

Bellefonte, Pa., March 6, 1896.

BRAVEST BATTLE EVER FOUGHT.

The bravest battle that ever was fought! Shall I tell you where and when? On the maps of the world you will find it not; 'T was fought by the mothers of men. Nay, not with cannon, or battle shot, With sword, or nobler pen, Nay, not with eloquent word or thought, From mouth of wonderful men. But deep in a walled up woman's heart— Of woman that would not yield, But bravely, silently bore her part— Lo! there is that battlefield. No marshaling troops, to bivouac songs; No banner to gleam and wave; But, oh! these battles they last so long— From babyhood to the grave! Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars, She fights in her walled-up town— Fights on and on in the endless wars, Then silent, unseen—goes down. O ye with banners and battle shot, And soldiers to shout and praise, I tell you the kindest victories fought Were fought in these silent ways. O, spotless woman in a world of shame With splendid and silent scorn, Go back to God as white as you came, The kindest warrior born.—Joanquin Miller.

PENELOPE PAINES ELOPEMENT.

At thirty, one is popularly supposed to have arrived at years of discretion, and to be fairly in possession of one's faculty of choice. In the case of every accepted truth, which may have become axiomatic to the rest of humanity, there are always those who reject, or affect to reject, its teachings. A very sturdy opponent to the proposition first set down was Phineas Paine, a hard-headed and successful grocer in the town of Caresville. Mr. Paine, it is true, did not deny the proposition generally, but he signified his denial by his conduct toward his daughter, Penelope, who had arrived at the age mentioned in single blessedness. If there ever was a woman in the end of the nineteenth century who had cause for complaint on the score of repression, it was Penelope Paine. Her mother had died when she was five years of age, and her father, possessed by the idea that he knew how to bring up a child right, had immediately begun the systematic course of repression that made his daughter a demure, timid little girl, and a meek, spiritless woman. He had kept down all her youthful joyousness by straight-laced rules of deportment of any natural tendency. People looking at her would say: "That girl looks as if she had been boxed up all her life." And, in a measure, she had been. But Penelope, prim as she was, grew to be a fair woman to look at, and, in spite of the difficulty of approach, she had many stealthy admirers. The grocer was, in his way, a social man. That is, he liked to have some one to listen while he gave his views and opinions, and at first young men would affect to be coming to see him. But the moment they were so imprudent as to let it leak out that Penelope was the real object of their attentions, they were summarily dismissed. "Just won't have it," the old man would say. "Young folks don't know what's good for themselves, and they need the guidance of some older head to keep 'em out of mischief." Penelope never seemed to care much about her beaux or the loss of them until Ned Holborn began going there. He kept a feed store and was a brother Odd Fellow with the grocer, so the old man liked him pretty well. Penelope was clerking in the grocery, as she had been doing ever since she was old enough to tie up a package of sugar, but she always left an hour earlier than her father, so as to be at home and get her meals for him, for Mr. Paine's hard-hearted frugality forbade his keeping "a girl," albeit, he was abundantly able to do so. It was during these happy intervals of time, when Penelope was entirely alone, that Ned Holborn was wont to steal a few minutes away from his store and unceremoniously drop in for a short chat. It was the first of such pleasure that the girl had ever known, and these stolen moments had come to be inexpressibly sweet to her. She knew that her father would not have approved of this intimacy between Holborn and herself, and for that reason, at first, she took a shy delight in it. For with all his repression the hard-hearted grocer had not succeeded in crushing out of his daughter the touch of romance which is in the nature of every woman. But there came a time when there was more than the romantic secrecy of the affair to give it charm. The intimacy had ripened into love. The young man had placed his honest affection in the keeping of the quiet, demure girl, and she had given her heart unreservedly in return. And as the days went on the stolen meetings grew sweeter and sweeter to both, and Philip Paine measured his pickles and weighed his pounds in blissful ignorance of what was passing. But the state of affairs got to the ears of a jealous rival of Holborn, and a word to the unexpecting grocer brought him up staidly. The scales fell from his eyes, and shortly after the lovers were surprised to see him walk into the house in the midst of one of their tete-a-tetes. Of course there was a scene. The old man stormed and Penelope wept, but staunch Ned Holborn stood up like a man and "faced the music." He told the old man that he loved his daughter, that his love was returned, and she had promised to wed him,

and the end of it all was his dismissal from the house and a peremptory command never to return.

And Phineas Paine was grieved, for after all these years of confidence his system had proved to be at fault. In spite of all his repression he found that his daughter was not well brought up, and when she had been put to the test had fallen signally.

After this the old man was his daughter's shadow. He never allowed her to leave his side. Necessity checkedmate frugality, and he hired a house girl to take care of his furniture and get his meals.

In vain poor Holborn sought for a chance to talk with his sweetheart. She was as effectually shut away from him as if she had been intured within in the four walls of a convent. Ned groaned in spirit, and the grocer chuckled within himself.

But no one state of affairs can last forever, least of all such a strained one as this. It has been said before that Mr. Paine was an enthusiastic Old Fellow, and it was his devotion to the duties of that order that first made him relax his vigilance. It was to be a banner night, with the initiation of some ten or a dozen candidates as its leading feature, and in the depth of his innermost soul the old man longed to go. But prudence said no. Painfully he argued it out with himself. Was his duty to the lodge less important than his duty to his daughter?

Then visions of the society in session and the frightened candidates came before his eyes. He laughed to himself, for this hardened old tyrant had not lost all his taste for fun. But Penelope, passing through the room, made him sober again as he thought of all the possibilities that might arise from leaving her alone. Then his apologetic mind said: "One might not do any harm. You can leave her alone this one time and, after all, Ned Holborn will be at the meeting, too; he'll want to see the men initiated." He hesitated and was lost, and, after seeing Penelope securely locked in, he set off for his lodge.

But love has won the reputation of laughing at locksmiths, and, embodied in the person of Ned Holborn, he went knocking at Penelope's window. Something in the character of the tap or some subtle intuition which only love inspires told her who he was, and she forgot her timidity enough to raise the sash and opened the shutter a little.

"It's me—Ned," uttered the ungrammatical Holborn, eagerly, and there was a note of pleading in his voice as he added: "It's our only chance, darling. Get your hat and climb out of the window. I've got a chair here for you to get down on."

"You won't refuse me, little one," he pleaded. "This will be our last chance, and if we let it slip us we shall be separated forever, dear. You can trust me, dearest, don't hesitate any longer."

Penelope went away from the window for a moment, and when she returned she had her hat tied on, and a shawl thrown about her shoulders. Her heart was beating very swiftly as she stepped out of the window on to the chair and into the arms of her waiting lover. Holborn was a thorough-going fellow, and he had his buggy waiting at the fence. They got in, he exultant, and the girl all tremulous, and away they went across the river to the old minister, who was already famous for marrying runaway couples from three counties.

In the meantime, the grocer, not finding Holborn, who was a regular and devoted attendant at the lodge meeting, had grown uneasy and suspicious. A vague foreboding, which gradually grew into a terrible fear, filled his mind. When he could endure his suspense no longer he was excused and started for home. He had hardly entered the yard when an open shutter flapping listlessly on its hinges, attracted his attention, and his heart sank within him. Penelope, he thought, would never leave a shutter that way under any conditions. The key gave a hollow lonesome sound as he turned it in the lock, and the sound of his footsteps on the floor was altogether weird and unusual.

"Penelope," he called, with a trembling voice, "oh, Penelope!" But only the echoes answered him, and the unwelcome truth forced itself upon him that Penelope was gone. He went outside, and, sitting down upon the step, bowed his head in his hands. Just then the sound of wheels fell on his ears, and a buggy was driven up and halted at the gate.

Then a man helped a woman to alight. The grocer recognized her, and ran down the steps, crying: "Penelope, Penelope, ain't you ashamed—you've been riding!" But here the voice of Holborn broke in: "We're married," he said.

"Well, well, Penelope Paine—" "Holborn," said Ned, proudly. "Penelope," went on the old man, ignoring his son-in-law. "I would never have thought it of you."

The girl was silent, frightened and tearful. "And you, Ned Holborn, to think of you being a brother in the same lodge and all of that, and then playing me such a trick!" "I guess I'm able to keep a wife," said the young man, sullenly. "Able to keep her, able to keep her? That ain't it! It's the way you got her. Penelope Paine, and after all the raising I've been giving you, do you realize what you have done? You've been guilty of eloping, eloping, do you hear?"

"That's all right, father-in-law," said Holborn. "Penelope's past thirty now, and she'll soon come to know her own mind. When she comes to know it I hope she won't change; if she doesn't she'll never regret this elopement," and he kissed her.—Buffalo News.

—Read the WATCHMAN.

Colorado Mines.

Crowds Pouring Into the State Looking for Riches.

If anybody has the idea that there is a slackening of the boom in Colorado he need but station himself at any railroad depot in Denver, Colorado Springs or Pueblo for an hour or two to have a grand disabuse of such thought. Crowds, crowds, crowds, for everywhere, but all going to the mines. They are coming from the East, from the West, from the North and from the South, but all are making from one objective point. They started from home with the intention of going to Cripple Creek, for that is the tallman just at present, but before they reach their destination they learn that there are other places. They will go to Cripple Creek, but they will not all remain there. Thousands will soon branch off to other camps, and by the time the regulation prospector thinks of starting for the hills, these new-comers will have so covered the land that nothing will be left for the old fellows but disgust and staked claims.

It would be amusing were it not sad to see these hundreds and thousands of deluded mortals flocking after the ignis fatuus which flits before them, leading them on to—despair. No, not exactly that, for the true prospector never desponds. These people will get the fever which leaves a sequel, a madness. They will be disappointed often, but they will never despair of eventually finding the gold mine that is to make them rich. They have left Mary and the babies back in the old home, and will send for them or go back to them in a few weeks—just as soon as they strike a good claim—and then how happy they will be. That is the hope. And that hope never leaves them. The time is long and the days drag slowly to Mary, waiting back yonder, but it never drags to the man in the hills. He may strike it to-morrow or next day, and then!

It is a peculiarity about prospecting when a man gets into it, it chains him and keeps him there. Now and then a man breaks away, but there is always a feeling that he can go back and get a mine if he tries right hard. He is going back some day, so he tells his friends. But he never does. Something always interferes. He never gets quite ready. He would like to go back home to Mary and the babies, but he leaves a thousand in the mountains who do not go back. Sometimes he gets word that Mary has died while waiting for him to send for her. Then he works harder than ever for the babies, who are taken care of by grand-ma. But the babies do not draw him as Mary did, so he forgets to go back, and stays by the old, gray-headed man trudging over the mountains looking for a gold mine, and the babies are grown men and women back in the States, who have no recollection of a father since their mother died and quit talking about him.

This is not a very cheerful thought when looking at these thousands of eager, strong men, who are flocking to the mines, but to one who has seen all the phases of mining and prospecting life there is nothing cheerful in these crowds of deluded men. It is incessantly sad, because it is draining the country of its life-blood and pouring it down into the holes in the mountains, where it does no good to either the mountains or the country. Yes, it is true that some of these men will get rich, but it strikes a mine. And that is where the trouble comes in. Every time there is a strike it gives these men new life. It tells them to go on and on. But it does not tell the world of the hundreds who have died of exposure, of hunger, of neglect, and who they have been trying to make something for Mary and the babies.

Still the crowds are going. Nothing will stop them. They must see for themselves. They see the old gray-bearded fellow with his pack on burro, but they do not know that the old fellow came out here 20 or 30 years ago just as full of ambition and life and vigor as these new-comers, nor do they know that he has been prospecting all this time and has never made a living at it. He has sold a claim or two to some tenderfoot, but it never paid for the work done to get it. But the crowds are coming and Colorado is getting quite an increase in her population.

A Boston Girl's Retort.

At a card party in the Northwest a few evenings ago a cross-eyed man was posing as a man who knew it all, giving his positive opinions on every subject in a loud voice, and otherwise making himself a general nuisance. A Boston girl was particularly annoyed at the cordly air he assumed, and the attacks he had made on some of her pet theories. She made up her mind to bowl him over if she ever got a chance.

It came sooner than expected. A few minutes later the Boston girl was the partner of the cross-eyed man, who immediately proceeded to give elaborate instructions as to how certain cards should be played to insure them the game. He finished by saying: "Now go ahead, Miss Black Bay, and remember I have my eye on you." She never looked up, but in the most innocent way imaginable said: "Which eye, Mr. Jones?" It broke up the party.

Anybody May Dance.

Bob Burdette answers this question in his usual unique fashion: "May a Christian dance? Of course he may. He might swear and lie, too, but it would not make him a better Christian. Surely, Christian, you may dance, but dancing will never identify you as a Christian. What puzzles us is that you ask the question so often. Christian, who don't dance never ask it. Yes, Christian, dance, if you can't live without it. Join hands of the Salome, Herodias and Herod, and circle to the left. But don't be surprised if you are taken for a goat. This is the side they are on."

Hurry and Worry.

"I felt so nervous, mamma," said a little girl the other day, referring to an accident which had happened. "What do you mean by being nervous, my dear?" "Why, mamma, it's just like being in a hurry all over."—Cleveland World.

Adulterated Milk.

Secretary Edge of the state board of health, recently made a statement as to what constitutes adulterated milk. It will perhaps be interesting to many of our readers, and the statement is therefore quoted as follows:

"When its specific gravity as compared with pure distilled water at 1,000 varies from 1,029 to 1,085 or when it has more than 87 per cent. of water or when it contains less than 12 per cent. of solids, or when it has less than 3 per cent. of fat. The law of our State which furnishes us with a standard for milk recognizes three tests, viz: Specific gravity, solids and fat; neither one of these should be taken alone, although from the letter of the law, conviction might be secured upon either, and conviction should only be had upon a failure in at least two of the tests, but it may be assumed that milk which fails in any one of them will also fail in another and most likely in all of them. The first test made in the law is that of specific gravity which depends upon the amount of water in the milk. Pure distilled water as taken as the standard with specific gravity of 1,000, and careful tests have proved that the mixed milk of ten or twelve cows will have a specific gravity varying from 1,029 to 1,032. If the milk of single cows, only, is tested the variation may be greater than this, but this standard is about fair for mixed milk if tested at a temperature of sixty degrees Fahrenheit. Similar tests have clearly proven that such mixed milk should not show less than 87.5 per cent. of water and 12.5 of solids and that of the latter amount not less than three should be fat.

It naturally follows that the more water there is added to the milk the more the specific gravity will reach the 1,000 mark, and the lower the percentage of solids and the lower the amount of fat, and it also just as naturally follows that the less water there is the greater will be the percentage of solids, and it is also found that any rise in solids is followed by a corresponding rise in the percentage of fat. It would therefore seem to follow that while any one of the standards set up by our state law should not be taken as conclusive, yet it is evident that a failure in either is suspicious and that a failure in two or three is positive proof of guilt.

That our law is quite generous in fixing these standards appears to be proven by the fact that I have among my records at the office of the department those of the analyses of 1889 miscellaneous samples of milk, which show an average of 13.47 of solids and 4.14 of fat. This gives the dairyman practically one per cent. of fat for a margin before the product may be declared adulterated.

The remainder of the question as to "how milk is adulterated" is somewhat difficult to answer. Of course the most common form of adulteration is the addition of water and this is among the forms of adulteration most readily detected under our law. The addition of water affects all three of the standards set up by the law; it affects the specific gravity of the amount of fat. A very common form of adulteration is that of skimming the night's milk and mixing the skim milk with the new milk of the next morning's milking and the advantages are two fold—it secures a lot of cream for sale to the customers who want it and does not materially diminish the amount of milk to be sold. It probably affects the specific gravity of the mixture. This is the least of the methods usually practiced, but it of course affects and reduces the percentage of fat and also reduces the amount of solids. In such cases the specific gravity test might fail to properly show the mixture, but unless the article was above the average the amount of solids and fat might be reduced below the standard required by law. In a recent test of various samples of milk by the department a sample having a specific gravity of 1,034.9 had but 1.95 per cent. of cream. The milk was plain; it had been skimmed and the skim milk added to the new milk of the next milking."

Might Be a Modern Moses.

With its little face all aglow with pleasure, a baby floated down the creek in a resin box at Mt. Carmel, Friday morning, coming no one knows where, and landed into the arms of a kind-hearted farmer who refused to give his name, but took the little one to his home, which he said is near Elysburg.

The baby is apparently eight weeks old and is perfectly healthy. Disposed by some unhappy mother who probably desired to rid herself of her offspring because its advent had been unwelcome this little one had been placed in a box that had been carefully prepared for it, and put into the dirty waters of the creek to float whither it might. But fate had been kind to the little one.

The farmer noticed several boys watching the box, as it floated down the creek, and wondering as to its contents, started an investigation, which resulted in his lifting the babe out of its nest, where it had lain comfortably taking its morning meal from a bottle. The farmer said he had but one child, a daughter 22 years old, and as the infant was a boy he would adopt it.

He refused to give his name, but with the child carefully wrapped in an old overcoat, which he had in his wagon, started for home in Elysburg.—Shamokin Herald.

Waterfall of Red Wine.

A red wine cascade will flow constantly during the California state exposition, at Madison Square Garden, New York, next May. The exposition engineers estimate that the flow will amount to 5,000 gallons a minute. The source of this flow will be 45 feet above the main floor of the amphitheater, while the base will be some 14 feet above the floor, leaving room for grooves of sandstone and crystal rocks. The stream of wine will fall in one solid body a distance of 20 feet. It will be illuminated at night with incandescents lights.

Long Wagon Bridge in Texas.

The longest wagon bridge in the world is situated at Galveston, Tex. It is more than three miles long and spans the Galveston Bay from north to south.

Latest from Cuba.

The Local Press is Very Bitter Against the United States.—Planters Told to Grind Corn. Troops Landed Daily and Sent to Matanzas Provinces after Maceo and Gomez. Correspondents Deprived of Passes—Writers Investigated Outrages.

HAVANA, February 29, via KEY WEST, FLA., March 1.—Since the attitude of Congress on the belligerency question has become plain the feeling against Americans here has greatly increased. The seizure of the Bermuda allayed the feeling for a few days, but it is now more intense than ever. The Spaniards blame the United States for all the present troubles. The local press is bitter. The fact that the insurgents discriminate in favor of property of Americans adds to the hostile sentiment. Already there is talk by extreme Spaniards of making a demonstration against the United States. The volunteers are most rabid. The captain general assured the consul general some weeks ago that the regulars would be held in readiness to protect Americans against the Spanish volunteers should the emergency arise. The absence of an American warship is greatly deplored. The moral effect alone would be great. Only those knowing the explosive character of the Latin race can appreciate the situation. Newspapers here are not permitted to publish the speeches, text of resolutions in Senate and House, or the truth about impending action. Through private dispatches only the fact leaked out that the Senate has acted. As the situation is realized the feeling grows. It is impossible to predict the result. Americans are fleeing from all parts of the Island to Havana.

Planters ordered to grind cane by the government, and told to provide their own protection have no recourse save flight. The rebels threaten to destroy mills and kill the owners. Gomez and Maceo applied the torch to plantations in Matanzas preparing to grind. A planter has been hanged within eight miles of Havana. The insurgents have overrun the entire province to occupy small towns twelve miles away. Troops are being landed daily and sent to Matanzas provinces after Gomez and Maceo. It is probable other troops will be sent from Spain after the 17,000 enroute have landed. It is impossible to form an accurate estimate of the number of insurgents. It is certainly not as great as probably much greater than at the beginning of last month. Weyler is exerting every effort to check depredations and decrease the ranks of the enemy. He was urged to issue a proclamation declaring all bandits who failed to surrender in fifteen days. He will probably not take such action, owing to the attitude of the United States.

General Weyler began an investigation of the Guatanos horror immediately after its publication by the American press. He had interviews with the Marquis Crevecoeur, Captain Calvo and others implicated. There is little doubt that examples will be made, now that the truth has been revealed. Other instances have occurred in which Weyler relied upon reports of subordinates and refused to investigate. In the Canaleja affair, where seventeen prisoners were taken from the field after the battle and shot down in cold blood, Weyler sent General Canella, who commanded, back to Spain. Weyler undoubtedly regrets these occurrences. He realizes the effect abroad and has ordered the generals to prevent a repetition.

On the Arms Now

A New Freak of Fashion That Raised a Row in the Family.

"Lord help us!" cried the father of the family as he stared aghast at some of the wonderful creations that looked like skeletons of small sized balloons in muslin covered whalebone which stood on his wife's dressing table. "Those things again?"

"What things?" asked the good wife placidly. "Those cantankerous, confounded bustles. Are you going to raise humps on your back again like the dredgemonger of the desert? Can't a fellow come home at night without getting entangled once more, as he used to do, in those 'kerfummies' that you used to hang on the back end of your costume? I never see such things as women anywhere. You'll be havin the Grecian belt next, I suppose."

"My dear," said the unabashed nineties, "that's the latest thing out in sleeves. You've no idea how nice and light they are. It may be that they will make our sleeves a little larger, but they will save us the trouble of carrying around a heavy load of stuffing and stiffening. Now don't be unreasonable, dear. I never did see such creatures as men for finding fault. Hi there!"

But the father of the family had kicked the new invention out of the window, and his better nine tenths had to send the servant girl out to rescue them from passing barbarians. But she did it quietly, never losing the placidity which is the accompaniment of true greatness.—New York World.

Another Combination.

Bituminous Coal Operators and Railroad Unites.

Recently the Beech Creek, Huntingdon & Broad Top, Baltimore, Norfolk & Western, Chesapeake & Ohio, and the West Virginia Central railroad companies with the bituminous coal operators formed an agreement for the maintaining of prices and the restriction of tonnage for the ensuing year. This action was deemed necessary owing to the fact that the bituminous coal trade has been in a chaotic state for some time past, and many of the operators have worked their mines at a loss. The competition has been very great, and as business began to fall off prices were reduced, and in this way the cutting grew from bad to worse.

A Chicagoan Gibe.

"I see they're going to change the name of Wall street," said Mr. Putsaull. "Is that so?" "Yes. They're going to call it Wall street."

"What a crying shame!"—Chicago Journal.

For and About Women.

A pretty way to assign partners at a card party is to have two baskets of flowers, one filled with tiny nosegays of different kinds of flowers, the other with boutonnières containing the same kind of flowers. Those who have posies that match are to be partners. Another way is to provide two sets of cards with one line of quotation on one card and the other part on another card. Those to be partners are those having the complete quotation.

In silk trimming fabrics, to which will probably be added the gauze and grenadine ribbons, becoming very fashionable at present, are shown swiveled gauze strewn with dots or shot through with stripes; gauze, gaufré, come with ground perforated in different styles with grenadine effects; full-print gauze chine, both plain and creped. Not many fancy feathers are seen, beside a few quills in changeable colors, with quill covered with dark shaded down.

In flowers of cream lace different fancy forms are seen. Large quantities of black and colored lace tulle, gauze and crepes are used for the flower collection, from which it would appear that great reliance is placed on them.

A decidedly novel article is the "Ex-centric" buckle for ladies' leather belts. This buckle has, at the back, a metal cylindrical clamp with roughened surface and with its axis placed eccentrically, thus forming a device that gives positive adjustment at any desired point and does away with all eyelets, hooks, tongues and slides. The buckles are obtainable in a variety of beautiful designs, and are made of sterling silver and mounted on leather belts, plain or fancy or of various colors.

"High and higher" is apparently the watchword of collars; they are already stiffened with whalebone so that they bury the head within all imaginable kinds of materials; laces, ribbons, feathers. The choux on both sides of the head were interred in the grave of 1895; but the English garter were carried over, and now appear with cautious trimming. The nicest neck garniture is decidedly the simple collar, adorned by the jeweler; a silk or velvet ribbon, in spotless white, held together by a brilliant-set buckle. This buckle is also to be seen in plain gold, as rococo, as square frame, as serpent, which glares at us greedily with its sapphire and emerald eyes. In bijouterie, the enamels red, blue or green rack first—provided there are no diamonds around.

It is settled that the coat bodice is to be accepted, and that as many changes will be rung on it as there have been on the fancy bodice. It may live as long! Many of those now worn, and they are of all the current fashions, the things that are the safest to cling to, make an odd blend of an outer jacket and a jacket bodice. Odd models have no sleeves, only a pair of wide-spreading eaves at the shoulders that extend over the sleeves of the under bodice. Sometimes the whole "jacket" is only a sort of fichu, with a back, the already-mentioned eaves, and a collar that adjust themselves into a belt, which, buttoning about the waist, makes the jacket a completed garment. A collar may be added with good effect. Again, the coat bodice is hardly distinguishable at first glance from the short outer coats that have been generally worn all winter. Of this type is one seen lately which was made in plain brown woolen goods. It had perfectly straight fronts, edged with heavy silk cord, and further ornamented with narrow bias satin folds that also formed the decoration of the sleeves. Its collar was high and stiffened, and the vest beneath was of figured brown stuff, with plain satin revers and folded satin stock collar, from which started a lace jabot. A full godet skirt was of the vest's material, and was untrimmed. The trimming of satin folds upon the bodice is frequently seen, but may be carried out tastefully with black braid if that is preferred.

At this season when chapped and roughened hands and lips seem to be especially prevalent and painful, a good cold cream should be found on every toilet stand. When you need any of this healing cold cream ask your druggist to prepare some in a little jar, adding zinc and tincture of benzoin to it and thinning it with a little rose water until quite soft. This makes a delightful preparation and quite reasonable, six ounces costing only about thirty-five cents; and, while preserving all the desirable properties of ordinary cold cream, it is rendered more beneficial by the healing properties of zinc, and the softening and whitening ones of benzoin.

Hundreds of young women are going in as trained nurses, and it has to be admitted that there are few occupations which admit of so many possibilities for a woman of cleverness and ambition. They vary in characteristics as much as men do, but experience shows that if an intelligent nurse gets a good paying case well in hand with several doctors and a lot of relatives she captures the patient and bosses everything and everybody, and it is impossible to dislodge her when she once gets a good foothold. Most of the nurses of to-day are striking examples of the "new woman," the only difference being that they wear dainty caps and aprons instead of bloomers.

An ingenious woman has discovered a new and satisfactory way of pressing seams. A rolling pin at the bottom of it. She has taken a rolling pin and split it in half, covering it as one would an ironing board. It presses the seams to perfection, as it supplies a curving, smooth surface, and yet one which remains firm beneath the weight of the iron.

Very dark green is effective when brightened by linings of narrow trimming of pale blue. A medium shade of green unites well with old pink. Brownish greens look well with bronze and copper color.