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THE DAYS THAT HAVE GONE BY.

M. V. THOMAS. For the WATCHMAN

The days that have gone by-where are they Deep, hidden, in the dim and shadowy past So limited by rise and set of sun,

Still driven on, those glad days could no last. On, on they drifted-drifted far away Borne onward on the rapid stream of time

Which stops for none -. Alas! they could not stay. Still floating, are they, in the shadowy past.

The days that have gone by. The days that have gone by-what are they

Bright sketches traced upon the memory's

And written in the volume of the heart. So deeply traced they cannot fade with age, Each scene is of the very life, a part. The time speeds on. We can no more recall

The days, no longer ours, whate'er befall.

So are they in the distance, far away,

The days that have gone by. The days that have gone by-what hold they

Fond memories of the joys that we have known: Shadows of sorrows that have long passed by;

Lost echoes of the song birds that have flown; A soft, sweet whisper of some deep-drawn

sigh, A tear that was not shed, a gasp of pain, A chord that we shall never touch again. These treasures have we hidden deeply in

The days that have gone by. These are not all they hold-these by-gone

days.

There are duties unperformed and wasted hours, Thorns that have filled, with pain, our weary

ways, And some poor; faded, yet sweet-scented, flowers.

Ah: There are some that we would fain live And there are some we would not live again

As in the past they float forevermore. On fancy's wings we follow all in vain, The days that have gone by.

## TERRIBLY TEMPTED.

The Story of a Boy and How He Found His

BY HERBERT D. WARD.

"But, mother, how ridiculous, I'm no longer a little boy." [Sidney straightened himself up to the full height of five feet five, and looked at his mother with an insulted air. "Besides, I've never been to Boston in my life, and I want to go." The boy pursed his lips

out petulantly.

Mrs. Dorris looked at her only child with a conflicting expression. Was it anger or embarrassment that made her sun-burnt face flush? She cast a quick, appealing glance at her sister, which Sidney did not notice. He had moodily There is a class of boys that is attracstooped to pick up the little King tive to men, another that attracts girls d was twisting its

silken ear on his finger. . "I will not send you to boarding-school, Sidney," said his mother slow-ly and sternly, "unless you promise

"Now, Aunt Lou, don't you think it been out of his own town? I'll bet you I'm the only boy in the city who has never been to Boston, and only forty miles away. I'm tired of it," Sidney turned pathetically to his middle aged aunt, who stood looking from one to the other. She alternately wiped her eyes and her spectacles with her brown

gingham apron. "Perhaps your mother willilet you go through Boston on your way to the school. But it will be more expensive than changing at Lowell Junction." The last clause was added as a sort of apology to the daring suggestion of the Aunt Lou loved her nephew devotedly. All the long week they lived together in a little brick house on a side street in the busy City of Hills. For Mrs. Dorris and the beautiful white spaniel took, the first train every Monday morning for Boston, and there they stayed until the last train on Saturday night. Mrs. Dorris' husband had died when Sidney was a baby, and the 17-year-old lad could not remember late. Where do you room?" the time when his mother had not spent the six days of the week in Boston, attending, as he supposed, to his father's business. What that business was, he never knew. It had been long accepted in the house as a sub-

late and letteo early. Sidney had passed through the gram- order meant. mar school into the high school, and now, having graduated there, was Tom gave him another shove. about to spend a year in a famous boarding school preparatory to going to college. Sidney had developed ability as a student, and Mrs. Dorris had told him that she would furnish him with an education second to none, if he wanted it. Mrs. Dorris gave no evidence of being able to afford this for out! Why! What's the matter, Sid? her boy. She was a hard working woman, and lived with economy. Her has recognized the Duchess of York." son was brought up to great plainness of living, but had every necessary comfort. He did not know that it was rumored in the town that his mother had eously. He was staring at his mother got a racquet," he said.

bear to be separated from him on Sunon her home days, not even to church. She had no friends in the neighborhood, probably, if her neighbors had seen meeting mean?"

her. She said she was too tired to go out, and she looked it. It was Tuesday that day, and his mother was at give up the most engaging business one day in the year to see her only boy off in spick-and span condition?

"Sidney will change at Lowell Junction, and be a good boy," said Mrs.

Dorris after a long pause. "I will see him that far on the train myself, and into the cup with a defiant gesture. then go to the city. He will find his own way from there. He is old enough to look out for himself, but not old enough to be disobedient," she added significantly.

Sidney gave Ermine's tail a pull. The dog's little yelp muffled his own

sigh. "All right," he said philosophically, "I'll be a man soon, and then I'll go where I please.'

"When you get through college," answered Mrs. Dorris snapping her eyes, "and earn enough to support yourself, then you can do as you please. My work will be done then."

"At least, I can go into father's business and help you." Sidney looked up at his mother lovingly. All op-position to her wish had faded from his face. The little dog barked gleefully; but Aunt Lou held her hand on the table to steady herself.

Mrs. Dorris stared at her son as if she had not understood his words. Then the color abruptly left her sunburnt, parched skin. She looked twenty years older in that instant. Sidney was frightened at the change.

"You shall never-" Mrs, Dorris did not finish. "Mother!" cried Sidney. "You are

ill. Dear mother " But she straightened herself up from her habitual stoop, pushed him aside and left the room and shut the door behind her. Sidney started after her aghast, but made no effort to follow. A cordon of new thoughts seemed to surround and confuse him. But Ermine went up to the door and whined

for his mistress. Sidney Dorris entered the senior class of the great fitting school with no conditions. There were seventy more boys in the same class, yet Sidney felt as if he had been cast upon a desert coast. Although he had been used to associating with boys all his life, yet, as this was the first time that he had eyer been away from home by as much as a single night, the feeling of homesickness overpowed him, and it seemed to him at that time impossible ever to form acquaintances and friends.

Sidney was a handsome boy. hair was dark and curly; his eyes were straightforward and clear hazel. His complexion was clear, and be looked to be of more aristocratic birth than he really was. He had a proud, high forehead and a modest, sensitive mouth. He was well dressed, a quick scholar and ready on the playground. and a third that appeals to the boys themselves. Because of his fearless expression Sidney was a boys' boy, and so it was most natural that one of the richest fellows in the class, a member me not to go to Boston, except when I of the most exclusive of the many give you permission. Besides, I think secret societies in the school, should the rules of the school do not allow approach him on the third day. It is how? She's a daisy." Tom Devenant a good thing that in our American schools there is no rank in school but is rough on a fellow who has never that of good fellowship. So the recoggive Sidney a social position for the

rest of his course. "You've just come into our class. and I'm Devenant-Tom, for short. I hope that we may see more of each other." He held out his hand cordially. It was a fat hand and exquisitely kept for a schoolboy's. A gold snake ring with two good-sized rubies for eyes, glistened on his third finger. He wore a fine tennis suit, and his very presence exhalted luxury. Sidney had never been acquainted with a boy of Tom's social position before, and he was fascinated by that gracious

"Where do you room?" asked Tom, with a kindly wet indefinable tone of

condescension

ness and perfect form.

"At the Millstone House;" answered Sidney gaily; then noticing a smile of superiority on his companion's face, he hurried to say apologetically. "It was the only room I could get, coming so

"At the Club House, of course," pointing to a large brick building on he had recognized his spaniel's delicately tinged ears, and the collar that he had himself put around its neck. He had not looked at the woman yet. ject which should never be mentiomed. But as he did so, a chill struck his Sidney had grown up not to think of it heart. The parched hand that turned at all. That it might be a mystery the worn crank had a ring upon it that never entered his head. The neigh- he remembered too well. Oh, the faand now he knew too well what that

"Shell out, Sid !" The inexorable "I can't," stammered the unhappy

lad. He stood trembling in every limb, the picture of horror and confu

"Can't? You've got to give to the poor. Haven't you read your Bible ? We've all done our duty. Come, shell Are you sick? By Jove, I believe he

turned from the beggar upon Sidney, the High School championship. turned from the beggar upon Sidney, the High School championship. "I'll rest and said: "Oh, let up, fellows, contest between Charleroi and Monon-who stood before them trembling pit run home and put on my things. I've can't you?" Then he looked down, gahela. The counties of Anthracite property. So when Sidney was told with jaw dropped, with ashen face as the played and won, and Tom and that he could go to college if he desirif he had seen the dead. Ermine had he became fast friends. I do not mean ed to, he was beside himself with joy. been looking on as small dogs are apt fast in the literal sense. Tom Devan-Sidney and his mother loved each to, with quick intelligence. He had ant was too well brought up to be disother devotedly. She could hardly recognized his young master, and with sipated, and Sidney could not be. But one wriggle had leaped out of Mrs. Tom was lax in regard to school rules impulse was to snatch the dog away day. She never went out of the house Dorris' arms and was jumping up Sidney's legs, barking at the top of his introduced Sidney into his own set, and breast; for in that instantaneous view lungs. Sidney's classmates stared at before Sidney knew it, he was swagger-

"Give it to us, Sid?" asked one of the fellows with a rough sneer, "Who is she? Out with the mystery of the home. It was a great concession; but beggar dog." In that moment Sidthe boy's new clothes were to be tried ney saw his position in the great school on and folded, and his new trunk was ruined beyond retrieve. No more Beeto be packed on that mild September tle society. No more tennis. No afternoon, and what mother would not more anything. Who would speak to the beggar's son? His soul, which had undergone a gradual descent since he had left home, had not touched its spiritual depth as yet. He gave Er-

"How the Dickens do I know?" He said this with an oath. It was his first. "Come on, won't you?" Even now he might escape, although the boys were only half satisfied; but the spaniel followed faithfully. He was confused and stunned by his rough reception. The beggar woman made no effort to hold the dog back. She did not raise her eyes. She did not speak. She ground out "The Last Rose of Summer" as if her son had not denied her. "Here, Sid, here's your dog follow-

ing," cried his school-mates mocking-ly. "He seems to know you." But to Sidney the whole world had been blotted out, and everything swam before his eyes. He dared not turn, but staggered on a few steps like a drunken man. His mother-a beggar-woman! His heart was shriveled up within him. Then he saw the dog beside him and turned.

"Go back!" he shouted with a maddened, gutteral voice.

The beautiful dog stopped abashed. and turned in piteous doubt towards its mistress. At that moment the stolid granite position when the lad denied looked at him for the first time when self for a moment. he rebuffed the dog-and oh, what shame and disappointment and pride get permission."

were in that glance. The perforated slip changed, and her right hand now mechanically ground out the latest popular melody, "Oh Promise Me—Oh Promise me!"—Sidney had often sung this in chorus with the boys at school. The sound of the tune and its meaning brought his heart back to his mother. Oh, her sorrowful face ! Of what value to him was his position in school? What was the petty opinion of his new mates? Here was his mother. With a bound he was by her side; and he bent and put his strong arms around her as if to protect her from any further insult from his class-mates. For five terrible minutes he had denied her. But now, he saw things in a new light. His mother, no matter what she did, was more than Tom. Home was more than school. In His that instant all that was noble in the lad leaped up like a spring when a

weight is removed from it.

And Mrs. Dorris? The habit of years, even in this supreme moment, was strong with the street player. Her hand kept turning the hurdy-gurdy. The roll had changed to "The Old Folks at Home."

'All de world am sad and dreary Eb'rywhere I roam;

Oh darkies, how my heart grows weary Far from de old folks at home," droned out the grotesque instrument : but the tears were now streaming down the withered face of the head bowed in

"Well, Sid-who is your friend anyspoke with his pertest air of sarcasm. Sidney raised himself to his height. His hand rested lovingly on his mothnition of Tom Devenant was enough to er's shoulder. His poor chin trembled, and his lips were pale and quivering. He gasped as if a glass of cold water had been suddenly dashed in his face. To his narrow vision life and all its possibilities seemed extinguished by this terrible discovery. But he faced his fate like a hero. His class-mates stood in a jeering crowd around him. A few others had gathered there too. And the organ droned the chorus: "How my heart grows weary, far

from de old folks at home." "I must beg you to leave us alone." Sidney looked his class-mates straight in the eyes, and spoke with his grand. est air, "That lady is my mother."

The tension was too great for the sensitive lad. He swayed and swoon-

Tom caught him, and the boys, so easily turned from sarcasm to pity by the instinct of youth now seemed to understand their class-mate's anguish and tried to minister to him.

"He never knew I did this," said Mrs. Dorris in a low tone to Tom as they both tried to revive her son. "I told him not to come to Boston. I took to it when my husband died, six- ahead. The effect on the asthmatic teen years ago, because there's so much money in it. I've been an honest woman and worked hard for my boy, I wanted to give him a good education-Mere she sobbed. "An, young sir, he's the same boy that he was before he bors did not seem to know what the business was, either. In fact, they outline of her head suffocated him. In give him up!—I'll give it up." Tom's in. hardly knew that such a person as that instant's shock the command of mouth twitched as he listened. Just Mrs. Dorris existed; she came in so his mother flashed before his mind, as Sid opened his eyes his own soft hand stole around the knotted knuckles of the organ woman and he gave led a beautiful white King Charles them a warm pressure.

"You may trust me," he said. "I'll be his friend." Then he looked serithe top of the hill—the most aristocratic boarding house in town. "Do you play tennis? I've got a private court up there-laid it out myseif. I'll furnish racquet and balls and play you three sets and bet you soda's I'll win. Before he knew it, Sidney found him-Is it a go?"

"All right." Sidney's eyes sparkled. He loved tennis above all sports, With another loud laugh the boys and was a fine player, having taken

He played and won, and Tom and and felt himself superior to them. He and would not have been recognized, him in amazement. What did this ing down street to the postoffice, play- experienced air of a man of the world: ing tennis and whist-and chumming "I think you had better give it up brother George."

with boys who could afford to spend in now, for his sake," he whispered as one month what he could spend in a year. Nevertheless he did not allow his studious habits to wear off. He made a mark in the class room. Besides, he took his rank as a possible tennis champion; this gave him quick prestige in his class; and, at last, he was elected into the Beetle Society, of which Tom Devanant was the Patriarch, and whose badge of membership consisted of an ivory beetle which was exhibited between members on various occasions in mysterious ways. On the whole, it is a wonder that Sidney's to a society unless you stick to each popularity, so soon won, did not turn his head more than it did. But his companionship had the effect of dulling his sense of duty. Sidney noticed this change in himself vaguely. Put only one drop of black into a can of white paint, and the original color is tainted forever. No amount of white after. and who doesn't stand up for added can restore the delicacy of the him like a brother, is a-a gilly, and primal shade.

"Look here, Sid," said Tom one November morning after Greek composition, "all of us you know" (in a guttural whisper, exhibiting his ivory beetle after casting oblique glances in every direction) "are going to Boston on the 12.42. We're going to catch the train on the siding. The engineer always slows down for a good cigar. Crumpy" (referring to the principal) "won't be onto that. Hey? What's the matter?"

Sidney stammered and colored. His mother's strict command inundated his mind. He had clean forgotten all about it. Then the vision of his rich smiling, careless classmate drove his mother out. And then the foolishness figure, which had not moved from its of her request, and of the promise that he had made to her overcame him. his mother, now lifted up its head and But still the best in him asserted him-

"I don't think I ought to go; I can't "Now Sid, look here. Don't be a

Gilly." That was the worst reproach a boy could fling at another in that day. No dictionary has been able to define the meaning of the term as used by school boys in this satiric sense. "But I can't afford-you know,"

stammered the poor boy.
"Bah! Nonsense! This is my treat. As a member you have got to come.'

And Sid went. A few hours later a group of seven boys emerged from an ice cream saloop upon Tremont street. They crossed over to the Common. They were in high spirits, and policemen and citizens smiled upon them indulgently.

"Let's look at the sun," suggested Sidney as they came near the time-

honored telescope. They talked loud as school boys will, and skipped and played pretty pranks upon each other. Sidney looked about him with concealed interest. He preserved the stoical countenance that the Zulu does when he sees London for the first time. Yet he envied the experienced airs of his companions, and in spite of himself, he kept wondering why on earth his mother forbade him this pleasant city. His first moral and intellectual shyness had already worn off, and as his conscience became dulled he began to enjoy his "lark" im-

mensely. "Have you ever been on top of the State House?" asked Tom, pointing at the gilded donce.

Being the most self-conscious one in the crowd, Sidney thought the question meant for him. "I never thought that much about it," he answered quickly. "Are you allowed?" "Of course," answered Tom with a

superior smile. "Let's go," said another. And the seven boys, so easily wasted by a breath, turned to the right and walked up the hill.

Sidney was ahead with Tom. After they crossed Beacon street Sidney lagged behind in order to steal a glance down the famous highway that represented the culture and wealth of the great Commonwealth. In the meanwhile the boys had stopped at the iron gate that leads to the stone steps and the Capitol. They were laughing and chaffing, jingling pennies, surrounding an old woman.

"Here, Sid, hurry up! You-ve got to chip in. Can't let you off, old man. It was one of these hurdy gurdy players, whom the boys had stopped to tease with generous and careless nonchalance. She was bent, and evi-dently old. She was sitting on the sidewalk, huddled up against the gate, grinding her lugubrious instrument slowly and pathetically. The perforated slip that inspired the wheezy strains seemed to catch and then jump music was ludicrous enough to draw pennies from a bootblack. The grinder's head and shoulders were enveloped in two shawls; her eyes kept watch upon the little tin cup, whose bottom was already hidden by the pennies

One hand purple at the knuckles, weatherbeaten and thin, ground out the hoarse tones, while the other fondspaniel.

"Can he bark? I'll give a cent to hear him bark," cried Tom with a jingle of his right hand. "Here Sid-give your superfluous cents to the poornot that he has any sense to give," he added with a vigorous attempt to be self thrust almost at the beggar. He had to put his hands on the railing above her to keep from falling against her. He laughed joyously with the and the color died from his face, as the cloud hides the sun.

He beheld Ermine, his own little dog, to whom he had sent messages of love in every letter home, in the arm of that woman below him. His first from the thief and comfort it at his ously at the mother and son with the

he helped Sidney to his feet. The street-player nodded silently. When Sidney had struggled to his feet and began to look for her in a dazed way his mother had disappeared in the

crowd. That night there was a meeting of the celebrated Beetle Society. The members present were as solemn as an easterly fog. Sidney alone was not

there "It isn't his fault," said the Patriarch. "What's the use of belonging other? It isn't to go back on one another. Gentlemen don't do that." stopped and looked from one to another appealingly. "Do they?"

"I move you," said a member, addressing Tom, "that any man who gives Sid away in this school or even shall be eternally disgraced, andand-"That's enough," said Tom, with

swimming eyes. "All in favor, hands up. Contrary minded-it is a unanimous vote. The meeting is adjourned. Let's all go and see Sid."

And to the honor of the boys and of the school, the vote was scrupulously carried out.

Uniform Divorce Laws.

Divorce has grown to be one of the great evils of society in this country. Divorce in the abstract was intended to be a humane institution. It was devised to liberate unfortunate people from intolerable torment, to protect helpless women from brutal and ruffianly husbands, to dissolve disgraced alliances. It is rapidly becoming something different from what it was intended to be. It is becoming an institution to encourage the abominable sins on account of which it was devised to free innocent persons.

A large share of the responsibility for this tendency lies with the want of uniformity of the laws upon this subject and particularly with the enactment of laws in some of the Western States to make divorces easy to obtain. Some of the States have made divorce so easy a matter that it may be invoked for trivial reasons. That is obviously wrong. Divorce should never be granted except for most serious reasons, sufficiently serious to inspire the applicant to undergo difficulties and delay. Homes should not be broken lightly.

The indirect effect of the system is to cause young people to rush into matrimony without proper consideration or deliberation. They act upon the principle that if the marriage does not suit them they can easily have it annulled. Nothing could be more debasing than that to the highest relation in life. No greater calamity can be visited upon defenseless children, except the death of both their parents. The death of one parent is no greater loss to a child than the loss of that parent by "legal" sepa-ration, and is far less demoralizing. In death they may yet be loved and revered in memory. When lost through divorce that memory is usually poisoned by venemous recitals.

been newly drawn to of the divorce colonies in the Dakotas. where this "legal" crime has culminated in laws passed for the special purpose of attracting people who want their marriage bonds broken. The whole country has been shocked. It is a disgrace to civilization, and it is time Congress was forced to recognize the evil and enact a uniform divorce law to abate it. It is the time the moral standard was raised.

Doom of Small Towns.

The fact that the country is not keeping pace with the towns and cities in growth, but rather falling behind, is a trite subject of discussion in American magazines and reviews. In the "Forum" for April Mr. H. J. Fletcher shows how the small town is passing away, by going into the census statistics for the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Iowa, rich empires in themselves, yet with forces at work that are stifling the growth of nearly half their In these five states there townships. are 6,261 townships, and of this number in the decade between 1880 and 1890 144 remained stationary as to population, 3,003 gained, and 3,144 lost in edges very wide apart in front. An population. This is an astonishing exhibit. And it is made the more remarkable by the fact that during the decade each of the five states gained in population, ranging from 10 per cent in Indi- foundation, and the edges of these and ana to 24 per cent in Illinois. The gain, however, has been in the cities and sementerie. towns. Many of the counties in these states show an aggregate gain in population, although nearly every township, except those containing the chief towns sustained a loss. Nothing could show in stronger colors the drift of population away from the country to the towns and cities than these facts. Most of the older states of the east and south show the same tendency in even a more marked degree, but the five states cited by the "Forum" writer, by reason of their natural advantages for a large rural population, offer a more striking illustration of the influences at work .- Pittsburg Post.

-There are four new-county projects now struggling at Harrisburg, and for the most part-and probably there is no exception-they represent county seat boomers. The seat of Quay county will be Hazelton; that of Grow the mining town of Schickshinny, which is intensely poetical; that of Anthracite county, the growing city of Carbondale; and for the county seat of Monongabela there will be a lively and Monongahela are well named, but with 320,000 words in the standard dictionary, the christening of "Quay' and "Grow" counties is hardly a happy thought.

—She—"No, Mr. Poppin, I can never be your wife; but I'll be a sister to you.

He-"I don't understand?" She-"I'm engaged to marry your For and About Women.

Governor Budd of California has decided to appoint a woman as his private secretary, to the infinite disgust of the professional politicians. She is Miss Josephine Tohman, a graduate of the the Hastings Law College, formerly a clerk in Budd's office and latterly assistant to the Governor's private secretary.

Many of the "smart" women are wearing very high turned-over collars of white duck or white serge with their tailor-made costumes, the severity of the lines being softened by the collar opening both in front and at the back with a bow on each side.

When it comes to the shaping of piques, drills and ducks it is easy to be seen that the convenient skirt and jacket is to be a favorite model for piques and stuffs of a like ilk. The English box coat that falls loose over a waist of silk or muslin, is a becoming design for the jacket. Short cut-away shapes, with frilled tails and Etons, however, will be worn. Skirts of these gowns are smartly flared with godet backs and lapped seams; if the gown is trimmed, the skirt seams may be pletely out-lined with braid. Sleeves are large, drooping muttonlegs.

Fragile textures, such as muslins, organdies and Swisses, are made with bouffant effects, waists round and sleeves puffed and short. Skirts are trimmed, and an easy and becoming model for any of these dainty textiles is a deep Spanish flounce that is put on full and headed by a rose quilling in taffeta ribbon. Check ginghams and grass linens, which last are now shown in weights and designs never seen before, have a leaning to plainness. A smart little summer morning gown, is of dark blue and white check gingham. The bag vest, under the little Eton, with its pointed revers and dashing sleeves in double puffs, is white mull; the plain skirt, in five gores, is stiffened at the inside bottom with heavy linen.

A most pleasing dress displaying a front of white tucked lawn was recently seen. The coat and skirt and sleeves of black crepon and the collar of the coat was faced with white satin, with the border trimmed with two straps of black. The skirt, which was very fully gored, showed strappings of white cloth and white cuffs turned back on the sleeves, while round the neck was a ruffle of black roses with cream-colored lace ends.

The spring bonnet is worn far back on the head. This is not for the bonnet's sake, nor for the head's sake, but to show the fine straight parting of the hair. You have to show your hair. You are only half woman without it. When there were curls down upon the forehead the bonnet could come forward. Now that the satin locks are brushed back from the face the bon net has to recede to give the satin locks fair play.

We are going to wear Leghorns again and a gigantic round hat or this straw has a long, curling, white ostrich plume on the crown and frills of butter-colored lace on the brim.

this subject by the sickening accounts belted waist of last summer is to give it a blouse effect by trimming the front with three lengthwise bands of ribbon two inches wide overlaid with white gulpure or with open embroidered insertion. Start-the longest band at the throat, letting it hide the fastening of the waist and make it droop two inches below the the top of the belt, then be brought back and inside the belt. The two other bands start near the top of the shoulder seam and go into the belt without drooping so much as that in the middle. These represent box plaits very prettily.

In all its victorious progress crinoline has reached capes, and small ones of shoulder length that are stiff with it will soon abound. Some of them are plain and others fluted, but all are capable of standing alone and nearly all are topped by fanciful chiffon collars. As capes were worn generally during the past winter, the pioneer of fashionthose women who always regard novel styles as something that must be attained at any cost-are going in for unusual wraps. A new one of odd cut and in dark brown cloth is noticeable. It consists of a fitted jacket, fastening invisbly odd effect is attained by a fichu, which fastens at the sides in front and leaves the top of the jacket free like a yoke. The novel sleeves have a fitted cloth the fichu are finished with silk ball pas-

Rev. Lila Frost Sprague is the assistant pastor of the Second Unitarian Church, of San Francisco, of which her husband is the pastor. She is possessed of a winning personality and is very popular.

Green and black will be very popular and just the right shade of green, one that is rich and clear, whether light or dark, combines well with black. ticularly green velvet, with which a narrow edging of jet is quite popular, when the velvet is used in the dainty lawns and wash silks, a light vellowish green and white is to be much in vogue. With the early Easter gowns. Eton jackets of black velvet lined with bright silk and edged with a narrow frill of lace will be worn. They will have leg-o-mutton sleeves and loads of jet and iridescent edgings, from under which the lace will fall. That they will be very handsome goes without saying, but they will never attain the popularity of the cape, which will rival everything else in the "covering" line, while the big sleeves with their preposterous stiffening are worn.

New jackets are short, extending only eight or ten inches below the waist. Some are made very full in the back. flaring in godet pleats, while others are flatly pressed, like the back of men's morning coats. The sleeves are huge at the top, and in many cases seem very incongrous for such short garments. Reefer fronts are again in great favor, the straight double breast being usually faced to turn back as revers and allow the garment to be worn open in warm weather, and show a shirt-waist beneath.