

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 4, 1895.

WERE COMIN' TO YR SHOW.

(To Frank L. Stanton, of the Atanta Constitution.)

We're a-comin'—
We're a-comin'—
An' I write to let you know
That we've saved a few spondulicks.
An' we're comin' to y'r show,
Not with musketeers and drummers,
As we done in sixty-four—
(Was Bill Sherman's Yankee bummers
Marched from Georgia to the shore
O' the big an' broad Atlantic;
But we're comin' by an' by
With a han'shake and God-bless-you—
An' a tear-drop in the eye
Fer we hail you all as brothers—
An' write to let you know,
With our sweathearts and our mothers
We're comin' to y'r show!

We're a-comin'—
We're a-comin'—
With our children an' our wives,
Fer we forged our guns to plowshares
An' our swords to pruning knives,
We're a-comin' with the mem'ry
Of our heroes in our minds
(Grown 'n' greener than the greenest
O' y'r watermelon vines;
But we'll meet you an' we'll greet you
With no hatred born o' war,
Fer our souls 're pink and innocent
An' juicy to the core.
So, we hail you all as brothers—
An' I write to let you know,
With our babies and th' mothers
We're a-comin' to y'r show!

We're a-comin'—
We're a-comin'—
An' I write to you to say
That we'll twine the common laurels
O' the Bluecoats an' the Gray
Round our hearts in union garters;
An' we'll teach the world to know
That 'twixt Georgia an' a circus—
W-y, the North'll see the show!
Fer we're jest one common country,
An' the banner o' the cross
Shakes its starry folds above us,
"From Atlanta to the sea."
So, we hail you all as brothers—
An' I write to let you know,
That from Maine to California—
We're comin' to y'r show.

—S. Q. Lupinus, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

CONSCIENTIOUS SELFISHNESS.

It was a pleasant picture to look upon as the little party of four passed a vine-covered piazza where half a dozen young people sat drinking iced tea and eating strawberries around an improvised table.

"Come in, come in," they called out to the brother and sister who had each a little child by the hand. "Do share our tea. It's so hot in the house, and we haven't half seen Jack yet."

"Come, Min, it looks awfully jolly," half whispered the young fellow to his companion.

"Yes, you go, Jack dear, but I must take the children home and give them their supper."

"All right, but I go too. I'm not coming home after a three years' absence to run off and leave you." So they walked on, Jack calling back, "We'll take the kids home and then come back and spend the evening with you."

"I'm afraid I can't leave Jamie and Esther in time for any visit, dear. They must have their bath, you know, and Essie is nervous and does not go to sleep early."

"Mamma, my rubber shoe has come off; put it on," fretted Jamie. "No, Uncle Jack, I want mamma. She always does it."

Minnie turned a half glance to read on her brother's face a gravity which was new to her. In these three years of their separation both had seen changes. To Minnie they had brought the loss of an adoring husband, breaking up her happy home, which she had left for the kind shelter of her father's house. Jack's work had led him to the West, and this was the first meeting of brother and sister under the new circumstances. And now there was a jar somewhere. Things were not going well between them. Jack was striding silently along with little Essie's fingers curling around his big thumb.

"Minnie," he broke in, "do you never go with the girls any more? They weren't very cordial to you, it seemed to me."

"Nothing has ever happened, Jack, but I never had time to go anywhere, and now they forget to ask me. I don't wonder, for when they did I never could go. You see, it was very good of father to take us home, and the least I could do was to let nurse go, and it takes all my time to wait on the children. When I have given them their supper and put them to bed it is too late to go out, and I generally slip on a wrapper and read."

little figure herself, gazing out into the night with only her tired thoughts to keep her company. She was too young not to be longing with wistful eyes for the pleasures outside the limits of her nursery, but the children still needed her.

Jamie had healthily gone to sleep as soon as his head touched the pillow. Not so little Essie, who was more sensitively organized, and whose brain grew rampant after she was in bed. It was not possible for the child to be left in solitude, and there was no one but her mother who could be called upon to sit with her.

Presently a soft step was heard outside the half-open door.

"It is getting pretty late, Min. Aren't you through with the babies yet? Won't you go out with me?"

"Oh, Jack dear, I really cannot. Essie is very wakeful, and I ought not to leave. I wish I might," answered her brother. "So I've been writing you a letter since you left me. You read, learn, mark, and inwardly digest while I make myself disagreeable to you and agreeable to our neighbors."

Wonderingly Minnie took the letter from her brother's hand, and shading her lamp, read the following:

"Yes, sister dear, you're in for a sermon from your saucy brother. Old bachelors' children are said to be perfect, and an affectionate uncle would like to see his niece and nephew emulate those shadowy darlings. I know what love your helpless children brought with them, and how natural it is for you to give up one old occupation after another while ministering to their growing wants. But you have not realized what tyrants these children with their wants are becoming. I know that economy is a necessity to you, and I feel as if I were a prig to preach.

When I left you your home was a social center, your habits were those of culture and refinement, your mind a garden which you loved to cultivate, and I come back to find you at the beck and call of two children, with never an uninterrupted quarter of an hour. I am sure this is all wrong dearest. Your education and natural gifts can surely be used to earn the small sum needed for a nurse's hire. Can't you resolve to do something, anything, other than drop into being a kind of upper servant? Yes, that is what you are becoming. You need not shake your head and talk of the privilege of serving your children. They need of you a higher service than this, which any active woman could render much better. It is not possible that your children shall feel a duty for every bodily service rendered—it is not desirable—and so the constant demands made upon you are not good for you or them. You should be the counselor, the referee—in afteryears the adviser, the confident, and congenial companion of your children. You are not fitting yourself for this end. You should be sought and always found, but not that you should button boots and brush hair. After all, Min, I don't believe you do all this because you like it. I suppose you look on it as a duty, but you're very much mistaken. I shall never be able to stand by and see your talents run to seed in this way if I can prevent it. I want you to return to the world again socially, and also with the sterner purpose of wresting from it at least a partial living. Of course the children may fret at first, but they'll thank you later.

"Our dear parents will bring every argument to bear against such an innovation as your working outside of their four walls. You must stand firm. I'll back you. But first of all before this detail is considered, you've got to learn a new way of looking at yourself. What will you say when I write here that I want you to learn to be selfish? Yes, to be selfish, not unheedingly so, but deliberately, conscientiously selfish—that is what I would have you to be, for there is such a paradox. It will be much harder for you to learn selfishness than it was to fall into the utter self-abnegation you are practicing. It would be easier for you to go on with the primer you have begun, but you must throw it away and begin this new one I am writing for you."

"Only to a loving woman and devoted mother would I dare say this. The question of ways and means, of what work you can find to do, we will talk over later. This is enough for tonight. And now shall you to-morrow be turning the cold shoulder on me because of this tirade? If you are angry just remember that I love your children too well to see you ruining them and yourself without a timely word of warning. Also remember that I am your devoted brother, Jack."

An hour later, Essie, still wide awake, "Mamma! mamma!" The piping voice called once, twice, but mamma did not reply. When Essie, in her little dreaming-gown, crept weeping from her bed, it was to find her mother with her head deep in the wardrobe searching in forgotten corners for bits of lace and ribbon. On the chair by the lamp lay a long-disused evening gown.—Harper's Bazar.

Microbes in Cheese.
Cheese, the supposed-to-be edible milk curd of commerce, is the best soil in the world for microbes and bacteria, and its surface flourishes millions upon millions of infinitesimal parasitic plant growth. A microscopic examination of a single grain of fresh cheese, such as is usually sold at the grocer's proves that it contained not less than 90,000 separate and distinct specimens of bacteria.

His Spree.
Youngster (who has just had a penny given to him)—"Ow much is them grapes, mister?"
Shopkeeper (amused)—"They are 4s. 6d a pound, my lad."
Youngster—Well, then, give us a 'porth o' carrots. I'm a demon for fruit.

Climbs the Matterhorn.

An American Girl Accomplishes the Difficult Feat.

The first woman to climb to the summit of the Matterhorn was the daughter of a guide named Carrel. Then a New York girl, Miss Brevoort, followed in her footsteps; that was 24 years ago. Now a Providence young woman, Miss Annie S. Peck, has emulated their exploit, and announces her success in a modest cablegram to the Boston Herald.

She is a graduate of the University of Michigan, an ex-professor of Latin in Smith College, a student of archaeology, lecturer, and, for her years, quite a veteran mountain climber. Her list of previous ascents, as given, includes Mount Washington, the Cloud's Rest, (Yosemite), Mount Shasta, Hymettus, Pentelicon, the Gross Glockner, and Monte Cristo. She has had her eye on the great Swiss peak for some time past apparently, and Wednesday of this week, she had the delight of putting her feet on it. Here is a part of what she wrote:

"We reached the summit of the Matterhorn to day in six hours from the hut. There were no mishaps; the weather was fine and clear, and the view on all sides superb. Nothing was wanting. The Mont Blanc range stood out clear and massive to the west. Northward, the Bernese Oberland, with its serrated peaks, presented a picture of surpassing beauty. The Weisshorn in the foreground, with what might be imagined as a troop of peaks in line behind, the Sungrau cutting the horizon pure and white and noble, a fitting warder to such a noble band. One could hardly resist imparting a personality to peaks so grand, so individual as these Swiss battlements, and nowhere but from the Matterhorn on one of its rare, clear days can one realize the picture to the life. Small wonder that Whymper and Tyndall and Giordano pined and struggled for long years to reach this coign of vantage. The gentle art of mountain climbing has no nobler reward. * * *

"All too soon comes the warning voice of the guide that the day is waning, and that no man, and least of all woman, may dare the perils of the Matterhorn in the night. Its arrettes, ice slopes, and crags must be laboriously retraced, and when the glacier below is reached, there is more than thankfulness for dangers passed."

Pasteur, the Chemist, Dead.
One of the Most Distinguished Scientists of the Century—Discovered a Rabies Cure.

PARIS, Sept. 29.—Professor Louis Pasteur, the distinguished chemist and discoverer of the cure for hydrophobia, is dead.

The following information concerning the closing hours of Professor Pasteur's life has been obtained by the correspondent of the United Press. Professor Pasteur's condition became seriously worse on the evening of Friday last. About 9 o'clock yesterday morning his wife asked him whether he suffered much pain. The dying man faintly whispered "yes." This was the last word that he uttered. Afterwards he was most of the time unconscious. When it was seen that the end was near, Professor Pasteur's son, who was standing at St. Sebastian, was summoned, but he did not arrive in time to see his father alive. Madam Pasteur, a few near relatives, Dr. and others engaged in the Pasteur institute, were present at the death bed. After the death Madam Pasteur closed her husband's eyes and placed a crucifix in his hands.

At L'Etiang park, in a room on the first floor of a ramshackle building, above stables where 100 horses were kept for use in connection with the preparation of diphtheria serum, lie the remains of the great chemist. The chamber has a low ceiling and the walls are covered with cheap green paper. A small carpet is spread on the deal floor. There are two wicker seated chairs and an arm chair. The body lies on a simple, curtainless wooden bedstead. On a plain table stands a branched candlestick in which are lighted candles. Close by in a cupboard, placed between two windows are the books that M. Pasteur used to take to Villeneuve from Paris, whenever he paid a visit there. The unpretentious character of the surroundings seem to throw into relief the reposeful features and strong, benevolent face of the dead man. The body of M. Pasteur will probably be embalmed to-night.

It is expected that the funeral will take place on Tuesday, but as yet the day has not been fixed.

Husband's Awful Shock.
Found His Wife Dead Beside Him and Arrested for Murder.

Seranton, Pa., Sept. 28.—It seldom falls to the lot of men to endure such horrifying experiences as those suffered by Henry Mohr, Sr., in the short space of twelve hours. This morning he awoke to find his wife dead by his side. He rushed outside, notified a neighbor and had the police sent for. A few minutes later he found a pair of handcuffs upon his wrist and a policeman told him he was held on a charge of brutally murdering his wife. Mohr is a well-known politician, and the report of the alleged crime startled the city.

It was all a mistake, and an autopsy revealed the fact that the woman had died a natural death, and Mohr was set free this evening.

The removal of the Library of Congress from the Capitol to the new building will begin this week. For the present 100,000 volumes are to be stored in the room to be used by Mr. Spofford in the basement of the building. Almost a year will be necessary, it is said, to remove all the books owned by the government. About seventy thousand volumes will be left at the Capitol as a reference library for members of Congress. There are more than 700,000 books in the collection.

The Chickamauga Celebration.

The dedication, of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga Military Park was an event of national interest. Congress provided a liberal sum for the ceremonies, which were under the direction of Secretary LAMONT. North and South alike have their memorials there, survivors of the Blue and Gray intermingled in the throngs.

Five years and more have passed since the act of indignity providing for this park became a law; and since then appropriations have been made for it by Congress, amounting, we believe, to \$745,000, including the \$20,000 for the dedication. In addition, very large sums have been expended by States, Ohio, for example, appropriating \$95,000 for monuments, and Illinois \$65,000, that in all more than \$1,000,000 will have been laid out. Ohio alone has fifty-five monuments in the park.

Like Gettysburg, this great battlefield of the West lends itself easily, by its natural conformation, to memorial adornment of a very impressive character. Its main portion is the great field of Chickamauga, southeast of Chattanooga, on the other side of Missionary Ridge, in Georgia. This alone contains if we do not mistake, about 6,000 acres. About five-sixths of it is covered with dense forest, the greater part of which, however has been cleared of underbrush and of new growth, so that carriages may drive through it. There are also farm lands and the famous Horseshoe Ridge, where Thomas' defeat against Longstreet's assaults earned for him the name of "the Rock of Chickamauga."

But while the main area of the park thus lies between West Chickamauga Creek and Missionary Ridge, there are also included in it the Crest road running along the summit of that ridge for eight miles, Rossville to Tunnel Hill, and another road running generally from Rossville over the north point of Lookout Mountain to Wauhatchie Valley. These roads and certain detached tracts purchased at Orchard Knob, Tunnel Hill, the DeLong place, and Bragg's headquarters add all that is necessary of the Chattanooga battlefield.

It is therefore clear that looked at in its physical features, this park offered an attractive variety of mountains, rivers and plains of farm land and forest, while even Chattanooga itself and its suburbs have been dotted with tablets and monuments not in the park proper.

Again, the facilities for visiting and viewing all parts of the two battlefields greatly enhance the value of the park as a military "object lesson." Forty-two miles of roads have been built, or rather changed into broad macadamized thoroughfares, making them splendid driveways; and it is said that there are in the park thirty miles of roads actually used in battle. The Lafayette road runs directly across the Chickamauga field, and great efforts were naturally made on both sides to gain and hold it. The Crest road formed the Confederate line of battle, on Missionary Ridge, and in a word, the opportunities are excellent for driving over the battlefields.

But in addition five or six steel observation towers, each seventy feet high, have been set up on commanding spots, so that the fields can be viewed in whole. Bragg's headquarters, Orchard Knob, Tunnel Hill, and the DeLong place are among the sites chosen for these towers.

Finally, besides the scores of monuments, hundreds of historical tablets of cast iron, each four by three, and containing from 200 to 400 words, have been set up, the letters being embossed and whitened on the glazed black ground. There are also tablets giving the names of houses, fields or other points. There are batteries, too, of old style field pieces mounted on iron carriages of the 1863 type, specially cast for them, to mark where artillery was stationed, about 300 guns being mounted at Chickamauga alone. Nine pyramidal monuments of 8-inch shells ten feet high show where general officers were killed or mortally wounded.

Such is the park dedicated to the thirty second anniversary of the battle of Chickamauga. The act of Congress calls for "a national dedication," and certainly the battles commemorated were in the broadest sense national. New York alone, if we do not mistake, had sixteen regiments at Lookout Mountain or Missionary Ridge, or both; Maine, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Maryland and Pennsylvania were also represented there by eleven regiments and two batteries. The South had at Chickamauga Longstreet's corps from the Army of Northern Virginia, as well as Bragg's Western Army. Indeed, twenty-five States Commission have been at work arranging for memorials to their troops.

Bringing together the obstinate and deadly fighting at Chickamauga and the spectacular features of Lookout Mountain, the marvellous storming of Missionary Ridge, and the subordinate affairs of Brown's Ferry, Wauhatchie, and Orchard Knob, a great series of battles is commemorated by this park. The survivors of both armies can also find much to take pride in; for, if Chickamauga was a Confederate victory; Missionary Ridge turned to a Union triumph the Chattanooga campaign as a whole.—N. Y. Sun.

Here Endeth the Lesson.
Her Mother—"Bessie, dear, I am sorry to see my little girl show such a lack of respect for her seniors. When a neighbor comes to call on you you should sit quietly and not speak unless you are spoken to. You do not mean to be disrespectful, I am sure, but you should think of the impression you are making on our neighbors, and you will try hereafter, I hope to—"

Bessie—"You'd better look out, mamma, you'll talk yourself to death."

The Old Coffee Mill.

A factory in New Brighton has received an order for 11,000 dozen of coffee mills for the Indian Territory. That is conclusive proof that civilization has firm footing there, among the red men as well as the white. When ever coffee goes sugar goes, and the Indian loves sugar as he does nothing else except whisky. I was camped with two others on the plains in the spring of 1861, and cooking supper, when two painted savages came out of the foothills and begged for something to eat. We gave them bread and bacon. They wanted sugar also; we gave them some, and they asked for more, which we gave them, with notice to make themselves scarce, but they hung around in hope of more, finally as good as demanding it, which led to the display of a revolver by a big Missourian. They knew nothing about coffee. If they had, that and the sugar would have been, indeed, too much for them. They would have imperilled our scalps for them. Coffee is a drug as well as a beverage. As a drug it has specific action on the heart. It acts on the heart as a beverage, reviving all the faculties. Its stimulating effect on some is like that of wine, enlivening the fancy, liberating the tongue, inducing the best of good humor. Once let Indians become coffee drinkers and the days of their savagery draw to the close.

But is there not a mistake in the report of the number of coffee mills in this order? What can they want down there with 132,000 coffee mills? Hard to say unless they are to be given to the papooses as musical instruments. And the coffee mill is not to be despised as a musical instrument. To a man descending the sunset slope its melody is transporting. It carries him back to his boyhood when his mother trained him for the trials of life by making him grind the coffee. In those days it was parched at home, when not burned black. But it never was blacker than his looks when he poked his fist into the bag in which it was kept and loaded the hopper of the mill between his knees, liable to fly apart at any instant and scatter coffee and mill over the floor. If not that, the mill choked, and an attempt to clear it with a stick sent it half across the kitchen. Sometimes it was nailed to the kitchen window, and, of course, so high up that the boy had to stand on a chair to work the crank. He could not do that and look out at the same time, for if he did the box which received the ground coffee would be sure to maliciously let go and go to the floor. Find a boy who successfully passed through these trials and you find a man who has held his own in the world. They seem small now, and serve only to recall the careless time when life was a sweet song, as President Cleveland says, "Imagining the young cub of the Indian Territory grinding on these 132,000 coffee mills, and the memories which will throng upon them when their heads are gray. This is supposing that the mills will be put to domestic as well as musical purposes. They have long been put to both. Many a time have I seen a mother give her little one the coffee mill wherewith to make melody for himself. I read of an aged man whose wife snored through the whole gamut. He was so used to the snoring that it had become a necessity to him. On a visit to his daughter he could not go to sleep till she sat down by the bedside and soothed him with the sweet sound of the coffee mill, so much like the snoring of his cherished companion.

Alas, how few youngsters of the towns and cities know of the practical and esthetic value of the coffee mill! how many of them have ever so much as seen a coffee mill? They have seen the big machines in the grocery stores. But the little ones to be taken between the knees, or be nailed to the window frame, those artistic creations around which memory fondly lingers, and the mellifluous notes of which come down the corridors of time from the long past, how little the youngsters know of them! The old oaken bucket that hung in the well has its charms, but they are not a circumstance to those of the creaked old coffee mill which has its place of honor in the pantry. I know of one such which I occasionally go to look at, and think of all the fortune and misfortune, the joy and sorrow, the pain and death which first it came into the family. What stories it might tell if it could talk, for did it not have a part in all this fortune and misfortune, joy and sorrow? Wife, child, friends, have gone, but there sits the old coffee mill serenely waiting its own end. It is a pathetic picture. But pathetic, too, is the thought of the thousands growing up who in their old age shall never hear across the lapse of years the music of the coffee mill.

Fertilizers Sold in This State.
The department of agriculture has issued 32,000 copies of a bulletin containing tabulated analysis of every brand of commercial fertilizer sold in Pennsylvania. The samples were collected by special agents of the department and turned over to Dr. William Frazar of the State College, by whom the analyses were made. The returns of the department for the present year are largely in excess of those of any previous year and indicates a steady sale of commercial fertilizers in the state.

Free Water Offered to Altoona.
HOLLIDAYSBURG, Pa., Sept. 28.—The council of this city this morning appointed Edwin R. Baldrige, president of council, and William P. Smith to visit Altoona, and tender to that neighboring city the use of a temporary water supply from the local mains during the protracted drought. The Hollidaysburg reservoir is now furnishing water to five communities.

For and About Women.

After several years struggling against the ancient prejudices of judges on the bench, Miss Agnes F. Watson, of Pittsburgh, has been admitted to the bar, being the first woman to receive this recognition in the Smoky City. She made a splendid showing in her examination and the Board of Examiners unanimously signed her application for admission.

When one is deciding as to what form of fall wrap or at least, trying to decide a visit to the shops, instead of being helpful, only intensifies one's bewilderment. A cape is shown, which for fetchingness cannot be competed with. It seems as if this were the very thing desired; the accommodating show woman next brings out a love of a coat and one's resolutions, a la cape, are thrown utterly to the winds, for can there be anything more completely stunning than these short-skirted, impertinent little affairs called coats? Such a droop and fluffiness as the big sleeves show, which after all are the biggest part of them. The sleeves and the buttons!

One of these swagger little garments in a very shaggy beaver, having long shaggy hairs all over it, and so adorably furry and cozy looking. The color is a deep hunter's green, such a refreshingly clear tint. It has a short, loose body, flaring as much as is possible at the back of the skirt, and fastened across the front by two huge metal buttons. The rolling collar, and the hunter's green velvet, and the deep cuffs finishing the huge gigot sleeves are of the same rich material.

With this is worn a hat having a perfectly straight brim of braided green felt, faced with velvet and the top matted with choux of green and black tulle and two sharp quills, one of rose and one of yellow. There is nothing which quite equals the delight of a first appearance in such a jaunty suit of fall toggery, when one is perfectly conscious of their being very much up to date and extremely swagger.

One of the things that no man ever will or can understand is that women invariably choose the lowest chairs they can find, usually selecting for solid comfort one that is about six inches from the floor. Schopenhauer's contemptuous allusion to them as the "short-legged sex" generally occurs to him as the final solution of the problem, even though he be too polite outwardly to hint at such a thing. That is by no means the real reason. Women, she says, seem to know intuitively when they are looking their best, and they know that that rarely happens when they are sitting on a chair sufficiently high to make the feet dangle stiffly downward, barely reaching the floor. In all the celebrated pictures of sitting feminine figures the line from the waist to the knees is elongated as far as possible, and it is to secure this graceful, easy length of line, as well as for comfort, that women instinctively turn to the low chair or stool.

Madam Adeline Patti's earnings on the opera stage have amounted to at least \$5,000,000.

A Chicago woman, who had long been an admirer of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's books, was grievously disappointed when, after much maneuvering, she met the authoress. Not only was Mrs. Burnett over-dressed, but she chattered frivolously about trivial things, so that her visitor went home with an idol shattered.

The autumn girl is out in full force and her frocks are worth noting. One young person seen yesterday wore a cheviot gown, very simple, but effectively made. In color it was gray, with a waven line of dull, rich red. It was made merely with a round waist and full skirt, and it unquarrelled would have been almost Quaker-like in its simplicity. But it was trimmed, and the trimming made the gown. It consisted of a collar, belt, deep cuffs, and long bands of dark red velvet, which were fastened with elaborate cut steel buttons. The effect of the gown was charming and the design well worth copying.

The popular round waists, full sleeves and flaring skirts will continue with us this autumn save for little differences that make styles now vary slightly from those worn last spring. The revival in Paris of Marie Antoinette styles in midsummer, writes Emma M. Hooper in the October Ladies' Home Journal, has affected the latest designs in silken goods; the millinery and the gowning as well. One thing is settled, and that is that we are not going to carry around skirts of immense weight, as we have been doing. The most fashionable skirts are now only interlined to the knees, and in consequence are much less of a burden to the wearer. In width they remain from five to six yards. The sleeves are also softer in effect, though quite as large and pronounced in appearance as ever. It is in the little things, instead, that the styles have changed. Belts, collars and cuffs have all proved themselves capable of an infinite variety of form and arrangement, and by their effects change the old gown into the new, and make the new ones so attractive.

A safe rouge is found by the woman who does not allow anything save sickness to interfere with her daily tramp.

Our hats and their trimmings. The favorite trimming at the back, however is a single crushed rose, worn on each side of the knotted hair under the narrow brim. These roses may be pale pink, but they are more often pure white, and they give a touch of distinction to a dark sable brown or black hat. This dead white is then repeated in a barb of applique lace, an aigrette, or in some other slight trimming near the front; and the wearer adds to her tailor costume of dark Bannockburn tweed or twilled serge heavy white gloves of dull glass kid, finished with triple stitching of self colored silk.

There is a decided fancy for the use of velvet roses, pansies and other artificial blossoms, which follow no natural model in color or form, but are simply creations of the milliner's fancy.