

Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., Aug. 30, 1895.

GRANDMOTHER.

I've read to her till I was hoarse the stories in my papers
When the other boys were lighting bonfires
down the street,
And I've stayed and learned my verses when
I heard their merry capers.
And I've stayed and said my chapter with
restless longing feet.

A stitch is always dropping in the everlasting
knitting.
And the needles that I've threaded—no, you
couldn't count to-day.
And I've hunted for her glasses till I thought
my head was splitting.
When there upon her forehead as calm as
clocks they lay.

But there always a penny or some candy in
her pocket;
There never was a pocket that was half so
big and deep,
And she kept the candle in my room burn to
the very socket,
While she moved and bustles roundabout
till I am sound asleep.

And when I've been in swimming after moth-
er said I shouldn't,
And mother has her strap in hand, accord-
ing to the rule,
It sounds as sweet as silver, the voice that
says: "I wouldn't";
"The boy that won't go swimming such a
day would be a fool!"

Ofttimes there's something in her voice as if
she gave a blessing.
Then I look at her a moment and I keep
still as a mouse;
But who she is, by this time, there is no use
of guessing;
For there's nothing like a grandmother to
have about the house!

A LAST RESORT.

BY ANTHONY HOPE.
"They're admirably suited to one another!" said I.
"Oh, admirably!" said Cousin Flo.
There was a pause; Flo frowned at the
fire, I drummed my fingers on the
table. I don't think that we either of
us looked very pleased. Yet it was a
most fortunate arrangement.

"The only thing that surprises me about it," I observed, "is that Philippa should have done it. I'm very glad, you know, but I'm surprised!"
"I'm not surprised about her!" said Flo.
I looked up much annoyed.

"You might be above that!" said I severely.
"I'm not blaming her, Dick. When he likes, Capt. Worsley can be very—"
"Oh, I suppose he humbugged her, about culture and all that. If I'd liked to go on like that—"
"Well, Dick?"
"Oh, nothing. Don't worry a fellow!"

"I'm sure that Capt. Worsley did nothing that a gentleman wouldn't." I was much annoyed at this remark that I said to Flo:
"He got over his disappointment about you pretty soon, though?"
Flo laughed with extraordinary nonchalance as she answered:

"Philippa doesn't seem to have been disappointed at all about you."
"My dear Florence," said I, "I have no desire to discuss Miss March with you."
"Well, then, why did you begin about Capt. Worsley?"
"Come, come, let's say no more about them. We're well quit of them. I don't bear them malice, do you?"
"Not the least, Dick. In fact, I quite understand what Philippa must have felt about you. She likes serious people—people who have high aims, you know."

"I have very high aims," said I.
"Yes, but you don't hit," observed Flo.
"At any rate," I cried, "I don't flirt wholesale with anybody who—"
"What do you mean, Dick?"
"At this point—and very fortunate was the occurrence—Aunt Maud came in. She has been married to the colonel for three months, and is recovering her power of patronizing persons who are engaged."

"I'm sorry to interrupt you, dears," said Aunt Maud, "but I've got a piece of news. An engagement! Now guess who it is!"
We neither of us spoke.
"Why, Philippa March and Capt. Worsley! Aren't you surprised?"
"No," said Flo, viciously; "but Dick is."

"The precise opposite of that statement would convey the truth," said I stiffly.
Aunt Maud looked from Flo to me and from me to Flo.
"Has anything gone wrong?" she asked, anxiously. But as she obtained no answer, she went on: "I've been to see Philippa—and he was there. I never saw a more radiant couple."

"At this moment Aunt Maud certainly saw a less radiant couple." Philippa took me aside," she pursued, "and told me that she had escaped a great danger—"
Flo laughed—again most viciously.
"And was now happier than words. Oh! and when Capt. Worsley was putting me into the carriage, he said that Philippa was absolutely the only girl who had ever really touched his heart."

"Did he, though?" said I, with a smile of triumphant malice.
"Though he didn't deny that he had felt a passing fancy for one or two others."

I slapped my thigh, with an appearance of great merriment. Flo had become quite red.
"So the air's full of engagements," beamed Aunt Maud. "It's quite—"
"Stiffing," said I, thoughtlessly.
"My dear Dick, what a funny thing to say! But I must leave Flo to have that out with you. The colonel's waiting for me."

Aunt Maud withdrew. Then Flo, with an air of dispassionate curiosity observed:
"I wonder if you think you've been behaving like a gentleman?"
"My position," said I, with elabor-

ate politeness, "is rather a difficult one. When the lady who has accepted my hand not only displays obvious regret at another man's engagement, but further twits me—"
"With your obvious regret at another girl's engagement. Yes?"
"I see no use in this sort of thing," said I, with dignity. Nothing else occurred to me to say at the moment.

"People always say that when they're scored off."
"I hate girls who talk slang."
"Nobody need stay to listen to it," said Flo, with a curtsey, and she turned her back on me, and looked out of the window.

I sat still for three minutes. Then stretched out my hand, took my hat, and rose to my feet. I made some little noise in moving—perhaps more than I need. But Flo did not turn round.

"Just fancy," said she, as though she were enjoying a conversation with the window-pane, "if this sort of thing happened when we were married! And unless you changed very much, it—"
"If it were enough for me to change—I began loftily.

"Now," I interrupted Flo, still addressing herself to the window-pane, "it doesn't matter. We can just separate. But then we should have to go on being together."

Something struck me in this last observation. I laid down my hat.
"Gad, so we should!" said I. "That would be rather queer."
"We should have to stay in the same house—even in the same room sometimes!" And Flo's graceful back was agitated with a shudder.

"We should," I assented. "I suppose you wouldn't speak for the whole evening?"
"We should have to keep up appearances, and seem to be friendly when the servants were there—and—oh, it would be awful!"

I put my hands in my pockets and surveyed Flo.
"What should we have to do?" I asked with curiosity.
"Make a loathsome pretense of—of still caring for one another, I suppose," said Flo, with a groan of prospective horror.

"But what should we have to do?" I persisted. I wanted details. "Should we have to talk?"
"Yes," snapped Flo.
"Should I?" I pursued, taking a step towards Flo, "have to kiss you?"
"Oh, I suppose—I wonder why you don't go!"

"And you would have to kiss me?" To this question I received no answer at all. But I was bound to extract one; I could not leave the matter unsettled. So I rang the bell.
"What are you ringing for?" said Flo, facing round suddenly.

"For the footman," said I, nodding my head.
"I should have thought you could find your way out," and she right-about-faced again.
Then William opened the door.
"Did you ring, sir?" he asked observing, I suppose, that Flo did not appear to want anything.

"Yes, William, I rang. I want—"
"It's a mistake, William," came suddenly from the window.
"No, it isn't," said I. "I must ask William—"
"Nonsense, Dick! It's only Mr. Vansittart's joke, William."

"Well, then," said I, "can we do it without William? If so, he can go."
There was the slightest of pauses. Then Flo said:
"Yes, you may go, William."
William, looking somewhat puzzled, withdrew; and then Flo, much flushed, turned round once for all.

"I can't think," said she, "how you can be so foolish. I don't know what you'd have done in another minute."
"I should," I answered, have kept up appearances."
"Flo's lips twitched a little. I saw it in a moment.

"It is perfectly useless for me," I observed, plaintively, "to try to escape from you. Your resentment is not to be relied upon for a quarter of an hour. I am nearly heart-broken about Philippa March."
"Well, I'm sore about Capt. Worsley."

"But," said I, "I'm going to be as man. I'm going to forget Philippa and keep my word to you. Will you put the captain out of your heart?"
"I'll try," said Cousin Flo.
"Because you know if, after we are married, you speak of him with regret—"
"Or if you seem to wish Philippa had—"
"All those terrible things will happen."

"Yes, I know, Dick. Are we really wise to—risk it?"
I knitted my brows. It was really a serious question. I studied Flo's features.

"I'm puzzled," I answered. "You're very charming, Flo, but—"
"There was a long sad pause. Flo held out her hand with a gesture of farewell. I looked in her eyes. I took the hand.

"It is really best," said Flo, gently.
"I suppose it is," said I rather forlornly, squeezing her hand.
"Marriage is such an irrevocable step," Flo reminded me.
"Well, anyhow, it's very troublesome to—"

"And if," interrupted Flo, "when it was too late, when we awoke to the fact—No! Good-by, Dick!"
"Good-by, Flo," said I much moved.

Thus we parted. I took my hat, without a backward glance, started for the door.
At this moment, curiously enough, the door opened. William came in, with an air of dispassionate curiosity observed:
"I wonder if you think you've been behaving like a gentleman?"
"My position," said I, with elabor-

tively in the middle of the room. Then I put my hat down.
"Hang it," said I, resting my eyes on Flo's face, "we shall always have servants!"
"The servants?" murmured Flo, in question.

"Why, yes," said I, and I began to smile. "And if the worst comes to the worst, we must—"
"I paused and took Flo's hand again.
"We must what, Dick?" she asked.

"We must," I answered, "rub along on keeping up appearances."
"We were disgracefully late for tea—"
Ilder.

Pennsylvania's Humiliation.

Certainly no citizen who respects the honor and dignity of the Commonwealth, no matter whether he inclines to the combine or the Quay faction, or is independent of any connection or sympathy with either of them, but must feel a sense of humiliation at the attitude of Governor Hastings. His latest break is flooding portions of the state with personal appeals, in facsimile of his handwriting, asking the Republican voters to stand by him in the contest. The appeal starts out with the falsehood that "the opposition to me is because I have favored apportionment by the legislature," and this is followed by a nugget of truth stating substantially the whole ground of opposition, which is "because I favor Hon. B. F. Gilkeson as chairman of the state committee." He accuses the opposition of "I am right, I trust you will sustain me by your vote and your influence."

These circulars are to influence the remaining primaries, and are the last despairing kick of the governor of the state.

If Governor Hastings had kept his hands out of the fight, as every sense of official propriety dictated, it would have been shorn of much of its bitterness, and the governor would have occupied a position where he could have imposed terms on the warring factions. He gave up the office of arbitrator for that of a mere tender and annex to the corrupt political machines engineered by Mr. Magee and his confederate, Mr. "Dave" Martin. No governor of the state ever before so lowered himself. He has pulled his office down with him, and used its power and patronage even to the extent of dragging the judiciary into the miserable squabble. A proper consideration of what is due to his office should have taught him the indelicacy of mixing in the impartial and friendly arbitrator of both the warring factions. By so doing he could have maintained his own dignity, and saved the state the deplorable squabble. No matter whether Magee-Martin or Quay wins the battle Hastings is stranded high and dry as a useless bit of political wreckage.—Pittsburg Post.

"Hon." and "Esq."

Custom prefixes Honorable to almost every holder of the public office, says the New York Sun, yet so far as we know, no citizen, not even an official of the past or present, is styled Honorable by legal authority. In the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts the Governor is His Excellency and the Lieutenant-Governor is His Honor by the Constitution. He might, perhaps, be addressed as Hon. All other Honorables are so by impulsive courtesy.

Apply the President of the United States is the model for the manner of addressing every one of his fellow-citizens. To send a letter to the president properly to-day you must write "Grover Cleveland," Buzzard's Bay. To say "His Excellency Grover Cleveland" would be an offence against the specific decision of the fathers of the republic. To write Hon. Grover Cleveland is to follow an old custom without satisfactory justification.

It is harsh to charge caddishness against the use of the suffix Esquire, after it has spread so universally among English-speaking people, but it ought to be stopped, as caddishness is unnecessary and as contrary to the genius of the future. Originally it denoted a certain one of the many social ranks among the English, which was higher than some and lower than others. That distinction has gone out; but it is still used in England to denote a gentleman, as contrasted with a tradesman. A gentleman is Esquire and Mr. is a tradesman. Roscoe Conkling, by the way of condemning this sort of caddishness, and perhaps of giving a high light on his individuality, once struck off the Esq., which the printer of one of his speeches had placed at the end of the author's name. Mr. has still the usefulness of enabling married women to be known as Mrs. but Esq. is a piece of social frippery and should be abolished.

John Smith is the best form of title for every citizen of the United States, whether President ex-President, Judge, Governor, Alderman or only plain John Smith.

—The Hapsburg blood has run out and if Archduke Franz, the Austrian Emperor's nephew and heir, proves to have dangerously weak lungs, as now reported, there is no near kinsman equal to the burden of the throne. The Italian heir is an undersized man who will never marry. The Russian heir is dying of consumption. The Hohenzollerns blood is tainted, as the Emperor's infirmities show. The Hapsburgs have no sound heir. The boy Spanish King is the only life between the cranks and the liberties of the Spanish Bourbons, who stand next in male succession, though this crown descended this century in the female line. Half the French Orleans Bourbons who sat at the royal table at the recent marriage used speaking trumpets. Of such is the royal caste of Europe.

—Miss Virginia Fair, daughter of the late "bonanza king," is admitted the swiftest rider of all the women who ride the wheel in Newport.

China and the Missionaries.

Report says that China has peremptorily refused to permit the representatives of the United States and Great Britain to make an investigation into the circumstances connected with the recent anti-missionary riots, which culminated in the murder of several missionaries and the destruction of much valuable property. No reason is given; the simple announcement is made that China permits the "foreign devils" to interfere.

So far as the United States are concerned their people have no right to expect or demand courteous treatment at the hands of the Chinese. If China were to issue and enforce an edict deporting all the Americans now within her limits we would probably complain very bitterly and our protest would be long delayed. And yet we have treated the Chinaman as though he were a dog, compelling him to leave the country and refusing him access here if he once sets foot beyond our borders.

In various sections of the United States inoffensive and helpless Chinamen have been beaten into insensibility, robbed, and in many instances cruelly murdered by ruffians who were never brought to justice. Our anti-Chinese laws would be a disgrace to a heathen state. The congress should repeal them at the earliest opportunity. Missionaries and other Americans are entitled to protection; our government must give it to them.

It would immensely strengthen its own case if it were to do justice to the Celestials.

As for Great Britain she has passed no laws discriminating against the Chinaman. He is at liberty to go anywhere throughout Queen Victoria's dominions, or to take up his residence therein if so inclined. He is protected in the ordinary enjoyment of the ordinary privileges of life. Great Britain therefore has a right to insist that her subjects settled in China, either as merchants or missionaries, shall be protected. And it is highly probable that she will protest so strongly and so energetically as to carry her point.

China has just had one lesson. It does not seem to have done its work. If she keeps on getting in the way of civilization she is likely to have some good sense hammered into her.

Campbell for Governor.

Amid scenes of extraordinary enthusiasm, and in spite of his protestations that he did not desire and could not accept the nomination, the Democratic state convention of Ohio unanimously nominated ex-Governor James E. Campbell, Butler county, for governor. The mere suggestion of his name stampeded the convention for Campbell and his best efforts to prevent his own nomination were fruitless. "Jimmy" Campbell is to be the standard-bearer of a united, enthusiastic and reinvigorated Democracy. He has a way of being elected in all parties and corners of the state who will work for his election out of an honest love of the man. He represents what is best in politics, and withal is a very practical politician. Anyone can guess what will happen at the next Democratic national convention should "Jimmy" Campbell be elected governor of Ohio this fall.

Liberty's Bell.

The move of certain gentlemen in Philadelphia to prevent the removal of the old Liberty bell to the Atlanta exposition is not regarded with favor there. Among citizens generally who have expressed an opinion in the matter the attempt to enjoin Mayor Warwick and council is criticised as a presumptuous thing on the part of complainants. A leading evening paper of Philadelphia says: "There was no more effective lesson for the nations of the earth at the World's fair than the bell which rang out in clarion tones the action of the Council congress, and the people of the south should be permitted to look upon the historic relic. * * * * * It would be a good thing if this herald of liberty could be taken from ocean to ocean and from north to south teaching the people the lesson of patriotism and love of country, lessons which are sadly needed in some sections and which the precious heritage of the men of '76 might inculcate more effectively than a thousand eloquent voices." It would be better to withdraw the bill of complaint and allow the bell to go to the Southland without objection.

Explosion and Fire.

Six Killed and Eighteen Terribly Burned at Braddock Tuesday Morning.

By an explosion and fire last week at the Carnegie Steel Company's furnaces, located at Braddock, six Poles and Hungarians were killed and eighteen others terribly burned.

—The desperados in Diamond Valley, Oregon, who have just murdered fifteen Bannock Indians, including two women, should be arrested and suitably punished. Their leader, who tells a cock and bull story about wanting to avenge the death of his father who was killed by Indians as long ago as 1878, ought to be hanged, and he will be if the people of the county which his crime has disgraced, have any sense of justice.

—Whether he wins or loses Ex-Governor Campbell will have the assurance that most people in Ohio, of both parties, love and respect him. It is worth being defeated to get such a nomination as was tendered to him.

Pennsylvania Game Laws.

The Pennsylvania game laws, revised to date, are as follows:
Elk and deer, October 1 to December 15, Spotted fawns, hounding and killing deer in water prohibited. Dogs pursuing elk or deer may be killed by any person, and the owners of dogs that habitually run elk or deer are liable to prosecution.
Squirrels, September 1 to January 1, ferrets prohibited.
Wild turkeys, October 15 to January 1.
Pheasants, July 15 to January 1.
Woodcocks, July 4 to January 1.
Quails, November 1 to December 15.
Ruffed grouse (pheasants), October 1 to January 1.
Rais or redbirds, September 1 to December 1.
Wild fowl, September 1 to May 1.
Netting, trapping and snaring, hunting web-footed tows with any steam or sail boat or craft prohibited. Shoulder guns only allowed. Pigeon nesting protected within a radius of one mile, and disturbance in any manner during nesting season prohibited. Sunday and night shooting and artificial lights prohibited.
Salmon or grise, March 1 to August 15; under three pounds protected.
Speckled trout, April 15 to July 15; under five inches protected.
Laka trout, January 1 to October 1.
Black bass and wall-eyed pike, May 30 to January 1. Black bass under nine inches protected.
Green, yellow, willow rock, Lake Erie and grass bass, June 1 to January 1; under six inches protected.
Pike and pickerel, June 1 to January 1.
Carp, September 1 to May 1. Artificially streams protected for three years after stocking.

The Wonderful Effect of Humor.

"You don't look well at all, old man," said Inkleigh to Pushpen.
"I don't wonder at it," was the reply. "I dread to go to bed. I not only cannot go to sleep, but when I lie awake I get blue and have the most horrible thoughts."
"That's too bad," commented Inkleigh commiseratingly. "I'll tell you what. You take this book. It is my latest lot of short, humorous stories. Just published. You just read them while you lie awake. They'll keep you from feeling blue and down hearted at any rate."
A week later Inkleigh felt himself warmly grasped by the hand. He turned and saw it was Pushpen.
"A thousand thanks, old chap," said the latter, working his friend's arm like a sugar chopper.
"What's the matter?"
"That book."

"Oh, yes. I remember. Those tummy stories of mine. So they kept you from feeling blue when you could not sleep?"
"Blue?" replied Pushpen, recommending the chopping process. "I never slept better in my life!"—New York World.

China Brought to Time.

Foreigners Are Now Allowed to Attend the Investigation of the Missionary Massacres—Six Natives Convicted of Murder.

Foo Chow, China, Aug. 25.—China has come to terms relative to the investigation into the recent attacks upon missionaries, as foreigners are now allowed to be present at the trials of natives implicated in the outrages. Six of those charged with taking part in the Hwasang massacre have been convicted of murder, and fresh arrests are being made.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 25.—Late advices from Tokio brought by the steamer Peru which arrived here yesterday say the massacre of missionaries at Kucheng was the result of a conspiracy of vice-roys against foreign residents, led by the deposed Viceroy Lin Ping Chang.

LONDON, Aug. 25.—It is reported that the Marquis of Salisbury has determined on decisive action, and that the British fleet will occupy two Chinese ports and land marines to enforce Great Britain's demands relative to the investigation of the recent massacre.

—Mrs. Nancy Barnum, widow of Phineas Barnum, the great showman, was recently married in New York to Dimitri Kalias Bey, a Greek in the service of the Turkish Government. The Greek, who will take his bride to his estate on the island of Mytilene to live is very wealthy, and Mrs. Barnum has something like a half million of her own. They were wedded by a Greek priest Agathodoros Pappageorgioulos, and if he ties a knot as twisty as his name, the pair will probably stay married.

—Li Hung Chang, worth \$500,000,000; John D. Rockefeller, \$180,000,000; Duke of Westminster, \$100,000,000; Col. North, \$100,000,000; Cornelius Vanderbilt, \$100,000,000; and Wah Qua, \$100,000,000 is the way a newspaper sums up the sixth wealthiest men in the world. The Rothschilds are omitted because the wealth of that family, though enormous, is held in common and no one member can be ranked with the billionaires, as it were.

—Professor—What constitutes burglary? Student—There must be a breaking. Professor—Then if a man enters your door and takes a ten dollar bill from your vest pocket in the hall, would that be burglary? Student—Yes, sir, because that would break me.

Cholera's Awful Disease.

Ten Thousand People Slain by the Dread Disease.

Since the outbreak of cholera in Japan there have been 25,000 cases and 16,000 deaths.

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

For and About Women.

The styles worn in autumn gowns, says Harper's Bazar, are those of the late summer. Novelties appear in winter, when they are required for evening dresses, calling costumes, and the various elaborate functions of life in large cities.

The first dresses of warmer styles will have double-breasted waists, bustles or jackets, worn with inside plastrons of rich material and color. Blouse fronts and box-pleats will not be abandoned. The drooping blouse effect is so generally liked for the round waists of summer that it has spread to summer jackets as well, which are now made slightly loose and belted to droop, much in the fashion of the belted blouse of long ago. There are two ways of cutting these jackets, one with open front, the belt passing under it from the sides and disclosing a blouse front of silk beneath. The other plan laps the fronts, making them double-breasted, and letting them droop slightly at the belt-line, where they are fastened by four buttons, two in a row, and these are usually showy buttons of cut steel or miniatures, or of the dress material framed in a ring of gilt or silver.

A graceful fichu drape will be the trimming of new demi-season gowns and many predict that it will supersede the blouse. It cannot fail to be popular, as it is becoming alike to small and large women. For those who are too slight it can be made to apparently increase the size, and it can also be arranged to produce the opposite effect. On woolen dresses it will be made of chambray silks, of satin or the soft mirror velvet. On silk dresses there will be dear little Marie Antoinette capes of chigou and of many new gauzes.

The Society for the Protection of Birds of England is rejoicing that at last a reaction has come against the universal use of birds' feathers on hats and bonnets. When the London season opened in May, every woman wore a graceful spray of soft, fine plumes, with drooping or curly tips. These birds of paradise feathers were in quantities at every milliner's. Mixed in the same spray were delicate osprey tips, which had long been in fashion. During the season one warehouse of the city was gaged in the traffic disposed of 60,000 dozens of these mixed sprays. They are now disappearing, but perhaps because it is announced that the supply of birds is almost exhausted.

Mrs. Cleveland's fad is amateur photography and she has in her possession many snap shots at the members of her household.

To put the foot down prettily is to walk gracefully, to seem to have a pretty foot whether it is really pretty or not to secure a stylish carriage, to make the skirts hang well and the waist seem long, to—well, to put the foot down well is to secure many of the blessings of life. Don't believe it when you are told to put the toe down first. The foot should be so lightly poised on the ankle that when the lift from the hip is made in taking a step the foot naturally swings, toe down, so that the forward part of the foot touches the ground first. That is very different in effect from stiffly pointing the toe down and trying to walk that way. Put the foot down so that the heels would keep very close on an imaginary chalk line, the toes always falling a little outside of the line. The full weight of the body should be on the foot that is on the ground, and one ought to be able to balance prettily any moment on the single foot that is supposed to be carrying the walker's weight. If this can be done, it is proof that the body is well poised and well carried.

It is of course nice to have a springy step. The girls in the books usually have it, and the nice young hero always has that sort. But, no matter how springy the step is, if the foot is put down properly the head will be carried along a perfectly level line and not go bobbing up and down like a ship in a high sea. If the heels follow a line and the toes fall outside the line a little then the body will advance without any riding of the shoulders. This tilting of the body first to the right and then to the left is a general fault of the walking of American women, and if the foot is put down properly this awkwardness will be avoided.

Paris dressmakers are concerning themselves principally with the sleeves and skirts of the future. The large sleeve will die hard, and in Paris they suggest, instead of a single balloon puff, a series of puffs—four or six—placed at slight distances apart around a tightly fitted sleeve. This is in the nature of a compromise, as the upper puff is around the armbone, and gives the broad effect now in favor. The Parisienne who adopts Marie Antoinette styles accept the close-topped sleeve with a small puff at the elbow and a flowing ruffle around the wrist. But in all the Louis XVI gowns seen to-day, but in moderation, the anachronism may not be too conspicuous.

The full skirt will continue another season, but with variations. Tablier breadths, panels and flounces are talked of instead of the plain skirt now in favor.

That a few drops of the tincture of benzine into the water in which the face is bathed will prevent the shiny appearance of the skin with which so many persons are affected, especially in warm weather. That a severe paroxysm of coughing may often be arrested by a tablespoonful of glycerine in a wine glass of hot milk.

As the season advances buttons can not be ignored; they are appearing on plain and elaborate costumes from foreign and domestic dressmakers. What is another sure sign of their revival is the fact of customers once more gathering around the button counter that has been of late seasons a deserted corner.

To be sure, the sales are limited to three, four, six etc., but that is an encouraging beginning, and the amount is the same as though two dozen cheap buttons were taken.