

THANKSGIVING.

The fair sunny summer is faded and past, and glad golden autumn is enfolded at last. The days of the sowing and growing are o'er, and the harvest is in. The ripe ripe apples are all gathered in, and the nuts for the children, a plentiful store, are spread out to dry on the broad attic floor. The great golden pumpkins, that grow such a size, are ready to make into Thanksgiving pies; and all the good times that children hold dear have come round again with the feast of the year.

Now what shall we do in our bright, happy homes To welcome this time of good times as it comes? And what, do you say, is the very best way To show we are thankful on Thanksgiving Day? The best thing that hearts that are thankful can do Is this: to make thankful some other hearts too. For lives that are grateful and sunny and glad To carry their sunshine to lives that are sad; For children who have all they want and do not spare, Their good things with poor little children to share; For this will bring blessing, and this is the way To show we are thankful on Thanksgiving Day.

—Child's Paper

A THIEF'S TURKEY.

"Well, my dear we are sure at least of our turkey," said the minister as he fastened about his throat the long worsted comforter that old Mrs. Lummy had knit for him, and which he wore in spite of his gaudy purple and yellow hues that hurt his artistic sense every time he looked at it rather than around the feelings of that dim eyed, kindly old soul. "And we will eat it with a thankful heart and not repine that the good Lord has seen fit to send us no more."

His wife glanced lovingly up into the thin, gentle face with its honest, tender eyes and at the scant gray hair, and her heart smote her at sight of this unflattering piety. The children that gathered about their board were many and their wants so numerous that it seemed always a blank wall ahead to meet them. True there did open up a way generally, but it was such a narrow way, and Mrs. Jones found that in squeezing through she lost her youth and beauty.

But for all his cheeriness before his wife, whose burdens he bore in sympathy or as many as she let him dream of, the parson was a little heavy hearted that chill, bleak November day as he trudged down the hill toward the tiny village nesting at its foot. There had been a light fall of snow during the night, but it had grown steadily colder, and the sleet had formed a solid glistening sheet over the whole, so that the parson found it hard to keep his footing. At last with a merry twinkle in his eye, he threw off the depression that was clogging his feet and chilling his heart and prepared to slide down the hill, following example of a crowd of boys farther off. Away he went, catching his breath at first as the knife like air struck him, but he was soon rosy and smiling. But as he neared the bottom of the hill he saw a man toiling up it.

"Look out!" shouted the parson. "Get out of my way, if you please, sir, as I cannot get out of yours!"

The man glanced up, his small, deep set eyes taking in the flying figure, but not in time to avoid it, and in another moment the Rev. William Jones had taken a "header" into the person of the stranger.

"Please excuse me!" said the parson, laughing and righting himself as soon as he could and then holding out a hand to assist the other to rise.

The face that looked up at him was a disagreeable one, with the cunning, shifty eyes of an uneasy conscience, the widespread ears of an alert animal which expects every moment to be overtaken by the treacherous steel practices and the mean little features that speak a degraded soul. In answer to the minister's apologies the man only grunted an inarticulate something under his breath and went on without a backward look. The parson stood gazing after him, wondering who he could be.

"No one from about here," he mused. "Ah, he must be the man who has taken Blackpool cottage that Wilson was telling me of yesterday." And with the memory of this evil countenance in his mind the Rev. Jones went on, sadder and more anxious than before the encounter.

Tomorrow was Thanksgiving, a day when a nation kneels as one and thanks God for mercies sent and benefits received, rolling up one grand wave of praise to the divine throne. Yes, he was thankful—thankful for every one of the children at home, thankful that they were stout lads and lassies all, though it was so hard to feed their hungry mouths, ever like little birds, open to be filled, so hard to shoe and dress and educate them; thankful for Anate, his dear wife, that her loving hand was in his as they stumbled up the hill of life.

It was perhaps but natural that, as he thought of these beloved ones of his, the parson should have a sigh that he could not give them more of this life's goods. How he would like to see Annie once more well dressed! She used to be so dainty when a girl. How well he remembered one pretty blue silk she used to wear and an especial bonnet with a long drooping plume or a bird's breast in it—he was not sure which it was—but, at any rate, the face under it was so bright and smiling, with never a wrinkle in its bloom, and now today poverty had sown heavy lines about the eyes that used to laugh up at him and around the lips that still for all their anxiety never refused to smile at him. And then there was Gregory, his eldest son, "as good a son as ever blessed a father's heart," thought the parson. Poor

Gregory, who longed so for a College education, and who struggled so bravely and patiently on in the village store while his soul was hungry for books and knowledge. There was Lizzie too poor girl, whose music loving soul longed to study her chosen art, and who was obliged to be satisfied with the squeaky little old harmonium in the tiny bill church. What if he could have given them all this? And the parson's very heart stood still with ecstasy at the thought. But he was repining, indirectly he was blaming God for doing his own will. He was looking back after his hand was set to the plow. This would never, never do.

So, setting his hat down on his head with a sturdy determination to be thankful in spite of his wicked disconcerted heart, the parson stopped at the "store" and gave his order.

"A barrel of potatoes, Mr. Kittredge, if you please," he said.

"Nothing else, Mr. Jones?" returned the merchant. "Tomorrow's Thanksgiving, and your lady will be wanting all sorts of things, I suppose. Her hands are apt to be forgetful, or I should not speak," he added, with a good natured smile, but the minister shook his head.

It had been no trouble to remember his wife's short order, for the potatoes were all they could afford now. There had been that \$200 Brother Joe had written for and without which he would have lost his little farm and which the poor minister had spared him, the whole of his humble savings, and which had left them with next to nothing for the rest of the year. He had even had to borrow half of it, and that debt must be paid, come what would, next June. Brother Joe had written first for it to rich Aunt Jane down in Grandville, but she had repented that she feared that Joe's extravagance had resulted in this, and that to suffer for it would be a wholesome lesson to him and Sally, so, smiling a little over the idea of Joe's being extravagant on the pittance his rocky little farm furnished, the parson had sent the money. But Aunt Jane was munificent in her way. Once a year, at Thanksgiving, she sent each of the brothers a turkey, well stuffed and ready to be put right into the oven and with this entirely discharged the duties of relative and philanthropist.

"We'll have that at least," had said the minister, and before he started home he called at the express office for the annual box. But it had not come, so he went on, thinking that it would surely be there in the morning, and as he trudged on up the hill said over and over to himself: "Potatoes and turkey are a feast compared to the dinners to which thousands will sit down tomorrow. I am thankful, I am thankful!"

In the mean time the man who had taken Blackpool cottage went on his way, stopping every now and then to read the dirty scrawl he had received that afternoon at the postoffice. Curiously enough this had been addressed to William Jones, Esq., though the inside read:

DEAR BOB—The cops are after us so hard that I am a fraid to move. Li lovel! You have from me, but as you say you need yore shyer the hoodlums I send it 100 you now the Nofes that were in the safe or N. g. 200 here, make yore shyer with mine. And I'm takin' out just \$10,000, as things is I am a fraid to trust it out so too. The Express so send it in a package. 100K good in any you may get. Yare TrUe paRD J.W.

"He'd better send it," muttered the man, setting his lips grimly. "I didn't mix myself up in that there bank business to get done out of my shere, and Slim Jimmy knows I kin hang him any day, so I guess he'll come up square. D—n it all! Here I am shut up in a hole, not daring to make a move with that devil, young Ross, after me so close. But I think I've rather left him, this time, and if I stay here quiet for a month or so can get away after that. He lost the scent last week."

So congratulating himself that he eluded the officers by coming to this obscure village, the man let himself into the gloomy cottage he had chosen on the shores of a pool of murky water. That it had great wooden shutters and oaken doors had recommended it to the hunted thief. He sat down before the hearth and dragged together the smoldering embers, blowing them to get a flame. They caught the kindling he laid on them, and soon a fire was roaring up the big chimney, drawing out the chilled ruffian. He half slept in his chair, but just outside the door, "Oh, mister, oh, mister, your chimney's on fire!" With a muttered curse on the chimney and with anything but polite thanks for his informant, he rose and walked to the door to find out the truth of the matter for himself.

A little boy, blue with cold, stood outside looking intently up at the roof. "Here, sir, here! You can see it from here! You can see it from here." And, laying aside his caution for once, Black Bob walked out unarmed and almost into the arms of a good looking young officer of the detective force and his men. "Ah, glad to meet you, Mr. Robert Black, alias Jed Lemon, alias Fred Tut, alias Mr. William Jones and goodness knows what else," said young Ross, covering the thief with his revolver.

Black Bob snarled like a trapped tiger, but allowed them to strip the handcuffs over his wrists.

"Now, said the officer, "where's the boodle that you robbed the bank of? You may as well confess, for I've got your partner, Slim Jimmy—caught him this morning. And I'll get Kit Lee, your other one, before long. Now tell us where the money is."

The prisoner bestowed on him an ugly grin. "It's where you can't get it. Don't you wish you could?" Then with an oath, he swore: "I'd rather see you in perdition before I'd tell you. Let who gets it have my compliments," adding to himself, "I'd

even rather the express company got it darned monopolists though they are, than you, to get the credit of giving it back, my young rooster."

The men turned their horses toward the village on the other side of the hill, but Ross stopped them. "No; we'll go back the way we came from Richland. I don't care to have the news of this arrest get out just now, for I have an idea that Bob here will finally turn state's evidence against the hired man and tell us where the rascal is hiding. We'll never catch him else, as he is the slyest of the bunch."

So nothing was known in Littleton of the captive nor did it ever know, being a sleepy little place, minding strictly its own business and taking only such literature as the *Watchman on the Wall* or the *Zion Herald*, which were not calculated to disturb its peace of mind.

"We will be thankful, children, tomorrow, really thankful, for God's mercies," said the minister that night looking around over his benevolent glasses, that reflected the fire—the one fire in the house, about which they gathered, and being good, obedient children, each tried to obey the father's and the president's orders and went to bed after all in a glee over Aunt Jane's turkey, which Gregory was to call for in the morning after he had built the fire in the church.

This was a most important errand as you may suppose, turkeys being nearly as rare as black swans in the Jones family, and Gregory brushed his clothes next morning until you forget their shabbiness in their immaculate neatness and set off whistling blithely after he had sent a cheery flame through the tin stove in the tiny church. And he held himself a trifle straighter than usual as he asked the agent, with an assumption of carelessness as if accustomed every day in the year to getting packages by express if there was a box there for William Jones, the Rev. William Jones. There was a box for William Jones, and as there was but one William Jones known to the gentleman of tags and receipts this must be the one asked for. So Gregory went home lugging the box, which seemed unusually heavy this year, and giving it to his mother with a kiss of congratulation as she came hurrying in from church to get the dinner as quickly as possible for the others who were coming on behind.

"Yes, it's a nice one than Aunt Jane usually sends," said Mrs. Jones as she felt the plump breast. Aunt Jane's turkeys were apt to be a trifle of weight, but this one was so nicely rounded that the good lady must have put in "lots of stuffing," as 5-year-old Eddie said as his flushed mother bent down and sent the fine bird into the oven beside the generous pan of potatoes.

Now all was ready. Mr. Jones smiling at each one in turn as he mentally sized up his blessings, took the head of the table and Mrs. Jones the foot. All the other little Joneses waited reverently while their father said grace, but with outright looks that would have disconcerted any bird on earth but this one. Now the agent was uttered, the minister straightened himself up in his chair, he seized his knife, drew it along the steel with a little to the Joneses seemed cruel deliberation, then drew the turkey to him. The right leg on, now the left, now the right wing, now the left, so beautiful and systematic. Now the knife was poised above the brown breast itself, and it lay open.

But what was this that showed to the astonished eyes of the family? The minister's face paled: Mrs. Jones rose from her seat and ran to his side to look for herself; the young ones broke into a half cry of dismay and confusion. Instead of the gush of stuffing he had looked for there was only to be seen a tin box, from which the cover had just been knocked, revealing rolls of \$50 and \$100 bills.

Whose was it? Where had it come from?

But though the minister tried faithfully to discover, he never did. Aunt Jane was written to, but her turkey came next day, and she knew nothing of it, but so pleased was she at the family's prosperity that when she died next year she left all she had to her beloved nephew, William Jones, being, as many others, disposed to give to those who have. And when the minister found that all inquiries were vain he finally accepted the gift as from the Lord, as who shall say it was not? And so Gregory went to college, and Lizzie owned for "her very own" the finest piano that could be had and learned to play it so well that when the next Thanksgiving came it was to her accompaniment the assembled family sang "In Some Way or Other the Lord Will Provide."—*Philadelphia Times*.

An Awkward Admirer.

He (in the conservatory)—"Why did you lead me on to a proposal, if you intended to refuse me?"

She—"You do me great injustice. What have I done to make you think I loved you?"

He—"In every waltz with other men you kept them almost at arm's length, but when waltzing with me you leaned your head on my shoulder, and let me almost carry you."

She—"I was to keep my feet off the floor so you wouldn't step on my toes."

—The Republicans will organize the house when congress meets. There seems to be only one candidate for the speakership—the late czar. Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, erst-while candidate for president. For the clerkship of the house, there are at present two candidates, both of whom have been head-quarters of the capital and will fight a finish—Gen. T. J. Henderson, of Illinois, and Major McDowell, of Pennsylvania, both ex-representatives.

Molasses Making Down in Dixie.

Festive Days Are These With the Mississippi Farmers.—The Cane the Staff of Life.—Child, Iron Curry It to the Teacher and a Girl's Popularity Denoted by the Number of Stalks She is Given.—The Act of Chewing the Cane—Cane Sugar and Cane Beer.

It is a molasses making time in Mississippi—at once a busy and festive period with the farmers and their families. To one unused to the art it is a sight of some interest, while to the initiated it seems to be the crowning of the year's toils and pleasures.

Of course nothing is done on so extensive a scale as on the Louisiana sugar plantations. Both the crop and utensils for working it up are less imposing, certainly, but not less effective.

Early in the spring the cane is planted by laying it in furrows, three or four stalks together, continuously, thus producing from the "eyes" at the joints a beautiful growth of almost impenetrable thickness but otherwise much resembling corn in height and foliage. Very little work is required for its cultivation.

Late in the autumn, before frost, men may be seen grubbing hoes taking deep cane. In this case the stalks are not stripped or topped, as when it is pared for the mill, but piled in a heap and covered with earth, to remain until spring. If it is not a severe winter the stubble may be counted upon to furnish a fine crop the next year. An acre of cane will easily produce four hundred or more gallons of molasses and with less labor than any other crop; so of this commodity there is always plenty, whatever else may lack or fall.

From the time the joints begin to look blue or striped, according to which it is the blue or the ribbon variety, it is in active demand as a sort of sweet, or as apples are further north. There are late fruits here save fox grapes and muscadines, those allies of chills and fever, so the sugar cane fills a real want.

Children carry it to "teacher" in lieu of fruits and flowers, and a girl's popularity may sometimes be reckoned by the number of stalks she has stacked up in the corner of the piazza. Without actually witnessing it one can scarcely credit the dexterity with which even small boys, and girls armed with dull harrows, can peel the hard points, while a grown man, arrived at courting age—*not always synonymous with "years of maturity"*—considers himself accomplished only when he can with a sharp knife peel a six foot stalk completely without cutting it or breaking the stripe or bark. Having acquitted himself of the performance he rests assured of the admiration of all young women and very small boys.

It is quite wonderful what an amount of insidious sweetness can be extracted from it when it is peeled, cut and split into convenient pieces. The art of chewing gracefully in the society of her "best young man" is one receiving much thought from the country lass, while her manner of disposing of the discarded "chews" is looked upon by bachelors and widowers as offering a key to her qualities for housewifery.

That the exercise is reckoned, physiologically, more productive of jaw power than of longevity of teeth needs but the proof of ocular testimony for confirmation. Their is seldom seen a full fair set of teeth in the South, and this lack has through cane chewing, the goober habit and snuff dipping (the last happily becoming extinct), come to be a profitable field for the dental fraternity.

Thus, when molasses-making time rolls around and Mr. Jack Frost has begun to leave his visiting cards, there is a twinge of melancholy in the hearts of the young that is not all due to reflections upon the dying summer, and they chew faster than ever. There is a busy day or so when negroes or the farmer's boys strip and top the cane, chewing madly at every interval of rest; the farmer rigs up the old-fashioned mill, cleans more or less thoroughly his evaporator, and, putting on his guano-sack apron, goes gaily to work.

Early and late the cane mill is the trying-place of all ages and conditions. Each corner claims a draught of the juice as it trickles from the mill, while the feeders, drivers and boilers take frequent pauses and imbibe so copiously that one wonders mutely if uninitiated, sympathetically if one is "to the manner born."

This juice is never known to hurt anyone, and it will bring roses into pale faces in a manner to arouse all doctors to envy. This is witnessed scores of times.

Certainly a visit to a cane mill is calculated to confirm or to cure any taste for molasses one may have boasted of previously, for it can be the dirtiest place imaginable, and is, no matter how cleanly, unequalled in power to begeth and sticky. Even the odor of the boiling juice is smearable.

The evaporator is a long, shallow iron pan with bars dividing it into compartments. At one end may be the fresh juice while from the other is being drawn off molasses. If sugar is desired it is boiled very thick and put in open barrels to granulate. No amount of boiling will render the molasses fit for making candy unless it has been previously boiled and cooled, otherwise a cane mill would be an ideal place for an old-fashioned "candy-pulling."

At a typical mill visited by the writer recently all appointments were of the rudest kind. The furnace doors and bars were home-made; the odd stool on which the boiler sat to skin the syrup, the tall stand on which rich pineknots flame at night and all barrels, tubes and strainers. Even the boiler himself was home-made and plain, saving of old times and no fashions. He discoursed to his visitors on politics and the church dipping and skimming and stirring the white. Every corner was pressed to drink a brimming gourd of juice and carry home a jugful of hot syrup for the family.

Later on, when the resinous odor of the pineknots mingles with the rich yet repulsive savors of the evaporator, when the mill has ceased to go round and round and the weary mule dreams among the fodder after his day's work pulling the ponderous lever, there will be fewer sunbonnets in the group and the gourd will pass blithely about, not

from the juice barrel, but lading out beer. This vile concoction is distilled from the skimming and is the shadow of evils which darken the autumn festival. It also brings its roses, but they do not adorn the cheeks of babes.

The Woman Suffragists.

The Woman's Suffrage association of Pennsylvania began its twenty-seventh annual convention in the city of Lancaster yesterday. In her annual report the president referred in congratulatory terms to the rapid progress of the cause she and her sisters have at heart. During the last few years women have won more notable triumphs in various parts of the world, and it is very evident to those who have kept their eyes and ears open and who know somewhat concerning the trend of events that there can be but one outcome of the agitation which began years ago and which has never been abandoned for a single hour. Already it is almost universally admitted that whenever woman wants the ballot she will be enfranchised. The opponents of woman suffrage see their hope of defeating it, or at least of delaying it, upon the aversion which the great majority of the sex are believed to entertain toward that reform. In the United States women already have the ballot in Wyoming and Colorado, have it in the territory of Utah, and will have it in the state, the new constitution enfranchising them. In Wyoming women have voted now for so many years, and such uniform success has attended their participation in the business of governing, that universal suffrage is taken as a matter of course. It hasn't brought the millennium to Wyoming, but then, on the other hand, it hasn't been followed by the evils which the conservatives have predicted would inevitably follow such a bold defiance of what they regarded as the laws of nature. The experiment is too recent in the other states to furnish a basis for judgment, but there is no reason to suppose that any very marked harm will come to woman. And one thing is noticeable. Whenever she has the ballot parties are particular about the character of their candidates.

In some of the states woman has been granted municipal suffrage. In Pennsylvania she is wholly disfranchised, yet she may be a school director or a notary public. In England she has municipal suffrage and will soon vote for parliamentary candidates. In New Zealand she has equal privileges with her brother. Pennsylvania, where the German influence is still very strong, an influence which holds to the rigid subjection of woman is one of the most backward of our American states so far as the movement for universal suffrage is concerned. It is perfectly obvious that at the present moment a very large majority of both sexes in this state are opposed to making woman a voter. So the ladies who are meeting at Lancaster this week have no rose covered path of dalliance before them, but a stern and flinty road to travel. Nevertheless, in spite of existing prejudice, they are certain to win their battle. The stars in their courses fight against conservatism.

During the last year or two there has been a great uproar in the newspapers about "the new woman," and here and there a feminine fool—for man does not possess a monopoly of folly—itching after notoriety, makes a spectacle out of herself before angels and men. But not to this class belong the earnest minded, pure hearted women who desire the franchise for themselves and their sisters. They do not desire to unsex themselves, to usurp man's place in the world, to do anything that would diminish their womanly charm. But they see thousands of their sisters uneducated, compelled to earn their own living, and unprotected. Then they see the deference paid to the scum of the earth, because it has here and there a "new woman," and they thought that it wouldn't be an unwholesome idea to increase the power and the importance of the working women by giving them the ballot. Success attend their efforts.—*Altoona Tribune*.

How the Senses Drop to Sleep.

Now physicians and physiologists come to the front with the astounding statement that a man goes to sleep peacefully instead of altogether and simultaneously, as it were. That is, the senses do not all themselves untriedly and at once into a state of slumber, but cease to receive impressions gradually, one after the other. At first the sight ceases, and next the sense of taste loses its susceptibility to outward impression.

Even then, the individual being almost in a state of unconsciousness, three senses still remain in a condition of activity—smelling, hearing and thought. Gradually the sense of smelling goes, then hearing, and finally, with the lapse of thought, the entire body becomes completely asleep.

The physiologists have gone even further than this, and they say that the senses sleep with different degrees, of profundity. The sense of touch is the most easy to arouse, next that of hearing, then sight and taste, and smelling last.

Sleep steals on the body gradually, certain parts of muscles beginning to slumber before others. Slumber commences at the extremities, beginning at the feet and legs. That is why it is always necessary to keep the feet warm.

—*New York Press*.

At the Grocer's.

Parlor maid—"Give me a pound of tea."
Shopman—"Black or green?"
Maid—"Doesn't matter which; missus is blind."

Improving His Manners.

—Bobby—"Auntie, pass me the butter."
Auntie—"If what?"
Bobby—"If you can reach it."

For and About Women.

The sacrifices made by Mrs. Stanford, widow of the California Senator, for the maintenance of the university bearing the name of her dead son deserve the highest praise. Mrs. Stanford has been under a great strain in her commendable efforts to help the university. In speaking of this the other day, she said: "The nervous strain which I have been under the last two years has been very great. I wonder sometimes how much longer I will be able to endure it. But the happy faces of the students, the gratefulness of the parents, and the grand results following the last two years' work of the university have been and will be an inspiration to me to struggle on and try to carry out the wishes of my husband. If I can keep 1,000 students at the university I will be satisfied."

Skirts have lost nothing of their summer fullness, but the absence of stiffening, except at the bottom, makes them much more graceful. And, although the sleeves have the appearance of being somewhat smaller because of the different arrangement and less stiffening in the lining, there is no diminution in the actual size.

The most noticeable feature of the new bodice is the coat effect, which is given by an added basque from six to twelve inches deep, which falls below a very narrow belt. It is usually cut somewhat circular in shape, so the edge hangs in rounded folds, or plaited in full box plaits at the back.

The very large loops and bows so long attached to the neckbands of our gowns are discarded by fashion leaders, although still very popular with the majority of well-dressed women. The stock tie, with ends falling either from the back or directly under the chin, replaces, with the former minority, a fashion that has maintained for a long time an extraordinary popularity.

"Style is a mysterious quality." "It is one of the few desirable things that money cannot buy. A first class dressmaker may dress a woman artistically, but she cannot give her style."

"Style does not mean variety of apparel. It does not even mean richness of material. These things are welcome additions to it, but not essential. The best dressmaker, though she may do her utmost and greatly improve the contours by toning down a defect here and emphasizing a good point there, cannot make the form, the frame, over. It is in the poise of the head and the shoulders, the habitual way of moving, that the indescribable quality of personal style lies secreted. If the average woman of to-day were asked what good gift she would choose as a boon from a fairy godmother, provided she could have but one, there is no doubt that she would, on mature consideration, select style."

"Style outlives youth and good looks. It gives a woman an immense power of holding her own and carries off awkward predicaments. It makes its possessor, in the long run, often outshine a commonplace beauty, no matter how ever plain she may be individually. Style frequently renders a woman presentable in a shabby gown and is a gift that holds good for rain or shine, in hot or cold weather alike—one that once possessed never deserts its possessor."

"To analyze it completely is impossible. One can only get a hint, a suggestion of its inherent attributes here and there. But one thing is certain: to be well dressed and aware of it is decidedly 'not stylish.' The fundamental principle of style is to wear an old gown with the air of a princess and to wear a new one as if you had forgotten its newness. That is a safe rule to follow."

A girl's hair is one of her points of beauty, and it should never be neglected. Regular, steady brushing of the hair with a clean brush, fifty strokes before going to bed at night, twenty-five in the morning when dressing, will keep the hair thick, smooth, soft and lovely. Once a month at least the tips of the hair should be clipped off, just the merest tip ends at the edges, and once a month the head should be carefully washed with tepid water and soap, thoroughly rubbed and well dried.

If mamma has time to spare, this sort of care of her daughter's hair, she will be repaid by seeing rich and flowing tresses, or sisters may easily do it for one another. Do not cut your hair in bangs. It is very much prettier simply parted and combed back plainly, then braided in one or two long tails and tied with a ribbon. Avoid essences, oils and pigments; the hair needs only cleanliness and much brushing. Keep your hair-brush clean by frequently dipping it into a bath of hot water and ammonia and drying it in the sun. Everything used in treating the hair must be scrupulously neat.

In the new embroideries blue and white effects are very popular, and for these designs are copied from the Dresden "union patterns," from old delit plates—those introducing a windmill being especially liked—and from "willow ware." A beautiful center piece and dollies 12 inches square, to use under plates on the bare luncheon table, were copied from a rare old Hawthorne jar. They are very fine linen with a narrow hemstitched hem. The irregular, crinkle-like lines, which for all over-ground, are etched by fine lines of pale blue silk, while the flower petals are worked in long end short stitch with deeper blue.

Guipure lace will be largely used during the season together with its very antithesis, fur. Not only white lace is used, but other white stuff just as well; for instance, a curious gown of black broadcloth, trimmed with white (although it was not lace). The skirt is plain and ornamented with several rows of white stitching about the hem. The jacket is also beautifully stitched with white and with strapped seams. The novel feature is a waistcoat of white leather, with white pearl buttons and a bit of leather makes a cuff under the coat sleeve. White leather waistcoats are very much worn by English women. To return to our white laces; many black chapeaux are trimmed with it.