

SEEKING THINGS.

I ain't afraid of snakes, or toads, or bugs, or worms, or mice, An' things 'at girls are skeered of I think are awful nice!  
I'm pretty brave, I guess; an' yet I hate to go to bed,  
For, when I'm tucked up warm an' snug an' when my prayers are said,  
Mother tells me "Happy dreams!" an' takes away the light,  
An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seekin' things at night!

Sometimes they're in the corner, sometimes they're by the door,  
Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the middle of the floor;  
Sometimes they're a-sittin' down, sometimes they're walkin' round,  
So softly an' so creepin'-like they never make a sound!  
Sometimes they are as black as ink, an' other times they're white—  
But the color ain't no difference when you see things at night!

Once when I loked a feller 'at had just moved on our street,  
An' feller sent me up to bed without a bite to eat,  
I woke up in the dark an' saw things standin' in a row,  
A-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' pintin' at me so.  
Oh, my! I wuz so skeered that time I never sleep a mile—  
It's almost allus when I'm bad I see things at night!

Lucky thing I ain't a girl, or I'd be skeered to death!  
Bein' I'm a boy, I cude my head an' hold my breath.  
An' I am so sorry I'm a naughty boy, an' then I promise to be better an' I say my prayers agin!  
Gran'pa tells me that's the only way to make it right,  
When a feller has been wicked an' sees things at night!

An' so, when other naughty boys would coax me into sin,  
I try to squish the Tempter's voice 'at urges me within;  
An' when they're tryin' for supper or cakes 'at's big an' nice,  
I want to—but I do not pass my plate fr' them things twice!  
No, ruther let starvation wipe me slowly out 'o sight,  
Than I should beg a livin' on an' seein' things at night!—Eugene Field.

EMPTY SEATS.

"Are you going to church this morning, Susie?" asked Dr. Clark, lying back in his easy chair with the morning paper. "A doctor who is out day and night can't be expected."  
"No! I made jelly yesterday, and I'm tired; I ought to stay at home this cloudy morning," and Mrs. Clark curled up on the couch with the Bible she had not opened for a week; but it soon dropped from her hand. She was aroused by a strange voice saying:

"Now, my good imps, what have you done to-day to weaken the kingdom of God?"  
The voice came from a suspicious looking person seated on a throne of human skulls. Around him was gathered a crowd of terrible beings, each with a crown of fire, in which gleamed some name, such as Malice, Envy, Pride, Hatred and kindred passions.

"We have been busy to-day making empty seats in churches," began one.  
"Nothing could please me better," answered the king.  
"I persuaded one man that he had a headache, and kept him from a sermon that might have changed his whole life," said another.

"I induced one good man to slip down to his store and fix up his books," said another with a horrid grin.  
"Good, said the king. "He'll soon give up Sunday altogether."  
"I was able to induce one devoted young man to visit old friends," said one imp.

"I married an old sister about her old bonnet until she decided to stay at home until she got a new one," spoke up the imp labeled "Pride."  
"And I made several poor women, who were hungry for God's Word, stay at home and repine over their trials. I just said to them: 'Oh, these rich people don't care for you; you can't wear nice clothes, so I wouldn't go where I was looked down upon.'" He continued: "That way I kept many poor people at home whom the rich would have been glad to see."

"That is one of the best ways to cheat poor people out of heaven I know of," answered the king with approval.  
"I induced a good many men and women to think that they were not strong enough to go out," said the one labeled "Indifference." "Of course all these men will be at business to-morrow, even if they feel worse. But they could not go to church where they would have no special mental or physical strain. And the ladies would have been able to clean house or go calling, but I made them think they could not go to church unless they were perfectly well."

"Very good," said the king, with a sulphurous grin. "Sudden headaches might often be cured by getting out in the air, and headaches forgotten by thoughts drawn to higher things. But you lying imps must use every weakness of the flesh to help make empty seats."  
They all smiled, for in their kingdom "lying" was a great compliment.

"I have a way to keep people home from church and they feel perfectly innocent about it," said one. "I induce people to have company or go visiting on Sunday. Of course, this takes their minds off sacred things to begin with, and puts them on dressing and eating. Hired girls, mothers and older sisters have to stay at home to get big dinners. Many of the guests lose church to be in time for dinner."  
"Anything to make empty seats," approved the king. "These people can't be tempted by Sunday excursions, but they miss God's house just as easy in this way."

"To make ladies feel that their servants need no Sunday privileges is good," suggested one.  
"Very true," said the king. "As long as we can get Christian women to work during their church hours, we can keep many empty seats in churches and men and women away from God."

"I am the weather imp," said one gloomy fellow. "I go around persuading people it is going to rain, or it is too cool, too damp, or too hot to venture out to church. It is enough to make your gloomy majesty laugh to see them start out the next day in wind and weather. One would think it a sin to carry umbrellas and wear gum coats to church."

"Confidentially," answered the king, "when I find a Christian who has no more concern about the weather Sunday than Monday—determined to make as much effort for spiritual gain as he would for worldly profit—I just give him up. It's no use to try to drag back the man or woman who goes to God's house in all kinds of weather."

"I'm able to do a great deal with some of the ladies of the congregation," spoke up the imp labeled "Fashion of this World." "I can make them stay at home because the new hat had not come, or because their clothes are out of style, or they have not got a new cloak."

"I have a better scheme than that," said another. "These people who keep away are indifferent—generally good-for-nothing folks who are hardly worth getting into the kingdom of his satanic majesty, but I have a plan that empties seats of workers in the church."  
"That is just what I want," said the king.

"I make these people overwork on Saturday. For instance, get some good man the preacher depends upon or some devoted Sunday school teacher to make Saturday the busiest day in the week. I just keep him rushed with neglected things till late at night, and then he over-sleeps or is sick the next day, and can't go out, or if he goes, is too tired and sleepy to take part, or even listen."

"Splendid plan," cried Satan.  
"Yes, it works well with delicate women. If they clean house or have Saturday night company, they can be kept home without knowing that they have broken the Sabbath the day before. A church party late Saturday night helps with empty seats."

"You are doing finely, my imps," his majesty said warmly—for his breath was a flame of fire. "Preachers may work and pray over their sermons all the week, but there will be little results in preaching to empty seats. One of the most important things we have to consider is how to keep people away from church on Sunday. Your plans are excellent, but I might suggest another good point. All preachers have human imperfections—some fault or manner of speech. Get Christians to criticize their pastor, especially before their children. This keeps young people from wanting to be church members. If you can stir up a spirit of fault-finding against the preacher, or among the seats. People who get mad at each other do not care to go to church together. If the seats are empty, the preacher may be a saint, and preach like an angel, to no purpose. See the result of your labor on—Street Church to-day."

"Not only did the two hundred people stay at home, and lose a blessing, but each empty seat did its work against the Lord's kingdom. The preacher made unusual preparation and went with his heart on fire, but the empty seats chilled him, and he did poorly. Several strangers had dropped in with letters, but they were disappointed at the small attendance and took their letters home, and some will not take them to any place. There was a special collection, but the best givers were away, so it was a failure. Isn't a smart preacher, or a rich congregation, nor a paid choir, that makes a successful church. It is the church members always being there that draws in the unconverted, and makes an eloquent preacher. As soon as a Christian begins to stay at home, from one excuse to another, I know I have a mortgage on his soul, which if he does not shake off, I will foreclose on the Judgment Day."

"You have none on mine," cried Mrs. Clark, who had been listening with bated breath; "I'll go to church if only to defeat you."  
"What's the matter, dear?" asked the doctor. "Have you been dreaming?"  
"Perhaps so, but I'm going to church, if I get my seat just in time for the benediction. I'll cheat Satan: from this day out of one empty seat." And she kept her word.

**To Check Forest Fires.**  
Circulars Sent Out to County Commissioners Urging Them to Aid in Preventing Such Destruction.

Dr. J. T. Rothrock, of the Forestry Commission is now engaged fighting the question of circulars, one to farmers and lumbermen, one to County Commissioners and the last to Farmers. Forest fires are new raging in the following counties to a greater or less extent: One thousand acres were burned last week on the Welsh Mountains.

Dr. Rothrock says: "Every fire can be traced to one of three causes—maliciousness, carelessness or ignorance. In the first case men very frequently set fire to their forest property when they have gotten behind on taxes and the land is taken from them. In revenge they set fire to the timber. Hunters often set fire to the forests through carelessness, and boys start bonfires often through utter ignorance of the damage which may ensue."

"Yet none of these reasons should be legitimate excuses in the eyes of the law. The State alone loses \$1,000,000 annually through forest fires, and no one at all in Pennsylvania, so far as my knowledge extends, is now under punishment for the offense."

**Helping Him.**  
He—I come here so frequently that I'm beginning to think that you look upon me as a sort of chestnut—a roasted chestnut, as it were.  
She—No, not a roasted chestnut. When a chestnut is roasted it pops.

The Result.

The result of Tuesday's election is one there will be no necessity of splitting hairs over, to find out who is elected. The figures speak for themselves, and tell a story not at all agreeable to those at the tail end of the procession. While the defeated party is never slow at framing excuses for their undoing, the Republican victory in this year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-five, is of such significance, there is little or no reason for any attempt at explanation by the Democrats to account for their defeat. Lack of votes at the polls did the business.

A few words on the subject, however, are permissible. If Cleveland had been defeated in 1892, the Republicans would have been as badly "snowed under" on Tuesday as the Democrats were. When the Republican party laid down the reins of power on March 4, 1893, they played the role of "the rats running from a burning barn." It was an easy method of escaping from their own responsibility. Their mal-administration, including bad financial legislation, was of such a character a business crash was sure to come, it matters not who might be in temporary charge of the government. This was the result, and the Democrats are held responsible for the acts of the Harrison administration. When Mr. Cleveland came into power in 1892, the business interests of the country were trembling in the balance, and the financial crash came inside of ninety days. Had Harrison won the day in 1892, he and his party would, to-day, be bearing the legitimate responsibility of his and their own acts, instead of placing it on the shoulders of innocent parties. Such is political life, and such it ever will be. Men who go into battle with balloons often fare worse than those who do their fighting with bullets. No doubt there are plenty of Democrats in the land to-day, who give a quiet "cuss" to their political fortunes and are willing to throw up the sponge. But there is no time for this foolishness. Like the old hunter, whose gun missed fire, they should be thinking about picking their flints and trying it again.—Doylestown Democrat.

**Fruit as Medicine.**  
Why for ages have people eaten apple sauce with their roast goose and sucking pig? Simply because the acids and pectones in the fruit assist in digesting the fats so abundant in this kind of food. For the same reason, at the end of a heavy dinner, we eat our cooked fruits, and when we want their digestive action even more developed we take them after dinner in their natural, uncooked state as dessert. In the past ages instinct has taught men to do this; to-day science tells us that fruit should be eaten as an aid to digestion of other foods much more than it is now. Cultivated fruits, such as apples, pears, cherries, strawberries, grapes, etc., contain on analysis very similar proportions of the same ingredients, which are about 1 per cent. of malic and other acids, and 1 per cent. of flesh-forming albuminoids, with over 80 per cent. of water.

Digestion depends upon the action of pepsin in the stomach upon the food, which is greatly aided by the acids of the stomach. Fats are digested by these acids and the bile from the liver. Now, the acids and pectones in fruit peculiarly assist the acids of the stomach. Only lately even royalty has been taking lemon juice in tea instead of sugar, and lemon juice has been prescribed largely by physicians to help weak digestion, simply because these acids exist very abundantly in the lemon.

**Grumblers.**  
How full the world is of grumblers. Many of the same people who are scolding this summer because it is warm will scold next winter because it is cold. There is no point between zero and the 90's that suits them. Whether the gray clouds yield rain or snow makes no matter—neither is wanted. If skies are clear somebody's cistern needs rain; if the showers descend somebody's feathers are ruined. It would add much to our happiness and detract much from the fatal tendency to grow old if we would strive after contentment and cease worrying over the inevitable. The truly happy are the happy-go-lucky, who takes every thing as it comes and make the best of it. If it rains all that is left to do is to put up our umbrella, if we are so fortunate as to have one, and trudge along. Wet feet and bedraggled skirts won't kill one any more than poverty and grumblers will, if there is something within us too sunny for poverty to cloud and too noble for drudgery to debas. The person who spends his life scolding because things don't go to suit him is like the fly on the king's chariot wheel. Things may not be planned exactly for the comfort of the fly, but his protest will never stop the procession. The best tactics for flies and grumblers to pursue is to take what comes along and be glad it is no worse.

A mustard plaster made according to the following directions will not blister the most sensitive skin: Two teaspoonfuls mustard, two teaspoonfuls flour, two teaspoonfuls ground ginger. Do not mix too dry. Place between two pieces of old muslin and apply. If it burns too much at first lay on an extra piece of muslin between it and the skin; as the skin becomes accustomed to the heat take the extra piece of muslin away.

Believe nothing against another but on good authority; and never report what may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to some other to conceal.

Wasn't the bride delightfully timid? "Very. She was even shy ten years when it came to giving her age."

Artificial Teeth.

The Present Day Dentists Have Brought Them to Perfection—False Teeth Fashion a Science.  
Within the past 15 or 20 years dentistry in all its branches, but particularly as regards artificial teeth, has made rapid professional progress. To-day a milder part with all her grinders, if she so will, yet the specialist in artificial ones will replace in porcelain the two sets intact, with such perfection that her dearest friend cannot detect the change.

The fashioning of false teeth has been reduced to a science; their maker is become an artist. He uses his head as well as his hands. When his charming feminine patient comes to him with tears in her eyes, and in her hand her front teeth carefully wrapped in tissue paper, he assures her and with truth, that he will make a duplicate which will deceive herself. This alleviates the mental stress of the sufferer, whose grief could not have been more intense short of the loss of a dear friend or relative.

When, in the course of time, it becomes a case of an entire set, the specialist makes a close study of his fair patient's face, as well as of what manner of teeth nature originally gave her, and works accordingly. If they have been straight and white, he makes the new ones so. If, departing from their original plan, they have changed color or been filled, the alteration is copied. If they chanced to be irregular or imperfect, the imperfection is reproduced to the letter. The plate no longer fills the mouth to overflowing and crowds out the lips. All is compact and tight-fitting. But, in case the cheeks or lips need holding out, the artificial gums are more or less enlarged, so that the proverbial plumpers could not do better.

The continuous gum plate, as it is called, is a marvel of art and workmanship, with its half circle of ivory-colored tines. It takes its molder a full week of hard work as he presses and carves the pliable material and slowly brings it to perfection. And how relieved is his anxious patient when she tries it in and finds the gums tinted to perfection, the teeth shaded to match her own departed ones, and even her pet filling in view. She smiles with contentment, and finds that she is prettier than she ever dared hope to be again, and can smile as broadly as she pleases, there being no dividing line between her gums and teeth, but just a fine, wholesome interior in inviting inspection.

A first-class specialist asks from \$100 to \$250 for a single upper or lower set, as the material used is expensive, but his time is money, and he must use his brains and ingenuity to perfect his work. The teeth must appear to spring from the gum; he must do his best to duplicate nature, while he aims at a restoration of the form and expression of face. And each new subject requires new treatment; what looks well in one mouth would spoil another. Platinum is the metal used for the plate nowadays. It comes from Russia, and is taken from the Ural Mountains. It is as expensive as gold, and more easily manipulated. The gums and teeth are porcelain, and baked two or three times while undergoing the process of transformation into a row of pearly teeth.

Of course if the dainty sufferer has not \$250 at hand, she can be supplied at cheaper dental rooms with anything to suit, down to the "full set," as advertised. "To fit you while you wait," at \$5, but art and science will be left out of the question.

**Ceylon and India Tea.**  
The consumption of Ceylon and India teas in the United States and Canada is gradually increasing, says the New York "Shipping and Commercial List." In 1890 there was a total consumption of 2,100,000 pounds, while in 1894 the figures for the two countries ran up to 5,500,000 pounds. Tea drinkers are becoming educated up to the fact that the unadulterated, machine rolled teas of India and Ceylon are purer and better than the China and Japan teas. To one who has seen the Celestial at the work of rolling the tea leaves with his hands, no better recommendation may be given to the British-grown teas than to say they are machine made. That they are purer and more wholesome goes without saying, for it needs no argument to prove that in a hot climate the constant rubbing of the hands together creates not only an exhalation from the skin, but other excrements gather which becomes part and parcel of the tea. Another important matter is that no foreign substances are used to India and Ceylon teas, for coloring purposes. Again, they are relatively cheaper than the product of China and Japan, as according to the English Chancellor of the Exchequer, three pounds of the former go as far as five pounds of the latter. India and Ceylon teas are sure to largely replace those from other countries with the tea drinkers of America, the same as they have in Great Britain.

**Lower Than Ever Known.**  
The Susquehanna river at Clearfield is lower now than it ever known to be before. The bed of the stream is almost dry.

It is very funny to hear Pittsburg and Philadelphia Republican papers wearing boss collars rejoicing over the defeat of the Democratic boss in Maryland. But what about Boss Quay in Pennsylvania, Boss Platt in New York, and the Cincinnati whiskey boss who ruled Ohio politics? If boss killing is going on as a great public benefit, why rejoice over a renewed lease of power to these champion bosses? With the great states of Ohio, New York and Pennsylvania given over to the Republican bosses, why make a show of virtue over the defeat of Boss Gorman in Maryland? The voting in that state show the Democrats know how to punish their bosses. The voting in the other states shows the Republicans swallow boss rule without a grimace, and rather enjoy the diet.

St. Nicholas in 1896.

For almost a quarter of a century—for twenty-two years to be exact—St. Nicholas Magazine has been bearing its welcome messages each month to the people of the land. It began existence in 1873, consolidating with it in its early years all of the leading children's periodicals of that day, "The Little Coppers," "Children's Hour," "The School Day Magazine," and "Our Young Folks," among them. The last children's magazine to be merged in St. Nicholas was "Wide Awake," which was purchased and consolidated with it only a few years ago. It has been fortunate in securing contributions for its pages from the leading writers and artists of the language, while it has given to its readers many works that have become imperishable classics in juvenile literature. St. Nicholas has had for many years a large circulation in Europe, and it is said to be read by many royal children. When the children of the Prince of Wales' family were young, the Prince took six copies for his household, and the present Crown Prince of Italy grew up a constant reader of St. Nicholas.

The magazine is a help to those that have the care and up-bringing of children, in that it is full of brightness and interest and tends to cultivate high aspirations, without being "preachy" and prosy and lugging in too apparent moralizing. Its readers are always loyal to it, and they will be glad to learn what has been provided for their delectation during the coming year. The leading feature will be a delightful series of letters written to young people from Samoa by Robert Louis Stevenson. These describe the picturesque life of the lamented romancer in his island home, and give interesting portraits of his native retainers. Rudyard Kipling, whose first Jungle Stories appeared in St. Nicholas, will write for it in 1896, and James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, will contribute a delightful poem, "The Dream March of the Children," to the Christmas number. The serial stories represent several favorite names. "The Swordmaker's Son" is a story of boy-life in Palestine at the time of the founding of Christianity. It is written by W. O. Stoddard, whose careful study of the history of the times and whose travels over the scenes of the story have enabled him to present vividly the local coloring. "The Prize Cup" is one of J. T. Trowbridge's best stories. Albert Stearns, whose "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp" was one of the great successes of the past year, has written another story that promises much. In "Sindbad, Smith & Co.," he has again gone to "The Arabian Nights" for inspiration. An American boy enters into partnership with that greatest of sea-faring adventurers, Sindbad, and the fun and the complications that this brings about can be imagined. These are but a few of the features. During the coming year \$1,000 will be given in prizes. Full particulars concerning it will be given in the November number.

**Thanksgiving Day.**  
The President Designates the Last Thursday of November.

President Cleveland on Monday issued a proclamation designating Thursday, November 28, as Thanksgiving day, which is as follows:

"The constant goodness and forbearance of Almighty God, which have been vouchsafed to the American people during the year which is just past, call for their sincere acknowledgments and devout gratitude. To the end, therefore, that we may with thankful hearts unite in extolling the loving care of our Heavenly Father, I Grover Cleveland President of the United States, do hereby appoint and set apart Thursday, the 28th day of the present month of November, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, to be kept and observed by all our people. On that day let us forego our usual occupations and in our accustomed places of worship join in rendering thanks to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for the bounteous returns that have rewarded our labor in the fields and in the busy marts of trade, for the peace and order that have prevailed throughout the land, for our protection from pestilence and dire calamity and for other blessings that have been showered upon us from an open hand. And, with our thanksgiving, let us humbly beseech the Lord to so incline the hearts of our people unto Him that He will not leave us nor forsake us as a nation, but will continue to us His mercy and protecting care, guiding us in the path of national prosperity and happiness, ending us with rectitude and virtue and keeping alive within us a patriotic love for the free institutions which have been given to us as our national heritage."

"And let us also on the day of our thanksgiving especially remember the poor and needy, and by deeds of charity let us show the sincerity of gratitude."

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed."

"Done at the city of Washington, this 5th day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five and in the one hundred and twentieth year of the independence of the United States."

(Signed) By the President, GROVER CLEVELAND, RICHARD OLNEY, Secretary of State.

Fifteen hundred sea otter skins were brought to the traders by Alaska Indians this year, according to the estimate of a trader just returned to Seattle. Furs of bears and foxes aggregating many thousands dollars in value were also brought in. He says Alaska's wealth is very great, and in many regions is yet practically untouched. The tract between Cook Inlet and Yukon, he says, produces the finest furs in the world, and only one or two white men have ever been in there.

The average man would carry off almost any kind of rubbish, provided he felt he had secured a bargain.

For and About Women.

If she happens to be a dark-haired young person, she should wear a pearl comb in her dusky locks. This is the latest edict from the fashionable hair-dresser. The pearl combs are high and broad in effect, and have silver teeth. Large seed pearls are used, set in cut silver, which produces an exquisite shimmering effect. The long side combs and pompadour combs now so much in fashion are also seen set with pearls.

Speaking of autumn traveling suits, those that are not made with jacket bodice have shoulder capes of the same material, or one contrasting prettily in color. They are elaborately stitched or trimmed with braid and lined sometimes with a gay plaid silk. The cape and collar are in one piece, and the collar is cut into two large points, which roll over a trifle and may be faced with velvet. These are much prettier than the prim turn-over collar of last season, which is now out of date.

Leather will be used principally for the trimming of garments; it harmonizes well with furs. One bazar exhibits collets and sorties de bal trimmed with marten, thibet, shunk, etc., mounted on an empiecement of leather, embroidered and finished with paillettes like satin. For garments the leather is dyed black, bronze, silver, etc., and for the sorties de bal the shades are the most delicate—cream, cel, rose.

A beautiful new collarette and ruche is made of fine shining silk, as soft a texture as chiffon in the richest black plissé and then box plaited. It is composed of three collars, each a trifle narrower than the other, and the middle is finished off by a large ruche that reaches above the ears and nestles into the hair in the most fascinating way. Two long stole ends of black satin ribbon hang down in front.

There is nothing like a black satin skirt to help out a deficient wardrobe. It may be made, with careful planning, to take the principal part in six different costumes. Worn with a Louis Seize coat of black satin, trimmed with jet and cream lace, it will make an effective costume.

When an evening gown is desired the black satin skirt should have the gores outlined by a narrow jeweled trimming. Then it may be worn with a frivolous chiffon waist spangled with jewels. As a theatre costume the black satin skirt may appear again in connection with a bodice of scarlet satin. If this seems too gay for ordinary theatre wear the bodice may be toned down with black chiffon flairs.

For one's afternoon at home the black satin skirt may be worn with any stylishly made silk waist. Persian silk waists are much the vogue this year and waists of flowered taffeta are always charming. As a dinner skirt the black satin skirt may also be utilized. It would look well for this occasion worn with a bodice of black satin, trimmed gorgeously with gold galloon and lace.

Even for an afternoon's shopping expedition the black satin skirt will not come in amiss if worn with a walking coat of light tan fox cloth. And after it has served a season in all these various capacities, then it will do nicely for black satin sleeves in a next year's gown.

Something nicer than salted almonds is the new and thoroughly American novelty known as grilled almonds. To prepare them, blanch a cupful of almonds and dry thoroughly. Boil a cupful of sugar and one-fourth cupful of water till "chairs," then throw in the almonds and let them fry, as it were, in this syrup, stirring them occasionally. They will turn a yellowish brown before the sugar changes color. Do not wait an instant once this color begins, or they will lose their flavor. Remove them from the fire and stir them until the syrup has turned back to sugar and clings irregularly to the nuts.

Parlor portieres, according to the new order of things must be hung in full pleater from a rod and fall straight to the floor. Window curtains of muslin for a bedroom should be finished with a three-inch ruffle and be gathered full to a small brass rod. They must also hang to the floor, but are tied back with a white ribbon bow. Heavy materials in silk and wool and in silk brocade may be found in most any color combination to match furnishings of room. All such portieres are either finished with a ball fringe down the side or with a heavy silk cord.

One can have a pocket in her skirt this season, by boldly brazening out the opening with a wide pocket flap, stiff with embroidery.

The newest skirt hangs in graceful volutes, interlined with very thin hair-cloth to keep them in place; in many the side breadths lap over the front in a deep plait, which is fastened to about the depth of nine inches below the waist and ornamented with handsome buttons; the plaits flare out below. In others the sides are cut into pocket flaps with a similar effect. Long sholder effects promise to be more generally adopted than they were last season. Sometimes the sleeve is placed closely or shired for three or four inches below the shoulder. The low arm effect is also attained by shaping the yoke or empiecement so that it fits quite smoothly over the top of the arm. Tabs of the dress material or of ribbon or velvet are brought from the shoulder, pointed on the ends and secured with ornamental buttons several inches below.

One of the sights at Auburn, N. Y., is a prison for women, managed almost wholly by women, there being but one man about the place—a sort of figure head—who is termed a warden, a guardian of very mature years. All the keepers are women, under the direction of a matron. It is a remarkably well-managed prison, of which consequently the world hears very little, and it is an economically managed establishment, for the convicts do all the work.

For those who do not care to go to the expense of an entire new outfit there are some bewildering bits of neckwear displayed in the shops.