

# Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. 13, 1895.

## HOW SHORT THE SPACE.

How short the space, how much to do,  
How few and brief the days of men!  
So much to learn of false and true—  
And only threescore years and ten!

So little time to do things well,  
So much to do, so many to know;  
And while we labor in our cell,  
The years do not forget to go.

So many things that we might learn  
If only Time would stay its tide,  
And once again our youth return  
To keep the shadow from our side.

But, ah! what cannot be cannot,  
We'll do the little that we may,  
And in some time-ignoring spot  
Perhaps find what we leave to-day.  
—Frank H. Street, in N. Y. Observer.

## A MEXICAN SWEETHEART.

Far out in the wilds of the Mexican Sierras, about one day's travel west of Guadalupe Calvo, the trail leading from Morales leaves the ridge along which it climbs and plunges down into the depths of the Canyon de Muerto, there winding in and out of the pines and bowlders until it reaches the ford of a stream, the Rio Chico, which rushes through the gorge and on its wild flight for the sea.

Down this trail, late in the afternoon of a day some few years ago, rode a young man, Jack Rawlston, the new manager of the Alta Mining company, then on his way to take charge of their mines near Morales. He was wrapped close in an oilskin slicker, for the rain was falling as it falls only in the mountains of Mexico. Reaching the ford he drew his mule in under the shelter of an overhanging bluff and impatiently awaited the coming of his men, whose shouts and curses could be heard in the canyon above as they urged to greater speed some half a dozen pack animals, slowly picking their way down the slippery trail.

As they drew near, one of the men, Pancho, who acted as a guide, hurried to Rawlston's side and, pointing to the stream, now a rushing torrent, cried: "¡Alas! Dios, the little river is very great this day! There is much water, señor, and deep. We can not cross until to-morrow, when it will be well. Si, señor, en lo mañana 'sta' ueno."

"Yes, but to-night, man! We can't camp here; there is not enough level ground to raise a tent on. Get us out of this!" exclaimed Rawlston.

"Señor," replied the man, as he drew his wet serape closer about him, "a little rancho lies down the river a short way, where lives Juan Montano. Will the señor go there?"

"Will the señor go there?" shouted Rawlston. "Yes, confound you, hombre, the señor will. Move on!"

With a cry of "¡Adelante! ¡Vamonos!" and swearing great mouth filling Mexican oaths at his assistants as well as at the mules, Pancho started the train down the canyon on its way to a little valley of just a few hundred acres, nestled there where the gorge widened out as either wall spread away in great broken ridges, sweeping grandly to the south.

It was hardly a rancho, this place of Juan Montano's, only a few patches of growing maize and frijoles, amid which, in a grove of pines, rested a house of logs with a wide portico roughly thatched with bundles of corn-stalks, while a jacal—a roofed palisade of poles chinked and covered with adobe mud—adjoined the house on one side, serving as a kitchen.

As Rawlston, leading the way, approached from the valley, a dog gave the alarm, and an elderly man, muffled in a serape and slowly puffing a cigarette, came out to meet him at the low door of the jacal, amid the whiffs of smoke within, appeared a brown-faced woman, and behind her three girls, shyly peeping forth at the stranger as he drew up and asked for accommodation for the night.

"Si, señor," replied Juan in response to his request. "Dismount and come in from the rain. My house is at your service; entrá, señor, entrá," and he took the Winchester that Rawlston handed him, giving it a lingering glance as he placed it carefully against the wall.

"And supper, señor," he continued. "Will you have supper? Si? 'Sta' ueno," and, reaching up, he seized one of a number of chickens perched beneath the roof, wrung its neck, tossed it over to the woman, saying: "For the señor; and coffee and milk, pronto. And give to the mozos of tortillas and frijoles a plenty!"

Turning, and with: "Permit me, señor," to Rawlston, who was engaged in removing his wet slicker, Juan drew the Winchester from its scabbard and critically examined it, exclaiming as he did so: "Muy bonito carbino, señor. Once I possessed one; not like this, señor—a carbine—but carbinal an Indian stole it—may the devil take his soul—and I am too poor to buy another. I miss it much, señor, for it furnished me meat. Why, only yesterday morning two deer stood just over there eating the corn, but—" He paused for an instant, then called "Chonita, mia, come here."

A girl clad in a simple garment of rough material passed from the jacal, a girl whose supple, rounded form possessed perfect grace, and as she came forward Rawlston started as he gazed on her Latin-Indian beauty.

"My daughter, Chonita, señor," said Juan. The girl raised her dark eyes to meet his, and her clear olive-brown skin became suddenly tinged with her southern blood. "She can shoot," continued Juan, as he handed her the rifle. "Señor, even better."

A flock of chattering parrots passing overhead caught his eye. Glancing at them, then at Rawlston: "One shot, señor, permit her."

Rawlston nodded, then watched the girl as she raised the gun, saying: "See! the one in the lead"—a report,

and the bird fell, a mangled mass of flesh and feathers.

She handed the rifle to Rawlston, her lips parted and her bosom slightly heaving with the momentary excitement. Again their eyes met, then she turned and hurried back to the jacal.

His gaze followed her, and half unconsciously he was dreamingly comparing her with another, a blue-eyed, fair-haired woman of the north, when suddenly he noticed she was barefooted.

He seated himself on a bench near the doorway, vaguely watching his men as they unpacked and removed the saddles from the steaming mules, and gazing ever beyond, out over the mountains to where rested a dense bank of clouds, from which darted occasional flashes of lightning followed by low, howling peals of thunder that rolled with great hollow echoes across the heavens. The rain fell on the thatched roof above him with a muffled, pattering sound, and he rested there lost in reverie, dreaming of her who awaited him in a distant city—his promised wife.

After awhile Chonita came to the door and told him that his supper was ready. Dreamily he heard her voice and raised his head. She stood with her dark hair falling in a disordered mass over her shoulders, one bare arm half raised and resting on the doorsill, her body partly turned, showing the beautiful lines of her figure as she hesitated, as though fascinated by his look, and gazed into his eyes as a little child might, and yet not, for there was to her a strange attraction about this Americano, this man of the Saxon race who was so unlike the men of her own, that caused her heart to flutter wildly.

He looked at her for a long while, and then arose. She drew aside to allow him to pass into the house, and, as he did so, a gust of wind blew her hair across his face.

During the months that followed Rawlston became a frequent visitor at the little rancho, stopping over night while traveling between the mines and Guadalupe Calvo.

One afternoon, as the glory of the sunset spread slowly across the valley, Rawlston rode up to the rancho, where finding no one at home, he left his mule and climbed the trail that led to a little spring in a gulch back of the house. Chonita was there filling an olla, but she did not hear him as he approached, nor until he stood at her side. Then she started, and as she arose she slipped on the wet clay and would have fallen had he not caught her in his arms.

"Are you hurt, Chonita?" "No, señor," she replied.

He saw her lips quiver and, as she raised her face to his, he read from the depths of her eyes her secret, and he bent and kissed her, murmuring "Sweetheart!" Then he released her and stood leaning against a tree watching her as she descended the trail.

He had not been totally unconscious of her love, though at first it seemed to him but the admiration of a mere child; but now he understood and it wrought a strange influence over him.

He knew that his love was strong and true, and that the woman who alone bound him to the life he had left behind, yet he felt how easy it would be for him to let her go, to drift into the customs and adopt the modes and morals of the people of that fair Mexican land, for there was a certain charm in their easy-going, languorous life, with its beauty and its restfulness, that had appealed to him from the very first. In some strange way that he could not understand, and yet which seemed perfectly natural to him, he longed to remain there, away from the world, as it were, until the end; and he pictured to himself, as he lay there with his arms around her, his reverie was not broken; the woman alone changed, and he wondered how life would be with Chonita—just for a time.

And Chonita!—she reached the house and hurried to her room, where she dropped on her knees before a little shrine. "Oh, Dios!" she said, "I am so glad! What have I done that I should be so happy! Thank you, God."

Slowly night came on. Supper was over, and the room was but dimly lighted by a sputtering tallow dip and the faintly flickering blaze of the open fire in the jacal adjoining. Rawlston leaned back in his chair, slowly smoking and watching Chonita, as she moved about putting away the supper things, and he became dully conscious of a desire to take her in his arms again, to hold her and to feel her tremble.

After awhile she brought him a cup of coffee and took from his saddlebag a flask of cognac that he always carried there and placed it on the table at his side. He touched her hand, and into her eyes came a look of longing almost passionate, and her lips parted as though to speak, but her father entering the room she turned away and sank in a huddled heap on the floor at the kitchen door.

Juan had been cleaning the rifle which Rawlston had allowed him to use for a week past, and seating himself at the table, giving the gun a few finishing touches with a greasy rag, he exclaimed: "Ah, señor, it is a grand gun. Madre de Dios, but the shots I made! I would give my soul for such a one!"

"Not being the devil, Juan, I cannot take your soul, but what else will you give?" said Rawlston.

"Señor, I have nothing but my two burros and a cow—I might spare a little maize and frijoles, too, perhaps," Rawlston laughed, then poured some cognac into the coffee drink it, and leaning back against the wall, said: "Juan, I'll give you the rifle, if you will give me—"

"What?" cried Juan.

"Chonita."

reached for his revolver, but he had no need. The father turned to the girl and led her to Rawlston, placing her hand in his saying:

"It is well, señor: 'sta' ueno. You are rich and will be good to her. Yes, it is well," and the mother, coming from the kitchen, nodded her head, smiled and echoed: "Yes, it is well." And Chonita, she was very happy, for she was but a child of nature.

The home to which Rawlston took her, his quarters at the mines, seemed, with their meager, yet comfortable surroundings, a perfect palace to Chonita, and the clothing that came from Guadalupe amazed the girl. She could not understand that she was to wear slippers and stockings every day, neither why she to dress her hair. At first it grew irksome to her to remain dressed as he would have her, and at times coming home, he would find her as he first saw her—the one loose garment, her hair in disorder and barefooted. When he would remonstrate she would laugh and throw her arms about his neck and kiss him, but after awhile she grew accustomed to her new mode of dress.

The days passed away into months, but they did not bring to Rawlston the ease of life he had hoped for when he brought Chonita to his home, and he wondered why the ideal was always more beautiful than the real. After all, it had only been an experiment, and it had failed; yet even had it not, he realized that eventually he would have returned to the old life for the sake of her who awaited him there. Then he thought of what would come to Chonita, the child who loved him so, after he was gone; for leave her he must, and his soul cried out within him against, not so much what he had done, as what he was about to do.

One evening he sat before the fire in his quarters, engaged in looking over the weekly mail, while Chonita rested at his feet, cuddled in a little heap in the warmth, and with her head pillowed against his knee.

"Chonita, dear, I must leave you. I am going to my home."

She started and sprang to her feet. Her heart beat wildly, and into her great dark eyes came a strange, wild look. "You are going to—to her!" she cried, throwing her arms violently toward the photograph. "You are going to the woman who wrote you this—no?" and she tore the letter and threw it from her. "No!" "You shall not go!" she continued. She has no right to you. You are mine—mine!" Majestically she stood gazing at him for an instant; then the little figure forgot its queasily-bearing and drooped wearily—fell at his feet—sobbing out tenderly: "Ah, say it is not so—you are all the one I have to love—all I have!"

He touched one little hand that rested on his knee. "Poor little thing!" he said. "Poor little thing!"

She lay at his feet, her whole body quivering.

He could not bear to see her suffer so. He pitied her, and he thought: Why not lie to her; why not let her believe that he would return? Yes, why not? It would make it easy for her now, and in time she would learn to forget. He lifted her gently up and folded her in his arms. "Chonita," he said, "I will come back to you, dear. I must go, but it is only for a little while, a few months. You can wait for me with your father at the rancho—only for a few months, sweetheart."

She drew herself from his arms and sat on his knee, her dark eyes watching the fire very softly. Suddenly she turned and gazed at him for a long while, then said slowly:

"You are not going to her, and you will return to me?"

He said, "I am not going to her, and I shall return to you."

"I will look into the eyes, and seem to doubt. After awhile she arose, and taking the photograph from the shelf, she brought it to him saying: "Tear it and throw it in the fire—no?"

He hesitated an instant, then arose. The hot blood came to his face; then, because he pitied her, he made the sacrifice—and she believed.

A few days later he left the mine, and sending his servants on with the pack-train toward Guadalupe y Calvo, he took Chonita to her father's home. With Juan he made his peace with more ease than the old man had ever hoped to possess, but he told him, as he had Chonita, that he would return.

The following morning, when all was ready for his departure, and at the last moment, he went to where Chonita sat weeping in the doorway and took her hands and drew her up to him.

"Pobrecito," he said, "poor little thing, you are only a child. Would to God we had never met! Poor little heart!"

She turned her face to his shoulder and buried it against his neck, sobbing gently. He wound his arms about her and held her close to him. He let her cry for awhile, then he drew her face close to his. He kissed it and put it back in its resting place, pressing his lips to her hair. After awhile he put her gently from him, slowly passed to where his mule awaited, slowly mounted—she ran after him, stretched out her arms, a cry was on her lips—

Heaven, she shall not have him, he is mine!" and with her eyes flashing with rage she caught up her father's rifle, which rested against the house—the one with which she had been bought—and hurried after him.

It was only a little way; then she paused and threw the rifle to her shoulder calling: "¡Jack! ¡Jack! ¡mío!" and then with all the tenderness of her soul: "Sweetheart!"

He turned in his saddle. There was a flash, a report; he swung from side to side for an instant, lunged forward and fell to the ground dead.—San Francisco Argonaut.

**Plenty of Oysters.**  
Supply Larger Than in Preceding Years—Quality Good and Prices Lower.

The oyster season opened on the 1st with a larger supply than ever before known. Many of the oysters come from Long Island Sound, where there are something like 50,000 acres of well cultivated beds. Keyport is also a favorite place for the oyster man.

Ten million bushels of oysters come up the bay to the floating village at the foot of West Tenth street every year. Of these 4,000,000 bushels are shipped inland, while the other 6,000,000 bushels are consumed here. Each bushel contains from 250 to 300 oysters.

James W. Boyle who is one of the largest oyster dealers in the city, said: "The prospects for this oyster season are brighter than for many years. The stock will be much larger and the quality of the oysters will be better, and a lively trade is anticipated. Oysters are a luxury to the poor."

Prices will be about the same as last year. Blue points will cost from \$6 to \$7 a barrel; Rockaways, \$8 a box and \$4 a thousand; Great Kills, \$7.50 a box and \$4 a thousand; Keyports, \$7 a box and \$3.75 a thousand; Enclave river, \$8 a box and \$4 a thousand; Lonsbury, \$9 a box and \$4.50 a thousand; Saddle Rocks, \$20 a box, and Prince's Bays, \$7 a box and \$3.50 a thousand. It is estimated that at least 2,000,000 Blue Points and Rockaways alone will be unloaded in New York Monday.

**A Just Assertion.**  
A daily paper in Nebraska tells the story of a county superintendent of schools recently asking every teacher at a county institute who subscribed to a local newspaper to build up his or her hand, and out of about 100 teachers present, six responded. Thereupon the superintendent made the following forcible remarks:

"You don't spend one dollar a year with these papers, yet you expect them to print, free of charge, notices of institutes, insert long programs of same full reports of what you say and do on these occasions, and thus expect them to advertise you and your abilities in your chosen profession, thus assisting you to climb the ladder to higher positions and better salaries without a cent's postage in return. Your condition in this matter would lead me, were I an editor of one of these papers, to promptly throw into the waste basket any communication sent in by any society, the members of which were too proud or too stingy to take a paper, or, if I inserted it, to demand full advertising rates for every line published."

That county superintendent, it is safe to assert, will be re-elected by a larger majority than ever, if the papers in his county are worthy of the position they should occupy.

**The Smoke of Death.**  
A careful chemist recently made an analysis of an ordinary cigarette. This is the result. "The tobacco was found to be strongly impregnated with opium, while the wrapper, which was warranted to be rice paper, was proved to be the most ordinary quality of paper whitened with arsenic. The two poisons combined were present in sufficient quantity to create in the smoker the habit of using opium without his being aware of it, his craving for which could only be satisfied by an incessant consumption of cigarettes." These facts ought to be sufficient to stop the manufacture of the deadly thing, and all men who are victims of the cigarette should be filled with alarm. But manufacturers will continue to turn out the poisonous little roll by the ton, and the smokers by the thousands will smoke—smoke until they are dead.—Pittsburg Bldgmate.

An old gentleman gave good advice to a young lady who complained of sleeplessness. He said: "Learn how to breathe and darken your room completely and you won't need any doctoring. Not one in ten adults knows how to breathe. To breathe perfectly is to draw the breath in long, deep inhalations, slowly and regularly, so as to relieve the lower lungs of all noxious accumulations. Shallow breathing won't do this. I have overcome nausea, headache, sleeplessness, seasickness, and even more serious threatenings by simply going through a breathing exercise—pumping from my lower lungs, as it were, all the malarial inhalations of the day by long, slow, ample breaths. Try it before going to bed, making sure of standing where you can inhale pure air, and then darken your room completely. We live too much in an electric glare by night. If you still suffer from sleeplessness after this experiment is fairly tried, I shall be surprised."

Next summer says the Pittsburg Post the beauties of the famous horse-shoe curve on the Pennsylvania railroad will be greatly enhanced by an immense artificial lake, which is now being built by means of a large impounding dam. The object is to secure for Altoona a permanent water supply, but the effect that the glimmering body of water will have on the scenery of Kittanning Point was taken into consideration. It will be the largest storage basin in the state, having the enormous capacity of 370,000,000 gallons of water. Over 41 acres of ground will be covered and the water will have an average depth of 25 feet.

It costs the daughter of Bonanza Mackay \$12,000 a year to get the custody of her children. The father of the children—Prince Colonna—gets the money. She gets rid of the prince, however.

## Coffee Crops Near Home.

A Visitor to Mexico Says Fine Coffee Can be Grown in that Country—Southern Mexican Soil and Climate Favor the Plan.—A Paradise for Lazy Folks.

Mr. George Marr, an experienced coffee planter of Ceylon, India, has returned from a five months' tour of Mexico, having visited every coffee-growing section in that country. On the Isthmus of Tehuantepec he purchased 10,000 acres of land, which he proposes, with the aid of a company he has just organized in Chicago, to develop for the cultivation of coffee. He says the climate and soil of that section of Mexico are better adapted to coffee culture than those of India and Brazil, and that with proper cultivation a coffee with delicate flavor can be produced. Considerable coffee is raised now in Mexico, but the methods of culture are of the rudest form, which, with the natural indolence of the natives, gives the woods the mastery, the field is not large or the quality especially good. Mr. Marr says there is as much difference between the wild and cultivated coffee of Mexico as between the wild or sour orange of Florida and that produced by cultivation. He left last night for Milwaukee to purchase a steam sawmill for his new plantation, which he will take down in sections. At Chicago he purchased a small boat, also to be taken to Mexico.

"How soon do you expect to produce coffee?" was asked of Mr. Marr. "Within two years at the least. I have seen coffee trees 18 months old give a good yield, which can not be done in any other country. Ordinarily a coffee tree begins to bear at two years, but the yield does not amount to much until the tree is five years old. From that time the tree becomes a heavy bearer for years. I have seen coffee trees 90 years old bear beans."

"Is there much timber in Mexico?" "In the district where I have located there is fine mahogany, cedar, and lignum-vitae. There are no railroads near, though a line is projected, so that the forests have never been touched. But Mexico is being developed fast. In the southern part the vanilla can be grown to good advantage; so also rubber trees, corn, cocoa and pineapples. In a few years, when the country has roads, the products it will send fresh to northern markets will be astonishing."

"Does the sweet potato thrive?" "Thrives? It has become a horrible weed. People dare not plant the sweet potato, for it spreads so far and fast that it chokes everything else."

"Are there many Americans in Mexico?" "Lots of them, and they all are in the saloon business. Mexicans prefer their simple home drinks, and do not frequent the saloons, but other people, notably the English, who are very numerous, and who are engaged in mining and other business, prefer something fancy, just what a Yankee can fix up for him. That is why the Americans run the saloons."

"What do the Mexicans drink?" "Juices from native plants. There is one popular drink called 'pulka,' which ranks there as root beer does here. It is taken from plants very much as maple is tapped for their juices here. This is done every day, and in cities in the upper part where there are railroads the drink is brought in on trains morning like milk. When fermented the juice becomes intoxicating, and when distilled a very fine liquor results. Their other drinks are, as a rule, quite strong, and, to a visitor, anything but palatable."

"Is Mexico a good place for the hunter?" "There is game in abundance, such as partridges and birds of that kind, and a little deer as big as a dog is numerous. The rivers are alive with fish. Dynamite is used for killing them. To sit down and fish with hook and line, which a Pittsburger would consider fun, the native Mexicans regard too hard work."

"Do they know that they are lazy?" "They laughingly admit it, but they say they can see no reason why they should work. They don't want many clothes, and fruit and fish and game are at their doors, to be gotten regularly without any effort worth mentioning. Besides, a day's work is worth only 15 to 20 cents in our money, which is not much of an inducement. I heard of a man who refused to take stock in a projected railway because it took him seven days to ride to the City of Mexico, and if the railroad would take him there in one day he wouldn't know what to do with the other six."

**Opera House Attractions.**  
Manager Al. S. Garman has kindly furnished us with a list of the attractions he has thus far booked for the coming season, and the same is as follows:

September 16, "The Money Order."  
October 1, "The Stowaway."  
October 9, "The Burglar."  
October 16, Al. G. Field's "Darkest America."

October 28, Charles B. Hanford, in "The Merchant of Venice."  
Nov. 12, "The Baggage Check."  
Nov. 20, The Great Powell, the Magician.  
Nov. 25—for one week, "The R. Crowley Sisters."  
Dec. 4, "Tim the Tinker."  
April 17, "Carter's Tornado."

The despoilers of trees do not have it all their own way, as William D. Palmer, of Mamaroneck, N. Y., the other day obtained judgment for \$150 against the Larchmont Electric Company without any trouble. Mr. Palmer had in front of his residence a number of handsome shade trees. The electric company in stringing their wires cut away portions of branches of these trees. The suit was based on the allegation that they cut the trees maliciously. The jury heard the evidence and then viewed the mutilated trees. They made the award after very little discussion.

An Oklahoma Wedding.—Rev. Mr. Harps (solemnly)—"Do you take this woman for better or for worse?" "Tasantala Jack (peevishly)—"How kin I tell? I hain't known her but a week!"

## For and About Women.

The key to the Keystone state seems to be in Matt Quay's trousers pocket.—Columbia Independent.

Tailor made suits of wonderful variety are being displayed in the New York shop windows. These are of new shades and principally of tweed, whicoord or chevrot. The short jackets of the suits to be worn this summer are very natty, some buttoning almost to the collar with a V, and others opening in front, and finished on each side with a large pointed rever.

The latest hats are not perched on the extreme back of the head as they have been all summer, with an effect of being about to glide off backward. On the contrary, in the present headgear the pendulum has swung to the opposite extreme, and the dainty little confections of lace and jet are tipped down over the eyes.

Miss Julia E. Underwood has been teaching in the public schools of Quincy, Mass., for forty years. She began at the age of sixteen, and has kept at the front in the progress of educational methods. As a model teacher in a model school town, she has received offers from nearly every state in the union, and from the famous school for the blind in London.

Miss Frances E. Willard says: "Niggardly waists and niggardly brains go together."

A prominent physician has declared that hot water is his best friend. It will cure dyspepsia if taken before breakfast, and will ward off chill when she comes in from the cold. It will stop a cold if taken early in the stage. It will relieve nervous headache and give instant relief to tired and inflamed eyes. It is most efficacious for sprains and bruises and will frequently stop the flow of blood from a wound. It is a sovereign remedy for sleeplessness, and in conclusion, the doctor asserts, "wrinkles flee from it and blackheads vanish before its constant use."

A small coat of soft dove gray melton is cut after the English box fashion, and has huge bone buttons as trimming. A feature of this coat is the loose double-breasted front, with its smart little breast pocket. The collar is another decidedly new affair, cut in a slope to fit the neck, and ornamented by two small buttons to match the large ones.

A frock of sage green crepon intensifies the softness of the gray tone in the coat. It is severely plain as to skirt, but very much decorated as to bodice. Pale turquoise blue velvet and yellow lace is a heavy pattern from the garniture extending in graduated bands from the shoulders to the belt, which is caught into a sharp point both back and front.

Miss Frances Willard will sail for this country on September 28, on the steamship Paris. She will go to Stratton in October for a short visit before her tour around the world.

She was a thrifty little girl and she wanted to go away, but when she thought how she was going to replenish her wardrobe she shuddered. (Necessity, we are told, is the mother of invention, and so it proved in her case. In the first place she wanted a fancy waist, and to this end she took an old Roman sash ribbon. The sash was wide enough to make back and front of two lengths, with a vest of pale blue chiffon in front. Of course, the stripes were horizontal, but as she was slender it proved to be all the more becoming. It took all the best parts of the sash for the waist part, so the sleeves were made of faille crease, as that seemed the best match for the stripe in the sash. A crush collar and belt of the faille completed the waist.

An old-fashioned apple-green silk gown, which had belonged to an old aunt, furnished the foundation for another waist. The two best bodices were laid aside for the leg-of-mutton sleeves and the other parts, which were slightly faded and showed marks of sewing, were made up as a full waist over a fitted lining. This part was covered with a full drapery of black net, (all that was left of a black net dress which had been dipped in alcohol and water and pressed in newspapers to dry), and with collar and sleeves, as well as girdle of the plain green, she had another fetching silk waist.

She had, of course, seen the little pointed collars and cuffs they are wearing now, but realizing that they were too expensive, she purchased a pretty embroidered handkerchief with a neat scalloped border. It cost 18 cents, and a yard of narrow Valenciennes lace was 4 cents, and that is all the set cost. She cut off the four corners of the handkerchief, sewed the lace under the scalloped edge, slightly fulling it, then stitched the raw edges on bands of muslin, and when they fell over the collar and cuffs they presented a dainty effect. Two points of the collar and one for the centre of each cuff.

Some of the newest capes are finished with a sailor collar ending in pointed revers down the front. Others, shaped with seams that are covered with red gimp, have rolling Stuart collar. Some of the capes are made of silk seal plush the collars trimmed with astrakan, leaving a narrow border of the plush, about one inch wide.

Brown, by the way, is quite the thing and combined with chincheils, the popular fur is very striking. To supersede the summer sailor there comes a stiff English walking hat, which will be in the best form for cycling, driving, or, as its name implies, autumn promenades in city streets or country roads. Every day new beauties are coming to light.

Children's dresses are made almost invariably in two styles. The younger element wear frocks gathered to a round, square or pointed yoke. Those a little older may wear these with the addition of a belt, or they may wear one piece dresses gathered at the neck and at the waist, so as to give a blouse effect. Sometimes a separate skirt and bodice are used, but the bodice is then always a blouse or shirt waist, and the skirt buttons on to it.