

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., March 15, 1895.

THE POET'S CONFESSION.

With my nose to the grindstone of duty,
I sing you a song for a fee,
And though it may not be a beauty,
I'll make little matter to me.
For I sing for the sake of the money,
And not for the sake of the art,
And though the so g may not be funny,
'Twill still make an editor "part."

I will stir you to amorous passion,
Though chaste as Diana myself;
Or 'I'll tawl in the patriot's fashion—
'Tis purely a question of pelf.
I will e'en sing a hymn if you're willing,
Devoutly as any divine,
And the charge of the line is a shilling—
'Tis cheap at a shilling a line.

When I write about wine I am witty,
But wittier, still, as I think
When I knock off a temperance ditty
In order to pay for a drink.
I can sing of the joys of the "beano,"
I can sing of the choir boy who died;
Though at these I am not very keen,
'Still I'm certain I could if I tried.

So give your poetical order,
You have not a moment to lose;
You will find me a faithful recorder
Of any emotion you choose.
With my nose to the grindstone of duty,
I'll turn the thing out in a trice,
And if it should not be a beauty,
Well, that's the result of the price.

—July.

A DELUDED LOVER.

Nell sang gaily as she ran here and there, putting things in order, and making the little parlor look as inviting as possible. She was very happy, this brown-haired, brown-eyed Nell, for the bright spring days had come and she rejoiced to think that the reign of the long, stern winter was ended. Besides, Tom was coming that evening—dear old Tom Riker! who had loved her ever since they were school children together, when he used to carry her great pile of books. He would be unusually welcome this time, too, for he had been away a whole month on business, and his absence had made the time seem very long to Nell.

There had been no definite understanding between these two people; no word had been spoken in regard to their hopes for the future, but they believed they understood each other thoroughly, and their friends and relations patiently awaited the announcement of their engagement.

They say that the course of true love never does run smooth—that there is always something, it may be a mere trifle, to disturb its even flow; and the saying held good in this case at any rate. After an hour or two of that happy evening had been spent by Nell in Tom's company, her mother had called her out of the room to give final directions regarding closing up for the night (Mrs. Springer was so nervous about burglars), and when Nell returned to the parlor she found Tom sadly changed. His manner was cold and distant and only the most commonplace remarks were made. Poor Nell was hurt and bewildered. She thought over everything that had been said and done, and could not account for Tom's manner. Surely no remark of hers could possibly have offended him, and yet he was offended, that was evident.

She had been going over these things in her mind while she tried to keep up her share in the uninteresting conversation. She scarcely knew what either of them was saying, and suddenly she realized that he was coldly bidding her "Good night."

From that sad leave-taking she went mechanically about her duties; that is, she saw that the doors and windows were securely fastened, and that the cat put out for the night. This animal was banished because it was no respecter of china or bric-a-brac. He would just as lief as not knock the clock or a handsome vase in his search for a mouse, so he was regularly put out when the family retired. There-by hangs the tale, not the cat's tail only, but this little love tale I am penning.

"Didn't Tom go home early last night?" Mrs. Springer inquired of her daughter the following morning.

"A little earlier than usual," the girl answered, with her face turned to the window. There was nothing of special interest in the street, but Nell wanted to avoid her mother's searching glance. She knew that her eyes must be red, for she had cried herself to sleep the night before.

"Did you put Tom out the last thing?" was her mother's next inquiry.

The girl started. "Did I—I—put him out?" she stammered, with only one Tom in her mind at the time.

"Yes; did you put the cat out? Here's a chip off of a saucer, and I thought perhaps you had forgotten him and he had—"

"Oh! the cat. Yes, I put him out, I am sure."

Then Nell's face suddenly brightened; a light came into her troubled mind. The mystery about Tom's behavior was solved. She distinctly remembered now, that after giving the other directions on the previous evening her mother had called to her as she was returning to the parlor, "Put Tom out;" and she had answered, decidedly, "Indeed, I'll not forget that. Isn't he a nuisance? I wish he had never come here."

Tom must have heard it all, and having been away at the time of the cat's advent, he had taken the Tom mentioned to be himself. It was a wonder that Nell had not thought of that when she made these remarks; but she was up in the seventh heaven of bliss, where no hint of coming trouble could reach her. She laughed a little, but instantly the pain came back to her heart. After all, Tom was angry, and would probably never come again. She could not explain the matter unless he mentioned it first, and that he would be too proud to do. He felt, she was sure, that he had received an insult, and, of course, all was over between them, and she must go on her weary way alone. However, she did keep up a tiny spark of hope, and looked for him every evening until three weeks had passed without his making

an appearance, and then she gave him up entirely.

"I can't blame him much, either," she said to herself, sadly; "and yet he might have given me a chance to explain."

Three months from that time Nell stood by the front gate looking out upon the beautiful world. It was summer now, and the air was full of the fragrance of roses. She remembered how fond she had always been of these; but nothing made any difference to her now. She had grown very sad; and though she tried to keep up a show of cheerfulness, she felt as if there were a great load on her heart, and something seemed to choke her when she tried to sing. She had not seen Tom, except at a distance in all that time. She missed him so; for he had been like part of her life ever since she could remember. He was keeping very much to himself now, she heard people say; and sometimes the boldest of her friends questioned her in regard to her treatment of the young man, and she answered calmly enough without giving them the least bit of satisfaction. They thought her hard-hearted, and some of them declared that she had sent Tom away after fooling with him all those years, but they never knew of the bitter tears she shed in the seclusion of her own room when the curious questioner had departed.

But Mrs. Springer knew that Nell was suffering. She saw that there was some trouble between her and Tom, although she could not understand it. They had always been so peaceable, even as children, that she could not believe a trifle would separate them. However, she finally decided that the girl needed a change, and had prevailed upon Nell to pay a visit of a few weeks to an aunt who lived near the seashore. The trunk was packed, and Nell stood by the gate waiting for the stage to come along. She felt little interest in her journey, and indeed was going only because her mother kept urging it. Still the excitement of getting ready had lent a color to her cheeks that had not been there for many a long day, her neat traveling suit of brown was very becoming to her, and, altogether, she looked exceedingly pretty as she stood by the gate with a far-away look in her large, brown eyes.

"Nell," called her mother from the kitchen, "is Tom out there? I thought I saw him go out the front door with you. Send him in, quick! There is a mouse in the closet."

Nell looked up the road. Yes, there was the cat, walking leisurely away.

"Here, Tom! Tom! Tom!" She called; and so intent was she on this duty that she did not hear footsteps in the opposite direction until their owner was near the house. Then she turned and saw Tom Riker's grave eyes looking straight at her. Her heart beat fast, and she feared, yet hoped, that he would speak; but he merely bowed and walked on. Yet the next moment he seemed moved by a sudden thought, for he wheeled directly around and went back to her.

"Excuse me, Nell," he said, anxiously, "but is that your cat?"

"Yes," she answered, with a nervous inclination to laugh.

"How long have you had him?"

Tom still looked very grave; but Nell's mouth was twitching, and it kept time with her beating heart.

"He followed father home one evening in the spring," she replied.

"And he has been with you ever since?"

"Yes."

Every question was growing more eager.

"And was there the last evening I spent with you?"

"Yes."

"His name is Tom?"

"Yes; father found out the owner, and he told him; but the cat insisted on remaining with us."

"And do you put him out of the house at night?"

"Yes."

Then their eyes met; they read each other's thoughts, and both broke into the first merry laugh that they had experienced for many a long day. A moment of embarrassment followed. Nell was the first to break the silence.

"Were you coming in?" she asked demurely.

"Such was not my intention," he replied, with a world of tenderness in his voice, "though I don't know what I might do if I were invited. But you are going away, are you not?"

"Well, I was," Nell said, giving him a smile that spoke volumes, "but it is not absolutely necessary that I should go to-day,—tomorrow would do,—or even next week."

"Or never," he added, recklessly.

"The fact is, Nell you must not go at all until we can get together."

"I was going to my aunt's," she answered, pretending not to notice his last remark. He was beginning to take too much for granted now.

"Does she expect you?"

"No; I was to surprise her."

"Then suppose we go that way on our wedding tour," Nell said, saucily, as she thought of the weary months in which he had remained away from her. "I never made such an agreement."

"Then, darling, come in and make it now," he answered taking her hand.

"You know we've always meant it, but we can't do it properly out here."

"Did you find that cat?" called out Mrs. Springer.

Nell glanced up the street and saw that the cat had disappeared.

"I couldn't catch Tom," she answered, running into the hall.

"Never mind that Tom," whispered the young man, who followed her and took her in his strong arms; "for this Tom has at last securely caught you."

—S. JENNIE SMITH—in *Demorest's Magazine*.

—If you want printing of any description the WATCHMAN office is the place to have it done.

Farming in Jamaica.

Mrs. Julian Hawthorne Gives Her Experience in Growing—Yams for New York Market.—Woman's Experiments in Agriculture in the West Indies.—Natives Wonder at American Tools.

KINGSTON, Jamaica, Feb. 20.—Our farm is eight miles from the coast, and between 2,100 and 2,300 feet up on the hills on the north side. An area of 100 acres contains no less than seven small but aggressive hills from 100 to 300 feet in height, but all capable of holding crops of one sort or another. Jamaicans always use their hill-sides, partly because they have to, and partly because the soil is especially rich in these situations. Here are planted yams, cocoa and the like tropical produce. A hoe is scraped among the loose rocks whenever a little soil has accumulated, a yam is planted and a pole stuck in beside it (unless a small tree offers a substitute), and anon the yam has in an inexplicable manner grown up, clothing its pole with pretty, hop-like festoons of dark green leaves. In a year from the planting the yams are dug, and if they have had a chance to expand they will often be a yard long and as thick as a man's leg.

Upon taking possession of our little farm our first task was to clear a patch for the home garden. The "ruinate"—that is to say, the trees and brush which spring up after land has been cultivated and abandoned—was first cut down.

THE WEST INDIAN MACHETE.

This outing is done neither with axe nor scythe, but with a tool peculiar to the West Indies, called a machete. It is a sort of gigantic knife, the blade two feet in length and three inches broad, with a formidable curve to it like a scimitar. The handle is like that of the sword-bayonets used in the army. The lower part of the edge only is sharpened; the metal is of poor quality and the edge often needs re-sharpening, though it can be very sharp for a while. This picturesque implement does all the cutting and mowing work in Jamaica, and with this and a pickax and crowbar the primeval forest is subdued.

The brush, having been cut, must be carried off on the heads of the men (or women) and piled up in heaps to burn. The grass and weeds, if very rank, must also be cut, and then comes the pickaxing. Pickaxing costs from \$1 to \$1.50 per square chain. If the soil be thick and tough all roots must be taken out before raking and planting can be done, for pickaxing has not the same burying effect that plowing has. The roots are, of course, put in the compost heap so as to get whatever value as manure they possess.

AN INEXHAUSTIBLE SOIL.

The soil, as revealed by these operations, is a dark chocolate color or deep crimson, turning lighter on exposure; it is of a friable quality and there is no trace of a subsoil; it seems to go down to any depth. Our home garden runs along the top and side of a swell of land about 20 feet in height, and in one place we made an excavation six feet deep, at the bottom of which the character of the soil was the same as at the top, and going still downward indefinitely. The soil always is loose and crumbly, and even after rains does not "pack;" altogether, it is most peculiar stuff.

Potatoes are small, but wonderfully clean and smooth. There are no potato beetles, nor so far have we found insect pests of any kind. Ants are said to devour all seeds planted, but we have suffered nothing from them. Cabbages grow to immense size and have firm, hard heads. When cut, the stalk is left in the ground and sprouts grow from it, bearing fresh cabbages. The Jamaicans declare that this second crop is as good as the first, but we have not as yet had an opportunity of confirming the assertion in our experience.

We wanted to start with about 200 tomato plants—a quantity which has paralyzed the neighborhood.

WORKING THE FARM.

After getting our garden in good shape we turned to the farm proper. There is a plot of about twenty acres running in and out among three or four hills. It is a heavy timber growth covered, with the exception of one piece of five acres on which only some twenty pimientos and other large trees grow. The roots of the pimiento lie near the surface, and we attacked them with an American ax (not the straight, handed thing sometimes used by Jamaicans, but a real ax imported for the purpose) and the roots having been severed, the trees were pulled down by ropes, thus leaving no stumps. As this piece of ground is fairly level and free from rock, we are plowing it and planting it with cucumbers and potatoes for the New York spring market. Another patch at the eastern end of the valley has been pickaxed, and will be devoted to tomatoes for the same destination. There are no "seasons" at this height above the sea; the thermometer never drops below fifty on the coldest winter nights nor rises above eighty in summer. There are showers almost daily, and heavy dews. In August everything is as green as in May.

Our American tools are a never-ceasing source of wonder to the colored population. For example, everything here is carried on the head, from a cake of soap to seventy-pound basket of vegetables. We had occasion to remove an old stone wall on the place, and it was a revelation to our darkey boy, when, instead of being allowed to take away the debris at the current rate of one stone on his head and one in each hand, he was introduced to an American wheelbarrow.

RESTING HIS HEAD.

It had been the custom to transport bundles in a box on his head and bring the firewood on the same support, but now he is devoted heart and soul to the wheelbarrow, and his head is getting a rest from the only kind of labor it was ever called on to perform.

The pimiento or spice crop is "fit" about the end of August. The mode of gathering it is for a small boy to climb the trees, which are 30 feet high and very thick branched, and throw down all the berry-bearing twigs and small branches that he can reach and break off. As many clusters grow out of reach at the ends of the boughs, this mode of picking is open to improvement. Meanwhile, a group of girls and

women are seated underneath the tree and they strip the berries off and put them in baskets. They are then brought to the barbecues—huge cemented platforms, also used for drying coffee, annatto, etc.—and are poured into bottomless boxes of frame holding 34 quarts. The women are paid six cents a box. The pimiento is spread out to dry on the barbecue, and at night is raked together and covered over. Rainy days are rare in Jamaica. During our first nine months we have but one day when the rain fell from morning till night. During the rainy season (so-called) it rains regularly for three to four hours in the afternoon, and is gloriously fine all the rest of the time. The heavy rainfalls are called "pond rains," either because one of them could fill a pond or because it seems as if a pond were being emptied out of the sky. One of them, lasting two hours, filled a 5,000 gallon cistern, and it is said to be a very moderate specimen of a pond rain, too!

Wheat and Cotton.

The Republican organs are trying to make capital of the fall in price of wheat and cotton. They claim that the decrease in price is due solely to the victory of the Democratic party in electing Mr. Cleveland, and imply that prior to that time the price had remained high.

Mr. Cleveland was not elected until November, 1892, and did not get into office until March, 1893. How then do the Republican organs explain the fact that during the Republican administration the price of cotton fell from 11.07 cents in 1890 to 8.6 cents in 1891 and to 7.71 cents in 1892?

We suppose they explain this by the fact that during the two years prior to Mr. Cleveland's election everybody knew he was going to be elected, therefore the price of cotton fell. If they should claim this it would only be a fair sample of the logic commonly used by them in their efforts to defend a high tariff and blacken the Democrats. What is the truth about the price of wheat which these same organs claim fell after Mr. Cleveland was elected and because of his election? Wheat fell from \$1.10 in 1891 to 90 cents in 1892 and to 74 cents in 1893. What of other products? Corn fell from 70 cents in 1891 to 56 cents in 1892 and to 50 cents in 1893. Bessemer pig iron fell from \$18.85 in 1890 to \$15.95 in 1891, to \$14.37 in 1892 and \$12.87 in 1893.

The most noticeable thing about these statistics and hundreds of others which might be quoted is that while these products continued to decline after Mr. Cleveland's election the fall in price did not start with his election but was going on and at a much faster rate before that time.

We must seek causes, therefore, other than Mr. Cleveland's election, and they are easily found in the tariff laws then existing and in the universal fall in value of everything on account of improper currency legislation and the undermining of popular confidence. All the troubles of the last two years have been laid at the door of the Democratic party, and the severest sort of punishment has been administered to that party for them. But this punishment was grossly unjust. The Democratic party was not responsible; they simply came into power just in time to shoulder the consequences of the acts of the Republicans when they were in power. The party has simply been the scapegoat for the sins of the other party, and some day the people will see this and will do justice.

Pennsylvania Railroad's Second Tour to "The Golden Gate."

The large number of people who have leisure, and the growing desire of Americans to see the wonders of their native land, are the principal agencies in advancing a healthy sentiment in favor of travel.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company's personally-conducted tours to California will be conducted in all respects as those of preceding years, with some added advantages, which cannot fail to attract the attention and enlarge the interest of the tourist.

In addition to the high grade accommodations and entertainment in transit, the Pennsylvania tourists are treated with the same liberality wherever the journey is broken. The choicest rooms in the leading hotels are always reserved for their use, for which regular rates are paid, so that the guests, although members of a large party, enjoy all the privileges of individuals who may have made their own selections.

The second tour in the 1895 series to the Golden Gate, will leave New York and Philadelphia May 16, 1895.

Detailed itinerary will be sent on application to Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York or Room 411, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. 40-10 St.

The Ex-President Better.

Harrison Has Pleurodynia and Acute Bronchitis.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., March 9.—Ex-President Benjamin Harrison is confined to his bed at his home suffering from pleurodynia and acute bronchitis. This was the diagnosis of the case given by his physician, Dr. Henry Jameson, this morning. "Mr. Harrison has been working very hard recently in the Morrison will case at Richmond," said Dr. Jameson. "When he returned to his home last Saturday he was suffering from cold that almost amounted to grip. Sunday he took to his bed, where he remained until Thursday. Then he got up, but was compelled to go to bed again yesterday. He now has acute bronchitis, Thursday pleurodynia developed. He is weak, but I do not think he is in any danger. Overwork has much to do with his sickness."

Mr. Harrison's daughter, Mrs. McKee, who has been in New York, is expected to arrive here to-night.

This afternoon the ex-President was very much improved and was sitting up.

Dan Didn't Drink.

But All the Same, His Share of Whiskey Didn't Grow Any Older.

Somebody asked Secretary Lamont, to take a drink the other day. Before the Colonel could reply somebody else told this story.

"That makes me think of the last time I heard someone give the Colonel the same invitation. It was during Cleveland's first term. The Presidential party was in St. Louis reviewing the parade. It was a cold, blustering day, the sort of weather which makes one draw himself up into the smallest possible space. Gov. Francis, who was doing the honors, looked at the President standing stoically in the face of the wind while the parade went by. Going to Col. Lamont the Governor said: "Colonel, do you eh—eh—think it would—it would be right to ask the President to eh—to take a drink—eh—of whiskey? Pretty cold you know, and it would do him good."

"Ask him to take a drink!" Lamont exclaimed. "Good heavens, man! do you mean to say that you have been with the President twenty-four hours and haven't asked him to take a drink?"

"The Governor looked somewhat surprised, but at the same time relieved; admitted his guilt, and stepping to the President, said:

"Mr. President."

"The President, turning around, looked at him straight in the eye, which seemed to take the sand out of the Governor, who, blushing and stammering like a young man about to propose to his sweetheart said:

"Eh, Mr. President, do you know it is very cold to-day—eh—I thought that maybe, just by way of a preventive you know, that possibly you might think it wise to take a small drink—eh—whiskey."

"Where is it?" the President in a very business like manner asked.

"Right this way, said Gov. Francis, and beckoning at the same time to Lamont and the Mayor he led the party to a room which contained a table on which were four glasses half filled with whiskey. The President looked at the glasses and said to Gov. Francis:

"Who are these for?"

"Why, one, Mr. President, is for you, one for Col. Lamont, one for the Mayor, and one for myself."

"The President took up one glass and emptied its contents into another. Setting down the empty glass he raised the filled one carefully to his lips, and, looking at the red liquor with an expression of sweet anticipation, said, just before emptying his glass: "Dan don't drink."

Drug Drunkards.

The drugs mostly used are stimulating narcotics, and the drunkards are mostly women. Many of these belong to the richer ranks of society, women who find in these drugs an easier and more genteel way of getting pleasantly intoxicated than by drinking brandy. Some years ago the syrup of the hydrate of chloral used to be a favorite narcotic and intoxicant. The deadly stuff slew its thousands and helped to fill inebriate homes and private asylums. It is not at present, I believe, in such high repute. Laudanum and solution of muriate of morphia still hold sway, however. A lady began taking a few drops of the latter in tea of an afternoon when about 25 years of age. She is now 35 and prematurely old, and no wonder—she never has less than seven ounces of laudanum a day.

A favorite tippie with some ladies—especially, I think, on long sea voyages—is eau de Cologne. Those who drink it hardly know the danger they incur. It is only the rectified spirits in it that stimulate; the other ingredients or oils are very deleterious, if not poisonous. But one of the most deadly drugs a woman can drink is chlorodyne. When she takes to this she has sold herself body and soul to the devil, and at a very low price indeed. Chlorodyne contains not only capsicum and peppermint, but Indian hemp, morphia, chloroform and prussic acid.

Paper Hosiery.

Gloves, Stockings and Other Wear to Be Made From Paper Yarns.

Paper gloves and hosiery are named as among the very latest novelties. Stockings which shall sell at three cents a pair are proposed. In fact, the experiment of making paper stockings has been going on for several months, and the party engaged therein believes that paper mittens or gloves would possess advantages in their season. The goods are light and airy and very comfortable in summer.

When finished and dyed their appearance is similar to ordinary fabric goods. The knitting is from paper yarns. The paper yarns are made pretty much after the plan of making common paper twines except that the former are put through certain special processes. The principle is that of making a sort of nap on the yarn. This is done automatically. Ordinary paper twine or yarn is too smooth, but a good gigging up gives the yarn a nap and this imparts softness. After the knitting has been done the goods are placed in a sizing bath made from potato starch and tallow, which imparts solidity and durability to the texture.

With paper passenger car wheels, paper water-pails, why not paper socks and stockings?

She Had Him.

Wife—You say that you were detained at the office over a will case?

Great Lawyer—Yes. A consultation with the heir.

Wife—Ah, yes; I see you've brought it home on your shoulder. Blonde, too, wasn't it?

—Mme. Lillian Nordica, of speaking success in opera, in answer to a question as to what one quality more than another was required to be a great singer, said, "Will, will, will!"

For and About Women.

Miss Lily Marshall, an English girl, is the inventor of the fine iridescent effects in brass work which have attracted so much attention. The secret of the process is known only to her brother and herself. She has a studio in New York.

An exceedingly stylish new coat is made of dull green broadcloth combined with black moire and polka-dotted silk and is trimmed with narrow sable fur. The cloth part of the garment ends abruptly at the waist line and the full coat skirts are of the silk. The front is arranged in the full double-twisted reverse of the silk and cloth, combined with a judicious mixture of the fur, which also finishes all edges, including that of the cloth jacket effect at the waist.

Buttons are coming in again, both for coats, vests, fancy waists and for fastening the side or front breadths of gored skirts, redingotes and cycle costumes.

Carmelite brown and fawn are going to be the favorite colors for cloth coats and caps and for costumes of tweed and such like materials throughout the early spring.

A gown that will always look cool and sweet for the coming warm days may be made of duck suiting in a shade of tan trimmed with white duck. The skirt has no trimming, is very wide at the feet, the fullness leaning toward the front. The waist is made coat fashion, with two tiny pockets inserted on the outside and revers falling back to the sleeves. A vest of white duck is worn with this, the top being finished with a high standing collar. The cuffs are made of the white, and small white buttons are used down one side of the vest.

The young women of to-day do not carry themselves well. They stand badly and walk badly and furthermore the young men of to-day are noticing it. They tell me so.

"Why," said a modern young Apollo Belvedere to me the other day, "I wish the girls would take gymnastics; they stoop, curve in their shoulders, stoop out below the waist, and have a generally bad carriage."

Alas, this is but too sadly true! Physical improvement will be the next cry even to the exclusion of the mental, and some of it at least, would be excellent, most excellent.

Among the new waists are those with very much bagginess at the lower part of the front. These waists are made long, then gathered into belts, the extra fullness, in some cases amounting to three or four inches, being allowed, to sag over the waist-line at will.

A gown of nickle gray cloth has trimming of fine black passementerie. It is made with a short jacket, for which women of short stature should be devoutly thankful. This long jacket, with so little of the skirt showing below, made dwarfs of half the women who wore them. This jacket has embryo godets in the back, but they are of course, not long enough to develop into full-ledged pleats. It is trimmed around the edge with the passementerie. A white marine collar of white bengaline is trimmed with passementerie edged with feather trimming. Underneath the jacket is a vest of gray surah laid in pleats and brought under a crush belt and collar of the same material. The skirt is round and trimmed with the passementerie that appears on the jacket.

A new variety of vest is coming in. It suggests the full dress vest that men wear, but it is not so low. A spring dress with this vest is made of a beige serge. The jacket is cut zouave fashion, revealing a waistcoat of red cloth, which is buttoned with small brass buttons. The waistcoat is cut oval shape and a chemistie and collar of white batiste is inserted. The revers are ornamented with fancy buttons. Buttons are sufficient trimming for the handsomest gown if they are only handsome buttons. Those set with brilliants and enameled are the most costly. Others are very finely cut steel, and some are fancy pearl.

Spring hats are so covered with flowers that the straw beneath is scarcely visible. The flowers used are aggressive types—such as poppies and daisies and immense roses. A lace hat that was almost concealed beneath two immense red poppies the size of peonies.

A child's hat of black leghorn had five differe kinds of flowers on it. It gave one the impression of having been trimmed with nosegays picked by childish hands. The nodding buttercups and daisies and bachelor buttons were mixed in with dandelions and poppies, and little tufts of grass peeped out here and there. Wild flowers of all the spring varieties are the favorite for spring hats. A brown leghorn had cowslips and poppies and dandelions mingled indiscriminately.

Some hats are made entirely of flowers, with velvet bows as trimming. A hat of violets had cerise velvet bows and made a stunning finish for a stunning costume of gray serge. This gown had a bolero of cream lace on the bodice. At the neck was a bow of cerise velvet like that on the hat. The skirt was made with a panel in front, and slightly draped over the hips. Around the bottom was a band of cream lace.

The correct thing to wear around one's neck is a flower bow. A pretty one is made of little bunches of alternating—such as poppies and daisies and immense roses. A lace hat that was almost concealed beneath two immense red poppies the size of peonies. Another was made of large red roses and leaves. These were marked \$15.50 but if one happens to have some flowers left from last summer's hat it is possible to have such a bow for almost nothing. They may be tied with satin ribbon or finished with a fall of wide cream lace, and nothing makes so pretty a finish for a party costume.