

Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 12, 1894.

MINDING THE BABY.

You betcher life dis ain't no cinch t' hustle here all day
An' do d' work an' tend d' kid an' have no time to play,
While all d'udder kids is out a-playin' roun'
d'block,
An'dough me work is finisht, yet I has t' sit
an' rock.

Says ma: "Now rock d'cradle, Kitty Anu, An'look out fer d'baby, Kitty Ann, Fer he's yer little brudder. An'youse hasn't got no udder; Be sure t' mind d'bab', Kitty Ann."

Deyr playin' ring-a rounder, an' at hop-scotch I kin tell ye, I wonder 'f I took a sneak would he wake up an' yell. Cheewiz! I'se been a hustling here since almost 8 o'clock, An' now it's 1 but still I s'pose I'll haf t' sit an'

I wish dere wasn't any kids. D'y ain't no us a tall,

Except to bodder folk and keep dem in all
day, an' bawl;

Aw, naw, dat's all a bluff! Fer he's de bes'
kid in d' block,
An' dough it's radder tongh on me, I'll ches'
sit still an' rock.

An' so ches' rock d' cradle, Kitty Ann, An' look out fer d' baby, Kitty Ann, Fer he's yer little brudder, An' youse hasn'tgot no udder, So ches' youse min'd' baby, Kitty Ann. --John H. Lewis in New York Sun.

STANTON HARCOURT'S ROMANCE. "Have you never been in love?"

said the child, gravely. "No," replied the man; and a faint smile crossed his face at the memory of the hundred and one flirtations which had flickered at different dates across his career.

"Oh, but you must have been!" continued the child, earnestly. "Every-body falls in love several times before they marry, mamma says. Mamma says that I shall be in love several and settle down."

"When do you intend to marry said the man, scrutinizing the pretty child more closely. "You are scarcely old enough yet, are you?"

"Oh, yes," she said eagerly. "One of the Princesses was married when she was just sixteen, mamma says, and I am nearly sixteen.' "Indeed. Perhaps you are engaged

"Well, not exactly. You see, he wants me to marry him in two years, but we are not exactly engaged. Mamma wouldn't hear of it, because he hasn't left school yet, and I haven't seen him since; but if he asks me again at the end of two years, we shall be engaged—properly.'

"Do you want to marry him so very much ?" "N-no," after a moment's thought. "Not very much. I haven't thought

about it. It takes too much time to think, you see. But it would be nice to be engaged. One would be able to put one's hair up regularly if one were engaged, I should think." The man glanced at the tawny mane

which she pushed impatiently back over her shoulders as she spoke, It would be a pity, he thought, to anticithose glorious tresses would be deliveror hair pins.

down as long as possible.'

"Then I won't be engaged to you," replied the girl naively. "Besides, I don't even know your name. I don't believe that it is really Brooks of Sheffield-I have spelt Sheffield with two f's: is that right?—because I heard that lady, the one with the very yellow hair, call you something else. write it down here."

She was engaged in selling tickets for a raffle at a country bazaar, and she indicated to the man the sheet of paper whereon she had written the names of the ticket holders. The seventeenth space on the list was inpseudonym took the pencil which she portuined out to him, and signed himself him. "Stanton Harcourt."

"And now you ought to tell me your name," he said.

"My name is Rosie-Rosalind Alice Jane Devine-and we live at Weybridge. Do you know Weybridge? It is in the part called America. I am staying here with the Harlands. Do you live here ?"

"No; I am just down for the day, staying with that lady, the one with the very yellow hair.

"I see. I suppose you are in love with her? Not? Well, I am glad! Would you mind taking care of this for me while I go after that man?" She kept on coming and going in

the course of the afternoon. It was evident that she had privately established Stanton Harcourt as a sympathetic friend who might be honored with the duty of buying tickets for her raffles, and a safe depot where valuable property might be left with security. She talked to him in her queer way now and then; but she had a keen eye to business, and was contin- Count Karl. ually darting off towards some new face with an appeal for her raffle.

Stanton Harcourt. moreover, cemented this friendship of a day by presenting her with a large painted screen which he was "lucky" enough to win in one of her raffles."

"I am so sorry you don't live at "I am so sorry you don't live at ers, and some foreigners are just as Weybridge!" were almost her last nice as any Englishman. Besides this words to him. "It would be so nice. man comes of a very old tamily, and Perhaps you may come there, though?"

Shortly after that Stanton Harcourt went to Norway for about six weeks, and enjoyed all the pleasures of roughing it, including horrible food. Atter that he joined a yacht and started round the world in a slow fashion. Providence that he was wealthy. One way and another it was not until that he found himself once more settled in London for the season.

"Who is the beauty of the year?" he said to a friend at Lady Glenlyndon's ball.

"Lady Rose Verden," replied the other, "Lord Salterton's daughter presented at the May drawing-room." "Is she here ?"

"Yes. I'll point her out to you ; introduce you, if you like. Do you see that tall girl in blue, the one with the beautiful hair, passing us now?"

erred. He saw before him a tall beau tiful, fair, girl, whose height overtopped that of most of the men, while her inch of her stature. Her face was as fair as a flower, and the heavy coil of ingly unable to carry on much converher hair suggested tresses that would cloth her like a mantle were they once | who addressed her. unloosed.

time, Sir Stanton Harcourt was introduced to Lady Rose Verden.

She turned a pair of loveliest blue eyes upon him, and inspected him not without curiosity. Then she smiled, disclosing two rows of pearly white with her for a few moments. Then she said, suddenly :-

bazaar at Kirtleton three years ago and how you told me that your name was 'Brooks, of Sheffield,' and I told her attention. you that I lived at Weybridge? I did then. And you gave me a screen !"

course; but I am sure I have an excellent reason for not doing so. You smile, that the whole thing was very were a pretty child then, but now you have grown into a-"

"Now, you of all people must not times before I marry; but that is flatter. Remember, I regard you as nothing at all, and then I shall marry an old friend, whom I can trust. Don't you remember how I trusted you with my things at the bazaar? I got such a scolding at the end of the day for it. was knocked down by 'a furious han-They said I was too forward. Did you think me too forward?"

"The only thing that I cannot under stand,' replied Stanton Harcourt, evading this somewhat delicate subject, about your name. You told me, if I Rosie Devine. Was that a joke like my stupid one of 'Brooks of Sheffield'?" "Papa had not succeeded to the title then," replied the beauty. "In fact we were very far away from it, and very poor; but, as I daresay you know

our cousin and his two sons and grandson were all drowned together, poor things when their yacht went down in a great storm off the north of Ireland and then my father was the next heir Lady Rose do you mean?" through his mother. The title is one name, as well as our own."

"I see; and Shortland clipped the name, and told me merely that you were Lady Rose Verden At that moment a tall, handsome

young man came up, and claimed pate, even by a day, the moment when Lady Rose for the next dance. He was a very good looking man, thought ed over to the ill-treatment and eclipse | Stanton Harcourt, and seemed to know it. His big black moustache was curl-'If I were engaged to you," he said, ed till the ends pointed to his ears; "I should ask you to keep your hair the expression of his really fine eyes seemed to say; "See how irresistible I am, and worship at the shrine."

Involuntary Stanton Harcourt turncomer, and whether she would obey the mandate of his orbs.

She said a few words to the young What is your real name? You must claim. If so, however, he must have insisted on it, for she laid her hand smile to Stanton Harcourt, was lost in the crowd that filled the ballroom. whirling around the room. It was from his couch again. In the meanquite evident from the expression of time here was this Austrian, rich, genscribed with the words "Brooks of his lips that the good-looking unknown Sheffield." The claimant of that was not wasting a monent of the ophis lips that the good-looking unknown erous, devotedly attached to her. Why portunity that fortune had afforded

Stanton Harcourt felt an unreasonable sense of anger rising in his breast against this young man, who, after all, had only availed himself of the ordinary privileges of the ballroom, which was equally open to Stanton Harcourt had he been ready to seize it. But then Stanton Harcourt had given up dancing. As a rule, he did not go to rafau, and he was spell-bound at the balls. His presence at Glenlyndon House on this occasion was solely due to the fact that Lord Glenlyndon was

the head of his tamily.

with Lady Rose Verden ?" "Oh !" that's Count Karl Chirafou-Charafau, the son of the Prince, you know? He's attached to the Austrian on the other hand, was pale and hag- him. His wish was granted, and a Embassy, and I also think that he is gard from the effects of his illness and attached to Rosie Verden. What a excitement. When the Counters ex-

court feel that he almost disliked impulse, and limited himself to inquir-

"Well, I don't know," replied Lady should Glenlyndon, whose first husband had them. been very far from an angel. "Some Englishmen are just as bad as foreign-

will be enormously rich. And Lord was old enough to be my father, or Salterton is by no means a millionaire. The estates are not large; the wid-ows got most of the personality, and him so terrible that I hardly knew

he has two jointures to pay." It was then that Stanton Harcourt for the first time in his life thanked see the Countess on the day named.

"I am twenty-five years older than to brace up his strength and recover three years after that country bazaar her," he owned to himself. "But, af- from this crushing disillusionment. ter all, what does that matter if the loves me ?"

At the end of a month he came to the conclusion that she did love him. Certainly, she had encouraged him to

think so. She had introduced him to her parents, and asked him to call. He had arranged various parties to the theatre, to dine at Ranelagh, to San down, and to the opera, to all of which she and her mother had graciously consented to come. It was also true that at the meet of the Four-in-Hand Stanton Harcourt gazed in the Club Lady Rose had appeared on the direction indicated, and owned to himbox-seat of Count Karl's coach. But self that the opinion of society had not then Stanton Harcourt contrasted her manner towards him with her behavior gene in his boyhood developed a decid-towards the Count. With him she was always at her best, always brim-

"The Count bores her," thought "Introduce me," he said ; and so in Stanton Harcourt. "He is all very well as a dancing partner, but his eternal brag and sentiment are getting

wearisome to her." He waited his opportunity; and he had to wait some time, for it was the most difficult thing in the world to se- liberal fee Eugene found himself inteeth. Stanton Harcourt conversed cure a quiet tete-a-tete with her. She was in much request, having so many friends, and living in a perpetual whirl "So you have forgotten me altogeth- of gayety. Besides, people had absoer! Or is it that I am so much lutely no sense or discernment. Often changed? I should have known you and often, when he thought the right anywhere. Don't you remember that moment had come at last, some loudvoiced boy broke in on the quiet corner and dragged her away or distracted

At last, in despair. he wrote to her asking for a private interview, as he "I remember now," replied Stanton had a matter of the utmost importance Harcourt in amazement. "But-but to reveal to her. To this letter she -I ought to have recognized you, of sent no answer, but meeting him in the evening at a party, told him with a improper, but if he would call on the Friday at 4 o'clock-well, she could not promise, but it was possible.

He walked home in a state of such ecstasy that he was almost oblivious of his surroundings. The result was that at the corner of Hertford street he som, stunned, and so severely injured

that he was taken up for dead. He was not dead, however, though he hovered for a long time between life and death. His constitution triumphed at last and he began to get well. remember right, that you were Miss His first thought when his mind recovered its equilibrium was that he must make haste in order to make up the lost time.

As he became convalescent, friends were allowed to see him. He inquired eagerly after the Saltertons.

"Oh, they are in Scotland! You see since Lady Rose's wedding —"
"Lady Rose's wedding!" almost screamed Stanton Harcourt. "Which

"Why, the daughter, of course-the of those very old ones which go to beauty. She married that Austrian women as well as to men. You know fellow, Count Karl Chirafou-Charafau. what I mean. Then we took the Of course, you've been ill so long, poor name of Verden, the old Salterton chap! Don't you remember a tall, dark man with a mustache, who was always very much in attendance ?"

Stanton Harcourt's brain seemed to reel as if again under the influence of delirium. Rose married !-to that Austrian! Why, she loved him! And if she loved him, why had she married another?

"A capital match, of course," continued the unconscious friend. "And, entre nous, I am told that it is a very good thing for Lord Salterton, who might have had some difficulty in meeting his creditors if his son-in law had not proved obliging.'

ed towards Lady Rose to see how she was affected by the arrival of the new- all: his adored was a victim. a pale to fasten her individuality upon the cansacrifice on the altar of filial affection. While he was lying helpless and senseless unable to speak and declare his man apart, and seemed to demur to his love, the pressure of the inevitable had do so. come upon Lord Salterton, and the heartless father had commanded his within his arm, and, with a parting daughter to save her family at the price of herself. No doubt he had urged that the man she loved was at In the next minute he saw the pair the point of death, would never rise shouldn't she save her father's honor and provide for herself? She could not wear the willow forever for a man to

whom she was not even engaged. Stanton Harcourt nearly fretted him ent. self into a fever at the thought, and so Take a vacation. Frankly, I'm surgreat was his mental anguish at the prised at you." picture which he had conjured up that it seriously delayed his recovery.

It was a year before Stanton Harcourt met the Countess Chirafou Chasight of her. She was then at the height of her lovliness, and her chaims were enhanced by the magnificent tiara of diamonds which crowned her "Who is that young man," he said hair She showed no trace of sorrow, to Lady Glenlyndon, "who is dancing and, true to the law which forbids a woman to show her feelings, she received him with none but the most or ceived him with none but the most or- health. Still feeble, he requested that dinary emotion. Stanton Harcourt, his palette and brushes be brought to beautiful girl she is! I shouldn't be surprised if there were an engagement in that family soon."

excitement. When the Counters expended in the counters expressed her sorrow for his accident, he almost broke down. It seemed to him that family soon."

excitement. When the Counters expended in the instance of the counters expended in the instance of the instance of the counters expended in the co This suggestion made Stanton Harlor die. Fortunately he resisted this to New York. Here he grew worse ing when he could call. Then "I think it is a great mistake for hour would have come. He would not English girls to marry foreigners," he reproach her. She must have suffered enough without that. But there ed enough without that, But there should no longer be any secrets between Later in the evening he heard the

Countess' voice and his own name. "Poor Sir Stanton," she was saying, "I was quite shocked to see him. course, I have always known that he

older. He was quite old when I was a him, and his beard is quite white:" Sir Stanton Harcourt did not go to

On the contrary, he went to the seaside

-Read the WATCHMAN.

Driven Mad by a Skull.

Eugene Humphrey, a Young Artist, saw Its Hideous Grin on Every Face .- Could Paint Nothing Else .- He Became Suddenly Insane in His Studio at Vienna .- Now He's In a Luna tic Asylum.

During the past month one of the most promising of the young artists in New York was taken to the Middletown asylum for the insane and locked up as an incurable and violent lunatic. Eugene Humphrey is the son of Dr. James H. Humphrey, who for years had a large practice in Brooklyn. Euped that of most of the men, while her was always at her best, always brimfigure was so gracefully proportioned ming over with liveliness and good however, wished him to be a physician, that it was impossible to demur to an spirits. With the Count, however, she and personally laid the foundation for his medical education. About two years ago Dr. Humphrey died, and on was often tongue lied and dull, seemsation, and ready to turn to anyone his death-bed implored his son to complete his studies. But Eugene, after much deliberation, determined to abandon the medical profession and to become an artist.

At first he essayed landscapes. Then he determined to devote himself to por-traiture. To this end he decided to go to Vienna and become a pupil of Prof. gration, which consisted of the lower Borst. After much persuasion and a classes of southern and eastern Europe stalled in the old man's studio. The mians. professor forbade him to paint from the living model.

"What do you know of form?" he clothe it with flesh and blood."

Eugene began patiently to paint from the skeleton. The skull, with its polished cranium, its eyeless sockets, its and the thirty-seventh parallel of latieternal grimace, fascinated him. As tude separate the literate from the illihe worked he involuntarily wondered literate states. North of that line the how his father would appear by that time. He had been dead for several in Nebraska up to 12.8 in Nevada. months. Was his skull like the one he studied? Eugene thought not. Cerin the District of Columbia to 45.8 in tainly no two skulls were alike. So he concluded, and the thought haunted which was largely settled from Kansas, him that whatever individuality a face and carried Kansas education with it. possesses depends solely upon the skull, Indeed, throughout the cotton states its contour and conformation.

employ a model—a beautiful girl of 16. nearly 40 in Georgia, and 45 in South As he observed her face, with its curves and dimples, Eugene found it difficult to believe that beneath this beauty lay the inevitable skull. He painted eagerly; the sketch progressed. Before the light became obscure the girl arose and advanced to the easel. Her face grew radiant as she gazed at the unfinished portrait. "I am not as beautiful as that!" she cried delightedly.

Eugene was elated. It seemed to him that with the completion ot his effort he would become famous as an art-

Eugene was now seized with a frenzy to work. When twilight came he would impatiently trait for another day. When finally the picture was finished Eugene threw down his brushes with a triumphant exclamation. The portrait was a masterpiece, and even Borst could not restrain his enthusiasm. He showered his pupil with congratulations.

From that moment Eugene believed himself an artist. He conjured up a series of future triumphs, all due to his tireless study of the skull. He had recourse to his father's library. Night found him reading and rereading books that had formerly been so distasteful to him. He made himself believe that art was based solely upon truth, and truth existed only in anatomy. Behind every face he discovered the skull. His first success emboldened him to convey, still more distinctly, the idea of structural values. The result was he produced a portrait so strikingly spiritual that it

suggested the resemblance of a shade. Eugene obtained an order from a young widow whose wealth and social position guaranteed a liberal remuneration. Every day for a fortnight she visited vas. The fortnight over, he was in despair. He had not allowed her one look

at the sketch, and it was impossible to Eugene became disheartened. Borst called upon him one afternoon at twilight as he stood before the canvas won-

dering at his own incapacity. "What! You have taken to painting mummies, eh?" exclaimed the eccentric old man. "Tell me, do you visit graveyards?" and with a laugh he slapped his pupil on the shoulder. Then you do not think it resembles

her?" Eugene said sorrowfully.
"Her? Death more than anything else, or his bride, it he has one. My boy, give up your painting for the pres-You've been working too hard. Eugene was overcome; he sank upon

"The skull. I studied that. Now I see it. I see it everywhere. In the countenance of the child, the girl, the woman Yes, the skull is the beginning and the end." Then he sobbed aloud. Borst, seriously alarmed, en-

deavored to comfort him. It was thus that Eugene's madness evidenced itself thus suddenly and withmodel was procured. He painted dilidaily; he became violent, then threatening, and he was placed in the asylum.

-A boy who was recently sent to a boarding school has just sent the following letter to his loving and anxious a good long while. The other boy has to be buried after they find him. His mother came from Lincoln and she cries all the time. A hoss kicked me over and I have got to have some money to pay the doctor for fixing my head. are going to set an old barn on fire tonight, and I should smile if we don't have bully fun. I lost my watch and am very sorry. I shall bring home some mud-turtles, and I shall bring in my trunk.

Knewledge Spreading.

Illiteracy in the United States on the Wane Among Native-Born

Illiteracy in the United States is principally confined to the foreign-born and colored citizens. From the statistics of illiteracy in 1890 it appears that of the total popula-tion 10 years of age and over in 1890 12 per cent, or one eight, were illiterate. Ten years earlier a similar proportion was 17 per cent. or about one-sixth, showing an immense reduction in the proportion of illiterates. This reduction has taken place in the ranks of the native-born whites and of the colored. while among the foreign-born the proportion has increased. Thus the proportion of illiterates among the native whites was in 1890 6.2 per cent. and in 1880 8.7 per cent. Among the colored the corresponding proportions was 56.1 per cent. and 70 per cent. Among the foreign-born, on the other hand, the proportion of illiterates in 1890 was 13.1 per cent. and in 1880 12 per cent. an increase to be accounted for by the excessive immigration of the decade and by the character of much of that immi-

-Italians, Huns, Poles and Bohe-The illiteracy of the country is, therefore, mainly represented by the foreign-born and the colored elements, and by sneered. "Learn first the structure of the latter in much greater degree than the human body before you presume to the former. Considering the entire population, the states in which illiteracy is most prevalent are those of the south. the proportion ranges high, being 40 per After a time Eugene was permitted to cent in Mississippi, 41 in Alabama, Carolina. In the northern states, throughout New England and the Upper Mississippi valley, the average is between 5 and 6 per cent.

Making Reparation

They Lynched the Wrong Man, But It Was All Right in the End.

The cowboy was telling some of his thrilling experiences, including several incidental lynchings.

"Those lynchings are dreadful," exstulated a mild bred listener. "Can't git along without them," said the cowboy.

"But they are wrong." "Great civilizers, though." "The wrong man suffers sometimes." "Not very often."

"Didn't you ever help hang the wrong one?" "Never but one in all my experi-"Dreadful, dreadful! No reparation

could be made in such a case.' The cowboy looked at the listener with contempt. "Why, we fixed that up to the entire

satisfaction of everybody." "How could you ?" "Well, we apologized to the widder the next morning; and a month later

the leader of the hangin' party married her.' "I don't see how she could have

done such a thing, and so soon, too."
"The cowboy became reflective. "Well," he said, in a balf-bashful, apologetic way, after a minute's thought, mebbe she would have waited 60 or 90 days if it had been anybody else but me," and the listener did not pursue the

subject further. A Terrible Dream.

Mr. Blank is Tortured With a Sleep Fear

That Unmans Him. Mrs. Blank went shopping, Mr. Blank went with her. No one can explain why he went for she didn't positively compel it, and he is still regarded as sane! He went anyhow.

She wanted buttons. Those at Jenkin's store were too small, much too small. So she went to Kahn's and Poznanski's and the Merchants' Supply; then to Poznanski's and the Merchants' Supply and Kahn's. At Jenk. ins again, they showed her the same buttons and she found them too large ! Blank guessed it a case of expansion caused by the heat; it seemed hot to him! She got almost to a nother place
—not quite—for they saw her coming and locked the door for the night. She

went home. That night Blank's hard breathing woke his tired wife, and she woke him "What's the matter?" she demand-

"I-I had a dreadful dream," be gasped; "I thought we were both dead, that you had gone to heaven, and that I-I hadn't !"

"How perfectly awful," she cried, grasping him convulsively around the neck, to be separated and—" "We-we weren't separated," moan-Blank with a shudder; "I-I could ends. have endured that! But no-no! I dreamt that you were to be allowed to go shopping forever, and that I was

condemned to go with you.

Colonel Ingersoll once called upon the Rev. Philips Brooks, and the great preacher received him at once, although mother: "I got here all right and I be had declined to see many distinguishforgot to write before. It is a very nice place to have fun. A feller and I went me this marked distinction?" inquired out in a boat and the boat tipped over the colonel. "The reason is simple," and a man got me out, and I was so full replied Dr. Brooks: "If those preachof water that I didn't know nothin' for ers die, I'll be sure to meet them again in heaven; whereas, you had gone His away and died, I should never met you again. I thought I had better take the chances.'

-The latest victim of the balloon on the new models. and parachute folly was a woman who made an assension at a New York state fair on Saturday and managed to fall a distance of 1,500 feet. Every bone in her body was broken. The state legistile at bottom and the revers making the her body was broken. The state legishome a tame woodchuck if I can get 'em | latures should make such exhibitions | blouse of checked brown and white silk

For and About Women.

Redfern's latest bit of tailor-made primness. It consists of a loose seamless backed coat, in smoking jacket form, with a plain skirt to match. Revers and cuffs of velvet give it a feminine touch.

Mrs. Klock, of Denver, is making a big fight to be elected to the Legislature of Colorada. She has no fears as to the result.

The stiff, high collars, particularly when worn by short-necked women, are being accused of producing nervous headache. They press at the back directly upon the sensitive base of the brain and compress, often to the point of injury, the veins and arteries of the neck, frequently causing a congestion that ends in headache.

A markedly handsome walking dress, lately seen was of burnt brown tweed with a horse cloth vest in red and yellow. The plain skirt was gored with a wide bell sweep at the bottom, which was finished with a heavy inside front fold of brown corduroy. The doublebreasted jacket came but little below the hips, and had a slightly V-shaped opening with a narrow turn-over collar and small revers; it was to be worn either buttoned or unbuttoned, so as to show the snugly-fitting plaid vest. The sleeves were a neat compromise between French bigness and English tailor smallness, and the buttons were of horn and enormously large. Another, and a very agreeable feature of this jacket, was an appreciable absence at the tail back of the ungraceful frilliness at present (one marvels why) so much worn.

Whatever kind of costume you are making, says the New York Recorder, put revers on it and you'll be in fash-

Take for instance, an accordion-plaited corsage of soft canary-colored satin over it will be fitted an outer waist of black satin or velvet, attached at and slashed from belt to shoulder into inch and a half stripe which are jet-edged.
Sometimes these "surtouts" or overbodices are slashed into elaborate designs, but the straight lines are best for full or short-waisted figures. Only a well-hung skirt can be effec-

tively trimmed with the giant bows which just now are so popular.
The hats are trimmed to give a square effect by placing bows, rosettes, paquets aigrettes of small flowers, tufts of feath-

ers or whatever you have for garniture in four strongly accentuated separation to mark the corners. The same with the neckbands. A loop or rosette is placed on the collarette before and behind each ear which gives

Miss Alize Catlin, the nominee for Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of Colorado, accompanies Governor Waite on his stumping

the head the effect of being boxed in

One careful mother teaches her children never to fold their arms across their chests. She says it must of necessity tend to contract what should, on the contrary, have every thing broaden it. Instead of this common practice, she insists that the growing children shall, in standing, contract the habit of crossing the arms behind the back, alleging that as much good will come from this habit as harm from the other.

The variety of furs to be used this winter is simply endless. Everything from skunk to tiger skin will be worn (by those who can afford it,) while even the little sable throatlets are still well to the fore, but, despite their cosiness and their new name of cravate Russe, they are not precisely a novelty, but will maintain their naturalized success until something equally neat, pretty and becoming takes their place. Boas, with the exception of short black feather ones have taken a back seat, I am not sorry to remark, while in their place will be used the deep capes and wide collars, that are not so easily reproduced in cheap furs and moulting feathers as are those long floating abominations, boas.

Skirts seem to be made more exorbitantly wide than ever and are pretty evenly balanced by the fully-trimmed bodices and voluminous sleeves that are still en regle. The latter by no manner of means appear to increase; on the contrary, they maintain their old structure, caught up here and there with rosettes or tagged bows, or left floating fully from shoulder to elbow, set in at the armhole and spanning the shoulder in a series of very fine plaits.

Plain skirts, with just a band of checked black trimming, edged on both sides with a narrow line of fur ; or fancy mohair braid, will be accompanied by charming blouses of velvet matching the bias fold and ornamented down the front with a single broad Norfolk plait with three jeweled studs, or more simply fancy buttons, in gilt or silver set shirtwise and at equal distance from neck to waist. The sleeves of velvet are full, at the neck a dropping of lace is knotted at the back, falling in two short

A cape en suite will be as necessary a portion of a day gown this year as a coat "to match" has been for a good many seasons past.

Several new models for autumn costumes show round waists, bias cut, with deep yoke, shirred back and front. At the waist line the material is laid in tiny plaits over a close-fitting, boned lining. Skirts are generally of the Godet, pattern, left plain or trimmed lenthwise with jet, ribbon or velvet cords. Notice is attracted to the new leg-of-mutton sleeves, which are wrinkled from elbow to wrist, like long suede gloves. A great deal of velvet, in the form of panels, bretelles, suspenders, crush collar and belt, butterfly bows, etc., is used

A tobacco brown serge has an Eton jacket fistened warmly in front with visible above.