Guernsey then asked the court for a mandamus to compel the commissioners to pay the damages. The court, in a lengthy opinion, refused to issue the mandamus on the ground that Guernsey should have promptly notified the township officers of his loss, and held that while a statute does not limit the time for a thing required to be done, it must be done within a reasonable time.

Rubber.

The best grades of rubber come from the banks of the river Amazon, and we might say the supply is unlimited, but the climate is unhealthy, and this adds to the cost. The very best in turn comes from the rivers Purus and Madeira, tributaries of the Amazon, and these sorts are used for surgical goods. They are very fine grades, and while their cost is only 2 or 3 cents more per pound in the New York market still, if the demand should increase, there would be a greater difference. The Para grass is good enough for all ordinary purposes. The term Para comes from a large city at the mouth of the Amazon, in telegraphic communication with the whole world, and reports from there received daily govern the rubber markets of every nation.

A man by the name of Corn was married at Richfield, Ill., to a lady by the name of Wheat. The choir sang "What Shall the Harvest Be?" A boy in the gallery yelled "rubbins," and they sent him out of the synagogue.

The longest continuous land line of telegraph in the world is across the continent.

Raleigh, N. C., is the Oak City, from the nature of most of its trees.

St. Paul is the North State City and Minneapolis the Flour City.

The mouth of the star fish is exactly in the center.

If you want printing of any description the WATCHMAN office is the place to have it done.

For and About Women.

The Republican nominee for State Superintendent of Public Schools of North Dakota, Miss Emma M. Bates, is conceded to be the shrewdest politician in the State. She secured the withdrawal of her leading competitor for the nomination by agreeing to marry him, and to make him her deputy and he, in turn, is to stump the State in her behalf.

Among the gowns most remarked for style are those of pique. Pique being thick can be designed with special regard to form, whereas thin materials must be designed for soft grace and rich masses of broken light and shade and color. Pique has a quality unique among summer fabrics; it stays put, and it is in form that style largely consists. For this reason it has been seized on by very chic women and produces a sensation wherever it appears. The same remarks apply to the moire silks spoken of above, which are made up plain and are valued for form. Such materials are dangerous in ignorant hands and may result only in a warm, uncomfortable dress; but perfectly cut and worn at the cool seashore they are admirable.

The skirt is round and clears the ground, in very full godets, the back at the top arranged in inch and a half deep gauges, sloped and gusset covered, so that each godet stands out complete from top to bottom; the bodice in box plaits, or plain with an overshadowing, flaring shoulder collar; and gilet sleeves let in the armhole in plaits. The color is oftenest white, pale or deep yellow, or ecru. Hair line stripes are on some of them, but they hardly add to the effect.

To be as good looking as possible and to be physically well one must, in general be happy. "To be happy" is one of the tenets of a gospel of health recently preached by an authority. Another, a Frenchwoman, goes even further and forbids weeping, sulking and getting angry as foes to beauty and inviters of wrinkles and disfiguring lines in the face. Vanity undoubtedly impels much of the enthusiasm over hygienic matters among women, but one can forgive the cause of a gospel of health recently preached by an authority. Another, a Frenchwoman, goes even further and forbids weeping, sulking and getting angry as foes to beauty and inviters of wrinkles and disfiguring lines in the face. Vanity undoubtedly impels much of the enthusiasm over hygienic matters among women, but one can forgive the cause of a gospel of health recently preached by an authority. Another, a Frenchwoman, goes even further and forbids weeping, sulking and getting angry as foes to beauty and inviters of wrinkles and disfiguring lines in the face. Vanity undoubtedly impels much of the enthusiasm over hygienic matters among women, but one can forgive the cause of a gospel of health recently preached by an authority.

The sash is an institution by itself, and the young woman of means invests in one almost every time she goes shopping. Sashes are in styles, from stiff moire ribbon to soft silk, depending largely on the dresses with which they are worn.

The hotter the weather the simpler the gowns become. Dainty lawns made with belted-in, round waists and skirts full from the waist bands with ruffles set on at the knee to reach to the hem, are always in good taste. For trimming, insertion of narrow black lace on the bodice, a tiny edging of lace on the ruffles and a black ribbon belt with a great flared bow at the waist line in the black sashes. But no matter how warm the day an occasional dress is seen in which black is freely used.

The Prohibitionists of Nebraska have nominated a woman, Mrs. Belle G. Bigelow, of Lincoln, for Lieutenant Governor of the State. Two others of their nominees for the eight places on the State ticket are women, Mrs. Octavia H. Jones, of Hastings, being named for Secretary of State, and Mrs. F. Bernice Kerney, of Plattsmouth, for Superintendent of Public Instruction.

"What extraordinary capers these females are up to nowadays! If you believe me, I got a notice from a committee of them, requesting me and all the adult members of my 'household' to call somewhere to sign a petition to strike out of our state constitution the word male as a qualification for voters. Now I haven't any household; but if I had, why shouldn't they ask my babies as well as my adults, if the thing is to put everybody on the same footing? Last year it was street-cleaning. All the pretty women went at you at dinners, and asked if you had influence with various 'bosses' whom they 'longed' to know. Well, they accomplished charming creatures, I must confess; but why can't they rest on those laurels? The year before it was the abolition of ash barrels. You couldn't open your mouth to a girl at a party without having an ash-barrel thrown into it! They've had their dab at city politics; and as the Higher Education of Women, the University Settlement, and the Kindergarten Association, those we have always with us—and we are allowed to buy tickets, or send checks for boxes for their entertainments to an almost unlimited extent!"—Mrs. Burton Harrison.

Large fancy buckles are conspicuous in many fashionable gowns, and porcelain buckles are quite the latest fad. The porcelain comes in all the choicest and most exquisite colors, painted and gilded. A line of goods very much like the material of ordinary dinner-ware is shown, and from its blue-white and fragility it has charm. Buckles of this material take silver or gold prongs. Ivory is also much used, and a vague is gaining ground for mother-of-pearl.

A gown of pale yellow pique has medallions of embroidery set in at intervals round the skirt over-deep yellow; the bodice has a wide box plait down back and front, and a wide epaulette laid over each shoulder extending out over the sleeve, with a medallion set in each end over deep yellow, one in front and one behind neckband and belt of deep yellow satin.

Plain, quiet-colored fabrics in tailor styles, which yet have sufficient variety in their form to render them becoming to every figure, are the rule for street wear and traveling. The skirts are absolutely plain. The coats are long or short, full or slightly flared, single or double-breasted, or flare away from a waistcoat in front, buttoning only on the bust or at the waist line.