

Bellefente, Pa., Sept. 28, 1894.

THE TELEGRAM.

"Is this the telegram office?"
Asked a childish voice one day,
As I noted the click of my instrument,
With its message from far away.
As it ceased, I turned; at my elbow
Stood the merest scrap a boy,
Whose childish face was all aglow
With the light of a hidden joy

The golden ourls on his forehead Shaded eyes of the deepest blue, As if a bit of the summer sky Had lost in them its hue. They scanned my office rapidly,
From ceiling down to floor,
Then turned on me their eager gaze,
As he asked the question o'er.

"Is this the telegram office?" "Is this the telegram office:
"It is, my little man,"
I said. "Pray tell me what you want,
And I'll help you if I can."
Then the blue eyes grew more eager,
And the breath came thick and fast;
And I saw within the chubby hands
A folded paper grasped.

"Nurse told me," he said, "that the lightning Came down on the wires some day; And my mamma, has gone to heaven, And I'm lonely since she's away; For my papa is very busy, And hasn't much time for me, So I thought I'd write her a letter, And I've brought it for you to see.

"I've printed it big, so the angels
Could read out quick her name
And carry it straight to my mamma,
And tell her how it came;
And now, won't you please to take it,
And throw it up good and strong
Against the wires in a funder shower,
And the lightning will take it along."

Ah! what could I tell the darling?
For my eyes were filling fast;
Iturned away to hide my tears,
But I cheerfully spoke at last.
"I'll do the best I can, my child,"
"Twas all that I could say,
"Thank you," he said, then scanned the sky,
"Do you think it will funder to-day?"

But the blue sky smiled in answer,
And the sun shone dazzling bright;
And his face, as he slowly turned away,
Lost some of its gladsome light.
"But nurse," he said, "if I stay so long,
Won't let me come any more;
So goo-bye; I'll come and see you again,
Right after a funder shower."
—Ashton Reporter.

HER NEW SITUATION.

By Losing One Place She Got Another and Was Made Happy.

is the matter with Carrie?" Ain't sick, is she?"

Mrs. Pell had come up to her lodger's room to borrow a dust-pan. Life among the poor-tenement-house life, at least-is all give and take; and Mrs. Pell borrowed dust-pan and eggbeaters, just as Mrs. De Rifter, of upper Fifth avenue, would borrow a piece of music, or Miss Waldergrave the last new novel.

to the house. They were very poor, yet Mrs. Pell somehow respected an intangible essence of ladyhood that hovered about them. They had no carpet on the floor, yet it was always clean; the curtains were made of "cheesecloth" at four cents a yard; the bed on which the mother and daughter slept assumed the similitude The cooking was done on a kerosene stove in the corner, and Mrs. Pell discovered that Mrs. Belton did floss-silk embroidery on flannel for infants' wardrobes, while Carrie was one of the attendants in Muller & Co.'s dry

goods store on Broadway. "I knowed they was genteel," said Mrs. Pell, "the minute I set eyes on 'em. Mrs. Belton's dress is shabby. and Mrs. Hourie, the grocer's wife, on the first floor, wears hers somehow different: and Carrie's bonnet is plain black straw, with loops of green ribbon, but it's a great deal more ladyfied than Susan Jane Hawley's pink crape, with the red feathers and the Rhinestone daggers stuck in it."

But to-day Carrie was crying, and Mrs. Belton with her floss-silk embroidery pushed to one side, was trying to comfort her.

'No," said Mrs. Belton, "she isn't sick, but-" "I'm discharged," said Carrie, sud-

denly, straightening berself up. "I've lost my place. One of the customers brought a point-lace handkerchief to the store to match it in flounces, and she couldn't find it afterward, and-"

niece once in one 'o them big stores, were beginning to gleam like spheres and you can't teach me much about of gold through the leaves, when Car-The gals is sacrificed right rie came into the wing room one evestraight along to the customers' whims. It was laid to you, of course." "And I may consider myself lucky,

they tell me," cried our indignant Carrie, "that I am not arrested and put in prison. Only 'previous good conduct' saved me! But I consider that I have been insulted and aggrieved. I-" "Carrie! Carrie!" gently soothed the mother. And Carrie's passionate

words died away in a flood of tears. "But what are we to do?" she cried, "How are we to live? No one will take me in after this. It would be no | ing!" whispered the girl.

use for me to try and get a situation. "God will provide, Carrie," whis pered Mrs. Belton.

At that moment there came a sharp tap at the door. 'Is the young lady ready for the place out in Orange county?" asked a own life overshadow his." gruff voice. "Mr. Jessup's wagon is at the door. That's me. And he's a

waiting. "La me!" said Mrs. Pell, starting | girl. up. "I clean forgot all about it. And when Mrs. Belton looked at her Name of Jessup? Louisa Olcott, set face she knew that all remonstrance she's dreadful sorry, but her uncle | was in vain. ain't willing, on sober second thoughts

"Ain't that the young woman?" to do." And she burst into sobsaid Mr. Jessup, nodding his head to tears on her mother's shoulder. ward Carrie Belton as he stood in the doorway.

bristling up. "This is the floor above shawl and a green parasol and an ecru to deposit its eggs, the dogs are the Olcott rooms."

"No offense, no offens?!" said Mr. Jessap. "But what be I going to do? My wife calculated on my bringing home hired help, and I dunno nothing about your intelligence offices. And the train goes at 11."

"What sort of a place is it?" asked

Carrie, suddenly turning around. "Gineral housework," said the old "A little of everything. Sort of it, but it seems to me a pretty fair offer. "Mother," said Carrie breathlessly.

"I have a great mind to go, if—if Mr. Jessup will take me." "And glad of the chance," said the

old farmer, cheerfully. "I don't know much about housework," went on Carrie.

"My woman'll teach you," said the farmer. "She'd be doing it herself it it wasn't for the rheumatism in her back. And you look like one who would be quick and active to learn." "And I know all about her," said Mrs. Pell; "and I tell you, Mr. Jessup | lace counter at Muller & Co's. she's a good, trustworthy girl as ever lived.

"I could jedge as much as that by her looks," said Mr. Jessup, shrewdly. So Carrie Belton steered her little life-bark into this new current.

She had been a week at the Jessup farm before she wrote home to her

"DEAR MOTHER :- I am the happi est girl in the world. This is a lovely place-all apple orchards and mead ows knee-deep in red clover and timo-thy grass. I help to milk the cows every night, and the lambs and chickens know me already. Mrs. Jessup is much. Frank-that is her nephew, every one does, and so it seems natu- general excellence. ral. All that troubles me mother, is to be separated from you, and I have but it is safe to say that there are ence must do the rest, for there are no such a delightful plan. It was Frank Mrs. Jessup do not object. There is used only for a storeplace-two dewindows looking out on the river.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Pell; "what The Beltons had only lately come very much, and you can breathe in

so happy !" Mrs. Belton read the letter through tears of delight. "It will be like heaven," she said to herself. "My dear, thoughtful child! of a stained pier-wardrobe by day. But I wonder who this 'Frank' is. I wonder if she knows how often her

thoughts and her pen turn to him? He must be good if he is with these kind people." She went out to the old farm. Carrie met her at the station in a wagon,

with a handsome, sunbrowned young man holding the reins. "This is Frank Jessup, mother!" she said, with a radiant face.

The two rooms were in perfect order A bunch of roses stood on the bureau, and summer evening though it was, a fire of logs burned within the deep, smoke-blackened chasms of the ancient chimney, casting red reflections on the newly papered walls-"for fear it should be damp," said Carrie.

And the first real home feeling which they had known for years came, like the brooding wings of a dove, over the hearts of mother and daugh ter, as they sat side by side on the doorstep under the green apple boughs and the sound of a brook gurgled along beneath the willows beyond.

* * * * * The blackberries on the edge were ripening; the roses had blown away, "I know," said Mrs. Pell, "I had a drifts of pink, and the early apples

ning with a pale face.
"Mother," said she, "I must away from here. You must go with

"Carrie!" "Frank Jessup has asked me to be

his wife." "I thought he would, Carrie; knew that he loved you," said Mrs. Belton with innocent pride. "And no tween times, and so it is not long be-

wonder!" "I told him about the lace handkerchief that they accused me of steal-

"What did he say, Carrie?" "He said he did not care-he wanted me all the same." "And you?"

let the cloud which has darkened my "But Carrie, if he loves you"

"All the more reason that I should save him this humiliation, said the

"We must go away," said Carrie. to let her go out of the city. They've gone to Coney Island and—"

"It will be like tearing the heart out of my breast, but there is only one thing to do." And she burst into sobs and

"Hush!" said Mrs. Belton, "hush my darling! Some one is coming up "Certainly not," said Mrs. Pell, the walk! It is a woman with a dress trimmed with garnet bands.

> the Judith street tenement house. must just sniff and pass along, like a then he added as a clincher, "I roomed "How de do? Surprised to see me, terrier at an old rabbit earth; but if it with him when I was in Paris. - Chicaain't ye? Well if this 'ere ain't a be an a fresh one, he must follow it up, go Record.

landlady!"

he was to the house yesterday. The it to hold it down, he barks until he atfarmer, leaning against the side of the firm sent for him. They are short 'o hands, and they want Carrie to come of handy woman about the place. to the lace counter again. The lace Jest exactly the sort of work our dar- handkerchief that made all the trouble ter would have done if she'd lived to is found. The dressmaker found it grow up. Four dollars a week and a down in the folds of the young lady's good home. I dunno what you think apron skirt when she ripped it apart winter, and then recaught and sold. young lady's dreadful sorry about it,

Carrie's face had grown bright.
"Found, is it?" she said. "Mother,
give Mrs. Pell a cup of tea. Don't
you see how tired she looks? I will go back to where Frank is waiting for me. I-I think this will be good news for him."

back to the city with a monster bunch of pinks and roses next day, but Miss Belton did not go back to the Mrs. Pell dryly informed the shop-walker that she believed the young

Mrs. Pell stayed all night and went

lady had accepted another engagement.

Trapping the Terrapin.

The Demand Has Sent the Price From \$6 to \$70 a Dozen .- A Dainty Dish of Diamond Backs .- The Aristocratic Easily Distinguished by a Connoisseur .- Cooking as Important as Catching.

The American people, who above all others know what good living is bag are to be used. When picked, and how to appreciate it, were unput on the fire and add a little sherry doubtedly the principal medium of or Madeira (say half a teacupful for introducing to the world "Misyah three fair-sized terrapin), and put in a the kindest old lady you ever knew! introducing to the world "Misyah three fair-sized terrapin), a All she is afraid of is that I will do too Taarpin," as the colored people love good-sized piece of butter. to call him, and who smack their lips who lives here and helps Mr. Jessup as the name passes through. Terra-with the farm—brings in all the wood pin is now well known all over the wine, then pour the sauce of the terraand water, and is always asking what civilized world, and the terrapin of the | pin into the egg batter, put on the fire, he can do to help me. I suppose I United States has been unhesitatingly ought not to call him 'Frank,' but awarded the palm for delicacy and United States has been unhesitatingly

Every one knows the terrapin by sight that first thought of it, and Mr. and cultivation or habits, for that is a trade perhaps it is better to buy the prepared one wing of the old farmhouse that is talking about to outsiders. The lar- and all correct, for it is practically gest and most important farm in the Chesapeake district is on the Patuxent, and one risks spoiling a dish fit for the lightful rooms with a great fireplace Chesapeake district is on the Patuxent, and of gods. has been surrounded by a broad fence They are a little out of repair, to be to keep out the muskrats and toxes, ington cost \$6 per dozen, and now exsure, but I can easily whitewash and these being the chief enemies of the tra fine ones often sell for that each. repair, them, with Frank's help, and terrapin. With this exception, they Senator J. M. Clayton, of Delaware, you are to come up and live there. appear to need little care other than once bought a cartload for \$1. After And all the rent Mrs. Jessup will accept is a little dressmaking now and but what they do not require in care ton, Lafayette and Cornwallis, sat then—such as you are handy with— they make up in trouble of capturing, down to a supper of terrapin, believing for her poor old finger joints are stiff- for they are as wily as woodchucks, no doubt, that if anything could drive ened with rheumatism, and she can-not hold a needle. And you can go years ago they were as plentiful in the into the city with your embroidery | waters of Carolina, Maryland and Virevery week or two; the fare is not so ginia as the European soldier said flees were in Spain, and they were in those the smell of the new mown hay and days principally taken in oyster dredg. gather wild flowers and sweet briar. es, the first really large catch being And oh, mother darling, we shall be credited to John Ethridge, of Body's Island, who in ten days' fishing caught over 2,000 terrapin and sold them in Norfolk market for about \$400.

This was the birth of the terrapin industry, for he immediately returned to the spot dredged out 2,000 more and sold them in Baltimore for \$350. These sales became known and the extirpation of the wild terrapin commenced, so many being obtained that Southern points for \$2 a dozen. Oh pin ran in schools of several hundred, ly with her when she is caught." but the constant chasing soon broke these up, and it was not long before the deep water oyster dredges ceased to bring up a paying quantity. Then it was found that the chelonia sought shallow waters as the weather became cold, and a number of improvements on the oyster dredge proper soon came into use, and eventually artificial propagation, or farming, came into vogue

as a stable industry. Still there is quite a good deal of outside hunting done, and there is no better fun in the summer than to accompany a good terrapin hunter who knows his ground and is fairly sure to make a respectable bag. Some of these men do not commence operations until the fall. They then dig long, shallow ditches on the flatz, and when the tide gets low they patiently scratch the bottom with thornes or rakes until it is all covered with a creamlike mud or paste. When the tide comes in it does not stay long nor does it bring many terrapin, but it sight of a woman smoking a cigarette brings a few, and it stays long enough to let the terrapin find the soft bottom and understand that they have struck a "soft snap;" in other words, a good place for them to burrow and spend the winter in. Each succeeding tide brings more, the mud is kept soft before the working hunter has got quite a good nursery together. Then when the winter comes along the hunter goes down to his preserve with a hayfork and pushes it into the mud until it | secret. strikes something, and so keen is his sense of touch that he can tell in a moment if it be a stone or a terrapin, "Mother, I told him I never could and if it be the latter he digs it out and puts it in his basket.

DOGS USED TO HUNT THEM.

It is, however, in the summer that the amateur terrapin hunter wants to take his experimental trip, unless he is a born sport and enjoys the cold and dirt and discomforts as part of the programme, and there are many who appear to do so. In the summer the terrapin around the Chesapeake Bay are hunted with dogs, as partridges are with a setter or pointer, and a good "terrapin dog" is worth \$100, and takes a good six months to train. They are very sagacious and appear to thoroughly enjoy themselves. About the time the chelonia leaves the water turned out to range along the water Why, Carrie, it is Mrs. Pell, our old edge until they strike the trail of a tur-A dog must be able to tell if it be "Yes, its me," said the landlady of an old trail or a new one. If old he

pretty place! But I sort o' felt as if I no matter where it leads, until he finds had to come. Muller's shop-walker the terrapin. Then putting his foot on tracts his master to the spot to secure it effectually and then starts off again. A well-trained animal will catch 50 a day, and these are then sold to pound keepers unless the hunter has a pound of his own, where they are kept until last week. It had slipped down into It was this practice that first evolved the linin', and there it lay. The the practical farm method. This was due to the outcry raised by the fish commissioners on account of the number of nests destroyed and eggs rendered useless. But notwithstanding that the outcry established farms it

did not stop the dog hunters, who are

in as strong force to-day as ever they

It is a luscious morsel, and worthy of all reverence, for be it known the best preparers of terrapin are artists that even Delmonico's dish is not supposed to equal that of Augustine, of Philadelphia, which costs \$5 per quart about enough for two people, supplemented with a "dry" and not too cold "bottle." The best variety is undoubtedly "Terrapin a la Maryland," and this is the most popular and best known style. To make this, put a handful of salt into a pot of boiling water : put in the terrapin and boil until the skin slips off easily from the claws; take off the claws, skin, entrails and the sand bag; great care must be taken in cutting the liver not to break the gall; the eggs and egg

Beat up the yolks of four eggs with flour to make a batter, and add a little and add seasoning of cayenne and salt. Let it stand a minute or two to cook the flour, and add wine and butter, until the proper taste is given. Experiscores who are not acquainted with its other directions possible. After all, secret that the farmers are chary of terrapin, and be sure to have it good saving of cash to make it one's self,

Twenty years ago terrapin in Wash away hard thoughts, and cement future friendship, it was that same terrapin that our best judges of culinary efforts are so fond of to-day, and for which they are willing to pay such steep prices to get the right thing. -A. T. Vance

A New Offense.

The young woman who shocked the high moral susceptibilities of the Broadway paraders the other evening, by lighting her cigarette and smoking it in the electric light of publicity, has precipitated a new moral issue on the metropolis. The city which accepts Tammany politics with equanimity and rather plumes itself on the pace of life in the Tenderloin precinct was horrorstricken at the sight of a woman smokfor some winters they were sold at ing a cigarette on the street. One highly moral journal lays down the principal the sin of it! In those days the terra- that "the laws should deal severe-

It does not seem to occur to these ensors of female manners that, before the law can deal severely with a woman for smoking on the streets, there must be a law forbidding the obnoxious act. Inasmuch as masculine smokers commit the act without interference on the streets of New York as on those of other cities, it is presumed that there is no such law. If the shocked moral sense of New York should set the Legislature to supplying that deficiency, reason would be apt to raise the question what there is about the nature of tobacco that makes its public use entirely permissible in men, but a shocking violation of good order in women. It is calculated to puzzle the most astute moral philosopher to show why man may smoke and be respected and woman may not smoke in public without falling into the clutches of outraged propriety personi-

fied by the New York police courts. The peculiarity of the case is heightened by the fact that the same journals which hold up horrified hands at the on Broadway have recently published statements that cigarettes have become really the correct thing in the boudoirs of women of fashion. It is possible that these reports were largely the product of the imagination; but after pointing out the fashion is it not rather unreason able for our cotemporaries to rise up in virtuous indignation at the one woman who follows it? Or is it the theory that immorality consists entirely in be ing seen at it, and that which is awful in public is all right if kept reasonably

We hape that the women of America will not take to smoking either in private or in public, being restrained therefrom simply by their own preference But if Draconian law undertakes to abridge the right of the sex to do that which man may do undisputed, it will be likely to drive the independent American women into smoking as a neces sary act of self-assertion.

Knew George Sand Well

Colonel James Russell Lowell tells the story that one of the gentlemen he met in Chicago had a great deal to say the French literature and that George Sand was one of his favorite authors. "Oh, yes," exclaimed the Chicago gentleman, "I have had many a happy

hour with Sand." "You knew George Sand, then?" asked Colonel Lowell, with an expression of surprise.

"Knew him?" Well, I should rather say I did !" cried the Chicago man, and

Killing Fish With Dynamite.

The Slaughter So Extensive in the Potomac That

The amateur rod and line fisherman are up in arms over the illegal fishing in the upper Potomac, which threat-

ens to put an end to the sport. The past season has been a very unsuccessful one for the holders of the rod and line, poorer than any previous year, in fact. This is attributed to illegal fishing in the river, in violation of Maryland and Virginia. A regular warfare has been inaugurated, and from the way in which the fish are now being taken from the river it will not be long before fishing will be a thing of the past.

The latest way of catching fish on a large scale is with the aid of dynamite. The men who make use of this pursue their work as quietly as possible so as to escape detection. The of stitching. night time is best for their purpose, as few people are likely to be around, outside of residents of the neighborhood. A dynamite cartridge of good size is lowered into the river until it strikes the bottom. Connected with the cartridge is an electric wire, and as soon as the bottom is struck the electrical current is turned on and discharges the cartridge. There is no concussion or vibration felt on land, but in the water the effect is wonderful, the concussion being sufficient to kill all the els from Paris suggest trimmings both fish for 500 feet or more around. The above and below the waist line. A dead fish will rise to the surface, and with large nets the men who have with a sash; or a doublet of velvet encharge of the work dip them up and fill the boat. All of the different spe- above the waist up to the bust. Then, cies of fish in the water are killed by the concussion, from eels and catfish to bass and rockfish.

The large number of fish which come floating down the river causes much wonderment along the wharves. While there are plenty of catfish and eels, there are not infrequently good species of rock and black bass, which would have delighted any amateur fisherman who might have been successful enough to land them. It is a well known fact that the blasts at the trusive. Large buttons are the only quarries on the upper Potomac often kill a large number of fish but the great quantity of fish which came down the stream convinced the people that all the fish were not killen at the

quarries. A quiet investigation was begun, which developed the fact that dynamite was used. Some of the amateur fisherman of Georgetown, who have had extremely poor luck for several weeks past, spent one entire night last week investigating the matter. The scene of the carnage and slaughter was found to be within the district line, and within 100 feet of the west side of the Chain Bridge. Under cover of the their boat in the swift water until near the center of the stream, when they begin the work of destruction. Many of the fish killed in this manner find their way to the city markets.

Words vs. Work.

General Hastings is now fairly embarked upon his campaign of speechmaking and with his powerful voice and pleasing platitudes he will for the time arouse enthusiasm among the loyal Republicans. But he will accomplish little except in the ranks of the dyed inmembers of his party. The the wool people who give thought to political and economic questions are not to be carried away by vivid word pictures. General Hastings will not be able to persuade them that the McKin ley tariff was an unmixed blessing and that the new tariff is the root of wide spread desolation, for they see every. where evidences of recovery from the blighting effects of the high protective tariff and they know this improvement in trade must be ascribed to the Demo-

cratic tariff policy. Appreciating this they will cast their ballots for that early, aggressive and consistent advocate of tariff reform, Wm. Singerly. When others hesitated he boldly declared himself and wielded his great influence against oppressive taxation, never once retreating from the advanced position he had taken. When from every industry comes the promise of increased activity as a result of the adoption of tariff reduction, the people will feel that it were best to place at the head of the government of this state one who is, as he is, in sympathy with the new revenue bill and will vote for

Mr. Singerly for governor. There will not be the same amount of speech-making or the same explosion of things. fireworks during the next month by Mr. Singerly and his friends as will mark the route of the Republican candidate, but there will be done an immense amount of thinking that will lead to the support of the practical and successful business man and the patriotic citizen, Wm. M. Singerly.—Valley Spirit.

It Was a Big Mistake.

"Many men have been taken for somebody else of prominence, but I doubt if any but myself can boast of having been mistaken for the Angel Gabriel," said Senator Palmer to a reporter. "It was this way: While I was Military Governor of Kentucky a disturbance occurred in some town in the interior, I was in another. There was no train, no saddle horse, no buggy nor carriage. The only sort of vehicle available was a big gilded circus chariot left by some stranded show company. I didn't like it, but there was nothing else, and in I got. I cut a great dash as I drove through the small town. People turned out in droves to see me pass. When I left the town behind of his travels in Europe. Colonel Low- and reached the plantation the negroes ell remarked that he greatly enjoyed saw me and started with open mouths. They followed me, keeping at some distance, for they had never seen such a splendid vehicle. They kept on until after awhile they were joined by an old white-haired preacher, who on seeing me and my gilded chariot. raised his arms on high, and his eyes, too, and a slight slash at each side of the front, with a voice that stirred all within hearing, cried

Gabriel hisself. Bredren, down on yo' the slas knees an' pray, fo' yo' hour am hyar." tween.

For and About Women.

The president of Taylor College at Bryn Mawr, a woman, Miss Mary C Thomas, who has succeeded a man, Dr. Rhoades, still occupies a fine stone building at the place known as "The Deanery," and gives her "evenings" there, to which she invites a select literary coterie. The college is under Quaker control, and Miss Thomas is the daughter of a minister of the Society of Friends, but she is broad and catholic in her tastes, and one of her most intiof the law of not only the District, but mate frinds, who frequently takes part in her literary-social meetings, is Miss Agnes Repplier, who is a devoted mem-

ber of the Roman Catholic Church. The seams in the skirts of cloth and serge gowns are stitched once or twice on each side, making two or four rows stitching, or if ladies' cloth is used, a band of cloth an inch wide is stitched over the seams. On black moire skirts overlapping jet sequins are used in place

Thus far we have learned nothing definite. Instead of five, you may put seven gores in your skirt. You may stiffen it a little more, you may h ld your organ pleats at the back of the skirt in place by means of rubber bands, you may trim your skirt with narrow diagonal bands, you may draw it a little more closely about the hips, and spread it more at the feet, you may add a few more inches to the already ample fullness of your sleeve. Some of the modsort of surplice effect on some, made circling the body, standing in pleats, below the belt, flat panier effect in long narrow points. This is a step further, it may be, in the direction of a widened waist: and the natural waist may be

the wrinkle before long. Flat effects are observable in many of the trimmings. Not only are skirts trimmed with narrow diagonal bands. but the seven gored skirt has each of its seams strapped and stitched; and of course the coat bears the same finish. Narrow jets, gallons and passementeries are used; but all are quiet and unobmarked feature of the trimming. They catch revers, or fasten the double breasted coat, or trim the flat bands on

The plain undraped skirt will be the favorite this winter, as the overskirt has not proved as popular as was expected, there being very few modistes who could manage the double arrangement gracefully as the less complicated form. Flat folds and bands are used preference to fluffier trimmings, but what the skirt lacks in beruffled fullness the bodice amply makes up in its extra dressiness, as there is no ornamentation missing as far as that is concerned. The sleeves are not quite as large as formerly, but darkness the illegal fishermen steer make up for width in the matter of greater length, coming down over the knuckles frequently, and are therefore a little larger at the wrists than tormerly The double puff has been introduced instead of a single one, and is really a very pretty style if managed well.

Checked ribbons are going to be features of this autumn's millinery. you want to show that you know what is what have a black hat with coques' plumes and checked ribbon for your knock-about headwear during October and November.

Lady Somerset, the English temperance reformer, is spending some time in the Catskill Mountains. She means to enter her son, H. S. Somerset, this fall as a student at Harvard University.

If you have any old gloves with long wrists just think before pitching them into the waste basket, and cut off the tops and save them for fancy work. The kid can be easily cleaned and is capable of being made into a number of pretty articles. Several pieces of tan-colored kid stitched together along the edges will make a neat tobacco pouch. Run a drawing-string of gilt cord through the top, and paint or embroider an initial or device on the side. You have no idea how pretty a thing it is when finished. An opera glass bag is another thing which can be made from two square pieces of undressed kid. Select a heliotrops or lavender shade and paint pansies or violets thereon. The ribbon drawingstring should be the same color as the flowers. Kid covers for small books, kid hair-receivers and fan bags, kid pictures frames, card cases, pin trays and a host of other dainty articles can be made from the despised glove tops. This is surely the day of small

Whosoever last spring had a tailor gown with long-skirted coat and revers turned back from a chemisette can bring herself very economically up to date by lopping off the tails about a foot all around and replacing the chemisette by a vest of English cloth, black, picked out with wee dots in scarlet, blue and white silk. Perhaps, too, the revers might be faced with black moire and the cloth sleeves replaced by larger ones still of the silk, for tails are shorter in proportion as sleeves grow steadily bigger. Skirts are changing ever so slightly. Only the conventional amount of crinoline will be used in them, which is to the knee, for tailors discovered that the all interlining of crinoline was monstrously heavy, lost its stiffness after a while and that in any event all a skirt needs to give it the proper flare is width distributed from the knee down. So the winter skirt is rather wider than ever before, it is lined, not made on a sham and has on the inside edge one or two narrow flat plaits or crimpled ruffles. At the top it is finished by a binding in place of a waist band, over the outside of which is laid two or three close little folds of silk or satin, ending in one or two upstanding loops and ears or in a couple of small flat rosettes.

Two demi season toilets, that bear a French stamp, are quite simple. The skirt of one has a novelty in the way of beginning in a point and widening out a very little as it descends. It has also "Bress de Lord, de day ob judgment three rows of stiching at the bottom. Its am cum, an' dis gen'l'man am de Angel | material is a gravish fawn covert, with the slash showing dead white cloth be-