

TOO LATE.

If thou had come to me, my friend, Only one year ago, To ask this question I should not Have answered you with No, That was a time when I knew naught Of lessons lately learned, Of trust betrayed, of hope deferred, Of love half won, half spurned.

MISS HOPE'S ROMANCE.

And now gentlemen, since we have finished the business of electing a trustee, it behooves me, as clerk of the district and Chairman at this meeting, to speak of a teacher for this ensuing year. Indeed, it gives me great pleasure to inform our trustees that they will have very little trouble in securing the services of a worthy and estimable woman. The applicant Miss Amelia Squabbs came to me a few days ago and asked me to use my influence in her behalf. She probably meant my influence, gentlemen. I did not quite engage her, but gave her to understand that her mind might be at rest on the subject. Miss Squabbs left her photograph to be presented to the district at this meeting. I consider it and her manner extremely prepossessing. Just the woman, gentlemen to train the tender mind.

"Indeed!" Mr. Spick's terse remark expressed so much that Mr. Sawyer was on his feet again in a moment. "Don't feel prejudiced, gentlemen, because she came to me first. Her face shows that she has had experience with boys and girls and I feel confident she may be able to civilize some of the wild Indians in this district." This second "indeed" issued from the lips of Mr. Spick, who owned two of the said wild Indians. "Yes," continued Mr. Sawyer, "unmindful of the interruption, our school has been degenerating for the past five or ten years, until the children in it are the most demoralized set to be found in the whole county. They are ignorant, saucy, bad—" "Have a care, if you please, Sawyer," spoke up Mr. Black. "You are speaking of our children, not your own. We quite agree with you that the school has not been as good lately as it might be. The trustees have not taken as much interest in it as they should. We have allowed others in the district to monopolize the duties of our office. In the future the trustees expect to hire the teachers themselves, to say what shall and shall not be done, and to support the teacher in every way in their power. So you may tell Miss Squabbs, the prototype of the caricature of womanhood, that we don't want her. We have a treat in store for the children—Dolly Hope is to teach school next year."

A murmur of surprise and disapproval filled the room, and a tall, burly man at the end of the room rose quickly. "Neighbor, I'm safe to say you don't mean the young gal as lives over the fields yonder?" "The very same, Dawson. What have you to say against her?" "Why, she's but a child, not older than my Jimma. The children won't obey her." "Give them to understand that they must obey." "I do my best neighbor, but those youngsters are fuller of spirit than my colts are. I'm half inclined to agree with Mr. Sawyer; get them a teacher they will learn to dread and have a wholesome fear of."

The speaker was William Dawson, a wealthy farmer with a large family. His wife was an invalid, and Jimma, his eldest daughter, a girl of twenty, ruled his home as best she could. He sent six children to school, and that left at home Jimma and Robert, a handsome young fellow of twenty-two. "Is this new teacher the young girl who goes gallivanting round the country on a big black horse?" asked Reddy, the father of another big family. "Yes, she rides horseback." "She has just returned from Europe, they say, and I doubt not her head is filled with all sort of outlandish knowledge. A common teacher would do just as well." "Why now, I think we had better give the young lady a chance," spoke up ex-soldier Brown. "I am glad for my children's sake that we are to have a refined, college-bred and traveled teacher. She is a stranger to us all. Perhaps she will do better than some of you are inclined to think." "Oh, yes, Brown; to be sure you have no fear for her! Your children always do get the benefits. It's a fine thing to be a favorite pupil."

it; but the trustees have assumed the responsibility of hiring her, now they must support her. I'm done. Good night."

And he passed out. "That is just what we mean to do—support the teacher, and if every father here will impress it on his children's minds we won't have so many to expel next month," remarked Mr. Brown. On the morning when school was to open the children congregated early. "I've brought a present for the new teacher," said Barbara Hunter. "I wonder how she will like it?" She opened a box she carried, and we caught a glimpse of a little furry creature. "Won't the dainty Miss Hope yell, though!" said Barbara. "Taint likely she saw any of these in them furrin' parts."

Down the road on a slow canter came a beautiful black horse and his rider, Miss Hope; she was dressed in a close-fitting dark habit and cap. She stopped at Mr. Dawson's, where she was to leave her horse, gave Robert the bridle and entered the house. Very soon she reappeared, dressed for school, and walked quickly up the hill. "Good morning! I am glad to meet you all she said pleasantly. Forty-two pairs of eyes scanned her closely as she passed into the school house. We were all there, and only those who have gone through the ordeal can appreciate how very trying this first day was to be to the young teacher. At 9 o'clock the bell rang and we took our seats. Some good instinct must have guided Miss Hope in making the schedule of names, classes, and so on, for she began with the row in which the best behaved pupils were seated. Next was Barbara's row. "What is your name?" inquired the young teacher. "Some folks call me Red Top."

"Yes? What do your parents call you?" "Barbara." "Barbara what?" "Hunter." "How old are you, Barbara Hunter?" "Past ten." "How many years past?" "Five." "What do you read in, Barbara?" "A book, Miss Hope." In this way she and her followers tried all day to annoy Miss Hope; but she seemed not to notice their rudeness. Not till afternoon did she discover her present. Barbara had put it in a crayon box on her desk. The first language class was called—ten boys and girls. Miss Hope, eagerly studying their sweet faces, drew the box toward her to get crayon. She slid back the lid, put in her hand, but drew it back quickly with an exclamation of pain. There, clinging to her hand was a blind mole, its teeth nearly through one slender finger. In a second it had relaxed its hold and was creeping round the floor. One big boy with a ready boot would have crushed the little creature, but Miss Hope laid her handkerchief over it and lifted it back into the box.

"We will use the mole for our lesson," she said. "Who can tell me where moles live, what color they are and all about them?" Although her face was pale and her finger swollen, she never asked a word about how the mole came there. There were good blackboards in the room, and the wall had been newly kalsomined, but the large apartment looked bare and dismal. We had always been accustomed to this, and were not a little surprised to find, one morning, pretty pictures on the walls, polished horns hung up by bright ribbons and filled with flowers, calendars, a thermometer, little oilcloths, mats for the teacher's desk, and various other improvements. The rooms looked very inviting and pleasant.

One day Barbara was even more wayward than usual. She would not learn her lessons at all. Miss Hope kept her after school. It was some minutes before she spoke a word to her. Then she did something so naturally and kindly that the girl could not be offended. She took her own brush out of the desk and said: "Barbara do you know you have lovely hair? I'm going to arrange it for you." While thus engaged she talked of the beautiful places and things she had seen, telling her stories and anecdotes, until Barbara forgot her wrath and laughed outright. Then Miss Hope put her arms around her. "Barbara, let's be friends. Don't you want to be?" she asked. "I don't know. I've been so bad and—and—I put that mole on your desk." "Yes, I know." "And you are not angry?" "No, only anxious about you, dear." And then she talked to the repentant girl in a kind, earnest way she never forgot, and which made her Miss Hope's fast adherent.

The young teacher knew quite well how she was regarded in the district. Her methods were so practical and new that they caused comment, and she herself was so young and pretty and happy that the old fogies in the district shook their heads and sighed. They knew something dreadful would happen in that school before the year was done. Fancy a teacher standing by and watching a boy climb the tallest tree he could find, or turning a rope for a girl to jump! She had even been known to approve of foot races, hand springs and wrestling matches! When the trustees, having been imperturbed again and again, consented to go with Mr. Sawyer to expostulate she laughed and queried: "Why, gentlemen, have you forgotten your own youth? You did all these things yourselves. It is a child's nature, and it my pupils want to strengthen their muscles in the old way, I'm going to be on hand, if possible, to help in case of an emergency. You haven't any idea how much

stronger some of them are growing. See how rosy and erect they are." Down the road the scholars, came forty-two in number, with flags, broom sticks, month organs, tin basins, boxes, anything with which to make a noise. "Mercy on us! What a din! How can you expect those howling urchins ever to become quiet, law-abiding citizens or even verge on being good men and women? If you have any control whatever over them, Miss Hope, I beg you will bid them cease their noise!" "Peace Sawyer! And you, Miss Hope, will you let us see what they will do next, please?" "Certainly. It lacks half an hour to school time, but this is one of our calisthenic drill days."

We had received several drill lessons, and so well did we acquit ourselves on the present occasion that after fifteen or twenty minutes of gesture, singing and marching, Mr. Spick exclaimed: "Why, it's as good as a show! I'm sure they obey even your uplifted hand Miss Hope. I wondered what made my boy and girl so strongly lately, and I do believe there is such a thing as learning to teach even in them furrin' parts. You can do as you please, gentlemen," he continued. "I'm going home, and when any one complains again I'll tell him to come and see for himself."

We learned very fast that year. any one could tell that, and so the trustees and parents decided to give us a picnic as a reward either for studying hard or for not having broken our heads, as some of the grumblers contended. For weeks we all looked forward to it. We were proud of our school and liked to compare it with others. One afternoon, about a week before the picnic, Robert Dawson and his father were breaking a young horse. It stopped directly in front of the school house. One of the boys whispered that no animal Rob Dawson rode could pass Miss Hope till his master had looked at her, but the girls would not listen to his joke. It was recess, and we were all out upon the grounds. We had seen colts broken before and knew enough to be quiet; but Miss Hope cried out: "Oh, what a beauty!" That was true, and the remark pleased the Dawsons, for they were very proud of their horses.

"Yes," said Robert, "he is a beauty and quite gentle, too." "Then why do you keep the rope on its neck and in its mouth?" "Because he is not quite broken yet and if he gets frightened a few jerks on that soon quiet him. I'm going to drive this team and take a load of the children to the picnic for you, May I?" He looked at her entreatingly, Miss Hope blushed a little as she answered: "Are you sure it will be safe?" "Why, yes. If you like I'll leave the rope on, although it won't be necessary by that time."

"Oh, thank you! You are very kind." The last day of school—our picnic day—finally arrived. The whole district—men, women and children—were going. We met at the school house. How happy we were as we rode through the beautiful country. Even the voices of the grumblers those who found fault with the teacher and predicted dire results from her calisthenic drills and "sich doings," became attuned to nature and helped complete the harmony of the day. "Oh, what a day that was in the woods and on the water! But it ended at last. The children were to start home first, while the older ones, with Miss Hope, remained to pack up the things. How it was no one ever could quite tell; it must have been the horse, I think, but after the children were all in the wagon that colt, without the least warning, suddenly jerked itself loose from the man who was holding it, and, dragging the rope, sprang away, and before any one could reach out a saving hand the horses were dashing down the mountain with the crowded wagon.

We sat still and dumb, with white faces, afraid to move or scream, although some of the little ones hid their heads, and cried. We were helpless with fear. Barbara Hunter had taken the reins, but she dared not use them, for at each pull the colt reared and kicked: We knew nothing could save us from being thrown into the ravine if the horses' speed was not slackened before we rounded the sharp, narrow curve. But who was that in the road at least a dozen rods from the curve? Miss Hope! Her dress was torn, and her sweet face and hands all scratched and bleeding. In a few moments she had secured the dragging rope, which he had forgotten, and calling to Barbara to pull hard on the reins, the horses were brought to a stop just as Robert Dawson, on horseback, dashed upon the scene.

Miss Hope fainted dead away then. Robert caught her in his arms and called her wildly by name; but she was unconscious still when they took her home. For days she lay tossing in the delirium of brain fever. She recovered at last, and soon after that we learned that we were to lose our teacher; for Robert Dawson never rested until she promised to be his wife. We were all sorry to lose Miss Hope, but none more so than Mr. Sawyer. "I don't care whether she knows how to teach in the old way or not," he said to one of the trustees; "but a girl who could climb down the mountain hand over hand, on the wild grape vines, to save the lives of a lot of children, is fit to be trusted with those children anywhere. I'm afraid we shall never see her like again." And we never have, in the school room; but Mrs. Robert Dawson is a social power in the district, and her former pupils are her most devoted friends.—Waverly Magazine

The Mysterious Opal.

Some Things Which are Known and Others Guessed At—A Gem Which Grotes Thirsty and Commits Suicide.

Pittsburg does not possess a single professional lapidary. When a Pittsburg brings home a fine topaz from Colorado, or an emerald from South Carolina, or a turquoise from New Mexico, he usually does so with the laudable intention of having it ground and polished, and set in a ring for his wife or sister. Or he may consider the fact that it is a souvenir, a sufficient apology for using it to embellish himself. Pittsburgers are great travelers, and any number of rough gems are collected in this way, many of them having perhaps little intrinsic value, but prized because of the way they have been obtained. The work of polishing, however, must be done in the East, and, therefore, it is often not done at all.

The chemist knows the opal as Si O2 plus H2 O, which formula, translated, means that the gem is composed of binoxide of silicon, mixed with a variable quantity of water. They are found only in volcanic or other igneous rock, and do not occur in crystals, as is common in gems. The opal runs in streaks or branching veins through the rocks, and looks as if a lot of gelatine had been forced into the seams and there solidified. Opal is not a very hard substance, comparatively speaking. It stands about six in the scale of hardness, of which the diamond is 10. The finest is found in Hungary and Australia. The Mexican variety is very pretty, but not so hard, and it is too abundant to be very valuable. It belongs to the same mineral family as the topaz and amethyst, so that the chemical composition of at least three of the gates of the New Jerusalem is of the binoxide. Each variety of opal is characteristic of the place in which it is found, so that the connoisseur can tell by looking at a specimen what part of the world it came from. All opals give a reddish amber glow in transmitted light. These facts, Dr. Depuy said, are elementary, but some facts about opal are not so well known.

No one can more than guess at the cause of the brilliant and changing hues of the gem. It is not due to any pigment. If the opal is reduced to powder, it presents an ashy gray color. The most plausible theory is that the prismatic colors are reflected from numerous bundles of thin laminae or sheets, tilted in different planes. This would produce the effect. Regular laminae will produce iridescence, as is illustrated in mother-of-pearl. The great pressure under which opals are formed would account for the disturbance of the layers. Unfortunately for the lapidarian peace of mind, the lamination has never been found. Dr. Depuy said he had submitted the substance to rigid microscopic test, with no result, and that he had found no indications of cleavage in the process of grinding. Another theory, based upon the known fact that the opal contains water, is that the material is porous, and that the light is variously reflected from the walls of the tiny cavities. This guess is made plausible by the fact that an opal which has been kept from moisture for a time loses a portion of its brilliancy, which may be restored by a reversal of the atmospheric conditions. Whatever the cause may be, it is so obscure that all efforts to reproduce or counterfeit the gem by artificial means have failed. The opal is the only gem that has never been imitated.

The affinity of opal for water is the cause of some queer phenomena. Thus opals vary with the weather, although this statement is often held on a par with the superstitions about their unlucky influence. It is due to the fact that they absorb moisture from the atmosphere, thereby increasing their brilliancy. Dr. Depuy says he has known of opals which had lost their coloring, being restored by a "rest," that is, by being laid away where they could absorb water. One Mexican variety, the hydrophane, derives its name from the extraordinary accession of color which it derives from a soaking in water. This is of course lost when the opal dries out. A lasting effect can be obtained by boiling the gem in oil. Dr. Depuy says this fact is generally unknown, but that many gems are greatly improved by the process. His advice is always to buy an opal in dry weather.

Dr. Depuy rejects all the superstitions about the gem with truly scientific scorn. It has been advanced that a sick man might undergo such a change of the perspiratory functions as to influence the color of the stone. If a man's skin was so dry and feverish as to rob the stone of its moisture and color, he would be likely to die at any rate, so that the opal could scarcely be held responsible. Such a stone would naturally acquire an uncanny reputation. However, the explanation is not any more probable than the superstition. The opal is now coming to be regarded as a lucky stone, and that there is as much foundation for one belief as the other.

Some of the gems exhibited are attached to a matrix of the chocolate colored rock to which it adhered in situ. Lapidaries have found that this helps the color, especially that of the blue varieties. The value of opals is much a matter of taste, but the "crackled," close grained, type are the most valuable. The colors should include everything from a deep peacock blue through bright green, to fiery red and gold.

One more mysterious quality the stone has. Without any discoverable cause they will sometimes burst into minute fragments. It is the only known instance of the paradox of inanimate suicide.—Charles Tarver.

Omelets and Intemperance.

Mrs. Lemcke Tells Her Class How to Make the First and Cure the Second.

The first thing is baked shad and green peppers. You all know how to bake a shad but I will go into the details of stuffing peppers. Put six fresh green ones in hot fat for two minutes, remove them, take off the skins, and cut a round piece off the bottom of each. After removing the inside fill with forcemeat made by cooking one-half ounce of butter and tablepoonsfuls of chopped onion three minutes, then add four ounces of sausages or chopped veal, two tablepoonsful of mushrooms, one chopped tomato, season with pepper and salt, and cook three minutes. Remove from the fire and add three tablepoonsful of grated bread crumbs and one of milk. Place the peppers with the stuffed side down in a buttered pan and bake for twenty-five minutes.

Next Mrs. Lemcke prepared a plain omelet as follows: Three eggs, three spoonsful of milk, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, and a pinch of white pepper; stir yolks, pepper, salt, and milk together; beat the whites to a stiff froth and add the above mixture slowly to them, beating constantly; put a large frying or omelet pan over the fire with one-half tablepoonsful of butter; when hot pour in the omelet mixture; but do not stir, but as the eggs set, slip a broad-bladed knife under the omelet to keep from burning on the bottom; when done slip the knife under one side of the omelet and double it over; slip into a warm plate and set for two minutes in a hot oven; serve at once.

Strawberry omelet is made in the same way, the only difference being that a pint of fresh berries are scattered over half of it and inclosed with the other half. This makes a refreshing breakfast dish. As the course of lectures draw to a close showers of requests to prepare certain things not on the menu come in to the lecturer, and it was in response to one of these that she made pancakes and quick muffins yesterday. For the former she sifted one pint of flour, two tablepoonsful of baking powder, and one-half teaspoonful of salt in a bowl; next a tablepoonsful of butter rubbed fine in flour, one-half pint of water, two eggs, and two tablepoonsful of molasses were added and all mixed to a smooth batter and baked on a hot well-greased griddle. Ten minutes after the muffins were started they were served. Mrs. Lemcke rapidly mixed into a stiff batter one cup of prepared flour, one egg, one teaspoonful of butter, three tablepoonsful of milk, and one teaspoonful of sugar and filled six muffin rings half full of the mixture, placed them on a well-greased griddle and baked them a light brown on both sides.

She made a most refreshing drink in the way of iced tea. She boiled two quarts of milk, and added to it, while very hot, three ounces of the best tea, allowing it to steep for five minutes. When cold she strained it into a mould or ice-cream freezer, and packed it in salt and ice for one hour. Then she mixed it thoroughly with a quart of whipped cream. This should be served in small glasses.

Mrs. Lemcke spoke on intemperance, her main point being the human system, when not properly nourished, becomes disordered and craves stimulants.

Little Ruth is All Right.

Why Her Mother Let Her Stay in the Room With Afternoon Callers.

The fact that Mrs. Cleveland was accompanied by the Leiter-Curzon wedding by her little daughter Ruth should effectually set at rest for all future time the false and malicious stories that have been so long current in regard to the child, who is really an unusually bright and sturdy little specimen of childhood. The effort of the President and Mrs. Cleveland to keep the children in the background heretofore has been entirely due to their desire to keep the public from being satiated with accounts of the children, their daily doings, sayings and happenings generally. That their motive has been entirely misunderstood and grossly misrepresented to the extent of having accounts of the children's purported deformities and dullness of comprehension scattered broadcast over the United States is a condition of affairs of which the President and Mrs. Cleveland are perfectly aware.

It may or it may not have been due to the knowledge of such reports that Mrs. Cleveland finally consented to gratify the desire of the bride in allowing Ruth to be present at the ceremony on Monday, at which the entire fashionable world was in attendance. It was certainly the knowledge of such malicious and ridiculous reports that quite recently prompted Mrs. Cleveland to make a witty little speech in the presence of some guests who had been driven out to the country place at Woolley. While Mrs. Cleveland was entertaining her callers the door of the room in which they sat opened softly, and a dainty little childish figure stood irresolutely on the threshold. For a moment the child, seeing that her mother had called, started to draw back and close the door after her. With a little laugh, Mrs. Cleveland held out her hands to the child, calling out: "Come in, Ruth, dear; if you don't people may say that you have no legs."

The fact that Japan has just placed an immense order for gunpowder in this country may be taken as an indication that in the judgment of her rulers the closing of the terms of peace with China does not necessarily inaugurate a reign of peace in the East, and that at all events the land of the Rising Sun means to hold herself in readiness to respond to the growls of the Russian bear, if necessary with the sullen roar of artillery.

—Miss Cross—"What would you do if you were in my shoes?" Miss Sharpe—"Turn my toes out."

For and About Women.

It is a momentous day in the history of a young girl's life when she puts on her first long dress. It is a much more important event than the putting on of his first pair of long trousers by a boy, for the boy is a boy still for some years afterwards, but from the time the girl dons her first real long dress she is regarded as a woman.

She may have worn dresses that reached almost down to her shoe tops, but they were as youthful in appearance as the long dresses which she wore in babyhood. But when an even all-around skirt is changed to the drapery of the dress worn by grown women, then we have no longer a young girl, but a young lady, pure and simple. Many girls, anxious to be thought young women, are in too great a hurry to put on these sweeping gowns, and don them too soon. In after years they will regret their hurry, for it is strange, but true, that a girl's age is reckoned by her friends from the first time she puts on her first real long dress. This style necessarily makes a change in her demeanor.

The small, quaint bonnet seems for the time being to have put the large hat in the shade. Very young women choose the most fantastic shapes, the only rule in the matter being that they must be extremely small and worn way back on the Psyche knot. The trimming may be arranged in the back, in flaring side projections, but any other style will do, provided the affair is a mere nothing and is becoming. Roses, bows and wings are added to a bit of straw or lace and the spring bonnet is accomplished. Its picturesqueness, depends considerably upon the neck garniture, which is even more fanciful than the head gear. The bonnet without the neck ruff would be ludicrous, but a type common to these fine days smiles at the street and in the store. One of the extreme fashions often take, as in the case of a pretty blonde, who recently attracted no end of attention by wearing a bonnet in exact imitation of a dragon fly, the long body being of black velvet, heavily jetted with two wings on either side of black satin, while the sigrette in front represented the long feelers.

Neck garnitures are changing with the coming of summer. Broad shoulder collars in laces and embroideries are to be worn over the neck and summer gowns. Crumpled silk crape and crisp chiffon are made up into full neck ruches. The new bows are made by sewing puff of chiffon or lace closely upon a satin ribbon and then tucking handfuls of blossoms into the soft folds at irregular intervals. A very gorgeous combination of this kind is made of purple pink chiffon cascaded closely into pink ribbon, with a bunch of violets and a full blown pink rose with a bud or two at the other.

From 12 to 14, girls wear skirts nearly down to their ankles, and although not generally composed of gored breadths they are so arranged so as to fall in flutes at the sides and back, the front being frequently mounted plain. At the same time there is an increase in the width of the sleeves, which, however, are invariably carried down to the wrist. Cravat bows placed on either side of the plain front breadth are a pretty addition to a fluted skirt, similar bows being placed on the shoulders. A pretty little frock in turquoise blue poplin has satin bows to match on the skirt and shoulders, the former being trimmed with a band of ecru guipure insertion and the bodice almost entirely covered with the same. Another, in ivory tinted woolen, has a plain skirt, and a broad fold of guipure down the middle of the full bodice, the wide sleeves being set in with a bouillie encircling the arm-hole.

If you impede respiration by tight clothing, diet on rich, indigestible food, spend too much time in the hours of the night in dissipation, clothe the pores of the skin with poisonous cosmetics, draw your face into a frown, except when you meet company, and you worry needlessly, you will grow old in advance of the years.

It is not necessary that a woman should study vocal music or elocution. She need not go through a course of "ahs," "eims" and "esses" to attain a degree of proficiency in speaking pleasantly—by pleasantly, meaning the use of mellifluous voice tones which make a monosyllabic sound sweet to the hearer's ear. She need only be markedly careful to keep her voice in a low register, not attempting to raise it above a trill, cars, rumbling trucks, or worse still, the loud talking of a group of other women.

In making up silk waists with the Fedoras front, striped silk is extensively used, the stripes being made to run horizontally. These stripes are frequently broken by small flowered designs, in natural coloring, and the waist is then trimmed at the throat, waist and elbows with velvet ribbon of a tone deeper than that in the flowers or contrasting with it. The newest models are truly exquisitely delicate and pretty. Jackets are being made in various lengths, from 26 to 36 inches. These are mostly loose fitting in front, double-breasted with turn down collars which close high. The sleeves are conspicuous for their size, being very wide and of various forms. Others are seen which are wide puffed to the elbow. The lower part is narrow and ends in a turnover cuff. They are lined with silk or serge and strengthened with haircloth that they may retain their shape and proper position. Another sleeve in puffed form is made of three parts. The seams thus formed show stitching on both sides. Still another is open down the centre, being drawn into various folds. A new back shows a fold with stitching down the centre, which forms part of the back. This is about six inches wide at the collar and becomes gradually smaller, ending in a fan fold. The pockets show lapels which are trimmed with large buttons.

Mary E. Wilkins, the story writer, is a quiet little woman, who seldom intrudes her voice when with people whom she does not know well. She is the personification of many New England women. Distrust extreme earnestness in extreme youth. Frivolity is as inevitable as measles.