Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Dec. 7, 1894.

MR. PETERS ON THANKSGIVING.

Another year has passed us by, Thanksgivin' day has come,
An' while I'm sad o'er many things, I'm thankful over some.
It sorter broke me up to hear his Royal Highness' yacht
Had took the *Vigilant* an' beat her easier'n not.

But then it sort o' eased my mind to think that. after all,
We hadn't changed our record much—we've allus had the call
At chasin' Britishers around when there was suthin' up
A great sight more important than a pewter mug or cup.

I wasn't overcome with pride, along about July,
When foreign-made Americans, out there in Illiny,
Got kickin' up a nasty row, a tryin' for to show
That rule o' mob was just the thing, and law would have to go;

But then again that had its side that sort o' made me glad,
When Grover upped an' spanked 'em like he would a sassy lad.
It took a riot just like that to show the folks that jeer
That we kin handle mobs because we've got a gov'ment here.

An' then, ye know, o' course, that I'm a rock-ribbed Democrat,
An' like the rest I'm askin', sorter dazed, "where we are at?"
It ain't much use for thankfulness to git oneself knocked out,
Unless ye look inside an' see what brought the thing about.

An' when I do that thing I'm glad and thankful, for I see
We Democrats have thrashed ourselves, and won a victory.
We've taken up the leaders that were bad, each single scamp.
And drummed 'em. yes we've drummed 'em, we have drummed 'em out o' camp.

And while o' course, we're nervous an' a trembly in our knees.
We'll soon get o'er the wobbles an' be chipper as you please,
And we'd ought to be thankful that we've got into this fix.
Since it leaves us with no traitors to our cause for '96.

—*John Kendricks Bangs.*

OLD MOSINEE TOM.

BY HAMILTON GARLAND.

In the late '50's the Wisconsin valley above Portage was a wilderness. The lumbermen who trailed their way up the river passed through tamarack swamps so thick a deer could scarcely penetrate them, and over dry ridges clothed with splendid pine without underbrush, clean as a park and of inestimable value.

Old Mosinee Mountain rose out of the wide, green reach of the valley, dark with his robe of pines. All about was forest land untouched by the ax, almost untraversed by the pioneer's restless foot.

But year by year the loggers pushed northward, seeking points where the pine trees could be felled into the river, or where skidways could be constructed to make hauling unnecessary. The whole river had been ransacked and every available river point stripped of its timber before the movement back into the forest began. From short hauls and heavy timber the movement was toward long hauls and smaller timber. Each year the attack widened as well as lengthened its battle line against the pines.

Two young boys from La Crosse county in 1859 pushed up the river to "Ginny Bull Falls," and being attracted by old Mosinee Mountain planted their camp at its foot and set about preparations for winter. They were beyond any other camp so far as they knew, and when they blazed out a trail in September they had before them a great deal of stern labor.

They had hay to cut in the marshes, wood to clear out and shanties to build. They were sturdy young fellows, of that indomitable sort raised up in America to do much work in face of everything.

Holland was a bridegroom of only three months duration, and his wife was expected to be the cook for the camp when the snows came and the work of logging actually began. He was a tall young fellow, with a broad, flat, but powerful chest, very erect and active.

Miller, his companion, was a short man, inclined to be fat when food and sleep were plenty. He was forever grumbling, and yet was a great joker. He assumed great airs at times, and told how well he lived at home. This he did when it would embarrass the cook. He was, in fact, a comedian.

The work was hard, the fare monotonous, and his patience really gave out during a severe sickness which came upon him during October. He came to be about again, but he grumbled about Holland's cooking more and more.

"I don't want to say anything against your cookin', Hank. It's good what there is of it, but I'd like to have the boys turn up with Mrs. Holland and some grub."

"You don't want to see her any worse than I do, old man."

"Of course not."

"You ought to stand it if I can," Holland concluded.

Miller turned his slap jack over twice before he cut it and began eating.

"Seems to me these things get leatherer'n' leatherer every day. I may be mistaken."

He worked his jaws meditatively on the problem.

"All in y'r eye; they're right up to high water mark. You're a little off y'r feed, I guess—lampers down or something."

I secret Holland was a little bit worried about his partner. He changed the subject. "I heard a rifle to-day, Jack! Off to the north."

"Doc Adams, I guess."

"No; the Doc. wouldn't be up here so soon as that. It's some other party."

Miller took little interest in this, but worked away stubbornly on his slapjacks. Suddenly his jaws stiffened and his eyes distended.

"Hank, look there!"

Holland turned to the window, and saw the huge fiery eyes, alert ears and pointed muzzle of a bear, wistfully looking in.

Miller raised his hand to feel for the rifle on the wall behind him, but the bear vanished so silently and swiftly it was hard to think there had been a bear there at all.

As Miller leaped for the rifle Holland flung the door open, and a broad path of light streamed out toward the forest, and in the midst of it was a huge rounded shadow shambling swiftly away.

"Quick! There he goes. Fire!"

Miller pulled up and fired at the vanishing shadow. And, like the echo of the shot, came another report from the edge of the clearing and a cry from a man beyond the circle of light.

"'Y gorry, we've got 'im. Bring a lantern."

Miller dashed in for the lantern, while Holland waited for the voice to embody itself.

"I wish I had ol' Zip here, we'd have that feller shore's aigs," continued the voice, now getting near the house.

As the light from the shanty shone on him the stranger appeared a middle-aged man, very tall, with a ragged beard. He had a long and well-kept rifle in his hands.

"Did you fire, too?" asked Holland.

"I didn't dast t' when he was lookin' in the winder an' when he got down I couldn't see 'im till you opened the door. But we got 'im."

Miller appeared with the lantern and they all went out to the spot where the bear was last seen, but he was gone. There was blood on the ground but not enough to trail him by.

"He's hit, but he's safe enough. If I had Zip, we'd tree him in 15 minutes but we might just as well give him up—without a dog," said the old man after a pause.

"All right," said Holland. "We was just eating supper. Come in an' take a snack."

"Don't care if I do," laughed the hunter.

"I didn't know y' was here till t'day," he said, as he sat down at the table. "Jest made a camp m'self up here a couple o' miles and saw y'r smoke t'day; thought I'd come down and make y' a neighborly call." He laughed again till his mouth gaped wide and his little twinkling eyes disappeared.

"Glad you did. Jack, slap in a couple o' dabs o' that pancake mortar—this fellow seems to appreciate my cookin'."

"By the way," put in Miller, as he set a couple of huge cakes sizzling, "what's your name when you're at home? Mine is Miller."

"Mine's Tom Welsh, otherwise Mosinee Tom."

"I've heard of you," said Tom.

"As I was sayin', thinks I'll jest drop in on 'em. So I built a fire an' I says to Zip: 'Now Zip, ol' boy, you better hug that fire purty close 'r the wolves'll pinch y"—an' come down.

"Glad y' did," said Miller. "I'm feeling kind o' lonesome these days."

"Lonesome! the old fellow laughed "W'y, young man, I tramp from here to Lake Superior an' never see a human bein' from one month's end to another, an' I don't know what lonesome means. Oh, of course, when it's handy I like to drop in this way an' have a little confab—but that ain't gittin' lonesome."

"Oh, it ain't, eh," said Miller, ironically. "Well, that's the way I feel when I get lonesome. How's that for a mouthful?" he said, as he slid a huge cake onto the stranger's plate.

"'Bout my size," cackled the old fellow, and he cut into quarters and rolled it up like a quilt. In fact he kept Miller turning cakes until he cried out: "Look here, you must be holler clean to boot heels."

Supper being over, they drew round the fire and lighted their pipes, and the old hunter told stories of the woods.

He knew the woods as the Indians do. He could map the whole land in the ashes of the hearth, and he generalized shrewdly about the wild life.

"A good many yarns about bears an' wolves an' painters and links (panthers and lynxes) is all bosh. Bears an' links are mostly jest as glad t' git out o' your way as you are to git out of their way. They don't turn on a man unless their young uns are with 'em, or you corner 'em, or when they're mighty hungry. Most any critter'll fight in a trap, but in a free space it's nacherl f'r 'em t' run off the minute they see a man. Same way with painters in daylight, or night either. They jest puck-a-chee when they see yeh."

"Ever had a tussle with 'em?"

"O, yes, but I've never had 'em turn on me, except when I began the fuss. Then they'll fight f'r dear life, jest like a man will."

"How about wolves?" asked Miller, with a significant look at Holland, who had wolf stories to spare.

The old man's face grew grim and he drew several whiffs from his pipe before he answered.

"Wolves are different; they're vicious, no two ways about that. They mean fight—"

"Especially when a lot of 'em get together."

The old man went on:

"Wolves ain't cowardly, as some folks say. They've got sense and judgment. They know how to size up the other fellow so'st not t' tackle a crowd they can't whip. They're all fired smart, wolves is. They don't walk into any traps, but they'll eat a feller up quicker'n lightnin' when the chance is good. They don't walk into a trap and they don't bluster—they mean biz."

He sat with his pipe in his mouth, his hands over his knees and his eyes fixed on the fire. His voice began to take on a reminiscent tone.

The sound of the wind in the pines outside stirred through the silence with somber note, and Holland stirred up the fire in the vast fireplace till it roared louder than the wind.

The hunter resumed after knocking the ashes from his pipe and putting it away.

"I've been chawed by bears, and chawed by wildcats and catamounts; I've had a buck deer trampin' me into the ground; but I never had a wolf's tooth into me yet. When I do, I'm gone. They don't make no mistakes. When they take hold it's after takin' all the chances and calc'latin' t' win. Now a bear'll get blind crazy with a bullet, an' go in where he is sure to get used up; so'll a painter 'r a wildcat; but your wolf, he knows better; he don't go into no such business; he jests limps of in the woods and swears vengeance."

Holland here related a story of a siege by wolves through which he had been. Long Tom listened with an occasional corroborative nod.

"That's jest it; they're sharks. Seem if they can smell a sick or wounded man ten miles. I used to live down in Portland when I was a boy, an' I know what a shark is. A shark is a wolf in the water. A wolf is a shark in the woods."

A curious look came on his face, and after a silence he said:

"If they ever set a tooth in old Tom, he'll know his time has come to go."

"I should think you'd keep out of their way if you're afraid of them," said Holland cautiously.

The old man straightened up. His face darkened with anger.

"Say, d' y' mean that?"

Holland saw his mistake.

"Set down t Set down! I didn't mean anything. Still you speak as if you kind o' dreaded," he added.

"Wall, I do," the hunter confessed. "But I ain't afred of 'em. I know 'em. Know jest how to take 'em. I build a fire in front of my little shed, put a rifle handy and Zip at my feet and sleep sound's a baby in a cradle. If the fire gets low Zip growls and wakes me up and I throw on more wood.

"But some way I feel as if they'd git me yit. I'll make a mistake some day and then they'll pile on top of me an' that'll be the end of me. A pile of bones gnawed white. Jest such a pile as I've come across myself many a time in the woods." Spending days alone in the somber shadows of the forest, he had grown superstitious like the sailors. Signs and omens filled up half of his life. He traveled by signs and built his little open shed according to the moon and stars. The sound of the wind was in the sad droop of his voice.

"They killed my brother," he said, finally; and they'll git me."

He rose slowly. "Wal, I guess I'll pull out."

"Oh, don't be in a hurry."

"Ol Zip'll git uneasy."

"Better stay all night."

"O, no; couldn't think of it 'tall. Wolves would clean out my whole camp before daylight. Hark!" He lifted his hand. They're on the rampage now. They always are before a storm." Afar off, blent with the rising snarl of the winds in the pines, they could hear the clamor of wolves hurrying after some flying deer. The old man grasped his rifle.

"I'll get back to my dog."

"Hadn't one of us better go out with you?"

"No, I'm all right; I'm worryin' 'bout Zip."

Holland went with him to the clearing and said:

"Come and see us; our door is always open. Goodby. Good luck."

"Good luck," replied the old man, as he blended into the dense shadow of the forest.

Holland turned his face upward to the gray skies and felt fine flakes of snow beginning to shift down through the massive tops of the trees. Wolves were astir in the deeps of the wood, and a wildcat across the river was growling as he scrambled up or down the cliff.

He shuddered and looked back as he entered the warm lighted shanty.

"I don't want his quarters to-night."

"By jingo, I should say not," said Miller.

Holland awoke in the midst of a dream of a man sinking in the snow, and crying help! For a few moments he could not tell where his dream left off and his waking began. All was dark in the room save the uneasy flicker of the dying firelight on the walls of the cabin. The wind was stronger without, steady and cold.

He sat up in bed to convince himself that he was not alone. He was about falling off asleep again when faint and far off, mingled with the sound of the storm outside, came the clamor of distant wolves, and a long drawn cry.

"Help, h—e—l—p!"

He sprang to his feet and stood irresolute in the middle of the floor, not sure of his senses yet. He leaned to listen. It came louder. The clamor of the yelping wolves drew nearer, and now unmistakably the wild cry of a man.

"Help! help! For God's sake open the door!"

Holland flung up the bar. The noise of beating feet was heard. He swung the door open, and with the speed of a desperate deer Long Tom shot across the clearing into the cabin, falling in a heap on the the floor, while not a rod behind, their red tongues lapping, their eyes shining with greenish phosphorescent, terrifying glare, came a dozen wolves, tearing along in pursuit, and so savage and determined their hunger, if Hollaud had not swung the door in their faces, they would have plunged through the open door upon the exhausted hunter.

The old man rose from the floor insane with wrath.

'Give me your rifle," he snorted, when he could get his breath. "Let me get a chance at them."

He stayed away too long. The fire had burned down and the wailing wolves had sprung upon the faithful dog. They were gnawing his bones when the hunter arrived. At the sound of his rifle they scattered, but almost instantly turned upon him and he fled. He loaded and fired once more and then backed away, holding them at bay with his clubbed rifle. In this way he backed all the way down the river bank, facing the snarling pack. As he neared the cabin he flung away his rifle and ran—only his marvelous speed saving him.

He wept like a child, and swore in his weeping as he thought of his faithful dog cowering there in that circle of hungry eyes.

"To think I'd play him such a trick at last," he groaned, and swore, covering his face with his hands. "An' he trusting in me—sayin' to them hellhounds: "Old Tom'll be back soon an' you'll git out o' here?' An' all the time me settin' here smokin' an' havin' a good time—my God, it's awful! It's uncivilized to treat an old friend the way I treated that dog. Why, that dog has been with me more'n six years! He's been my only company, an' a better hunter—I can't get along without that dog. My God, it's awful—awful—"

He would not go to sleep, but sat around over the fire until morning. He ate breakfast in the same gloomy, silence, and then he arose.

"Wal—I'll be goin'."

"Better bring y'r things down and stay with us."

"No, I guess not. If I find my rifle I'll be all right—if I only—"

He was in a softer mood now and he couldn't speak of his dog.

Holland went with him to help him find his rifle. This he did without long search.

"Well, now, come in any time. Our latch string is always out. Come back to dinner anyway."

"Thankee—I guess I'll have to go down to Ginny to git some ammynition."

"Well, good luck," he answered; but his face was sorrowful to see.

They never saw him again. They heard of him in Ginny. He bought a new outfit and struck out into the forest alone.

The Sioux Mythology.

Before the advent of the white man these people believed that the earth was flat, with a circular form, and was suspended in a dark space and sheltered by the heaven, or sky, in the shape of a hollow hemisphere. The sun was regarded as the father and the earth the mother of all things that live and grow; but as they had been married a long time and had become the parents of many generations, they were called the great grandparents. As far as I can judge, the moon seemed to be their servant; at least she was required to watch, together with her brothers, the stars, over the sleeping universe, while the sun came down to rest with his family.

In the thunder bird they believed God had a warrior who presided over the most powerful elements—the storm and the fearful cyclone. This symbolic creature is depicted as an impatient and wrathy god of war, at whose appearance even the ever-smiling grandfather, the sun, hides his face. In the realms of water the whale is the symbolized chief of the finny tribes. In every great lake the Sioux imagines a huge fish as ruler of its waters.

Yet none of these possess the power of speech. The Great Mystery had shown them some truths denied to man, but he did not trust them fully, "therefore he made them dumb. They can only show to man some supernatural thing by signs or in dreams; as, for instance, to foretell future events or to explain the use of certain powerful remedies. The savage holds that the key of heaven is vested in the visible phenomena of the universe. All creatures, save man, are assigned to a peculiar paradise, in which there is a forbidden fruit—namely, the apple of speech and reasoning. Hence the animals and inanimate things are exempted from sin. Thus it is that rocks trees and rivers are surrounded with an atmosphere of grandeur, beauty and mystery. Nature is the interpreter of the Great Mystery, and through her man is convinced of truth.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

A New Eldorado.

SPOKANE, Wash., Nov. 25.—Michael Shuman, a well-known mining man, returned yesterday from his mines in the Okonagon district. He reports the find of a bonanza gold mine at the summit of the Cascade mountains, near Slate creek. Two young men from Anacortes, Baron and Gerrish, are the lucky finders. Shuman says that after a week's work with the crudest of implements they cleaned up $12,000 with plenty of the same rich dirt in sight.

Nearly all the miners in that section of the country have flocked to the New Eldorado and staked out claims.

Hickory Nut Macaroons.

To one and one-half cupfuls of hickory nut meats, pounded fine, add ground allspice and nutmeg to taste. Make a frosting as for cakes, stir in the meats and spices. Flour the hands and roll the mixture into balls about the size of a nutmeg. Lay them on tins well buttered, giving room to spread; bake in a quick oven. Use washed butter for greasing the tins, as lard or salt butter gives an unpleasant taste.

——Men (?) who stand on street corners and flood the pavement with tobacco juice, through which ladies are obliged to pick their way, soiling both shoes and dresses, ought to be treated as the bright teacher of a primary school did some little boys addicted to expectoration. She stood them up in a quite public place and obliged them to spit steadily for a given time. It became exceedingly irksome business before she called "time," and it is safe to conclude that the little sinners didn't offend in like manner very soon.

Cholera Among the Swine.

Cholera has broken out among the swine in Westmoreland county.

——Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Gift Suggestions.

AN ORIGINAL DEVICE FOR THE MUSIC REST.

A handy article to lay on the music rest, for the purpose of keeping the music in place, is made thus: Take three-fourths of a yard of three-inch ribbon, fold and over-whip the edges, forming a long tube. Fringe the ends and fill the tube with sand. Paint a few bars of music upon it, and about three inches from each end tie with narrow ribbon.

ROSE BOWL DOILY.

For the friend who is the fortunate possessor of a cut-glass bowl, an acceptable gift will be the daintiest of dainty doilies to lay beneatd it. These might be made of sheer white linen, but bolting cloth is still more desirable. Cut the doilies round, and edge with a design of rose leaves or single wild roses. Embroider them in outline with white filo, but use a pen or fine brush and gold ink for marking the tiny veins in each small leaf.

A NEW IDEA FOR A SLUMBER ROBE.

A pretty and inexpensive slumber-robe for a couch may be made from two summer shawls. Select two of contrasting colors—deep red and olive are especially pretty—and place a layer of wadding between them. Tuft with narrow red ribbon with the tuftings forming diamonds from three to five inches apart, and the robe will be well made, and very quickly and daintily, too. By placing the two shawls carefully together there will be a heavy row of red and olive fringe all around the robe

A PANSY TRAY CLOTH.

A tea tray cloth, scarf for table centre, or for a dressing table, is made of white satin damask, with the edges made of conventional pansies tinted gold, and veined and outlined in irregular buttonhole stitch in white silk floss. Small doilies for finger bowls are made to match the tea cloth, and are composed of a single but very large pansy. Another very pretty tea cloth is made of honeycomb cloth in different shades, worked with rope, silk or lined, and finished with fringe or lace.

AN ATTRACTIVE MATCH HOLDER.

A pretty and convenient match holder is made of two clay pipes gilded, and a little finely-woven Chinese or Jepanese basket set between them and tied in place by satin ribbons finished by a pretty bow. Place in the basket a small glass to hold the matches, and hang up by satin ribbons attached to the under side of the basket. About two yards of ribbon will be required.

TRIPPLE MIRRORS FOR THE DRESSING CASE.

Very ornamental triple mirrors that make one's dressing case more complete are found in Florentine designs framed in "ooze" leather. A very desirable one may be made, however, at a very much less expenditure of money by making such a folding frame as is used for photographs, only larger, and inserting three pieces of mirror instead of three pictures.

Unjust Discrimination.

The discrimation that is shown in the payment of salaries to men and women who are engaged in the same profession calls for something more than a sentimental discussion of the question. While as a general thing men are paid wages commensurate with the work they do, women who do the same kind of work and do it just as well are paid from 30 to 40 per cent. less wages. There is no excuse for this discrepancy or discrimination. Women are entitled to pay according to the work they do, and when they do their work as well as their male competitors they should receive the same or nearly the same pay. Particularly is this true of school teachers. No one disputes the fact that the female teacher performs her work in the main as satisfactory as the male teacher does, but in no vocation of life is there such a wide discrepancy and inequality in the amount of wages paid to males and females as there is in that of the profession of teaching.

The male teacher generally secures the most desirable schools of the country and the female teacher must content herself with what is left. The male teacher, nine times in ten, makes teaching the stepping stone for something higher, while the female teacher, having no ambition beyond that of making herself efficient in her profession, devotes her best energies to her chosen calling.

In late years there has been a material lessening of the number of males employed as school teachers, but although females have been employed in their places, boards of education have not recognized the necessity of increasing the pay of female teachers, either through a mistaken sense of economy, or because they believe that female teachers are not entitled to higher wages because they have practically no one dependent upon them for support as the male teachers are supposed to have. The fact that two-thirds of the male teachers employed in the country schools are unmarried does not appear to enter into consideration of the question.

While it is unjust to ask the female teacher to work for less wages than are paid the male teacher, there is do disposition on the part of the advocates of an equality of wages to see a reduction of the wages paid male teachers. In fact, there is no doubt but that the public schools would be more satisfactorily taught if the wages paid all teachers were increased, but where the female teacher does as good work as her male competitor the wages paid the one should equal the other. The service rendered is the same and in this enlightened age the question as to sex should not influence the boards of education in fixing the salaries of teachers.

GOD GIVES US MEN.

"Men whom the lust of office cannot kill;
Men whom the spoils of office will not buy;
Men who have opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie."

—*O. W. Holmes.*

——Read the WATCHMAN.

For and About Women.

It is quite true that there are a great many more women than there are men, but still that need not make young single women despair of being married. The reason that women are more numerous than men is that they live to a greater age, and there are far more old women than there are old men. Between the ages of 15 and 45 women are less numerous than men, and the bachelors outnumber the spinsters in this country by about 13,000.

The prodigious circumferencee of the newest skirt is amazing; some six to eight yards it measures, and it needs be cut with infinite skill to enable it to set in pleates from above the knees to hem and yet fit tightly around the hips. The trimming of these skirts, Providence be praised for small mercies! is very trivial, taking now the form of a treble piping, and now appearing but as an infinitesimal border of fur, or a small band of fanciful braiding or passementerie. As may be imagined the voluminous skirts bear with them no small degree of weight, especially as an insidious steel is frequently used to insure their good demeanor.

Two ladies edit the Jamestown *Kansas*, and as they weigh in the aggregate more than 400 pounds, they have only to threaten to sit down upon any fellow who comes in to have it out with the editor to make him think better of his undertaking.

Very long ostrich plumes, the longer the better, are coming into favor. Some of the new ones wind around the crown of the hat and fall over at one side. An extreme style shows the plumes sweeping the shoulder. This was formly a very popular fashion, and will doubtless prevail to quite an extent during the coming winter. The only difficulty will be the impossibility of getting fine and softly curling plumes such as one desires to wear on the finest hats.

Black satin seems to have supplanted moire for all purposes of trimming, but moire in varied patterns, and also striped with color, is still in vogue for skirts and sleeves, combined with chiffon waists.

Blouses of checked velvet are one of the newest fancies for wear with plain skirts. Made in the private houses, some of them are garnished with sheer book muslin needlework, One made by Leyvastre, of black and white check, has a front set in of needlework some four or five inches wide. The needlework is make with a stitched box plait and a cluster of fine tucks and narrow Valenciennes on each side. The velvet is turned under each side or cut out, and the muslin lies over a blue lining. Turquoise studs are down the front. Over the velvet neck-band is turned down a collar of the needlework, and the sleeve has the top fullness plaited in at the elbow, and thence down the back is set in a strip of needlework over blue to the wrist, which has a needlework turn-over cuff. A showy blouse for an afternoon at home is of Nile green velvet, with pompadour flowers, with a white lace front over.

These blouses are easily made by the amateurs. The back fits in plaits to the lining, and the front, also in plaits, is bouffant. The neck-band and belt are generally of velvet wrinkled and drawn round to hook behind with little gathered flanges. It may be useful to say that these have the best effect made in this way. Finish the blouse with a plain band sewed on; then cut a bias piece of velvet six inches wide and long enough to go around the neck, which are finish by hemming on the sides and gathering at each end with the flanges. It is not lined. Catch the middle of one side to the lower edge of the stationary band, and when the blouse is put on it is turned up and hooked round. Thus it always looks fresh. The belt is done in the same way, and without lining, but a whalebone may be caught in down the front.

The plain skirt, profusely trimmed waist and full sleeves are quaint and stylish. A costume that for general utility it would be difficult to surpass is made of suiting. The skirt is very full at the hem and narrow at the top; the waist has a deep, round yoke of velvet edged with a fancy galloon. Into this the slightly full waist is gathered, and a pointled belt covers the lower edges; the collar is of galloon and stands up close about the throat. A hat worn with this suit is of velvet matching that on the dress, and is finished at the edge with a cord of gold and silver mixed, and trimmed with a profusion of plumes. From seven to nine plumes are not an unusual number for trimming one hat.

Shoulder ruffles are less favored than heretofore, and a modification in the way of puff is introduced. There are wide collars, extending lapel fashion out over the sleeve tops and ending at the bust, or in some cases, extending to the waistline.

Some of the new dresses have the under-arm pieces made of the material like the dress trimming; in others the side forms also are of the trimming fabric. One stylish dress made for a lady who has more plumpness than she cares for has the vest and a pointed back section of the dress fabric, which is of silver-gray moire. The side forms and under-arm pieces are of velvet, about three shades darker than the moire. The velvet pieces extend down over the skirt about eighteen or twenty inches at the back, and are slightly shorter at the sides, and are cut extremely full, making a ruffle. The vest is of the satin, the sides of the front are of the velvet and these also extend down in basque fashion. The trimming of open passementerie or gimp is set at the edge of this basque skirt. The skirt proper is of moire and has no trimming

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Long feather boas and the little animal boas or stoles, with head and tail attachment are still worn.

The contrasting waist still continues in popularity, and has become modified until it is a perfect-fitting bodice waist, elaborately garnitured.