Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., April 26, 1895.

THE BABY OVER THE WAY.

Across in my neighbor's window,
With its folds of satin and lace,
I see with its crown of ringlets,
A baby's innocent face.
The throng in the street look upward,
And everyone, grave and gay,
Has a nod and a smile for the baby
In the mansion over the way.

Just here in my cottage window,
His chin in his dimpled hands,
And a patch on his faded apron,
The child that I live for stands,
He has kept my heart from breaking
For many a weary year;
And his face is as pure and handsome
As the baby's over the way.

Sometimes when we sit together,
My grave little man of three
Sore vexes me with the question:
"Does God up in heaven, like me?"
And I say, "Yes, yes, my darling,"
Though I almost answer "Nay,"
As I see the nursery candles
In the mansion over the way.

And oft when I draw the stockings
From the little tired feet,
And loosen the clumsy garments
From his limbs, so round and sweet,
I grow too bitter for singing,
My heart too heavy to pray,
As I think of the dainty raiment
Of the baby over the way.

* * * * * *

Oh, God in heaven forgive me
For all I have thought and said!
My envious heart is humbled;
My neighbor's baby is dead!
I saw the little white coffin
As they carried it out to-day!
And the heart of a mother is breaking
In the mansion over the way.

The light is fair in my window,
The flowers bloom at my door;
My boy is chasing the sunbeams
That dance on the kitchen floor,
The roses of health are crowning
My darling's forehead to-day;
But the baby is gone from the window
Of the mansion over the way!

—*May Riley in Cradle and Armchair.*

MARY'S MISSION.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

The professor dropped the letter which he had just read for the sixth time. He rose with nervous energy and went to the window.

He gazed into the street and saw children, children, children—everywhere children—laughing, running, skipping and generally disporting themselves with the amiable idiocy of youth.

"What on earth shall I do with it?" muttered the professor, drumming on the window with his eyeglasses. "What put it into my sister's head that I would be the best person in the world to take care of her child? Why didn't her husband outlive her? Why did she die? The whole thing has been simply a plan to break up my—hem! I don't mean that! I suppose poor Jane would have lived if she could.

"But what am I to do with a 3 year old child in my bachelor quarters? I don't know, I'm sure, If Mottsboro were a big city perhaps it wouldn't be so bad. But in a miserable little village like this, where everyone's business is known to everyone else, I shall be driven mad, I know I shall."

As he stood gazing out of the window across the green stretch of level lawn and over the snowy pickets of the well kept fence he became aware of a face at the window of the next house.

"Oh, mercy!" exclaimed the professor, half aloud, "what will she think? I never spoke to her but once, and that was at Mrs. Barbey's lawn party, where I was introduced to her. Then she said it was a pretty sight, and I answered 'Yes, it looks like rain.'

"I couldn't help it. She was so beautiful, and I was so—so—so modest—or—bashful—or idiotic—or something."

It is quite true. Ever since Prof. Arthur Brewster instructor in mathematics and astronomy at the Mottsboro high academy, had been presented to Miss Mabel Riker he had never dared to speak to her again.

She had passed him on the street often and had always greeted him with a pleasant smile and a bow, but he never dared to do more than lift his hat awkwardly and hasten on.

He would have given a month's salary to find courage to say something, and a year's for the audacity to join her in her walk. But he realized that courage was not a purchasable commodity.

She saw him at the window and smiled, whereupon he retired into the room with great celerity.

Her smile always frightened him. It always made him feel as if his heart had jumped out of place.

He had nearly recovered from his alarm when the aged woman who acted as housekeeper, cook and general servant in his small cottage knocked at the door and on entering said:

"There's a man here wid a child."

"Oh, Lord, it's come," said the professor, the perspiration starting out on his brow.

He went down into the sitting room and there he found the express messenger. The professor did not dare to take his eyes off the man lest they should fall on the queer bundled up object on the sofa.

"Professor," said the messenger, "here's the kid, safe and sound. Brought 'er all the way myself. She's a jim dandy, she is. Her trunk is in the wagon. Wot'll I do with it?"

"Bring it in and put it in the small room upstairs."

While the man was out of the room the professor walked to the empty fireplace and stood gazing into it, painfully aware that his every movement was solemnly observed by two coal black eyes.

He could not have told how he knew they were black, but he was morally certain of it.

The man returned with the trunk and deposited it in the small room beside a brand new iron bedstead.

"That's all O. K., professor," said the man, pocketing certain bills. "I hope you'll like the kid, for she's a jim dandy."

A strange intonation in the man's voice caused the professor to tremble. There was a dismal silence for several minutes and then a high pitched treble voice said:

"Is you my Uncle Art'ur?"

The professor started, turned and found the eyes looking up at him.

There was no mistake; they were as black as a crow's wing. So was the hair that hung in tangles around the olive brow.

The lips were red enough and the teeth white enough, but those eyes were dreadful.

"I am your uncle, Mary," he said, feebly.

"Mamma said you'd be dood to me. Mamma's dead."

There was a queer monotonous pathos in the speech. The professor felt a new emotion. He did not know what it was, but it made him bend down and lay his hand gently on the child's head as he said:

"I'll be good to you Mary."

"Den take off my fings."

This was more than the professor had bargained for, so he called the old woman. But the child refused to be touched by her.

"Do 'way," she said, with a most malignant expression; "do 'way. Wants Uncle Art'ur to be dood to me. Don't want ole womans, I scratch ole womans."

The professor was fain to make an attempt to take off the "fings." He struggled bravely and got the point of a pin in his finger, which drew from him a rude exclamation.

"Pin 'tick?" gravely inquired Mary.

"It did," as gravely answered the professor.

"Well, you mus'n say so naughty words," continued Mary, "or you can't go to heaven. My mamma's dere. I wish I was."

And then the little black head fell forward and a tear or two fell.

Prof. Arthur Brewster looked uncomfortably at the old woman for a moment. Then he motioned for her to go.

She obeyed, but when she peeped through the keyhole a moment later she saw the professor tenderly take the gypsy looking mite in his arms and hold it close to his breast, where the tears ceased to flow and the unnatural gravity resumed its sway.

At supper the child asked for all sorts of things that the professor supposed were poisonous to children and all of which he promised to have in the house the next day, provided Mary would not carry out her one dread threat and cry.

But finally bedtime came and then Mary flatly refused to allow the old woman to undress her.

The professor perspired, but he managed to get the little garments off and to find in the poorly stocked trunk a night dress.

Robed in the long white gown Mary looked more than ever like a little gypsy, but when, without a word of warning, she dropped on her knees before him and murmured in her broken language a little prayer, he thought that she might not be so painful a burden after all.

But the end was not yet. When he had retired some hours later to his own bed and was endeavoring to compose himself to sleep he became aware of the little figure standing beside his pillow.

"Why, Mary," he said, "whatever do you want now?"

"I lonely," she said. "Wants to sleep wiv you."

"Oh, no," he said, rather shortly in his surprise, "that's quite out of the question."

He turned his back on her, hoping she would return to her room.

But a moment later he heard a meek little sob, and turning again found that she had fully carried out her supreme threat and was crying.

He tried to be angry, but something tugged at his heartstrings and he reached out his arms and took her to his bosom, where she purred a moment like a kitten and dropped to sleep with the peace of a perfect trust on her queer little face.

But the next day the trouble began again when, after looking over his morning mail, he found that Mary had disappeared.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, "where has she gone?"

He called but she did not answer. He went into the next room, but she was not there.

He looked into the kitchen, but the old woman declared that the "blessed little imp" had not been near her.

Upstairs went the professor in great haste, loudly calling for Mary. He tried to reason with himself that he ought to rejoice at her sudden disappearance and hope that she never, never would return, but his arguments could not hold their ground against that new thrill of anxiety which had got possession of his heart.

He went out of the house and called loudly:

"Mary!"

"What you wants?" came the shrill answer from the other side of the fence.

There was Mary, comfortably seated in Mabel Riker's lap, while the girl affectionately patted her tangle of black curls.

"O—ah—yes—I beg pardon," stammered the professor; "you see—well—she went away when I was not looking.

"I quite understand your anxiety, professor," replied Mabel, a pretty flush mounting to her cheeks. "I should be anxious if I were in your place. She's such a sweet child."

"I wonder if she's making game of me?" thought the professor. Then he said: "Now, Mary, you must come home; you mustn't bother Miss Riker."

"Oh, but she doesn't," exclaimed Mabel.

"Wants to stay here," said Mary.

"Let me keep her a little while," pleaded Mabel. She could have kept the professor's entire world.

"Oh—why—of course, certainly, if you like."

"Uncle Art'ur's dood to me," cooed Mary. "Let's me s'eep in he's bed, and I kiss 'm."

"Ha! Hum! Good morning," said the professor, retiring in the utmost confusion.

After that little Mary spent most of her time with Mabel Riker, and the professor's hours of studious retirement were not greatly abbreviated.

And he was always glad when the child came trotting in at the meal time with some new story of Mabel's goodness.

"Yes, Mary," he said, emphatically one day, "she's the best girl in the world."

Little Mary treasured that astounding declaration and in the afternoon remarked to Mabel:

"You'se dood to me; you'se best girl in de world."

"Oh, Mary!" said Mabel; "that's too much; you mustn't say that."

"Will say dat. You'se best girl in de world; Uncle Art'ur says you is."

"Oh-oh-oh!" said Mabel in a low tone, her eyes softening and her face coloring.

When little Mary returned to her uncle she was bursting with eagerness to repeat Mabel's reply. Suddenly, while the old woman was pouring out some milk, the child exclaimed:

"Uncle Art'ur, you'se handsome."

"Saints alive!" cried the woman, spilling the milk.

"Why—why—Mary!" ejaculated the professor.

"You is. Mabel says you is."

The professor said not a word, but he ate heartily and after supper smoked his pipe with uncommon zest.

When Mary went to visit Mabel the next day she carried with her a very pretty box of bon-bons for that young woman and when she returned she bore some choice berries plucked in Mrs. Riker's garden by Mabel's own fingers.

The last detail caused the professor to refrain from eating the berries. He put them away in a secret place, where they were subsequently found a lot of hard, black pellets.

How long this communication of spirits might have gone on it was impossible to say but it was interrupted in a way which brought grave anxiety to the professor's heart.

One evening Mary was much paler than usual and she complained of pain in her head.

"You've been playing too hard," said the professor, with his newly acquired air of paternal wisdom.

So he sent her to bed early—to her own bed, in which she had finally consented to sleep.

But in the silence of the night she come to his side, crying and complaining of the pain. He found her in a feverish state.

The professor was a man of decision in most things. He promptly dressed himself, aroused the old woman, bade her sit by the child and went for the doctor. That dignified person on arriving looked wise and said:

"I am afraid she is in for the measles—or the scarlet fever—or else a bilious fever. It is really impossible to tell at this stage."

He gave explicit directions as to treatment and promised to call again in the forenoon. When he did so he shook his head and said:

"Professor this child needs a woman's care."

"I—I suppose you are right. But what shall I do? She will not allow my cook to come near her."

"Get a professional nurse."

"There are only two in town—and—they are both young—and—well, you know—I—I live here alone."

"Well, sir, you must manage it somehow."

The doctor went away, leaving the professor much disturbed. A few minutes later the old woman informed him that Miss Riker was at the kitchen door inquiring about Mary. The professor felt that he ought to answer such an inquiry in person.

"I am much troubled," he said, "for the doctor thinks Mary ought to have a woman's care and she will not tolerate the cook."

"Yes, so the cook told me," answered Mabel. After a minutes hesitation she added: "I think Mary would let me take care of her."

"I am sure she would," declared the professor, warmly. "That is, of course if—if—it were—possible."

"I think it might be done," said Mabel, softly.

"Do you? How?"

"Let her come to our house."

"But would your mother be willing?

"Oh, yes; she suggested it. She's very fond of Mary."

"Ah, yes; it is extremely good of you—and your mother. I'll speak to the doctor about it."

"Oh, thank you," exclaimed Mabel. "How good I mean you well please let me know what the doctor says."

And she departed in some haste and in evident confusion.

As for the professor he would have worshiped her more than ever had that been possible.

The doctor came again and consented to the removal. Indeed, he urged that the child be taken to the Riker house at once, for he himself was at a loss to cope with the disease without a woman's help.

So Mary was very carefully wrapped in blankets and Uncle Arthur carried her to the little bed which had been prepared for her.

"I don't—I don't know how to express my gratitude to you, Miss Riker," he said, with feeling. "The child has become very dear to me."

"Don't speak of gratitude, professor," said Mabel, frankly, extending her hand; "I love Mary."

The professor took the proffered hand and they stood gazing silently at one another till Mabel seemed suddenly to recover consciousness, drew her hand away and went about her duties as nurse with bright eyes.

At night little Mary became delirious. Sometime she called for Mabel and sometimes for Uncle Art'ur.

She told Mabel over and over again that she was the best girl in the world, because Uncle Art'ur said she was; and she told the professor that he was handsome, because Mabel had so decided.

And there was much confusion in two anxious minds.

In the course of time, however, the disease passed its climax and youthful nature triumphed. The burning waves of fever broke and rolled backward, leaving the pale face paler than ever, ith its startling contrast of black, shining eyes and tangled raven hair.

After a time little Mary was a convalescent. Then the professor bending gently over her, said:

"To-morrow my dear little girl shall go home again."

"And 'tate Mable too," she said.

"Ha well Mabel will come to see you."

"Won't do 'less Mabel dose, too."

"Well ah Mabel's mamma wants her to stay here."

"Den I stay here too."

"And must Uncle Arthur go home without his dear little girl?"

"No. Uncle Ar'tur stay here with Mary and Mabel."

"Oh-ah-I'm afraid I can't do that."

Mary looked first at Mabel and then at the professor, her piercing eyes showing all her wonder at the unreasonable obstacles in the way of her happiness.

"Mary, dear," said Mabel, softly, "you must go home with your uncle. and I'll come to see you every day."

"Won't do away from you. Won't do away from Uncle Art'ur. Bofe dot to stay wid Mary or she get sick adain and die."

And the black eyes became moist, while the lips quivered. The professor straightened up with a sudden snap.

"It might be managed to her satisfaction," he said.

"How?" asked Mabel, softly.

as my wife.

They were both bending over the child now, looking into her eyes.

"You come home with me for good.

As the professor ceased speaking Mabel's head bent lower till her lips touched Mary's cheek. The professor's head sank till he kissed the other cheek. Then litting their lips from the pale face they let their eyes meet. Mable very softly put her hand in his, bent to kiss the child again and murmured:

"We shall go home together, dear."

—*Boston Herald.*

Appomatox As It Is.

The Famous Old Surrender House Now a Ruin and the Village Desolate.

This vicinity, now historic, has seen many changes since the memorable 9th of April, 1865; unfortunately, not for the better. Young men have been leaving for other fields, the old ones have been dying off, and the labor negroes has been going to railroads in Southwest Virginia and elsewhere, so that our country, blessed in climate, seasons and soil, is fast retrogarding for want of enterprise and skilful labor.

A few years ago a Washington syndicate bought up a large quantity of the lands on which the war ended, but failed to buy the central point, the house in which the articles of surrender were signed. It was like the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out, as their object was to make it a national park. And well adapted it is for the purpose, because accessible by a trunk line railroad to every station—north, south, east and west. Subsequently a Chicago party bought the house where the surrender took place, and tore it down for the purpose of removal to another place having no connection with the final scene, and what was a genteel home lies on the premises that surround it a mass of rubbish.

This act seems to the writer nothing less than vandalism, and I see no prospect of a restoration and preservation of a place that ought to be almost sacred.

The old Appomattox Court House, once one of the most pleasant villages in Virginia, is now a fit representation of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." Since the burning and removal of the old Court House, and the tearing down of the surrender house, it looks indeed desolate.

Not Understood in the North.

"Yankees have a knack of pronouncing words in a most outlandish way," remarked a gentleman from New Orleans. "I am on my way home from Buffalo. While I was in Buffalo I got a trifle mixed up about the streets. In fact I was lost. I stopped a gentleman and asked him where I could get a car (pronouncing it kor, as we do down South).

"The gentleman was evidently puzzled, and, after thinking a moment, said 'What did you say you wanted?'

"'Why, a car,' I replied.

"'A kor,' he said, what's that? How do you spell it?'

"That made me rather angry, and I answered: "Great goodness! can't you people up here understand English? C-a-r, kor.'

"'Oh, I know what you mean now,' he said, 'you mean a car' (pronouncing it exactly like care.)"

Heredity.

Binks—Speaking of heredity, do you remember Forrester who bought some wild land and turned it into a farm?

Winks--Yes, he was the inventor of a very effective stump puller.

Binks--Just so. Well, his son is a very successful dentist.

——Smallwort--"Old man Gripe, the chattel mortgage man, got a needle in his hand this morning and the doctors had to cut it out."

Ford—"Nothing strange in that. They would have to do the same thing had it been a nickel."

——He (with superiority)--"I wouldn't marry the best woman living."

She (with confidence) -"If you did, it would be a very ill-assorted match."

How Do You Like It?

After trying for forty years, the Republican majority in the House of Representatives at Harrisburg on Tuesday passed the Judges Retirement bill which provides for the retirement of Judges on full pay who have been in office for twenty consecutive years, or thirty years altogether and have reached the age of seventy. These same statesmen who voted to thus pension civil officers whose elective term is ten years at a salary of $4000 a year, after they have had the benefit of that same salary for twenty years, are figuring to take away from the schools of the State from a half a million to a million of dollars the appropriation to the schools, they answer that the depleted condition of the treasury will not warrant so large a sum. The charitable institutions of the State, in many cases are suffering for funds; and yet a pension must be voted to men who ought to be worth thousands of dollars. Tax-payers of Fulton county what do you think of such legislation? School teachers of Fulton county, some of you who have been serving the State just as faithfully as any human being can fulfill a public trust for twenty years at an annual compensation of less than one hundred and fifty dollars a year, who do you think ought to be remembered when the State begins to pension? Laboring men, you who have toiled all day and get your fifty cents that you may take it home to the support of your wife and children, what do you thing of helping to pay from $4,000 to $8000 a year to men who have received in salary from the State not less that eighty thousand dollars? Think about it.—*Fulton Dem.*

Dyspepsia and Baldness.

A Disordered Digestive Apparatus the Great Hair Puller.

Dyspepsia is one of the most common causes of baldness. Nature is a great economizer, and when the nutrient elements furnished by the blood are insufficient to properly support the whole body, she cuts off the supply to parts the least vital, like the hair and nails, that the heart, lungs and other vital organs may be the better nourished. In cases of severe fevers, this economy is particularly noticeable. A single hair is a sort of history of the physical condition of an individual during the time it has been growing, if one could read closely enough. Take a hair from the beard or from the head and scrutinize it, and you will see that it shows some attenuated places, indicating that at some period of its growth the blood supply was deficient from overwork, anxiety or under feeding.

The hair falls out when the strength of its roots is insufficient to sustain its weight any longer, and a new hair will take its place unless the root is diseased. For this reason each person has a certain definite length of hair. When the hair begins to split or fall out massage to the scalp is excellent. Place the tips of the fingers firmly upon the scalp and then vibrate or move the scalp while holding the pressure steadily. This will stimulate the blood vessels underneath and bring about better nourishment of the hair. A brush of unevenly tufted bristles is also excellent to use upon the scalp, not the hair.

"Asia for the Asiatics."

A New Cathay May Rise at the Bidding of the Japanese.

As the population of Asia is more than twice as large as that of all Europe, it is not surprisingt that the Japanese cry of "Asia for the Asiatics" stirs the mind of those European countries which hold or control so great a part of Asia. If the spirit of Japan were to enter China and India there would be no place for England or for France in Asia. The only European power that holds a large part of Asia by that right which a Russian statement has called the "right of geography" is Russia. There is no break between the western and the eastern portion of the Czar's dominions, while England and France are thousands of miles away from the Asiatic territory upon which they keep their clutches. Their only right in Asia is that of the drawn sword.

Irish Types.

Three types, at least, are observable in the South of Ireland—first, the dark, Italian-looking Celt, also found in Devon; secondly, the tall, yellow-haired Danish type; and thirdly, the aboriginal Aryan of the Volga, with red or auburn hair and blue or green eyes, who may also be found in Cornwall. The dark, aquiline type of Wales differs considerably from that of the Irish, and the Irish language is nearer akin to Cornish than to Welsh. The traditional Irishman of caricatures is not often seen in the south, though this type is not unkown even among the upper classes. The soft features and bright eyes of the modest peasant women presents many varieties of beauty, and the mingled race of Cork and Kerry--fairer as a rule than that of the far west--is as vigorous as any in Scotland or in Yorkshire.

——Mr. Morton, who is Mr. Cleveland's secretary of agriculture, is a most fearless member of the cabinet. Some of his statements are exaggerated and many of them lack prudence, but there is no doubt concerning his honesty, and he has a wonderful faculty of puncturing frauds in the agricultural world. This has earned him the hostility of all the political farmers, and of many honest men who have been misled by bad leaders.

——Wade Hampton is not particularly gallant, judged by his expressions. He declares that women and horses "are just alike and require the same treatment. There's only one way to get along with them. Use your strongest curbs on the fast ones and lash the slow ones like the devil.i'

——Falsehood has an infinity of combination, but truth only one mode of being.

——The tramp is making for the country once more.

For and About Women.

"The girl of to-day is in no haste to wed; she need not marry for a home, because she is capable of earning one for herself. If she is left behind 'when he loves and rides away,' she need not pine away and die from sheer want of something else to think about. No; she can work out a career of her own, reside in residential chambers, and become a lady bachelor. She can have, in fact, much the same as the majority of men would who had been badly treated by a member of the fair sex."

A pretty old fashion just revived is that of wearing dainty turned over collars and wristlets of fine white muslin, lawn and linen with one's dark woolen or silk house gowns in the morning or afternoon. These should be stitched by hand, and may be decorated in a variety of ways with infinitesimal tucks, delicate insertion and the finest lace edging.

Fullness in skirts is gradually spreading the whole way round, and many of the newest models have the godets setting out all round after the fashion of penwiper dolls. Needless to say, this style lends itself only to women of slender propositions, and the skirts are the reverse of comfortable from the pedestrian point of view. Stiffened pleats are not to be held up for any length of time without an arm-ache, and the hideous effect of a held-up skirt that has a steel at the edge can be easily imagined. As a house-gown the wide skirt just touching the ground is perfect, but in the street it leaves its wearer no choice between enduring a stiff arm and acting as a pavement sweeper.

There is danger ahead for the American woman. In her eager desire to stand side by side with man she is becoming aggressively self-confident, and unless she watches herself there is risk of becoming too clever, of becoming stilted, dogmatic in the expression of her opinion; in a word, unnatural, and that way ruin lives. A clever man of the world not long ago was heard to say apropos of this subject: "The most charming and delightful thing in the world, but I regret to say the rarest, is a thoroughly natural woman." A shrewd comment. The woman of to-day cultivates her mind to such an extent that she is self-conscious; she loses the charm of simplicity of speech and manner; the former is stilted, the latter aggressive; she has won a reputation for cleverness and she strives to maintain it at all hazards. In a word, in season and out of season, at home and abroad, she never ceases to remember that she is a bright woman.

The box-pleat has positively attained to the dignity of the keynote of the season. Not only is almost every blouse and skirt arranged in this fashion, but the latest sleeves are set into the shoulder seam in box-pleats. Sometimes the latter, instead of starting from the shoulder, are carried up to the neck—a style which can hardly be considered becoming, but which may commend itself to those who, like the Athenians of old, are ever athirst for novelty.

And now with spring actually here and the fashions permanently decided, the query is, "What is the main feature of this season's modes?" In answer I should say the blouse waist, and one has but to walk through any of our large stores to have this opinion verified. Every device has been to bear upon these gay bits of feminine attire in order to make them as unique as possible. Buttons vie with buckles and wide ribbon with the narrower sort in making them attractive. Prices likewise vary to accord with the capricious modes and it seems as though no other dress idea had ever taken such a hold on womankind before.

White blouses of plain material may drop over the belt; those of large patterns have usually a velvet belt, rather wide. The reason is that large patterns increases the apparent size of the figure and this increase is an advantage round the shoulders, but not round the waist. A dark velvet belt makes the waist look, by contrast, small, and this contrast of apparent width across the shoulders with the small waist is characteristic of the style.

These gay blouses seem to demand not only the skirts but the hats also to be of little color, and perhaps this is the reason so many hats are black. Later in the season this may be different. But apropos of hats it may be remarked as a sign of fashion that there is no longer a similarity of color sought to be established between the hat and the gown. Once with a brown gown went a brown hat, but now there is nothing of the sort. The hat has a neutral basis, either of white or black, and its flowers of velvet rosettes are so chosen as to form a harmonious contrast with almost any gown one may have in the wardrobe.

The fichu is a favorite neck trimming especially for the dresses. It is made of mull or lace, or of the material edged with lace. The organdie gown of the picture has a lace fichu bordering a guipure vest which is laid over pink the shade of the roses in the pattern. The skirt has a panel on each side made of the lace used for skirt draperies.

This "spring church costume" is a vision of grace and loveliness. It is made of Havana brown crepon, such hairy, wiry crepon that it seems almost more like mohair or challie than woolen goods. The skirt is perfectly plain, with a great sweep in the back. The bodice is of the material and finishes short at the waist. A belt of Havana brown satin encircles the waist and forms a high bodice.

The front and back at the edge of the bodice, below this belt, are two knots of black satin ribbon, confined by buckles of cut steel, from which float black satin streamers to the bottom of the skirt. The front is formed of a loose vest of pale blue mull over white satin, edged with a ruffle of fine black lace. This falls loosely over the bodice belt. The crowning glory of this fetching gown was the sleeves. These beautiful big puffs were very full above the elbow, and rather scant below. They were formed of pale blue silk, scattered with large pink peonies. Over this richness of color was a design in fine black braiding, which toned down without completely concealing the exquisite coloring.

Sitting invariably produces fat, and fat just where one does not want it—about the stomach and hips.