

Bellefonte, Pa., Feb. 7, 1896.

TENDER BUT NOT A LEGAL ONE. Written on the Back of a Twenty Dollar Confed erate Note.

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the waters below it,
As the pledge of a nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it dear friend, and show it;
Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale this trifle can tell,
Of a liberty born of the patriot's dream,
Of a storm cradled nation that fell.
Toomout to possess the precious over Tooppor to possess the precious ores, And too much of a stranger to borrow, We issued to-day our promise to pay, And hoped to redeem on the morrow,

And hoped to redeem on the morrow,
The days rolled by and the weeks became
years,
But our coffers were empty still;
Coin was-so scarce that the treasury 'd quake
If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong, indeed And our poverty well we discerned, And this little check represents the pay And this little check represents the pay That our suffering veterans earned. We knew it had hardly a value in gold, Yet as gold each soldier received it: It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay, And each Southern patriot believed it. But our boys thought little of peace or of pay, Or of bills that were overdue; We knew if it brought us our bread tc-day, "Twas the best our poor country could do. Keep it; it tells all our history over, From the birth of the dream to its last; Modest, and born of the angel Hope, Like our hope of success, it passed.

A PACKAGE OF OLD LETTERS.

At home once more! I call it my home. My mother had died when I was very young, and my father married again. When I was fourteen years of age my father died. leaving hardly property enough to support my step-mother and the two children that were here. Still, there was a sum set apart by my father's will for my education, and it had been placed in the hands of my Aunt Dorcas, who was to see that it was properly applied; and from that time I regarded my aunt as my protector and guide, and her house became my

In those other years there came a beautiful girl sometimes to see my mother, and after my father died she lived with my mother all the time. She was my step-mother's niece and her name was Leonora Carter. She was not only the most beautiful girl I had ever seen, but she was one of the

Time wore on, and my freedom day was close at hand. I had graduated with honor, and my aunt was delighted : and all that now remained was for me to select what profession I would follow, and go into preparation for it. During my stay at college I had corresponded with Leonora as often as was proper, and her love was the polar star of my ambition.

Three months before I left college, Leonora went away to visit a distant relative, and was gone until I had graduated. She returned a few days before I did. But you will understand that we did not return to the same town. I came home to my aunt's, while Leonora lived with my stepmother in the adjoining town. As soon as I got home I sat down and wrote a long letter to my love, telling her that I should be one-and-twenty in a very few days; that I was going into business for myself, and that I wanted her to be my wife.

I posted the letter and no answer came. I waited a week, and then I wrote again. I inquired if Miss Carter was at home. She was. I wrote a third letter; and at the end of a third week I was still without an answer.

In the meantime I heard something said about a young man of the name of John Walworth, who boarded with my stepmother. He and Leonora were very much together, it had been said. He was handsome and accomplished, and was doing an excellent business; and more than one mother had thought of him as a good match for her marriageable daughter. Good heaven's. Was it possible? I sat down and wrote once more. This letter I carefully posted myself, and I waited anxiously for a reply. I felt sure she would send me some sort of word.; but she did not. I waited a week and the last spark of hope died.

. I forgot to say that when I came home from college I found my cousin, Hitty, stopping with my aunt. She

One day my auat asked me to ride over to Berkley, and do some business for her. I told her I would, and at the same time I resolved that I would call at my stepmother's and see Leonora. While the grood was harnessing the horse Hitty declared that she would go with me. Aunt was willing, and I tunity, and I determined to embrace could not object. So away we went it. together, and as we rode through the village of Berkley we met Leonara. She was walking, and John Wolworth was by her side. I did not then re-flect that it was the dinner hour, and that Walworth might have accidentally fallen in with Leonors on his way to his meal. I only thought of my unanswered letters, and my soul was filled with jealousy of the most poignant kind. Hitty asked me what was ache, and she pitied me as only a girl was not even held by me as a friend like her can pity. And I thought, as The very first time I ever saw him, I I looked upon the happy face by my side, "Why not cast off the false love. and take this in its place? But it was more easily said than done. That old love was to deeply rooted to be cast

It was near the middle of the afternoon when I called at my stepmother's. the room. I know that Leonora was in the parlor as we came upto the yard, because I she cried. "Leonora and I shall see saw her arise and pass by the window; you open it." but she had left the room before I entered, and though I remained there an hour she did not make her appearance. I was in the parlor, and yet she avoid- and as I opened the envelope I dis-

I had lost her? I spoke with my stepmother about John Walworth, and she praised him

in extravagant terms.

waited upon us. There were two let- pentant.

ters for my cousin.
I looked at Walworth, and he lookthe look was not to be mistaken. What he detected in my face I cannot tell, though if he had thought I hated him, he would not have been far out of the way.

One day Mr. Dinsmore, a friend of my aunt, called to see us. He was going to Europe on business, to be gone several years; and he wanted a clerk. Would I go with him.

Eagerly I embraced the opportunity, and went away with Dinsmore, and three years, as I said at the beginning:

"At home once more !" There had been changes during my absence. I found Aunt Dorcas as well as eyer, but my stepmother had been home with my aunt. She was not the Leonora of old. I had left a rosvcheeked, bright-eyed, joyous maiden, and I found a pale, melancholy wo-man, who seemed to be suffering under

who found a home beneath aunt might be happy. And then she asked Dorcas' roof, and that Hitty; but she me to write only one line to her—just in the line, and when they had advanced Dorcas' roof, and that Hitty; but she was away on a visit.

When my aunt and I were alone I asked her about Walworth; and she told me he was dead. He died about a year after I went away. And that, I thought, was the cause of Leonora's sorrow.

After Leonora had gone to bed my aunt and I sat up and talked, and among other things she told me that John Walworth had left a bequest for

"A bequest for me?" I cried. "And what is it ?" "I cannot tell you," my aunt, re-

plied. "When Walworth had been told that he must die he sent for me to come and see him, as he had a message for me. If I could not come, he asked that I should send some one whom my nephew would have no hesitation in trusting. I could not go, so I sent Hitty, and he gave to her a small packet, bearing your name, and securely sealed, and he obtained from her a solemn promise that she would keep it faithfully, and deliver it into your hands when you returned." And that was all that I could learn from my aunt. For further particulars

I must await my cousins arrival. On the following morning Leonora met me as before; but I thought her eyes were brighter than then, and with the melancholy shadows upon her face were mingled slight gleams of hope. Could it be possible that, since the death of Walworth, the old love had come back to her? The thought was joy! But was it likely? During this second day I visited my

old friends in the village and, altogether, the time passed very pleasantly. Occasionally I would find myself thoughts of the mystery which I had attached to the strange looks I had detected upon Leonora's face; and more than once I fell into a reverie upon the subject of Walworth's bequest. When I went home to dinner my aunt informed me that she was going out to spend the afternoon and take tea with a friend; but Leonore, she said, would attend to my wante, and in all probability my cousin Hitty would be at home to help en-

liven the evening.

It was during this interview with my aunt that I learned that Hitty was soon to be married. Leonora was present when my aunt told me this, and I thought she watched my face with considerable anxiety; and I furthermore fancied that when she had seen me receive the intelligence not only with perfect composure, but with view of my cousin's good fortune' a load seemed lifted from her heart.

Evening came, at length. After tea I walked out and smoked a cigar, and when I came in I found Leonora alone in the parlor. My heart beat wildly; trunkful with the names of the hotels on but I succeeded in calming myself. I them. This is conclusive proof that asked her about my stepmother; and they have stopped at those houses, and asked her about John Walworth. She of hotels throughout the civilized world is to be envised as possessing a most indeath, and I could not discover that the subject was any more painful to her than had been that other subject disappear in towels in the eyes of the of my mother-in-law's passage to the world of spirits. Here was the oppor-

"Leonora, you must have suffered much when Walworth died ?"

She started. "Lionel-Mr. Drake! Why do you say that to me?" "I had thought," I answered, stum-

bling over my words in a confused manner, "that Walworth was something more to you than a friend." "Oh !" she cried, "what is there beneath the sun upon which suspicion cannot fix its cruel grasp! Walworth distrusted him; and though, from his living with my aunt, I was forced to

trusted him as I would a friend." Before I could recover from the state of astonishment into which this speech threw me, my cousin Hitty entered

treat him with respect, yet I never

"I'll give it to you on one condition,

I told her that they should, and she ran away to bring it. It was a small affair-seemingly nothing more than I did not ask for her. She knew that a package of papers. I broke the seals, ed me. Was it not clear enough that covered a second packet, also sealed, with the following written upon its

face : Lionel Drake-When you receive this I shall be no longer living. Death At the end of an hour I took my is at hand, and as I feel its icy touch I leave. Before calling for the horse am impelled to restore to you what is out a pull.

Hitty wished to go to the postoffice to your own. Within are letters which see if there were any letters there for I intercepted, hoping thereby to turn her, as she had intended, when she had the current of her love to myself. But left home, to spend some time at I failed. Leonora would not love me. We found the office in one Trusting that this revelation will encorner of John Walworth's store. He able you to win her, I am yours re-

JOHN WALWORTH. It would be impossible to describe ed at me. I fancied that he regarded the feelings with which I finished me with a feeling of triumph. In short, reading this. I opened the second packet, and there were mine to Leonora, and there were Leonora's to me. "Leonora," I said, "I find something here which belongs to you; and here are also letters belonging to me

which I have never read. Here is what John Walworth wrote to me." She took the letters, and I returned to my seat, and opened mine, reading them in turn according as they were

Oh, blessed letters! As I read them was gone three years. At the end of I cast my eyes towards her, and she was reading my first letter-the one in which I spoke of marriage.

In her second letter she wondered why I did not write. Was it possible two main offices and supply points for that I had forgotten her? Oh, no. the state, there would be a large crowd dead a year, and Leonora had found a home with my aunt. She was not the letter, written when she had waited finally adopted a rule among themselves three weary weeks for an answer to requiring all to form in line and take her last, she told me that he heart was crushed, and joy was no more for her. in line day and night to keep their She had heard of my love for my the weight of some great calamity. cousin Hitty, and though only sorrow
There was one other person who could be hers, yet she hoped we one line-that she might know her doom.

"Great heavens!" I gasped, "how that man's villainy has caused us to suffer! Leonora! Leonora! after these by those who have never had any such many years the veil is lifted, and we experience, but in the fall of 1849 an

all the while !" whole story, went away and left us by prised upon finding the girl nestling upon my bosom. Hitty returned to the they could get all their mail for the sevparlor, and I began to sober down.

"And now," cried Hitty, clapping her hands, "what a happy, happy time we will have. You and Leonora will be married on the same day with Charlie and me-won't you Lionel?' "You must ask Leonora about

that," I said, with a light laugh. York News.

A New Cure for Insomia.

The latest cure for insomnia is cheap, healthy and effacious. The remedy was suggested by an old doctor whom a despairing young man had gone to for advice. "Of course," said the doctor, "I could give you plenty of in the case of a young man, that is always to be avoided. The reason you cannot sleep is because your nerves are all unstrung. That does not necessarily mean that you must put your nervous system to sleep by the use of drugs. What you want is a mild excitement that will lift your nervous system out of the rut it has fallen into. conductor where the car is going to, short space of 24 hours, must turn with but just go along with the car. It will a velocity almost exactly equal to that surely come back sometime to the of the cannon ball. In short, its rate of is eight or ten miles long so much the better. One thing is certain, you will either sleep during the ride or as soon as it is over."

Hotel Kleptomaniaes. I was talking to a hotel clerk, and he said: Talk about kleptomaniaes at dry goods stores; they are scarcely a circum. stance to those at a first class hotel. People who will cheerfully pay \$5 a day for board will steal a 10 cent cake of soap and put themselves to a great deal a frank expression of thankfulness in of trouble to do it. But the principal things guests take are towels, and the collection of those articles has become a regular fad. They are taken as souvenirs of the hotel, and a lady who has traveled a great deal will have a whole trunkful with the names of the hotels on asked her about my stepmother; and then, summoning all my fortitude, I a person whose towels bear the marks of hotels throughout the civilized world teresting collection of mementos A few napkins are taken and occasionally spoons. Door keys and checks used to collector of hotel souvenirs .- Washing. ton Post.

-It was an hour or two past midnight and Mr. Jagway was fumbling about in the hallway, and muttering angrily to himself. "What's the matcalled out Mrs. Jagway, from the floor above. "There's two hatracks here," he answered, "an' I don't know which one to hang m' hat on." "You've got two hats, haven't you?" rejoined Mrs. Jagway; "hang them on both"

-It makes no difference how great a fool you may know a man is you will always have a high opinion of his intelligence after you discover that he admires you.

-Keep a bowl of oatmeal on the washstand, and, after washing the hands, dry them in the meal. skin will be kept white and smooth by this process.

Kitchen ware, exclusive of stoves and ranges, is protected by 1,747 patents. Patent needles and pins are made to the number of 175 different varieties.

-Why the great Czar of all Russia does not keep the la grippe in his own domain is a mystery. He keeps everything else he can lay his hands

-You can't get into the push with-

In the Days of 1849.

How the Mail was Distributed in California .-Miners Paid One Dollar for Every Letter Sent or Received-Speculators Who Sold Their Places in the Line for \$100 to \$300.

A well known patent attorney in this city, who was in California in the early mining days, apropos the publication in the Post of the cost of carrying mails on the Yukon, makes some interesting statements about similar service on the Pacific coast in 1849-50:

"We had to pay \$1 for every letter sent or received," he states, "besides the government postage. We were in the mines and had to send a messenger, with an order for the postmaster to deliver to him our mail at Sacramento, a distance of from 75 to 100 miles, according to the location of the camps. Parties made a business of carrying the mail and had regular routes around through the mining camps.

"At that time mail went by way of the Isthmus, there being but one steamer every three weeks. As a result, at San Francisco and at Sacramento, the the state, there would be a large crowd finally adopted a rule among themselves their turn, and hundreds stood or laid places, sometimes several days before they could be served, the line being formed days before the steamer arrived. ed near the door would sell their place to others from the mines, who were waiting, frequently getting from \$100 to \$300.

"Such a thing can hardly be believed know that our hearts have been true ox team driver got \$10 per day and board, Sundays being counted the same I remember that she hung on my as other days, while carpenters got from neck and that we laughed and wept | an ounce (\$16) to an ounce and a half by turns; and I remember that my per day, everything else costing in procousin when she had learned the portion, and hence the mail carriers for the mines could better afford to pay for ourselves; and I remember that when the position in line than to wait on exaunt Dorcas came she was much sur. pense and lose the time, they sometimes being kept waiting for a week before

eral camps.
"One of the curious sights was the sale of the New York papers. As soon as the steamer arrived a man or boy with a lot of papers would rush ashore, mount a box and just as fast as he could band out the papers and make change dispose of them at \$1 each. Of course "You'll say yes, won't you 'Nora?" tion with the States was then so slow and Leonora said "Yes."—New and the time required so great that to in time all this changed, but communicaus, isolated as we were from home and friends and the whole outside world, it seemed almost an eternity."—Ex.

How Fast the Earth Moves. Everybody knows that the earth makes one complete revolution on its axis once in each 24 hours. But few, however, have any idea of the high rate drugs that would put you to sleep, but of speed at which such an immense bal must turn in order to accomplish the feat of making one revolution in a day and a night. A graphic idea of the terrific pace which the old earth keeps up year after year may be had by comparing its speed to that of a cannon ball fired from a modern high pressure gun. The highest velocity ever attained by the only town in the country without great credit. She is under 25 years old such a missile has been estimated at 1,626 feet per second, which is equal to The best thing in the world to do that a mile in 3 2-10 seconds. The earth, in is a trolley ride. Don't even ask the making one complete revolution in the point where you took it. If the rout speed at the equator is exactly 1,507 feet per second. This is equal to a mile every 3 6-10 seconds, 17 miles a minute.—St. Louis Republic.

Weighing a Pencil Mark.

Scales are now made of such a nice adjustment that they will weigh anything, to the smallest hair plucked from the eyebrow. They are triumphs of mechanism, and are enclosed in glass cases, as the slightest breath of air would impair their records. The glass cases have a sliding door, and as soon as the weight is placed in the balance the door slides down. Two pieces of paper of equal weight can be placed in the scales, and an autograph written in pencil on either piece will cause the other side to ascend, and the needle which indicates the division of weight. even to the ten-millionth part of a pound and less will move from its perpendicular. A signature containing nine letters has been weighed and proved to be two milligrams, or the fifteen thousand five hundredth part of a Troy ounce.

Noah's Business.

While teaching a class of girls in a chool recently, the master asked the

following question . "What was Noah supposed to be dong when the animals were going into the ark ?" He received several answers. At last

little girl put up her hand.
"Well," he said, "what do you say?" "Taking the tickets, sir."

Took Him at His Word.

Employer (to new office boy) - If any one calls, James, be sure and remember that I am not in. (Half an hour later) Didn't you hear me call, you young rascal? James-Yes, sir, but I t'ought yer

wasn't in.

Malicious.

A .- Tom must have had an awful cold when he became engaged. B.-Why? A. - Because when one has a cold one has no taste.

An Obliging Officer.

On the door of Fries' drug store is a sign, "Please close the door." Just under it is another sign, "Closed by the Sheriff.—Florida Times-Union.

-With a woman it is a struggle to provide something for the inner man, and with a man it is an effort to provide something for the outer woman.

-People are generally judged by their mistakes, -Uncle Dick.

Smallest Oxen in the World.

One of the greatest curiosities among the domesticated animals of Ceylon is a breed of cattle known to the zoologist as the "sacred running oxen." They are the dwarfs of the whole ox family, the largest specimen of the species never exceeding 30 inches in height. One sent to the Marquis of Canterbury in the year 1891, which is still living and believed to be somewhere near 10 years of age, is only 22 inches high and weighs but 109½ pounds. In Ceylon they are used for quick trips across country with express matter and other light loads, and it is said that four of them can pull the driver of a two wheeled cart and a 200-pound load of miscellaneous matter 60 or 70 miles a day. They keep up a constant swing-ing trot or run, and have been known to travel 100 miles in a day and night without food or water. No one knows anything concerning the origin of this peculiar breed of miniature cattle. They have been known on the island of Ceylon and other Buddhistic countries for more than a thousand years. One story told to account for their origin is to the effect that they were originally cattle of the ordinary height and bulk; but a Buddhist priest was was once imprisoned in a stone building, one-half of which was used as a cattle stable. During the night he managed to dislodge one of the stones in his prison walls. The stone in question was exactly two and a halt feet square. It was almost daylight when this apostle of Buddha felt the air rush through the opening he had made and realized that he was all but free. He knew that he would be unable to get out of the enemy's country on foot, so he/ prayed that he might be provided with a beast of burden that would safely car after they were freshly gathered. ry him to the homes of the followers of Buddha. No soon had he done this been quietly feeding in a stall at his side walked leisurely to the 30 inch square opening and miraculously passed through it. The priest followed and mounted the now sacredly dwarfed ox. -London Public Opinion

Curious Condensations.

Brazil grows half the coffee crop of

There are three times as many widows as widowers.

Many of the best English jockeys arn over \$500 a week. In the time of Henry VIII, there were only ten surgeons in his domin-

The production of whiskey in Kentucky in November and December, 1895, was double that of the same period in 1894.

The record of embezzlements in the United States last year revealed losses of only \$10,000,000, compared with \$25,000,000 in 1894 and \$19,000,000 in Great Britain owns 2,570,000 square

miles of territory in Africa, an area almost equal to that of the United States. In Egypt the natives believe that crocodiles cry and moan like men in distress, in order to attract and make a prey of the unwary.

Despite its feminine name, Aliceton, Wis., has the distinction of being the been exhibited in European salons with one woman inhabitant.

An Irishmen, a witness in a case in which a man had been shot from behind a hedge, on being questioned, the following dialogue took place:
Judge—"Did you see the shot fired?"

Pat-"No, yer honor, but I heard

Judge-"Indeed! but that evidence

won't satisfy me."
Pat left the box, but before leaving the court he turned his back to the Judge and indulged in a hearty roar of laughter. He was immediately brought back for contempt of court.

Judge-"What did you laugh for ?" Pat-"Did you see it ?" Judge-"No, but I heard it."
Pat-"Well indade yer honner, yere

vidence won't satisfy me. The Judge took the joke in part, and Pat left the court amid the giggles of the crowd.

Windproof.

San Francisco Argonaut. A farmer in the Kansas cyclone district was building a stone wall. He was putting it there to stay, building it 5 feet across the base and 4 feet high. A stranger came riding by, and seeing the care the farmer was taking said to him, "You seem to be mighty careful about that wall." "Yep, replied the farmer, "I'm er building her to stay." "Taiu't no use," replied the stranger. 'it'll blow over just the same."
'Waal, let her blow over, she'll be a foot higher, it she does," replied the farmer, continuing his work.

A Victim of the New Journalism.

"Who gave you away when you vere married?' "The press."

Saying which she fetched several large scrap books and reverted with especial bitterness to the newspaper dis. cussions of the hosiery in her trousseau

First Tramp-All I have in the world is a counterfeit quarter. Second Tramp-And all I have is plugged dime. Both-Let's hold a monetary confer-

A Bit of Finance.

Defined Again.

ence.

A Mystery.

Watts-Statesman Witts says he never pays any attention to the papers. Potts-So? Wonder how he gets hold of all his jokes.

The leap year girl should learn to pay the bills like a little man.

For and About Women

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam called her woe-man;
But when she woo'd with love so kind.
He then pronounced it woo-man.
But now with folly and with pride
Their husbands' pockets brimming,
The ladies are so full of whims
The people call them whim-men.
--The Golden Penny,

The smaller the child the larger the

The bigger the buttons the smaller the garment.

A green velvet bolero smartens up an old black frock.

The newest bonnet is a quaint but modernized poke, with broad ribbons tying under the chin in a large bow having long ends.

The Tam O'Shanter crown is larger and even more conspicuous than at the beginning of the season. The latest Tam crown is in gray velvet, studded with brilliant jewels.

A novel theatre hat is a three-cornered Napoleonic affair. It is soft and graceful and made of white velvet powdered with fine gold spangles. A fluffy lace rosette and one gold aigrette forms the trimming.

Flowers that have been worn until they are badly faded may be restored by placing the stems in hot water. After this treatment they will sometimes keep fresh and beautiful almost as long as those placed directly in the water

It is a mistake to place a fine specithan one of the large oxen which had men plant, loaded with buds or blossoms, in a dry warm room without supplying some arrangement for the nec essary moisture. A plant taken from its customary quarters and mounted on a wire s'and or table or pedestal, with its porous pot exposed to the air, will soon becomes odry that the flowers will fade and the buds blast before we realize its danger.

> Wide, gauntle cuffs, deeply slashed and heavily buttoned, are common. They have a military aspect wholly at variance with puff sleeves and feather boas. The short cape is a universal favorite, on account of the use with which it goes on over big sleeves. A fluffy fur colar makes the outlines of the face look softer. Big buttons and enormous plaids make a little woman look smaller.

> "Tailor gown" no longer spells simplicity. One of the prettiest is a rough, hairy blue cloth, made up with novelty velvet in the bodice front, in gay colors of the rainbow sort; and rows of little cellow buttons, set in groups of three, shine like gold up and down the blue front to either side of the velvet and on the sleeves.

Mrs. Theodore Alice Ruggles Kitson, vife of H. H. Kitson, the well known Boston sculptor, has completed with her own hands a number of statues, statuettes and busts, several of which have and first exhibited her works in the

Paris salon in 1888. White linen cases for party slippers are offered at the art shors finished to be worked. They are long scarfs, wider than the slippers, which they will several times infold. They are usually embroidered in some small flower design and bound with white silk braid. After the dainty slippers are stuffed with cotton to keep their shape and wrapped in tissue paper they are rolled in linen cases and thus completely cared

In the present mode of bair dressing little or no false hair is worn, except in cases where a woman likes a little bunch of curls at the sides. The undulating style is the thing, and to produce this the hair is waved all through its thickness, gathered up at the back loosely and made to form a soft knot, somewhat in the shape of a figure 8. It is drawn out a little at feach side to cover the tip of the ears and to produce a wide outline. The "fringe" has been almost entirely discarded and only a few soft, loose, rings of hair are allowed to stray on the forehead. There is a great deal of comment on the American fashion of dressing the hair. Foreigners express some surprise at the trim, snug way American women brush their hair back. It will not be a great while until curls will be in fashion again, and some dressy coiffures have one to three long loose curls at the back of the neck. A simple becoming arrangement is to part the hair in the middle, brush it over the temples, wave it from a point about even with the eyebrows, then roll it loosely back, twist the hair into a soft knot, fasten it with jeweled pins and let a single, very thick wavy tress fall over the shoulders.

Capes lose none of their favor as the season advances, in spite of the aggressive sway of smart coats and jackets at cut-rate prices. Capes are so very adaptable to all sorts of gowns, and are the kindest things in the world to the big sleeves, whose beauty is entirely ruined by once crushing into the coat sleeve. The new plaid velvets are employed in the making of some of the smart new capes, and as a result some strikingly rich garments are turned out. A charming little affair, scarcely reaching to the waist and as flaring as an umbrella, is made of plaid velvet in small checks, showing tints of dull old Advertising is the art of attracting blue, gold and tobacco brown. It is Advertising is the art of attracting attention to your business in such a softly lined with a tich procaue, attention to your business in such a softly lined with a tich procaue, attention to your business and your business of faded flowers scattered over it. A with a band of black marabout, while another band encircles the thoat. giving it a lovely finish.

"Women," said he, oracularly, to her, "are rarely good listeners. And the prespective mother in-law in the ballway only applied her ear a little

closer to the keyhole and smiled grimly.