

THE ONLY UTOPIA.

There's many a man in the quiet old place. And there's many a woman too; Some old and some young; some married some not; And the children are not a few.

A doctor is there, but he never is called. To go out in sunshine or rain. To visit a patient, for no one is sick. And there's no one who suffers pain.

A lawyer is there, but his books are laid by. He neither disputes nor debates; He's never consulted on matters of law. For nobody litigates.

The preacher is out of his pulpit, too; No longer he turns the page Of the sacred book; and he has not made A pastoral call for an age.

The youth and maid are there, side by side. The roses of June fill the place; But no word is said that will kindle his eye, Nor bring the sweet blush to her face.

The women who're there never gossip or scold. Nor wish for new gowns in their pride; And they never are older than when they first And none are dissatisfied.

The wives are as placid as mornings in May. And they never complain of their state; The tempers of husbands are always serene, And never a man is out late.

And so many children are found in the place! But no baby frets or cries. And every small boy is still as a mouse, And each little girl is likewise.

The soldier is there, but his fighting is done. The sailor remains on the shore. The laborer rests every day in the week, The merchant has shut up his store.

There sickness and sorrow and pain are unknown. There all men are equal; there rest Has come to the weary, and no other place In all the wide earth is so blest.

Would you know what this place of all places is? Where discords of life find sure rest Then go to the graveyard, and there you may walk In the streets of this City of Peace.—New York Sun.

THE DEACON'S REVENGE.

I first met the deacon under rather odd circumstances. A persistent touch of rheumatism under my left shoulder which defied liniments and plasters, sent me to the celebrated Hot Springs, seven miles north of Boompolis, Southern California. The mud baths at these springs are justly celebrated for killing or curing all the ills that flesh inherits.

The long, low, narrow bath-house was not an inviting place. It smelled too much like an Inferno, and it was not clean. But rheumatism will take a man almost anywhere, and I did not shrink when I entered those dingy portals. The place was full of steam-troughs through which I caught glimpses of muscular men in their shirt sleeves, the sweat pouring from their faces and their brawny arms as they handled long shovels. They were preparing the mud baths for the victims. A long trough ran the whole length of the building, filled with black, silky mud, over which steaming water, which emitted a sulphurous odor, was running. When I stooped and put my fingers into the uncanny liquid, I quickly lifted it out again and said "ouch."

At right angles with this main trough are smaller ones. At the head of each of these is a tub for a water bath, and beyond that is a dressing room. These divisions are separated by half partitions. A quantity of mud is taken from the big trough and stirred up in one of the little ones. When it has reached a proper consistency and temperature, the patient, who in the meantime has prepared himself in the adjoining dressing-room, stretches himself at length upon the steaming mass and is covered by an attendant with more of the same material. A few gunny sacks, neatly arranged on the top to confine the heat, make an artistic finish, and the patient's head alone protrudes. The mineral waters, heated by nature come constantly boiling and bubbling through the ground, and the baths are seven times hotter than Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, if desired. If the patient survives, the baths get the glory; if he dies, his case was hopeless from the start. Deacon Hardwicke would remain in one of these baths an hour, enduring an experience which might have killed a man of less phlegmatic temperament. Then he would try to persuade others to follow his example, greatly to the disgust of the managers, who were afraid that somebody would die in a bath, and so ruin the reputation of their establishment. For similar reasons he was unpopular with the attendants.

Thus it happened that the deacon seemed to be deserted, when balancing myself on the plank that edged the steaming pool, I halted at the foot of his grave and gazed, half in alarm at his closed eyes and heavy immobile features, down which trickled little rivulets of perspiration. "Will you kindly tell me what time it is?" he asked, in a sepulchral tone, which added to the horrors of the situation. "Ten o'clock," I said. "Want to get out? I'll call the attendant." "Time isn't up for fifteen minutes yet," replied the deacon.

I picked up a sponge that was at hand, in a basin of cool water, and for the next fifteen minutes I bathed the deacon's perspiring forehead with the grateful fluid. Then the attendant came, prepared to lift the little gate at the deacon's feet, to slide the slippery covert of mud off from him and back into the trough from which it came, and to help him out of the tenacious, plastic cast that he had made in his sticky bed into the water-bath, and thence into the dressing-room, where he would receive a thorough grooming and be put to bed between a couple of blankets, there to doze and sweat for an hour or two longer. At this stage of the proceedings I fled the scene. The spectacle of the deacon's long,

lank, loose-jointed figure, clothed only in a thin, clinging coat of jet-black mud, would have been too horribly ludicrous.

"Don't want a mud bath? They are great things," asked the deacon, as I turned to go.

"Not to-day," I replied. "To-morrow, maybe, or next day, perhaps I'll indulge."

"Take them about a hundred and ten and stay in three quarters of an hour, and they will cure your rheumatism," responded the deacon, reassuringly.

Two hours later the deacon joined the other guests at the hotel, proceeding to be greatly refreshed by his bath. His appearance was striking. He was tall, awkward and angular, yet dignified. His upper lip was smooth shaven, but on his chin was a heavy, grizzled growth of beard. His way of speech was so slow and solemn as to seem afflicted. I was told he was a "Boer" that his title of deacon was only honorary, having originally been bestowed by his associates in the mines and clinging to him through many changes of fortune; and that his business was real estate. He was said to be very clever in working off arces of cactus bed, sage brush and hill side upon newcomers. His ungainly, honest appearance favored him, and he could look the prospective purchaser in the eye and weave the most remarkable romances without a quiver of his clerical features.

We became fast friends, and I found him an interesting study. It was the deacon's custom to make frequent trips to Boompolis on business, returning to the hotel for more of his beloved baths. To reach the Hot Springs the traveler crosses five miles of desert country, where the cactus flourishes like the green bay tree and the coyote shrills at night his peculiar lay. Then he climbs "the grade," a rise of a thousand feet in two miles. This part of the way is over a mountain road which skirts precipices and winds in and out among canyons in a way that makes timid people dizzy.

At this time the great boom in Southern California had just collapsed and numbers of men who had lost all their money found themselves in a strange land, penniless and friendless. As a result crime, particularly robbery, was rampant. One bright, beautiful winter afternoon, Deacon Hardwicke started for the hotel. That morning he had procured at Boompolis a lively team and a driver, and had been taken to different points about the valley, looking at lands which were offered for sale. Having completed his inspection he was driven to the foot of the grade, and there he dismissed the team. No one else would have done this after a hard day's ride; but the deacon thought that the horses were tired, and also that the exercise of climbing the grade would do him good. He had in his hands a little black leather wallet containing deeds, and, as he walked along, in his slow and dignified fashion, his eyes bent on the ground, he looked like a gentleman of leisure, perhaps a wealthy eastern tourist out for an airing.

At the foot of the grade is a little ranch house, and, just beyond, the road makes a turn almost at right angles and skirts the edge of a canon, where the traveler is hidden from view from either direction. In this angle of the way a man was waiting for the afternoon stage, which was about due. It carried the mail for the hotel, and sometimes considerable express matter, to say nothing of the passengers. But the deacon happened to come first and, as he turned the corner, plodding slowly along, he heard a smooth, clear firm, but impatient voice, say, "Wait a moment, sir. And kindly hand over that grip-sack and your money."

Glancing up, the deacon beheld a big revolver pointed at his head. Deacon Hardwicke was surprised and grieved. He was not a coward. He had come across the plains in '49. He had lived in many a lawless community, had seen men lynched, had himself been a target for bullets more than once. If he had been armed he would have fought—as he afterward assured me. But the appalling fact flashed over him that he had no "gun," and that the gentlemanly stranger "had the drop" on him. The politeness of the latter's address was not a balm for his wounded feelings.

"Come," said the highwayman, in a more threatening tone. "I mean business. Drop your wallet. Give me your money, or I'll let daylight through you."

The deacon halted and shook his fist at the man. What he said is not material to this recital. Then he turned and ran down the grade. His hat bobbed off and his long coat tails fluttered out behind. It was an undignified and risky proceeding, but there seemed no help for it, except to give up his money and the deacon did not consider that for a moment.

The highwayman fired twice, and the deacon afterward stated that the balls whistled in close proximity to his head. The shots flustered him. He stumbled, tripped and fell. He bruised his shins and tore the skin from his wrists. The wallet flew from his hand and lay in the road, howling with rage and pain.

The marauder advanced leisurely and picked up the wallet. Just then the stage, which was a trifle late, as usual, rolled slowly around the turn in the road. The deacon's assailant leaped down the steep bank of the canon and rolled headlong among the chaparral. He regained his feet, crossed the rocky bed of the stream at the bottom of the canon, and disappeared among the bushes on the other side. The deacon lifted his long, bleeding arms towards heaven as he watched his foe depart beyond the reach of effective pursuit, and fairly screamed with impotent fury. The remarks of the passengers on the stage which picked him up and brought him to the hotel, did not tend to make

him better natured. "Guess it was all a fake." "I didn't hear any shots." "More scared than hurt." These were some of the whispered comments that came to the deacon's ears. But he sat glum, indignant and silent until they reached the house.

Then he drew me aside, and I helped him put court plaster on his wounded wrists. "If I only had a gun that fellow would never have got out of these alive. I don't mind the pain. It's the disgrace that hurts. I don't see how I was careless enough to leave my gun at home, these times," he said, with tears in his eyes.

"Still," I suggested, "as I understand it, he had the drop on you before you saw him. Perhaps it is just as well you did not have your gun. He might have killed you."

"Possibly," said the deacon: "but I would have fired as long as I could have crooked a finger. Now I shall be a laughing stock as long as I live. The boys will think it rich—simply rich."

"Do you think you would know the fellow should you see him again?" I asked.

"I should know him anywhere. He is short and wiry, dark hair, mustache, no beard, black eyes. And there is a great, red, flaming scar across his cheek—knife wound, I reckon."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," I said. "Let us go to Boompolis and find him. He will soon see that there is no pursuit and will certainly go there. Perhaps we can arrest him yet."

The deacon grasped my hand in both his, and wrung it until it ached. "How can I thank you?" he exclaimed. "We'll go to-night. And if we catch him you will see the prettiest fight of your life."

I prepared myself for the expedition by donning an old suit of clothes and leaving my valuables at home. I had a perpetual winding Waterbury watch which I used when on hunting expeditions, and took it with me, also \$10 in silver and a small, plain, but serviceable revolver. We procured horses at the hotel stables and rode into town in the early evening.

Boompolis at that time was only an infant among the cities of Southern California. There were huge gaps among its business houses, now filled with stately edifices. There were no pavements, and where a hundred globes of electric fire now glare at night upon the passerby, there was then only the dim and fitful gleam of lamps from the windows of the scattered stores.

After an elaborate supper at the Transcontinental, prepared by a French chef from Dublin and served by retired cowboys from Arizona, we sallied forth to visit the saloons and gambling places in search of our robber. We made three or four circuits of the town without success, and finally found ourselves in the "Magnolia Club Rooms." The establishment was really only a single room on the ground floor back of a cigar store, arranged for faro and other games of chance. It was lighted by a solitary, mammoth lamp, which was suspended from the ceiling over a long, green covered table, upon which were scattered cards and gold coins. Around it were perhaps a dozen men, of various sorts and conditions, all intent upon "the game."

As many more, including ourselves, were interested onlookers. The room was blue with tobacco smoke, and the door at the farther end, which afforded communication with an adjoining bar, was perpetually on the swing.

I was enjoying the character of the game hugely. So far there was a pleasant tinge of excitement—or rather, an expectation of excitement—and very little danger. But as we scanned the faces of the company without seeing our man, the deacon's brow grew black with disappointment. It was now after midnight. The cigar store was closed, but the bar was kept open all night. Disappointed in our search we became absorbed in watching the game. There was something of the gambler in every man, and as I looked upon the tense excited faces of the players, the contagion of their example seized me, and I felt in my pocket for a coin. Finding nothing but silver, which I did not like to stake, as there was none on the table, I was on the point of borrowing a double eagle from the deacon, when I heard a quiet but distant voice, at the end of the room, say,

"Hands up, gentlemen, if you please."

Glancing around, I saw a man standing at the door leading to the bar, with a revolver in each hand pointed at us. He was a short, slight man, with dark hair and a flaming scar across his face.

There was no confusion. One of the loungers quietly placed his back against the door leading to the cigar store and drew two revolvers, which he pointed along the table. Two others, evidently confederates also, stood at ease awaiting the next order. The rest of us lifted our hands simultaneously. Any one could see that it was the only thing to do. The deacon's face was white as snow and his jaws were set like a steel trap.

"The gents that are seated will kindly rise," said the voice near the door.

The gamblers rose as one man. "Now then. Everybody right about and face the wall," was the next command.

We faced about.

"March," said the cool, emphatic voice. "Two feet from the wall stop."

We advanced in two rows to the opposite sides of the room and stood, as directed, ranged against the walls. Then the two confederates stepped leisurely to the table, and scooped the gold into a couple of little sacks which they produced from their pockets.

"Keep your hands up, everybody," came a quick and sharp warning from the door, as some one inadvertently lowered his arms a trifle. "We're not

through with you yet," the voice added.

Having secured the money on the table, the brigands proceeded to rob our persons. With a great show of politeness they requested us to give up our watches, money and weapons. I was one of the first to comply. The fellow tossed my revolver and my few silver dollars into his sack, and grabbed at my watch.

Just then there was a crashing, explosive sound, deafening in the narrow confines of the room—then another another and another. Then came darkness, a quick rush of feet, a tumult of shouts and groans.

It was the deacon, of course. I knew it before the welcome, hurried arrival of men from the outside, with lanterns. He had "turned loose" at the leader. They had exchanged three or four shots before the light went out, quickly and mysteriously. The men with the sacks and the money were gone, but the deacon was bending over a form that was stretched upon the floor. There was an eager woflight in his eye; one hand still held the revolver, and the fingers of the other worked spasmodically backward and forward, as if he longed to clutch the fallen man by the throat. The fellow tried to lift himself upon his elbow.

"I know you, pard," he said. "You're the man I stood up this afternoon. You've held over me this time. I'm gone."

The deacon's eye softened. He dropped his revolver, but his long arm under his head, and tried to turn him into a more comfortable position.

"I am sorry for you," he said, slowly and simply.

"Oh—it's—all—right," gasped the wounded man, evidently speaking with great difficulty. "I came—into—the game—on—a bluff, but you've—called—me—sure."

"Is there anything that I can do for you?" asked the deacon. "Any message—any?"

"Bend down here," said the man. The deacon lowered his head, and the other whispered something to him. "I'll do it," said the deacon, "I'll do it, so help me God!"

That was all. The crowd of people, attracted by the firing and the news of the robbery, gradually went away. The physicians summoned to attend the wounded outlaw explained that nothing could be done for him, except to make him a trifle easier for an hour or two. The hours of the night passed quickly, but long before morning the useless, crime stained life was at an end.

The next day in the afternoon, the deacon and I sat on the veranda of the hotel at the Hot Springs enjoying a sunbath and admiring the diversified landscape before us.

"Nature is a lavish giver, a profi-gate," said the deacon, in his solemn way. "See what an immense expanse of useless mountain lies before us, what a small area, comparatively, of cultivated land. It's a great waste. Don't you think so?"

"I suppose it is," I replied, "from the point of view of real estate. But it makes magnificent scenery."

"It's the same with human life," resumed the deacon. "For one who makes life a brilliant success there are millions who make a failure."

I know that the deacon was moralizing upon our recent adventure.

"Now there was that young fellow yesterday," he said. "Had he told me who he was I would have lent him a hundred to go East, and there he might have amounted to something. He simply threw his life away."

"He wasn't much of a marksman," I said, or he might have succeeded better here.

"No," replied the deacon, "he was no good with a gun. That chap with him, though, was very clever in shooting out the light. Now if he had been at the other door, the thing might have been different."

"What did that young fellow say to you?" I asked.

"Told me his name. You would know the family if I should mention it. Wanted me to see that he was decently buried, and to write to his father and mother."

"And you will do it, of course," I said.

"I have given orders for the funeral. That's easy enough. But to write to the old folks is quite another thing."

Martyrs of Kuehng.

Rec. W. A. Stearns's Graphic Account of Their Critical Condition in April Last. A Mixed British and American Commission to Investigate the Recent Outrages—Cholera at Tien-Tsin and Che-Foo. Navy Department Very Careful.

One of the last communications in detail received in England from the missionaries who have just been butchered at Ku-Cheng, China, was a long letter from the Rev. R. W. Stewart to the church Missionary society. It was dated April 8 and gave an ominous account of the situation. "We have," said Mr. Stewart, "been having some rather exciting times here lately. Ten days ago I was called up at 4 o'clock in the morning by our native clergyman and other Christians, who had crossed the river to our house to bring the startling news that the Vegetarian rebels were expected at daylight to storm Ku-Cheng, and that the gateways of the city were being blocked with timber and stone as fast as possible."

"We have for a considerable time been recruiting in large numbers, and the expectation that something of this kind might happen led the better class of people to subscribe large sums for the rebuilding of the city wall, which in many places had fallen down; the gates, too, had been either broken or were gone."

"At the time when the alarm was given we had, with women, girls and children, nearly 100 sleeping in our compound. The rebels expected in an hour! What was to be done?"

"As we talked and prayed and planned the dawn began to break; then came the rain in torrents. What part this

played in the matter I do not know; but as we saw it falling heavily, and remembered the Chinese fear of getting wet, we said to one another, 'That rain will be our protection.' At daylight we roused the schools, and after a hasty meal all left, in a long, slow procession, to make their way across the river in a small ferryboat which came backward and forward for them until at last the whole party had reached the other side. It was a long business, all in the rain, and then the wall had to be climbed by a ladder, for by this time the blocking of the gateways was complete. Near our chapel the wall had not been rebuilt to its full height, and the chapel ladder—the only one to be obtained—just reached to the top. This was one of the many incidents that showed us that the hand of God was controlling everything. The next day that part of the wall was built to its proper height, and the ladder would have then been several feet too short, and we could never have got the women, with their cramped feet, and the children over the wall."

"For the next three days the wall was guarded by bands of citizens, posted at short intervals from one another, and armed with the best weapons they could find; but, indeed, they poor things—old three pronged forks, centuries old, to judge by their appearance, with movable rings on the handles to shake, and so strike terror to the foe. Rusty, too, were their swords, and rarely to be seen; we watched the proud possessors washing them in a pool and scraping them with a brick; the majority had no scabbards, not that they could not find them, but they had lost them there. One I examined had a useful sort of scabbard; it covered all but the last couple of inches of the blade, so you could stick your enemy without the bother of pulling it out—a good thing if you were in a hurry. Those three days while the city was strictly shut up were anxious ones. Then the gates were opened. What took place during the Mandarins and the Vegetarian leaders we do not know; but no one believes that we have seen the end of the matter. Such a serious affair cannot be easily patched up; probably we have as yet had but the beginning. Much depends upon the course that the war takes. If a treaty is arranged during the present armistice of three weeks I think perhaps all will be quiet. Soldiers can be spared from Foo Chow, and some arrests of the ring leaders can be effected, and that will quell it, but if not, the rebels will have recruited in sufficient numbers to make a rising a success."

"Our girls' and women's schools have, of course, been disbanded, and your ladies have left for Foo-Chow, I need hardly say against their will. It was hard for them to leave their loved work and their many friends among the Chinese; but they saw clearly it was best, for they could not help them in the event of a disturbance, and might rather be their flight and make our coalment more difficult. Our consul wrote, strongly urging that this step should be taken, and the American consul wrote to his people in the same; so the ladies have gone very obediently, but very sadly, all of them wishing they were men, and so not be obliged to retreat. But I think they see in all that is happening the finger of God pointing to a cessation of their work for a time, perhaps that they may leave him to work alone."

INVESTIGATION AT KU-CHENG.

WASHINGTON, August 15.—A cable dispatch received at the state department yesterday from J. Courtney Hixson, United States consul at Foo-Chow, reports the departure from that place of the mixed British and American commission to investigate the Kuehng massacres. Mr. Hixson is a member of the commission and is accompanied by Ensign Waldow Evans, of the Detroit, the other American representative.

The recognition of the joint commission as an official body whose conclusion shall be binding has not been accorded by the United States. Such authority could not be given by Minister Denby, but by the secretary of state or the president only. It is said at the state department that Mr. Denby has the entire matter in charge, and made all arrangements respecting the commission without explicit directions from Acting-Secretary Adee. As to how far the commissioners will act conjointly the state department has no knowledge, and will leave it to the discretion of the American representatives whether they will join with the British officials in making the same report to both governments. As the conclusions reached and the recommendations made by the commissions will not be binding on the government, it is not a matter of concern whether the commissioners agree or not. Whatever they report, whether jointly or separately, will not interfere with negotiations between Great Britain and the United States as to what course shall be pursued, if both nations think it desirable to make a joint protest or demand. As matters stand at present the Washington government is free to do as it pleases.

Consul Reed, at Tien-Tsin, sent a dispatch to the state department to-day stating that there was cholera at Tien-Tsin and Chee-Foo. This information may have a bearing on the Chinese trouble, because the United States flag-ship Baltimore has gone to Che-Foo in order that Admiral Carpenter may be in close telephone communication with Minister Denby. The navy department is exceedingly careful about allowing any naval vessel to remain at an unhealthy port, and the Baltimore and the gunboat Machias, which is also at Che-Foo, may be compelled to go elsewhere.

ST. PETERSBURG, August 14.—The Novosti recommends that Russia, France and Germany act jointly with Great Britain and the United States to obtain satisfaction for the Chinese outrages on missionaries.

An Odd Sandwich.

An odd little sandwich was tucked away in the picnic hamper is made of peanuts. It is really as delicious as it odd. Buy a quart of fresh roasted peanuts. Remove the shells and red skins and chop them very fine. Mix with a little mayonnaise dressing and spread between thin out slices of bread.

—Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

For and About Women.

A stylish gown for the autumn is made of golden-brown English mohair, with a gored and plaited skirt five yards wide around the hem, full mutton-leg sleeves draped slightly on the outside of the arm and around the waist a little pointed front and back, three simulated boxpleats, narrowing as they near the waist line, are lined with crinoline and edged with very narrow bronze and gold bead gimp. Loops of velvet trim the shoulders and the same material forms the soft belt and folded stock collar. Large bronze and gold buttons are placed on the upper half of the boxpleats, and a clasp to match fastens the girdle. The waist is hooked in the back under the velvet plait. A very small shoulder-cape of brown velvet, very full at the edge is lined with gold and brown shot taffeta, and the long cape is edged with Vandyke points in bronze and gold bead passementerie. The skirt is untrimmed.

Small boys when leaving off white for play dresses, says Harper's Bazar, wear gray holland linen, just as girls do. They have knit skirts, waist of the same, or a sailor blouse, or if rather large, a box-plaited Norfolk waist. The suit is more useful than pretty, and in consideration of the fact that these little men must soon don sombre colors their mothers delight in dressing them in pale pink and blue Galatea and other twilled cotton suits even for everyday wear. These are worn with a white sailor blouse, the colored material forming a cunning little short jacket with sleeves and a knit skirt. White pique remains the favorite choice for the small boy's best knit suit. It is made up with a great deal of embroidery on the square collar and the turned-over cuffs. It is also considered stylish when quite plain, with merely rows of stitching, or else some bands of pique braid on the large collar and the little jacket. In every case the knit skirt is quite plain.

When trousers are put on they are very short, or else very long in true sailor fashion. Indeed, the sailor styles still go on for little fellows, because nothing so picturesque can be found to rival them. The full knickerbockers banded below the knee are adopted for larger boys, especially if the little fellow remains the favorite choice for the small boy's best knit suit. It is made up with a great deal of embroidery on the square collar and the turned-over cuffs. It is also considered stylish when quite plain, with merely rows of stitching, or else some bands of pique braid on the large collar and the little jacket. In every case the knit skirt is quite plain.

For a bride's traveling dress in September get covert suiting of tan brown if the color is becoming, but if not try greyish-blue. Make it with a short open jacket that can be lapped double-breasted on a silk waist of changeable taffeta, either blue and black together, or else brown and blue.

Brown-eyed women should wear brown for the very same reason that the blue-eyed woman should wear blue. Not necessarily entire brown costumes, but brown placed near enough the face to have the desired effect. In almost every eye there is a touch of green; in some cases it is the predominant color, and when that is the case green should be worn. Artists say there is a shade of green in every one's coloring, and if it can be carried out in the gown the woman who wears it is certain to look well. But this same green is, above all things, the most difficult for the ordinary individual to discover, and it requires time, care and patience, as well as a certain artistic training to find it. However, when once found it is a sure road to bellefship, and well worth the trouble taken.

The woman with the large mouth, says an exchange, need not be so unhappy over it, because the girl with the wee button of a rosebud for a mouth is not to be relied upon once in five times, and all the odds are in favor of the good sense, trustworthiness and even brilliancy of her who owns the large mouth. Besides, it is the large tongue and not the size of the mouth that men are afraid of.

A sensible headrest is one covered with white or pale-tinted duck. It is sensible because it is cool and firm and will bear repeated visits to the laundry and be none the worse. An interlining is imperative, whether the headrest is filled with down, curled hair or clipped paper, that the cover may be easily removed. Finish with buttons and buttonholes at one side; a ruffle of torchon lace may be added if it is desired, or a fringe of the covering material. Upon one side embroider with black Roman floss a design of poppies or of hop blossoms in ecstings stitch or in "long and short."

A Mrs. Richard King is the owner of landed estate in Texas which occupies nearly 2000 square miles. She employs a small army of men on her property, which is also a Congressional district, and her power is so great among her employes that she can readily dictate, it is said, who shall be the next representative from that section at Washington.

Throughout the season the chief trimming has been of lace; it remains the favor still. So many new varieties have appeared among the imitation laces that there is something for every taste. It has become the fashion to introduce bands of black lace insertion in dotted white swiss gowns. The skirts are unlined and are straight at the bottom, so that the insertion may run seamless around the whole width. When this style of trimming is used on the skirt, the waist, it made with a blouse, is trimmed with row upon row of narrow gathered black lace insertions, and if a yoke waist be used, only the black is trimmed. The vogue of lace has given a plausible excuse for trimming the skirts, and on the handsomest summer toilets there are dozens of small lace edged ruffles or panels of lace.

Stiff skirt linings are practically abolished. This is probably due to the fact that they were unsuited to the transparent materials of summer frocks, in addition to the insupportable weight which they would give to hot weather gowns. Foundation muslin is much used instead of stiffer fabrics for an interlining. There is also a tendency to making a foundation lining of light silk.

—When prices fall they are bound to knock down somebody under them.