

Bellefonte, Pa., Aug. 24, 1894.

OUR NIGHTS ARE COOL. No matter where you choose to go, From Canada down to Mexico, We don't know why they tell us so, But it is the rule For people everywhere do say In some quite reassuring way, "Oh, yes, it's hot here through the day, But then our nights are cool."

We've heard this story till we're loath To disbelieve it under oath. We may be deaf or dumb or both, But still we're not a fool.

We quite believe if one should go
To Satan's burning realm below
He's say, "Our days are hot, you know,
But then our nights are cool."

—Nixon Waterman in Winnipeg Free Pro

MRS. TUXTER'S TROUBLES.

CHAPTER 1.

"Just when I'd make up my mind to chivvy him out of the business, too, whatever Mr. Manx might say !" declared Mrs. Tuxter, as she flung her nightcap on the floor with impotent

That veteran Macchiavelli in petti- pened. coats, Mrs. Thomas Tuxter, was incapitated from attending her daily battle-field by a sharp twinge in the shoulder, which caused her to roll should be shoulder. small latticed window pane, through on her throne." which the dim January light slowly

No prying eye but "Jemimer Jane's" was allowed to peer into the chaste re- matter? Are you ill?" cess dedicated to Mrs. Tuxter-and sleep. When Mrs. Tuxter retired for the night Jemimer Jane dutifully escorted her parent to the threshold of this august apartment and then withdrew to a cubicle partitioned off from which was shared by intrusive and sable-hued cockroaches, starved out from the adjoining cottage.

Jemimer Jane had a mortal terror of a prancin' up and down the road after these insects; they seemed to her to be | young Fagg's customers." destitute of all moral fibre; and she carefully guarded against their intrusive propensities by putting each leg of her small bedstead in an earthenware saucer of water, thereby hoping to prevent the cockroaches from climbing up the bedclothes. Sometimes the plan succeeded; at other ed toast?" times the invading army swarmed over their companions and scorned to be

denied. Then Jemimer Jane would tearfully shrink beneath the clothes and half suffocate herself in a vain attempt to evade the serried battalions of her foes. Overhead—even through the bed clothes-she could hear the resonant snoring of that majestic female, her mother, and longed for the time when, the proud possessor of a four-poster and an upper room, she could also bid defiance to every midnight foe.

Early this particular morning on

which Mrs. Tuxtur dashed her night- ing there; be off !" cap to the floor, Jemimer Jane lay tion with the customary bundle of tor?' morning papers; for that enterprising female, Mrs. Tuxter, had bearded fortune and defied the workhouse by embarking in the somewhat precarious calling of a newsvender to the myriad clerks and professional men who went to the city every morn, and labored there until dewy eve warned them that it was time to return to their wives and families. Jemimer Jane had been carefully coached by her mother in some of the sacred mysteries appertaining to the selling of papers, but was not allowed to take the initiative in any way. She was very fond of posters and placards, not for the sake of their contents, but mainly because, when deftly sewn together, they made a most excellent coverlet for keeping out the conservative journals, as a rule, because the paper was thicker and warmer. As a matter of fact, however, the warmer the politics the thinner the placards. Seen from a distance, her coverlet had somewhat the appearance of a crazy quilt, owing to the artistic effects produced by the different colored inks in which the posters were printed. Thus while she slept, Jemimer Jane insensibly imbibed opinions of the most diametrically opposite nature, until they became fused in one homogneous whole, and rendered her that rare being, an important woman, able to look upon all conflicting political parties as so many ants pulling straws hither and thither, under the belief that they were doing great

these ideas. With her blue pensive eyes, fair hair and delicate features, she was too pretty to need the stern aid of logic, too insignificant to be able to obtain an audience, even if she were logical. But this particular morning she was suddenly called upon to as sume the office of headship, to think chase papers from her. for herself to carry on a campaign in sume the reins of office, and to tempobattle through temporary indisposition, | tle, and surveyed her curiously. which obscured his judgment and allowed the enemy to steal a march up- asked. "Old 'un off on the ramon his forces. Mrs. Tuxter was in a page?"

similar position this eventful January "I don't know what you mean," retired to bed the previous night full cel into a waiting room. of ginger cordial and an ardent longing for the fray; and now, in the dim dawn, she lay groaning and tumbling | she comin'?" about on her uneasy couch, utterly uaable to escape the grim fiend which gripped her shoulder with fierce claws, place ?' and sent little darting pains all down liberty with Mrs. Tuxter's vertebrae. | matism."

situation as the dim light slowly be- | flected.

the window and noiselessly disappeared. She was chained to her bed, utterly unable to order a reconnoissance against the enemy or command the disposition of her forces. In other words Jemimer Jane was still below, and the papers not fetched from the station, whilst in all probability, that fold 'em ?" enterprising young newsvender, Mr. Richard Fagg, was folding his news Jane. sheets and awaiting the arrival of her customers-those customers; whose patronage she had solicited in such obsequious yet well-rounded periods a few

Presently Jemimer Jane became conscious of her mother's stick thumping loudly on the floor, and regardless of cock roaches, sprang out of bed. The veteran clock on the kitchen dresser Jemimer Jane, by various inductive processes peculiar to herself, thereby arrived at the fact that it was a quarter to eight. A quarter to eight. quarter to eight! No wonder her mother was angry. She rushed up the narrow steps, and burst into Mrs. Tuxter's room with a vague feeling 9 o'clock all her papers were gone, that something dreadful had hap- and Mr. Fagg had not even commenc-

"Bring a light, you unnatural child, helplessly over in bed and groan at her | night, and you sleep like the queen up-

"It's so dark down there in the filtered away until it penetrated the kitchen, mother," said Jemimer Jane. mass of opaque shadow wherein Mrs. hastily lighting the candle, and waiving all questions as to where royalty usually slumbered. "Whatever's the

"Am I ill ?" retorted Mrs. Tuxter, with bitter irony. "Oh, no, not by no manner of means. Ill! I look ill, don't I? I should be lying here in state if I was well, shouldn't I, with the business all a-going to rack and the rest of the kitchen—a cubicle ruin every passing momink! Ill! which was shared by intrusive and sa. Oh, don't ask me it I'm ill! I'm a sick woman to-day, Jemimer Jane muttered. "I've heered about the old sion. Tuxtur, all through a-gallivantin' and

> Jemimer Jane's pretty face flushed with apprehension. She turned her sweet blue eyes affectionately on the old woman.

"Can I do anything, mother? Shall I run up to the station and get the papers, or make you your tea and butter-

Mrs. Tuxter raised herself on her arm with a groan.

"Buttered toast!" she said, in tones of withering scorn. "When the connection I've labored so to bring about is a dropping to bits, in this a time to talk of toast, dry or buttered? You'i run up to the station as fast as your legs will carry you, and get the papers like lightning. Don't wait to fold them, but if any one growle, just say, pleasant like, 'Mother's very sorry, sir, but she's been took bad with the rheumatics, and hopes for a continuance of future favors.' Now, don't stand star-

"But about you, mother?" said awake, idly speculating when her Jemimer Jane, anxiously surveying vituperative terms to her young rival. mother would return from Finsey sta- the old tyrant, "Shall I go for a doc-

"A doctor! You'd better go for an undertaker; they are one and the same thing. Catch me a paying for a docsaid Mrs. Tuxter wrathfully. tor,' "Put the embrocating bottle by the bedside, and if I feel like embrocating myself, I can embrocate. I'll wait for my breakfast till 10 o'clock; but don't you come away much before then, or you'll miss the Reverend Mr. Manx.

Jemimer Jane sped down the narrow staircase, hastily drew on her thin boots and an old mackintosh, and prepared to face the inclement January morning. The station stood a quarter ot a mile off. Mr. Fagg's "pitch" was about a hundred vards from the effects of cold weather. She preferred station, Mrs. Tuxter's little shanty some fifty yards nearer. After much deliberation Mrs. Tuxter had secured her position owing to the fact that her her.' active enemy always got a little ahead of her, and thus secured the first pennies. But she had also made the discovery that stout old gentlemen, unless they had their pennies ready, did not care to unbutton their coats so far best to tomahawk me, but I don't from the station, and therefore passed Fagg paperless in order to buy from her. Still, the rivalry was wondrous keen, and the profits proportionate. Hence the astute Mrs. Tuxter feared to relinquish her post even for a single morning. Jemimer Jane was not a good saleswoman. She only stood meekly holding a bundle of limp papers Jemimer Jane literally watered the tea and looked tearfully at intending purchasers, who hurried by under the impression that she was about to beg. Jemimer Jane had never formulated Consequently, Jemimer Jane attended to domestic duties whilst that enterprising Amazon, Mrs. Tuxter, bore down upon her victims and made them feel that they had begun the day in a manner which was sure to bring retribution in its train if they failed to pur-

As Jemimer Jane struggled through the enemy's country; in short, to as- the falling snow to the station, she brushed up against Mr. Richard Fagg, rarily depose the august female, her who had also overslept himself. That mamma. Napoleon himself, so his- young gentlemen stopped short in tory informs us, once lost an important | amazement, gave vent to a shrill whis-

"Running the business to-day?" he

morning. She had matured her plans Jemimer Jane replied with hauteur, as for the overcoming of an enemy, had she attempted to draw her heavy par-Fagg followed her.

"Look here, honor bright now; ain't

"No; mother's ill." "And you're going to take her

"Yes,,' said Jemimer Jane, half cryher majestic back. Nothing else but ing at the futility of so unbusinesslike a conscienceless thing like rheumatism | a substitute. "I'm going to take mothwould have dared to take so great a er's place. She's very bad with rheu-

Suddenly Mrs. Tuxter realized the Good-looking, young Mr. Fagg re-

came a trifle less faint, and a few fall. I "I thought that dodgin' up and down

ing snow-flakes softly fluttered against the road after my customers 'ud do for her some day," he said." I ain't vindictive though, and I ain't got nothin' against vou-not a scrap.

He roughly hauled up her papers and carried them into the waiting

room. "Now," he said, "d'ye know how to

"No," helplessly replied Jemimer He went back to fetch his own

heavy bundle, and brought it in. "Look here," he said, "you just sit by the stove, and I'll fold your 'Chronicles' to go on with. All these first trainers takes 'Chronicles; it's the nine 'spress swells as wants 'Telegrafs' and 'News."

Jemimer Jane could only sit with blurred eyes surveying the muscular solemnly struck fourteen as she did so. young fellow as he ran his thumb over a mass of papers, preparatory to folding them. Sometimes she could see day." the top of his head, but it was generally obscured behind a mass of whirling sheets. Before she had recovered from her suprise, she found herself selling "Chronicles" right and left. By ed to get rid of his own.

Jemimer Jane began to think. "You fold, and I'll sell for you," she said, with a decision which surprised herself.

Flagg looked pleased, but shook his "You run 'ome, Miss Jemimer, and get the old 'un her breakfast, or

you'll never 'ear the last of it." He was speaking in gasps as he folded and twisted, and twirled his own stock.

Jemimer Jane paused a moment to consider. Then she made up her

"Mother must wait," she said decisely, and darted out with a bundle of

Mr. Fagg's papers. "It's a shame to let a girl like that sell papers in such thin things," he 'un and her buttered toast on Sunday morninge. B'lieve she shammin' that's what she's dooin'-shammin' cos I ran her off her legs t'other morning !"

Jemimer Jane came back for a fresh supply of papers. At a quarter to 10, just as she was handing Fagg his money, there was a slight cough be- er ain't a bit grateful, and never will hind her, and the Rev. Joseph Manx gave the girl an approving tap on the shoulder.

"That's right, my young friends, that right, Co-operation is the secret of success," he said cheerily, as he stamped his feet to keep them warm. "Where is your estimable mother this morning, Jemime?"

"Ill in bed, sir," said Jemimer shyly; "but she sent her dooty, and 'opes for a continuance of future favors.' "She means well, but is illogical." said the good clergyman absently. "I do hope she has discovered that there is room for Fagg and vourselves too. It has been pointed out to me, my child, that it is scarcely seemly for a woman of your mother's years to use such The spectacle, I am told, of her ambling very worthy woman, though somewhat | for it." set upon having her own way. I will look in this afternoon on my return

some soup and breakfast." He went over the bridge, and left He told me he is going up to town to Jemimer Jane paralyzed with fright. "If mother knew I'd spoken to you she'd never forgive me," she said door to the workhouse?"

from town, and see her. You had bet-

breathlessly to Fagg. The good-natured youth only grinned. Mr. Manx to go and see old Sykes instead," he said. "He's got to be at the school house and won't have time to come to your place. Won't the old lady be mighty glad you've sold out!

Jemimer Jane shylv put out her hand. Fagg took it awkwardly. "Mind you, when the old 'un's on the war path again, we're friends out of business hours. She's doing' her

mind. "Yes," said Jemimer Jane, and sped away, frightened at the sound of her voice to prepare the matutinal toast of of the suffering Mrs. Tuxter, who greeted her with a volubility which would have amazed the Rev. J. Manx could he have heard that good lady, for with tears, and, as a punishment for getting up late, was not allowed to have any sugar in it.

Mrs. Tuxter was confined to her bed for more than a fortnight. During that period her language was not characterized by that refinement which is popularly supposed to distinguish the caste of Vere de Vere. Indeed, when a celebrated American poet once wrote the line "painful and frequent and free," he must have had an internal premonition of Mrs. Tuxter's linguistic requirements. And that worthy lady also suffered mentally as well as physically. She could not understand how Jemimer Jane contrived to carry on the business so successfully without her. She it was who had erected the fair fabric of trade; she it was who had stood in the gates and won the people's hearts; and yet, now that she was laid up, Jemimer Jane. who had done nothing at all hitherto, appeared to be able to carry on the business without the slightest effort, and returned every day with the multitudinous "coppers" which she had coaxed from the pockets of Mrs. Tuxter's clientele.

"How did vou do it?" inquired Mrs. Tuxter one day, when Jemimer Jane announced that she had completely sold out her stock-in-trade. "I wonder if it's because your so like me? You're a slight, skinny thing, but people must have seen the likeness. Anybody asked after me?"

"No, mother," said Jemimer Jane quietly-"no ane except-

She stopped confusedly. "'Cept who?" demanded Mrs. Tux- to taking you, if you would do me

She was now able to come down and complain of having to wait for her

"Mr. Fagg" said Jemimer Jane,

Mrs Tuxter snorted like a leviathan. "You can tell him, then, I'm not dead yet," she said, "and, what's more her flagging spirits with a small bottle I ain't a goin' to die. Fagg, indeed! Like his impidence to (ask after me growing, only had the bread and butwhen he made me run up and down that road like a female ostrich. Fagg, indeed! I'd like to fag him! What I can't make out is why he don't get all our customers." "I have a lot of his customers!" said | the table.

she sighed. "He asks after you every life of me I can't tell how you manage since you've been ill." to get his people away from him. That'll bring his proud spirit low and hold his nose to the grind-stone of affliction. I'll teach him to start an op- been wholly flattering. Mollified by posite business and defrord the widow and the orphan-especially the widow.

whatever Fagg may hope for." "I didn't think you so unforgiving," said Jemimer Jane, sadly. "And, mother, he didn't start in opposition. We've done our best to take away his business. Mr. Maux says he's a very | Fagg to enlighted her as to the object | bility she is interested and successful in good young man, indeed, and very kind to his mother,"

"Oh! he's got a mother, has he?" inqured Mrs. Tuxter, in surprised tones, as if she rather expected that young Mr. Fagg was a primordial atomic globule, or something for which evolution was responsible. But Jemimer Jane had sped out toward the station | health." without waiting to continue the discus-

When Jemimer Jane reached the station old Mrs. Tuxter would have been very much astonished had he seen her hated foe untying the Tuxter bundle 'You don't know Mrs. Tuxter, not by of papers. Jemimer Jane tried to stop a long sight, if you think she's ever

"You mustn't," she said, in tones of deep distress. "You mustn't. Moth- the doctor tells me she'll be sacrificed to

for one brief moment. "We'll talk about that afterwards," he said. "I ain't a-doin' this to please your mother!" and he went on folding with the rapidity of a lightning express. When the papers were all Jemimer Jane came back to the thirdclass waiting room and found Fagg there with two steaming cups of coffee and a plate of bread and butter. "I must go home to mother." said

Jemimer Jane, in distressed tones. "Ain't she well enough to get her own breakfast yet?" demanded Fagg. "Yes, but-

"Well, there's no reason why she shouldn't do it for once," said Fagg. 'I s'pose she's comin' back soon?" "She hopes to next week," said was a savings bank." generally to hilarity. But she means that she's not fit for that kind of life at self by taking less'n half." well, doubtless. A worthy woman-a all. She ought never to have gone in

"Have some more coffee?"

ter go down to Mrs. Manx, and get Jemimer Jane shook her head. "Is this a time to be drinking coffee?" when mother and me will soon be next

Young Mr. Fagg poked the waiting room fire nervously. He had no right "Don't you say nothin' and I'll get | to do it, but the porter in charge was an old friend of his, and he felt that he

could take liberties. "If you was to read the papers, Miss Tuxter," he said, you'd find how all these American millionaires owns railthe way of another railroad, they goes shares.

"Yes," said Jemimer Jane, not quite realizing what was coming. "Well," said Fagg, "d'you think you could see your way, Jemimer Jane"-Jemimer Jane breathed more naturalv now that he ceased to address her by the formal title of "Miss Tuxter"-"to an amalgamation of our united boards? -that is what they call it in America." "Boards!" echoed Jemimer Jane, looking vaguely round. "Oh, you mean the things to stick the posters on!

What good would that do?" businesses into one. You've been doing better lately, haven't you?"

'Yes." said Jemimer Jane, well knowing that he had doubled her re-

"Well, if you'd only let me keep company with you, Jemimer Jane (I'll be 20 in March), the thing's done. You sell and I'll told.'

Jemimer Jane blushed. Though she was very pretty, no one had ever before breathed words of love into her ear. Her heart gave a leap and a bound. She knew that a man who had been so kind to her in distress would probably make a good husband. But mercenary considerations did not influence Jemimer Jane. She had been so accustomed to consider berself a mere cipher, that the notion of any man (even a very young man) could want ber for a wife was preposterously funny. Funny? No; on second thought it did not seem to be so funny, as young Mr. Fagg looked anxiously down on her for an answer.

"But there's mother," she said faintly; "and I'm only 19."

"Then it's a go?" asked young Mr. Fagg. "But mind you, Miss Tuxter" -Jemimer felt intensely miserable at being addressed in such solemn tones with and she earned the wherewithal to again-"you're not to be borne down by any help I've been able to give you ers by picking berries. lately. If you can't like me (I know I'm rather a rum 'un). you just say so, and I'll keep to my end of the road after I've done your papers for you, and pan a not bother you any more. But I'd like rate.

you to say 'Yes,' if you could manage it. There's Wombwell's menagerie coming, and I've been looking forward

proud to such an extent." Jemimer Jane shyly extended her hand without looking at him.

"It ain't the menagerie," she said softly. "I'd like to go anywherewith you."

That evening, as Mrs. Tuxter ate sweetbread for supper and supported of stout (Jemimer Jane, though still ter and water of affliction for supper) clothes on. He made a ceremonious bow to the old lady and put his hat on

Jemimer Jane, indignantly. Then "I've taken the liberty of calling to bring you a few oysters, Mrs. Tuxter,' he said-"juicy 'uns-nd to inquire af-"So much the better," said Mrs. ter your health. Ab, mum! you don't Tuxter, complacently, "though for the know what people have said about you

It was a very good thing that Mrs. Tuxter was not aware of what people said about her, for the remarks had not the oysters and flattery combined, Mrs. Tuxter could only recast her previous I'll have the rest of his customers beimpressions of Mr. Fagg and consider fore I've been back a week. There's him a most agreeable young man, parnot going to be a funeral, with me in it, ticularly when he requested her to go any more than "it he was a stone." When Mrs. Tuxter had finished her supper, she drew her chair up to the

> of his visit. "Well, you see, Mrs. Tuxter," replied the unabashed Mr. Fagg, as Jemimer Jane fled to the wash house, "Mr. Manx has been down to see us this afit was a shame you should have to give up so fine a business on account of your

Mrs. Tuxter; but I an't a going to give novel. it up for nobody, health or no health.' "That's what I said," returned Mr. Fagg admiringly. "I said to him, goin' to give up anythin' she's set her mind on.' 'Well,' he says, 'Ferguson the inclemency of the elephants'-I don't know what he means, mum, but Young Mr. Fagg dropped the paper | that's what he said-'inclemency of the elephants, if she carries on the business, She's a damaging of you tremendously Fagg, she's such an active woman, a skimmin' up and down the road like a seagull; but she's overdone it,' says 'You never know where a woman' kills herself and ruins your trade? If you and the young lady could only make a match of it, then that wonderful woman-' "

"Did he sav that?" inquired Mrs. Tuxter, much flattered.

"That wonderful woman could stop quietly at the home and draw her third fact, she buys it at a man's furnishing of the profits just as reg'lar as if you down the road to forestall him with a Jemimer Jane; "but the doctor says if customer is not pleasant, and gives rise she does she'll only be ill again, and ter, firmly. "I wouldn't demean my-

> "No, mum there'd be Jemimer Jane, She paused sorrowfully to think and one-third for me. And Mr. Manx what would happen if Mrs. Tuxter became ill again, Fagg helped her out. "Is this atime to be drinking coffee?" business generally. You say 'Yes,' she said, with unconscious plagarism, Mrs. Tuxter, and he'll set about it to morrow. Mother sends her respeks, and she'll take the liberty of callin' on you to-morrow with a bottle of oppodeldoc, if you're agreeable.'

"But Jemimer Jane?" inquire Mrs. "I'll leave her to you. mum," said the diplomatic Fagg. "If you could even though it is made of the precious only make up your mind to take me for metal, and looks very much out of place. a son-in-law some day, when we've You just keep quiet, and I'll tackle roads, and when one railroad gets in turned the business into a limited com- belt will answer the purpose quite as

> Jemimer into it." "Tell your mother I'm most agreeable to see her," said Mrs. Tuxter, with lofty condescension. She was delighted at the turn events

> had taken, but diplomatically concealed her delight. When Mr. Fagg took his departure, Jemimer Jane, her pink cheeks aglow with shy happiness, slipped out from the back door, and accompanied him a little way down the road.

"You've done it?" she asked, look-"No, I don't. I mean, turn the two ing eyes. "You dared to speak to and profusion of jewels. For poor figmother about it?"

Her belief in Fagg was wonderful as she nestled closely up to him with rapt adoration. "Yes," said Mr. Fagg; "I was a bit

upset, but I got through it all right. 1 ness. don't mind telling you in confidence, Jemimer, she's a majestic female and most took my breath away. When I'm the head of the family, she'll have to let you alone, or it'll be her turn to get upset."

"You're not afraid?" queried Jemimer Jane, with widely opened eves. "Afraid! I ain't no more afraid of her when my blood's up than if she was a whole menagerie in herself," said Mr. Fagg, proudly. "Now, you run back, Jemimer Jane, and get to bed. Iv'e been saving up to buy you a new | three-fourths of an inch wide are stiched shawl. Mother wants you to go with her to choose it to morrow.' A new shawl! Was there ever such a hero—such a great, good, masterful

fellow since the world began?

- The author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett, was at one time a teacher in a little country school. She was so poor that she had not even enough to buy stamps

-The war between China and Japan appears to be going at a very slow

post her first manuscript to the publish-

For and About Women. Madame Sarah Bernhart, the divine

Ornate dishes are no longer fashionable, and as they were never in good taste, it is not to be regretted that they have given place to the pure white ware which is always dainty, always pretty and always in harmony with whatever flowers the hostess may choose for her table. For breakfast and luncheon sometimes the old-fashioned blue and white, which our grandmothers used, is placed in charming contrast to white luncheon doylies, embroidered with delisomeone knocked at the door, and in cate blue corn flowers, or sometimes walked young Mr. Fagg with his best pale green grasses and sweet pea blos-The wide mouthed cups are favorites with everybody, and when they are large enough to hold a good-sized "drop" they are praised indiscriminately, at least by the women guests.

Miss Comstock, who is President of Comstock Banking Company, of Green City, Mo., and Cashier of the Comstock Castle Bank, of Green Castle, Mo., is probably one of the youngest bank officers in the country. She entered the bank at Green City in March, 1889, as Assistant Cashier and Bookkeeper, which position she filled in all its various duties. In September, 1892, the owners of that bank organized one in Green Castle, when they made Miss Comstock President of the old bank and on with her supper, and not mind him Cashier of the new one. As the President and Directors of the latter bank live at some distance from it, Miss Comstock has the real work of the bank fire-place and graciously asked Mr. to do, and despite the heavy responsiher work.

Overskirts have struggled hard to gain a foothold in the world of fashion. But women have intuitively opposed ternoon, to tell me the doctor told him them. The plain full skirt has proved itself too satisfactory to be cast aside. Still the new overskirt of the summer gown is not so bad as it might be. It is "Very kind of him," grimly said graceful, and more than that, it is

Afternoon dresses of ecru grass linen in a dark shade of tan are made up into very dressy yet simple gowns trimmed with bands of lace insertion and ribbon bows, and with hat, gloves, parasol and canvas shoes to match the lace, the effect is very pretty.

The most correct parasol is pure white. For morning use it may be of duck, though white gros grain or silk moire is to be preferred.

The summer girl who knows what is what buys one white sailor hat of a good quality and of the latest shape. Then like that'll stop. Why don't you go she invests in half a dozen different up and see her, and try to get her to colored adjustable hat bands that cost take you into partnership afore she forty cents a piece, and can be put on a hat in less time than it takes to write the word.

> The really swagger girl looks with disdain upon the ribbon belt with its silver buckle, and choooses instead of a leather one made just like a man's. In shop, and has it shortened to fit her waist. A new idea that she has been following of late is to wear the belt rather loose in sailor fashion.

One of the ways to make a belt a joy One-third for her, one-third for you, forever-which it isn't at present in spite of its popularity-is to have the tion, for you to come and sit in on fine the back. Then have the ribbon belt days, and give a masterful eye to the sewed fast around the other side and across the back, and you will rest secure in the knowledge that your skirt and belt are not parting company.

A rather vulgar fashion that well-bred girls will not follow is that of using a large gold safety pin to hold the skirt band and outside belt together at the back. The safety pin is not elegant, An ordinary safety pin worn under the pany, I've no doubt you can coax Miss | well and need not be visible.

The gored skirt is to become still more pronounced in effect, hanging about the feet in great organ-pipe folds, and fitt-ing without a wrikle almost to the knees. At the same time the all around full-on-the-belt skirt is going to make a struggle, the more extreme models setting out in close folds directly from the belt. This is certain to mean the incoming of the Euzabethan style, with their enormous fullness of skirts about "You've done it?" she asked, look-ing at her hero, with child-like, trust-long bodices, together with high collars ures the style of that period presents many alluring features, but the American woman has a proverbital good figure, so it will be a pity if she dis-guises herself in stomachers and stuffi-

> Small double capes worn for slight protection when driving on Bellevue avenue or in longer coaching trips are of very light tan-colored smooth cloth like that of men's box coats says Harper's Bazar. They are quite full and short The lower cape does not reach to the waist line, and the upper one falls just over the shoulder tips. They are cut circular, making great fulness on the outer edge without requiring gathers on the upper edge. Bias straps of the cloth on the edges of both capes and on the small turned over collar. This is the only trimming. One of the prettiest box capes, which Redfern distinguishes further as the Ascot, has a lining of white silk striped very daintly with pink, green and lavender. Red cloths in dull and in bright shades are similarly made for yachting capes, and are much worn with white duck or serge gowns. Cream-white capes accompany navy blue or poppy-red gowns.

> A smart costume for a young girl is of gray alpaca, the cape of darker gray, and hood lined with light tartan silk The skirt is plain, gathered full at the back, the shirt waist of pink cheviot having a turn-over collar with narrow black satin bow.