Bellefonte, Pa., March I, 1895.

THE OLD COUNTRY CIRCUS.

How dear to my heart is the show of my childhood, The old country circus my boyhood days

knew!
In these days of three rings, of hippodromes, railroads,
How fond recollection presents thee to view!
For weeks, while the posters on fences and church sheds
Portrayed to myyoung eyes the scenes that should be.

should be,
No soft thrill of love, no throb of ambition,
Has since equaled the bliss I gained dreaming of thee!
The old country circus, the shabby old circus,
The wand ring old circus my boyhood days

How faithful I worked in the ways that presented.
To gain the few pennies my ticket should

No toil was so sweetened—no reward so stupendous—
No miser e'er cherished his hoard as did I.
How fair shone the sun on the glad day appointed!
How rife with strange bustle the sleepy old

town!
And when o'er the hill came the rumble of

The bound of my heart said, "The circus has come?
The old country eiseus, the faded old circus,
The one horse old circus my boyhood days
knew.

What pageant of now can that "grand ontry" what wit of today like those jokes of the ring? And those divans of pine boards—such ease

And those divans of pine coards—such case oriental

No reserved, cushioned chairs of the present can bring.

One elephant only, satisfying, majestic,

Not Jumbo nor sacred, neither painted nor white—

Take them all, and the whole dizzy, triple bill program

program,
For a single return of that old time delight,
The old country circus, the tawdry old circus,
The perfect old circus my boyhood days
knew. -Philadelphia Call.

MANDANY'S FOOL.

"Ye ain't got hungry for termaters, be ye?"

Some one had knocked at the screen door, and, as there was no response, a man's strident, good humored voice put the above question concerning tomatoes.

But somebody had heard. A women had been sitting in the kitchen with a pan of seek-no-further apples in her lap. She was paring and quartering these, and then stabbing the quarters through and stringing them on yards of white twine, preparatory to festooning them on the clothes horse which stood in the yard. This horse was already decorated profusely in this way. A cloud of wasps had flown from the drying fruit as the man walked up the path. He swung off his hat and waved the insects away.

"I say, have ye got hungry for ter maters?" he repeated.

Then he rattled the screen, but it was hooked on the inside.

He turned and surveyed the three windows that were visible in the bit of

'They wouldn't both be gone, left them apples out," he said to himself. "I'm 'bout sure Ann's to home, 'n' she's the one I want to see.'

A woman in the bedroom which opened from the kitchen was hurriedly smoothing her hair and peering into the glass. She was speaking aloud with the air of one who constantly talks to herself.

"Just as sure as I don't comb my hair the first thing somebody comes.' She gave a last pat and went to the door. There was a faint smirk on her lips and a flush on her face.

Her tall figure was swayed by a slight, eager tremor as she saw who was standing there, She exclaimed:
"Goodness me! 'Tain't you, Mr.

Baker, is it? Won't ye walk right in? But I don't want no termarters: they always go aginst me Aunt Mandany ain't to home." "Oh, ain't she?" was the brisk re-

sponse. "Then I guest I will come

The speaker pushed open the now unfastened door and entered. He set his basket of tomatoes with a thump on the rug, and wiped his broad, red

"Fact is," he said with a grin, "I knew she was gone. I seen her goin' crost the pastur' That's why I come now. I ain't got no longin' to see Aunt Mandany-no, siree, not a grain of longin' to see her. But I thought 't would be agreeable to me to clap my eyes on you.'

The woman simpered and made an articulate sound, and burriedly resumed her seat and her apple paring. "Won't you se' down, Mr. Baker ?'

she asked. Her fingers trembled as she took the darning needle and jabbed it through an apple quarter. The needle went into her flesh also. She gave a little cry and thaust her finger into her mouth. Her large, pale eyes turned wistfully toward her companion. The taded, already elderly mouth quivered. "I'm jest as scar't I c'n be if I see

blood," she whispered. Mr. Baker's heavy under lip twitched, his face softened. But he spoke roughly.

"You needn't mind that bitter blood," he said; " that won't hurt nothin'. I don't care it I do se' down; I ain't drove any this mornin'. I c'n jest as well as not take hold 'n' help ye. I s'pose Mandany left a thunderin' lot for ye to do while she's gone ?" "Two bushels," was the answer.

"The old cat! That's too much. But 'twont be for both of us, will it,

The woman said : "No." She looked for an instant intently at the man who had drawn his chair directly opposite her. He was already paring an apple.

"I'd know what to make of it," she said, still in a whisper.
"To make of what?" briskly. "Why, when folks are so good to

me's you be." 'Oh, sho', now! Everybody ain't like your Aunt Mandany."

"Sh! Don't speak so loud! Mebby she'll be comin' back,"

The loud confident tone rang cheerily in the room.

During the silence that followed Mr. Baker watched Ann's deft fingers.

"Everybody says your're real capa-ble," he remarded. A joyous red covered Ann's face.

"I jest about do all the work here." She looked at the man again.

There was something curiously sweet in the simple face. The patient line at each side of the close, pale mouth had a strange effect upon Mr. Baker.

He had been known to say violently in conversation at the store that he "never seen Ann Tracy 'thout wantin' to thrash her Aunt Mandany."

"What in time be you dryin' seek-no-furthers for?" he now exclaimed with some fierceness. "They're flattest kind of apples I know of." "They're the "That's what aunt says they're most

as flat's I be, 'n' that's flat 'nough." These words were pronounced as though the speaker was merely stating a well-known fact.

"Then what she do um for ?" persisted Mr. Baker.

"She says they're good 'nough to swop for groceries in the spring. Mr. Baker make a deep gash in an apple and held his tongue.

Ann continued her work, but she took a great deal of seek no further with the skin in a way that would have shocked Aunt Mandany.

Suddenly she raised her eyes to the sturdy face opposite her and said: "I guess your wife had a real good time, didn't she, Mr. Baker, when she was livin'?"

Mr. Baker dropped his knife. He glanced up and met the wistful gaze upon him. Something that he had thought long

dead stirred in his conscience.
"I hope so," he said, gently. "I do declare I tried to make her have a good time." "How long's she be'n dead?"

"Most ten years. We was livin'down to Norris Corners then." The man picked up his knite and absently tried the edge of it on the ball of his thumb. "I s'pose," said Ann, "folks are sor-

ry when their wives die?" Mr. Baker gave a short laugh. "Wall, that depends." "Oh, does it? I thought folks had to love their wives 'n' be sorry when

they died. Mr. Baker laughed again. made no other answer for several minutes. At last he said :

"I was sorry enough when my wife died." A great pile of quartered apples was heaped up in the wooden bowl before

either spoke again. Then Ann exclaimed with a piteous intensity: "Oh, I'm awful tired of bein' Aunt

Mandany's fool!" Mr. Baker stamped his foot involuntarily. jew know they call you "How that?" he cried, in a great voice.

"I heard Jane Littlefield tell Mis' Monk she hoped nobody'd ask Mandany's fool to the sociable. And Mr. Fletcher's boy told me that's what folk's called me." "Darn Jane Littlefield! Darn that

little devil of a boy !" These dreadful words burst out Perhaps Ann did not look so shock-

ed as she ought. In a moment she smiled her immature, simple smile that had a touching appeal in it. 'Tain't no use denyin' it," she

said; "I ain't jes' like other folks, 'n' that's a fact I can't think stiddy more 'n' a minute. Things all run together, somehow. 'N' the back er my head's odd's it can be."

"Pooh! What of it? There can't any of us think stiddy; 'u' if we could what would it amount to, I should like to know? It wouldn't amount to a row of pins.

Ann dropped her work and clasped her hands. Mr. Baker saw that her hands were hard, and stained almost black on fingers and thumbs by much cutting of apples. "Ye see," she said in a tremulous

could think stiddier. I s'pose mother'd or loved me. They say mother's do. But Aunt Mandany told me mother died the year I got my fall from the cherry tree. I was 8 then. I don't remember nothin' 'bout it, nor bout anything much. Mr. Baker, do

you remember your mother?" Mr. Baker said "yes," abruptly. Some thing made it impossible for him to say more. "I'd know how 't is," went on th

thin minor voice; "but it always did seem to me 's though if I could remember my mother, I could think stiddier, somehow. Do you think I Mr. Baker started to his feet.

"I'll be durned 'f I c'n stan' it" he "No, nor I won't stan' it, shouted. nuther!" He walked noisily across the room.

He came back and stood in front of Ann, who had patiently resumed "Come," he said, "I think a lot of

ye. Let's git married." Ann looked up. She straightened herself.

"Then I should live with you?" she asked. She laughed.

There was so much of confident happiness in that laugh that the man's heart glowed youthfully. "I shall be real glad to marry you,

Mr. Baker," she said.
Then, with pride, "N' I can cook, 'n' I know first rate how to do house work." She rose to her feet and flung up her

head. Mr. Baker put his arm about her. "Le's go right along now," he said more quickly than he had yet spoken. "Dected that this will be the largest to his discredit." sentiment that some sought to originate to his discredit.

"No, she won't. No matter if she "We'll call to the ministers 'n' engage him. You c'n stop there. "We'll be married to-day."

"Can't ye wait till I c'n put on my bunnit 'n' shawl ?" Ann asked. She left the room. In a few moments she returned ready for going. She had a sheet of note paper, a bottle of ink and a pen in her hands.
"I c'n write," she said confidently,

"n' I call it fairer to leave word for Aunt Mandany." "All right," was the response; "go

ahead. Mr. Baker said afterward that he never got much more nervous in his life than while Ann was writing that note. What if Mandany should appear? He wasn't going to back out, but he didn't want to see that woman.

The ink was thick, the pen was like a pin, and Ann was a good while making each letter, but the task was at last accomplished.

She held out the sheet to her com-"Ain't that right?" she asked. Mr. Baker drew his face down

solemnly as he read: "Dere Ant Madanie: I'm so dretful tired of beeing youre fool that ime going too be Mr. Bakers. He askt me. ANN."

"That's jest the thing," he said explosively. "Now, come on." As they walked along in the hot fall unshine, Mr. Baker said earnestly: "I'm certain sure we sh'll be ever so

much happier." "So'm I," Ann replied, with cheerful confidence.

They were on a lonely road, and they walked hand in hand. "I'm goin' to be good to ye," said the man with still more earnestness. Tnen, in a challenging tone, as if addressing the world at large: "I guess taint nobody's business but our'n. Ann looked at him, and smiled

trustfully. After awhile he began to laugh. "I'm thinkin' of your Aunt Mandey when she reads that letter," he explained.

Woman Suffrage Down South.

"Speaking of this woman's suffrage convention," said a prominent man about town to an Atlanta "Constitution" reporter, "I heard a very appropriate toast to women, with special reference to

this movement, to-day. "Two fellows came in to get a drink, and one of them had just been asking the other for his views on the movement for woman's suffrage. 'Here's to wo-man,' said the other, as he filled his glass-, yes, to woman, once our superior

but now our equal.' "They talk about letting women vote." continued the Atlantian-"why, just think how it would be when a fellow's wife got excited over an election, as women always do get excited over anything they undertake—she would jerk the big black cook out of the kitchen and go and vote her against the opposing candidates, and the poor husband who had been down town in his office all day forgetful of the election, and calm and serene, would find no dinner at home when he went out at high noon "I'm against the movement."

A Dream and Charity.

Impressions That Came in Sleep Probably Saved BROOKVILLE, Pa., Feb. 24 .- A few days ago a few gentlemen were called to the northern end of the country on business, and one of the number was so impressed with the appearances of poverty and want at one of the homes where he stopped that he dreamed of their condition while asleep, and told his associates of his convictions that dire distress existed with the wife and babies. The story aroused the humane impulses of a number of the gentlemen, and the result was a well-laden sleigh started on its mission of mercy, and when it arrived at their destination, with clothing for the mother, shoes and stockings for the children, and a good supply of wholesome food, it was found that the charitable people were none too soon, as the children's feet were already frozen, and they might have perished had relief not come when it did.

No Doubt About It.

"Do you play by note?" inquired one of the summer residents of Blueville of voice, "sometimes I think if mother the violinist of the "Berry Corners' orhad lived she'd er treated me so't I chestra," which had been discoursing ear piercing strains at a lawn party. "Nivver a note do Oi play by, sorr,

replied Mr. Flaherty, mopping his heated brow with a handkerchief of sanguinary hue. "Ay, by ear, then ?" said the summer resident, with a smile of gracious

interest. "Nivver an ear hilps me, yer honor,' responded Mr. Flaherty, returning his handkerchief to his capacious pocket.

"Indeed may I ask how you-what yo do play by, them ?" persisted the inquirer.

"By main strin'th, be jabbers," said Mr. Flaherty, with a weary air, as he plunged his ancient instrument into its bag. "An it's moighty dry wurrk, an that's thruth, sorr.'

What Comes After Death.

A good thing is told in connection with the lectures on theosophy in this city. The lecturer, in the midst of a learned discourse, asked in stentorian

"What comes after death?" No one answered, and after waiting a moment he repeated, with vehemence, "Again, I say, what comes after death ?" Just at that moment the door opened, and in walked one of the leading undertakers of the city and went demurely to a seat. The coincidence was too much for the audience.

-Denver, great in everything she undertakes, is already making preparations for the meeting of the National Education association, to be held from July 5 to 12. There will be the lowest sort of railway fares from all parts of the country and all sorts of excursions through wonderful and picturesque his personal standing and overpowering Colorado are to be arranged. It is ex-

Fred. Douglass Dead

The Maryland Slave Who Acquired World-Wide Fame-Sketch of a Notable Career-He Dropped in the Hallway of His Home While Tell ing of a Visit to the Woman's Convention.

Frederick Douglass, the noted Freedman, dropped dead at his home in Anacostia, a suburb of Washington last

Thursday. During the afternoon he attended the convention of the women of the United States, in progress in this city, and chatted with Susan B. Anthony and others of the leading members, with whom he had been on intimate terms for many years. When he returned home, he had no feeling of illness, but sat down and chatted with his wife about the women at the convention.

Suddenly he gasped, clapped his hand to his heart and fell back unconscious. A doctor was hastily summoned and arrived within a very few moments, but this efforts to revive Mr. Douglass were hopeless from the first. Within twenty minutes after the attack, the faint mo tion of the heart ceased entirely and the great ex-slave statesman was dead. Mr. Douglass leaves two sons and a daughter, the children of his first wife. His second wife, who is a white woman, survives him.

EVENTFUL LIFE OF THE EX-SLAVE. Mr. Douglass had just completed his 78th year. He was born a slave, near Easton, Md., in February, 1817. His mother was colored and his father a white man. He lived on the plantation of his owner, Colonel Edward Lloyd,

until he was ten years old. Lucretia Auld, the daughter of his master, was very kind to him, and transferred him to Baltimore to take care of her little nephew. His new mistress, Sophia Auld, taught him his alphabet without the knowledge of her husband, who promptly forbade it when he learned of it. The prohibition only whetted

the young slave's desire for knowledge. His reading lessons were then taken from little school boys on the street and in out-of-the-way places. The pave-ment and fences became his copy-books and blackboards. When 11 years old he was put to work in his master's shipyard. There he practiced writing by imitating different letters on different parts of the ships, and made surprising

FIRST THOUGHTS OF FREEDOM. At the age of 16 he was taken from this easy life and placed on a farm, where he had to work hard and was often brutally punished. Roused to desperation he successfully resisted his master's attempt to flog him. This daring resistance put a new life into him. He was never again punished, but the

desire for liberty was unquenchable. He planned an escape for himself and two others, but the plot was discovered, and he was thrown into prison and exposed for sale. His master refused to sell him, however, and sent him back to Baltimore. There he learned to caulk vessels.

ESCAPED FROM SLAVERY.

After 21 years' service there he escaped from slavery on September 2, 1838. He married Anna Murray, free woman, and went to New Bedford, Mass. He worked as a stevedore on whalers and often spoke at public meeteloquence attracted the attention of Abolitionists and he was induced to give all his time to the cause of his people. He was employed by various State so-

cieties until 1843, when he was sent by the New England Anti-Slavery Society to hold 100 anti-slavery conventions from New Hampshire to Indiana. In the last named State he was set upon by a mob and had his right hand broken. By mentioning his former master's name in a narrative of his life, he became in 1844, liable to arrest as a runaway, and had to go to England. He

was ransomed three years later by two English women for \$750, and then returned to the United States. For 16 years thereafter he published a weekly paper in Rochester, N. Y., called first the North Star and later Frederick Douglass' Paper, and also lectured all over the Northern States until Lincoln's emancipation proclama-

tion crowned the long fight. INDICTED AS JOHN BROWN'S HELPER. In 1859 he was indicted for connection with the John Brown raid, and for a time took refuge in England. He favored arming the slaves at the outbreak of the Civil War, and helped to raise two colored regiments in Massachusetts, in which two of his sons were

non-commissioned officers. The later incidents of his life, including the official positions he held as United States Marshal and afterward Recorder of Deeds of this district, his foreign missions to Hayti and San Domingo, and his editorial labors made him personally known to thousands of citizens. In 1872 he was elected Presidential

Elector-at-Large for the State of New

York, where he was then residing, and was appointed to carry the vote of the State to Washington. Of recent years he had always been prominent in all movements having in view the social and political advancement of women. Personally Mr. Douglass was a very striking man. He was considerably over six feet tall and broad shouldered, large boned and long limbed. His complexion was swarthy, not black, and as he remembered his mother, who was black, the inference is that his father was white. Mr. Douglass' hair was white and shining and stood out like a shock of wheat-an immense shock. His forehead was narrow and low, but his head very large. His cheek bones were high, his nose wide at the base, his mouth his lower face full of strength and determination. His voice was round and full and his manners sympathetic. As a speaker his characteristic was earnestness. He was not a florid or excitable speaker, but cultivated the quieter hab-

in no verbal pyrotechnics. MARRIED A WHITE WOMAN. Mr. Douglass was married twice, his second wife being Miss Pitts, a white woman, who was a clerk in the Recorder's office, while he held that position. For a time this lost him some caste among the people of his own race, but

its--making few gestures and indulging

The Literary Landmarks of Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM. The altitude of Jerusalem is always a surprise to the visitor who comes here for the first time. He knows, of course, that it is a mountain city, and that it was built upon Mount Zion and Mount Moriah; but he does not realize, until he makes the gradual ascent, that it is about twenty-eix hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean, and nearly four thousand feet above the surface of the Dead Sea. As high on the one side as the Catskill Mountain House; as hig on the other as the crater of Mount Vesuvius.

Jerusalem is a city of surprises. It is. apart from its sacred associations, an intensely interesting spot even to travellers who are already saturated with the hitherto unfamiliar and surprising charms of Cairo, Athens, and Constantinople. Its size can best be expressed by the statement that the journey ound about the out side of its walls may be made by an ordinarily rapid walker in the space of an hour. Its houses are small, irregular in shape, squalid, and mean. Its streets, if streets they can be called, are not named or numbered; they are steep, crooked, narrow, roughly paved, never cleaned, and in many instances they are vaulted over by the buildings on each side of them. Never a pair of wheels traverse them, and rarely is a horse or a donkey seen within the walls. The halt, the maimed, and the blind, the leprous and the wretchedly poor, form the great bulk of the population of Jerusalem, and, with the single exception of the Hebrews, they are persistent and clamorous beggars. Trade and commerce seem to be confined to the necessities of life, and to dealers in beads and crucifixes. There is but one hotel, and that not a good hotel, within its walls; and one Turkish merchant, who displays in his little windowless, doorless shop a small assortment of silver charms, trinkets, and bric-a brac to the gaze of the passer-by, is almost the only vender of anything like luxuries in the place. His

come to see and not to worship. Jerusalem is unique as a city in which everything is serious and sol-emn and severe. It has no clubs, no bar-rooms, no beer-gardens, no concerthalls, no theatres, no lecture-rooms, no places of amusement of any kind, no street bands, no wandering minstrels, no wealthy or upper classes, no mayor, no aldermen, no newspapers, no printing presses, no book stores-except outside the walls, for the sale of Bibles-no cheerfulness, no life. No one sings, no one dances, no one laughs in Jerusalem; even the child-

ren do not play.

The Jews, it is said, form almost two-thirds of the population of the city. They occupy a section which covers of Zion, and the Jewish Quarter is the ply and silently and patiently wait. The Wailing Wall of the Jews, so wonderfully painted by Verestchagin, is, perhaps, the most realistic sight in Jerusalem to-day. In a small, paved, oblong, unroofed enclosure, some seventy-five feet by twenty feet in extent, and in a most inactive portion of the town, is the mass of ancient masonry which is generally accepted as having been a portion of the outside of the actual wall of the Temple itself. Against these rough stones, every day of the week, but especially on Friday, and at all times of the day, are seen Hebrews of all countries, and of all ages, of both sexes, rich and poor alike, weeping and bewailing the desolation which has come upon them, and upon the city of their former glory. Whatever may be their faith, it is beautiful and sincere; and their grief is actual and without dissimulation. They kiss the walls, and beat their breasts, and tear their hair, and rend their garments; and the real tears they shed come from their hearts and their souls, as well as from their eyes. They ask tor no backsheesh; they pay no attention to the curious and inquisitive heretics and Gentiles who pity while they wonder at them. They read the Lamentations of Jeremiah and the mournful words of Isaiah; they wail for the days that are gone; and they pray to the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob, that they may get their own again.-From "The Literary Landmarks of Jerusalem," by Laurence Hutton in Harpers Magazine for March.

-The president Saturday appointed Senator Ransom, of North Carolina, whose term expires with this congress, as minister to Mexico, in place of the late Governor Gray. The Indiana Democrats made a strong appeal for the appointment of Editor Shanklin, of Evansville, but a petition signed by nearly all the senators for Mr. Ransom's appointment had the right of way. Mr. Ransom has right of way. Mr. Ransom has been in public life since 1852, when he was elected attorney-general of his state. He went into the Confederate army as a lieutenant, and when he surrendered at Appomattox he was a full fledged major-general. Mr. Ranlarge, his teeth white and perfect and som has been a member of the senate his lower face full of strength and defor 23 years. He is a capable man, and personally very popular. He was promptly confirmed by the unanimous vote of the senate.

> -Next Monday at noon the Fiftythird congress will adjourn sine die. It has been a notable body and it will be remembered both for what it has done and what it has left undone. Just now it is not as popular with the people as when its sessions begun and the reason is that important matters that should have been attended to have been quite neglected. All this is unfortunate and the Democratic majority which is not responsible, will be

For and About Women.

Miss Susan B. Anthony, who at 75, an age when most women are hobbling about with a cane and mourning over their rheumatism, lithe graceful and active, ascribes her health to her regular habits. She has eschewed late suppers, rich food and overwork. After her day's work she goes straight to her rooms takes a bath, drinks a cup of hot milk and eats a cracker. Then sleeps nine hours and arises refreshed.

Rough affects promise to prevail this spring. Boucle and bonnette effects rank next to crepon in favor, and in these two or three shades are combined.

With loops of ribbon up to her ears and streamers flying the girl will go forth to conquer this spring. When her fur boa is put aside she will wear in its place an affair of bows and flowers. It is a sort of a fantastic ruff, very fetching in effect and varying in design. Bunches of violets interspersed with loops of blue satin ribbon and fastened in front with a big blue bow is one of the news ruffs to be worn in the spring. Others are just a series of loops of ribbon arranged to give a full effect, and to be worn in connection with a lace bertha scattered with flowers. Any of the new fancy neck adornments may be easily made at home, and it is wise to own one or two of these flowery trifles, for much good do they do to a somber

Hat trimmings are spreading out right and left in the most extraordinary and alarming manner, and were it not for the protection afforded by the widespreading sleeves it is more than probable that oculists would have their hands full, with patients suffering from eye disease, the result of wounds from fashionable and ill-disposed hat trimmings. In tailor built skirts there is little change; they remain rather full round the sides and back, but charmingly plain in front. The seams are strapped and more often with satin than not. Quite a pretty tailor gown seen recently at a leading establishment customers, of course, are pilgrims who had a full skirt of black amazone cloth, the same strapped narrowly with similar material, there was a chemisette and turn down collar of cream satin, the former finely plaited, and a perfectly fitting double-breasted waistcoat of black cloth, with narrow shawl revers of cloth, fastened with small black silk canvass buttons. A black satin cravat was tied under the cream satin shirt collar, while a feature of the costume was the bolero jacket, admirably cut and fitting and entirely built of black satin, with broadly thrown back revers of same material.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church has sixteen industrial schools and homes established in various localities; in the South, eighteen among Indians, Morthe greater part of the eastward slope mons and New Mexicans, and twenty of Zion, and the Jewish Quarter is the in our cities, including deaconess most wretched in the whole wretched homes. Some of those on the frontier town. Its inhabitants are quiet and are very simple in their appointments, subdued in bearing; they make no but the comfort and order found in claims to their hereditary rights in the Royal City of their kings; they sim- poor people to better their own

Grass linen-or linen grenadine, as it s sometimes called-will be a favorite fabric for wash dresses. It is not easily mussed, is of such consistency that it falls gracefully without clinging, and, keeping its fresh appearance, will not require to be laundered more than once a season. The old-time plain surface of unbleached linen is now relieved by narrow satin stripes of bluet, cerise, leaf green or wood brown, and when trimmed with ribbon matching that of the stripe, makes a very natty little costume. It is also most serviceable for traveling gowns and is then made simply with a plain skirt and Eton jacket or one-buttoned coat) worn over a shirt of linen or chambray.

It is one of the compensations of present extravagances in fashion that it makes not a particle of difference how many varied and motley materials you can combine in the same gown. It is taken for granted that the sleeves are different from the rest of the dress. They are usually velvet, but any kind of fancy silk will do as well. Then if there is any spot in the gown which is lacking in any way, a piece of lace can be used to fill in, and with a bit of ribbon to conceal the joining places the effect is good. Thus a whole dress, or, at any rate, a whole waist, can be made from a few pieces like a patchwork quilt, and it's all right because it's fash-

Nothing is more useful to cover up a soiled place than a little lace, an entirely new waist made out of an old soiled blue and white silk one. A patch of blue crepe de-chine formed the yoke, and some wide lace fell from here to the waist line, concealing many an ugly spot, but not obscuring the lines of the figure. Blue crepe de chine formed lower sleeves in place of the oil-soaked ones, and the whole looked like a new

The newest fashion in bonnets show us at this season of the year dainty little structures, which are called spring bonnets, but which, in reality, are better suited to theatre wear than anything else, and she is clever who now purchases one and is seen in something very new and chic. The style is to wear these bonnets far back on the head, to show the hair in front, with the pert and smoothly-brushed locks which are absolutely ordered. By the way, no bonnet that is not worn far back on the head ever is becoming to smooth hair brushed off the face, and that women are rapidly discovering, after having wrestled for some months with the depressing fact that what was once so well suited to the faces is with the present arrangement of the hair most hideous and trying.

Many housekeepers use the tea leaves which are left after making tea to scatter over carpets when they are swept, but the leaves will stain very delicate carpets, Wet newspapers wrung nearly dry and torn in pieces collect the dust and lint and do not soil the carpets.