### HEAVENLY MESSENGERS.

How many weary hearts, Tired of this life's alarms, Find their sweetest comfor In the clasp of childish arms?

Messengers straight from heaven Are little children sent To teach us to love the Giver Who our treasures to us hath lent.

God help the sorrowing mothers And fathers all overour land Whose children have joined the chorus Sung by the heavenly band.

Oh! the little cribs are empty, Once so full of happy life, While we are left in this weary world To toil in its hurry and strife.

But when our work is over, And death has brought its calm, In heaven, once more around our necks Shall we feel the childish arms.

And then how sweet the thought ! How glad we are to know Once more we'll hear our darling say; "Mamma, I love you so !"" -- Boston Globe

## THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

Cynthia regarded the flashing little circlet with evident delight. It was one of many that sparkled on her delicate white hand, but it bore a significance beyond the others. It meant the clipping of butterfly wings, the waning of the homage due to a beautiful and marriageable heiress, and which, though often made the subject of scornful wit, was ever accepted and accept able; it meant the ratification of a sweet and binding contract with the chosen one—the man to whom wealth was no object, and rank no allurement, and, for that eason, it dazzled eyes unfamiliar with the radiance of gems.

The fingers that had just bestowed the gift still clasped hers with a tender pressure, and, for the first time, she noticed their single ornament-an odd. ly shaped gold ring that found fault in her fastidious eyes.

"Why do you wear this?" she asked with a curl of the lip.
"Because I value it," replied her lover, secretly resenting the little

Her curiosity was roused. Though she felt that for some reason he would prefer not to talk about it, she persist

"Did you buy it?"

"No, it was given to me." "By the best friend I ever had."

The laconic replies annoyed her She dropped his band, saying : "Well, I don't admire it."

He accepted this dismissal of the subject without a word, and the convereation dritted into another channel, one of the winding tributaries of love. Future plans were discussed, and dates were fixed, to a running accompani ment of jest and laughter.

Suddenly the ring caught her careess glance again. "There," she said, pointing to it impatiently; "it fascinates me. I am sure it has a history. Tell me."

She spoke as one who is used to command, and certain of compliance. Leaning back she closed her eyes languidly and waited.

"Go on," she said at last with some surprise.

And still he hesitated.

"It is a sad one. You would not care to know it."

She sat quiet, intensely curious. "Indeed I would, now that you are so mysterious. Does it contain poison? Is it a Masonic symbol? Or perhaps some weird sign of witchery?' For once her gayety jarred on him,

and he was unable to answer in the same bantering strain. "My dear," he said, gently, "it was given to me by one who is dead."

She was momentarily silent, then began again : "I have never noticed it before."

"And yet I always wear it." "Wby ?" "Oh, Cynthia, you asked me that Because I value it more than once.

anything I possess. "Well, I will give you one quite as quaint, and with an original inscrip-

tion-will you wear it for me?" Her pretty eagerness made him smile.

"Of course I will." She flushed a little, "I mean, will you wear it instead of this ?" "No; I cannot promise that."

His answer startled her; it was so grave and resolute. She renewed the attack; "But don't you see, it I gave if to you, it would be your most precious possession. Don't you care for me better than anyone in the world.

He drew her to him fondly. "Yes; I can answer that with truth, but you would not have me break my

"What promise?" "I vowed to wear it as long as I live. If it be possible, it shall be buried with

"The dying have no right to extort such promises from the living," she remarked sententiously. "Your friend was extremely selfish."

"Ob, Cynthia, she was an angel !" There was more forrow than anger in the tone. He did not look for much depth of teeling in Cynthia—she had been too spoilt. It was his task to bring out the lovable points in her nature that ber luxurious life had left undeveloped, and in which his lovedimmed eyes had foreseen great and

noble possibilities. "She was-your first wife?" asked Cynthia slowly, and showing no dis- by then. Remember, nothing can alter position to retract her former opinion.
"Yes; the ring had been in her family for many generations. She con sidered it a kind of talisman, and wore way. Ah, do, and end our first and it always till, dying, she bequeathed it last quarrel!"

Cynthia, her voice still sounding hard

"But there is your future and my future," she said, rising and pacing the room rapidly. "I don't want you to be always dwelling upon what has been, making useless comparisons. I head as she turned away. want you only to care for me-only to think of me. "Look," she went on, tacing him suddenly, with wet eyes,

"Cynthia, what have I said to hurt

thing sacred and apart. I will not believe you can misunderstand me. She had hardly listened to his argument, feeling only from its tenor that she was being thwarted. Now she turned, speaking vehemently, an angry

patch of color on either cheek. "Then there is always to be shadow between us. I am to give allall-and to share your devotion with the memory of the absorbing love you hardly need that bauble to recall.'

"You are unreasonably excited. Pause a moment, Cynthia; sit down." She obeyed, shrinking a little as he seated himself beside her and clasped one small, unwilling hand

"There is no need for a discussion that pains and surprises me beyond measure. You knew of my first marriage when you consented to make me the happiest of men. Nothing has occurred, could occur, to lessen your confidence in the depth of my feeling. It is wrong, it is unfair, to reproach me with a remembrance I would willingly have held in silence had you not forced the subject on me. But I! promise it shall trouble you no more. Come, seal the compact with a kiss."

But Cynthia was obdurate; her red but she did not move.

ingly. You know there is nothing con-

With an effort she resumed her old

"It is a little thing and cannot burt arrange. anyone. I have set my heart on it. It

sent."

He held her face careesingly to his own. "Well, my dearest ?"

down to hear. "Don't wear that ring." It needed great control to repress

the angry remonstrance that rose to his lips.

"I thought we had argued that to a satisfactory conclusion," he said. "If chair, the couch on which she had you had any consideration for me, you

would not desire such a thing."
"And, if you were really fond of me you would not refuse it," replied Cynthia, rising. "I don't want to be reminded every day of her whose place I by her dear presence. How happy am taking. My married life must not be hampered with phantoms. In short, for such a love as theirs. It waked

vexed. He had risen, too, and faced her, pale and frowning. "I gave my word; I cannot break

"Then I must break mine." She spoke with quiet determination, though her heart throbbed as she

drew her betrothed gift deliberately placed. from her finger and held it out to him His "Cynthia! so lightly, for a whim!"
"If so earnest a wish may be termed whim. yes."

"But you can't mean it," he said breathlessly, and ignoring the out-stretched jewel. "Give me a little time to consider it; it is impossible that this can part us." "It seems impossible that you can

fail me in solsmall a sacrifice," she rejoined, with a bitter, little laugh ; 'still you see, such things may happen." Her calm air of resolution was mad-

dening, yet he felt instinctively that no word of reproach or anger would help. Assent was dishonorable, denial was difficult; there was no way out of the dilemma. "A little time," he pleaded.

The sound of an approaching voice terminated the trying interview. They recognized the suave and gentle tones.
"My dear, Cynthia," said her mother, entering. "I have only just returned.
Have you any idea of the time?" she broke off, smiling. "Ah! of course not; I did not know who was there."

The cordial greeting was followed by a desultory conversation, to which Cynthia contributed monosyllables, till her tormented lover rose and took leave. She left him reach the conservatory, then flew to him, relenting, be honed. "Till to uight," she said hurriedly.

"You must let me know your decision

swift, upward glance, that swayed his and unnatural.

"It had no power to prevent the accident that ended our three years of happiness," he assented, bitterly.

"No, dear, such a vow is not to be the manual grance, that swayed his swayed his shadow field.

Cynthia crushed the note in her clinging hand, and he shook his head. She was hurt; she was indigenant.

"Still, she believed in its power, and said it would link me with the past, when—"

Cynthia interrupted him passion—"

"No, dear, such a vow is not to be nant; she was scornin; a nundred sensations, mingled with no thoughts of surrender, struggled for mastery in her swelling heart. But the faint, unconfessed regret that stirred beneath soft, dark eyes.

But Cynthia's tenderness had van-

ished. She drew back, piqued, ill at ease, in her suppliant attitude; an ing of flove that will not be stilledomisous frown darkening her fair fore-

"As you will," she said coldly. Memories that Cynthia's presence had chased away for many months "you have made me cry. But it is came vividly into the widower's mind better that we understand each other as he strolled on, heedless of din and before it is too late. I want to tell traffic or the direction to be pursued. you what I feel-but-but it chokes Her words of anger and opposition had me." She put her hand to her throat. invested the ring he had almost grown Her agitation alarmed him. This to regard with the unthinking gaze of foolish rivalry, this jealousy of the custom with new and startling signifidead, was unaccountable. He strove cance. It simply riveted him to the to calm her. past. He might discard it, still holding its purpose in his heart; but the you?" How shall the past affect the thought was a base one; he knew that promise of our lives? The shrine that his dead wife would have horne such pure and lovely spirit holds in my a vow to the gates of heaven, and that heart deprives you of no fraction of no sacrifice would have abated the the love that is ever yours; it is some- strength and endurance of the love which he dared not weigh with Cynthia's impulsive passion. He had bardly dwelton it since she had been taken from him-at first because it meant hopeless heart ache; latterly, because it seemed disloyal to his he trothed, but now, at this turning point, he realized his loss afresh and wondered that the remembrance had faded ever so little in the radiance of Cyn-

hia's smiles. Yet allegiance to the beloved dead meant the facing of the old homeless sion which Cynthia's infectious gayety and pretty, petulant ways alone had

had power to dispel. Her obstinacy was inexplicable; his feeling in the matter, the implied breach of honor, did not appeal to her in the least, she was consumed by a petty jealousy and a desire to make him yield. A lurking doubt as to the success of the task he had set himself in endeavoring to mold her light and thoughtless spirit, mingled with the keen disappointment her inconsiderate conduct caused him.

He had walked on, dreaming, far beyond his original destination-the cosy set of rooms presided over by his lips closed forbiddingly. All her pretty girlishness had vanished, leaving a look of mature resolution on her face that betrayed unsuspected depths of old home. What impulse had led his character. He waited expectantly, unconscious footsteps along the often traversed road he knew not, or how he "This is beyond me," he began at came to look upon the house he had last, impatiently. "What more can I shuned since the day of mourning. But say? What would you have me do?" having come he was glad, for the having come he was glad, for the She raised her tearful eyes beseech- wrench of parting was not the present pain; he was able to recall the grim old mansion's joyful, as well as sorrowsistent with my ideas of bonor and tul, associations. For the first time duty that I would not grant you, since his bereavement he felt the desire and strength to seek the room within that had been here, unaltered, as she charm of manner, and bestowed a kiss | had left it, till Cynthia, resolute in her that savored more of appeal than rec- banishment of rivalling recollections, should carelessly scatter and re-

The old bousekeeper startled from you really care for me, you will con- her lethargy of idle caretaking, answered his summons with clumsy alacrity, and soon he stood at the bedside where some years ago he had flung himself in an agony of grief and She whispered so softly that he bent | sobbed out a last farewell.

A melancholy light struggled through the curtained window, revealing the dainty, familiar furniture, the knicknacks they had purchased together in odd corners of the world, the pictures she had chosen, her favorite lain to please him, with a thought of recovery. He saw through a mist of tears, for a gnawing hunger had crept into his heart in the chill and utter loneliness of the room once brightened by her dear presence. How happy for such a love as theirs. It waked that ring vexes me, and I will not be and throbbed in him again in this room, where she had breathed out her blameless life, and all that had ion on the most pressing need of the come between them seemed like a

Cynthia was right; he must always be making useless comparisons, for something must ever be wanting in his life-something that could not be re-

His brimming eyes sought the spot where her coffin had rested. He could see her now, lying there, as he had looked on her for the last time, white and serene, her folded hands full of flowers; the eyes that had reflected in an effort to crowd the real problem his loying gaze pitilessly sealed; a strange smile on the lips that had met his in yielding sweetness. Ah! if he might hear that low and gentle weary golden head on his breast, and, asking forgiveness for a description. asking forgiveness for a fleeting fancy, repeat his vow with all the fervor of

He sat down, hiding his face in his hands. With the reopening of this unhealed wound came a revulsion of feeling, reproach for the self-sought forgetfulness his want of fortitude had made desirable, remorse for the shrinking from pain that made him swerve from so dear a memory, and for the wrong he did Cynthia in clinging to it. But he hesitated no longer. The silent hour of retrospect had brought him very near to his first love, and with the bitter ache of longing came a strange sense of security and rest.

Unchanged she awaited him, fair and lovely as he had known her, this dear angel, speaking through the silence of heaven, to hold him to his vow.

she had been able to make their engagement conditional on this breach of trust led him to hope its dissolution would cause her little suffering.

A parting pang assailed him as he penned the brief message of farewell, a dread of the creeping, gloomy years

For Cynthia he had no fears. That

pressing it softly to his lips, and the

"No, dear, such a vow is not to be nant; she was scornful; a hundred the angry tumult, the feeling that lies so deep in some souls that only agony may wring it forth, the deadened wailthese were among the bitterest tears she had shed.

## Republican Prospects.

There are still some Republicans living who remember the great days of their party—the days when hosts of public-spirited and sincere men left the ranks of the Whigs and of the Democrats to found a new organization devoted to high moral and political aims, under the leadership of statesmen of eminent character, commanding ability, and the courage of sincere convictions. The contrast between the spirit and condition of the Republican party in those days and its present plight calls forth melancholy reflections. The time for its national convention is approachof the Republican party has long been fulfilled, and new problems of great importance are pressing for solution. The Republican party still pretends that it contains in its ranks the best of popular intelligence and virtue. It claims public confidence and support on the ground that by this superior intelli-gence and virtue it is best fitted to solve the great problems before us. What these problems are every candid observer knows. The business community of the country admits that the tariff is life, the return of that morbid depres. no longer one of them. While some selfish interests still clamor for higher protection, the business world at large s known to be on the whole satisfied. for the time being at least, with the tariff as it stands, and wishes it sub-stantially to be let alone. This is so true that even many of the old pro-tectionists hesitate to touch it. They are well aware that what prevents the revival of prosperity is not the low tariff, but the currency disorder. The questions really and urgently demanding the attention of the country are those of the currency, and of administrative reform by the abolition of the spoils system.

If the Republican party were still what it once was, its leading men would recognize it as their obvious duty to come forward and boldly to express their sincere convictions on these subjects. They would seek by every legitimate means to summon to action and to organize the supporters of these opinions within their party, to the end of securing from the national convention a clear and strong approval of them, and the nomination of candidates known to be in accord with them. The convention would thus become, as the early Republican conventions were, a truly representative body of honest citizens intent upon serving the public interest by making certain policies prevail through party effort. What do we be-hold? A large number of the leading men of the Republican party, among open advocates of the spoils system with all its demoralizing effects, and even of those who occasionally express their disapproval of it, and have a good word for reform, but few are courageous enough to advocate reform with aggressive emphasis. In fact, in most States the regular organization of the Republican party is resting upon the spoils principle and held together by spoils methods. And there is no prominent Republican leader, at least no prospective candidate for the Presidency, who openly demands that fidelity to civil service reform be made one of the cardinal tests of Republicanism. Almost'all of them are willing to let the "boys" understand that if the Republicans win. the loaves and fishes of party spoil will go to them as much as possible in the

old fashion. As to the currency question, their attitude is no less discreditable. The tremulous agility with which the Republican candidates dodge around corners to avoid a clear expression of opintime would be amusing were it not so lamentable. Some of them, indeed, permit us to hope that if elected they would veto a free-coinage bill. But not one of them has courage enough to declare himself in favor of the withdrawal of the legal tender notes—the only policy that will surely and finally de-liver us of the periodically returning financial miseries, and restore that confidence which is indispensable to the revival of business prosperity. Almost all of the leading men are now engaged of the day into the background by advancing a fraudulent tariff issue to the front-fraudulent, we say, because they that it is only to serve the purpose of deceiving the people as to what the issue of the contest really should be. It is a significant fact, which other candidates should not be slow to compre-hend, that the advancing of this fales issue necessarily tends to give the nomi-nation to Mr. McKinley—the man whose high-tariff record is the most prominent, while his record on the currency question is the most objectionable. Were the Presidential election to turn upon the true question of the day, Mr. McKinley would hardly be thought of. His nomination would thus be the most striking illustration of Republican cowardice and betrayal of the public in-

ing the national convention, as they are now developing, correspond in a large measure to the moral state of the party. It is already evident that in the South delegates to the delegates to that convention have become the subject of very active trafficking in the political market, and that sales. and re-sales are taking place at, a lively rate. And as the men who want substantial favors from the government can afford to bid highest, the McKinley interest is likely to receive the greatest benefit from the auction. At the same time we find in the great States of the always till, dying, she bequeathed it me. There is my story.

"It did not bring her luck," said to be said to be shown in her that wedded him to his dead bride, "It did not bring her luck," said to be shown in her that wedded him to his dead bride, "In New York Boss Platt has complete "In New York Boss Pla

control of the Republican organization The recent attempt of the so-called "better element" to organize a revolt against the boss seems to have miserably miscarried, owing to the pusillanimity of the leaders of the movement, who re-coil from anything that might disturb "party harmony." They either do not understand that a revolt which breaks down from irresolution will not only not weaken but will actually fortify the power of the boss, because it will strengthen his prestige of invincibility, or, if they do understand it, they are guilty of knowingly fastening his yoke upon the party. In Pennsylvania the Republican organization goes even so far as to put forward its boss, Matt. Quay, one of the most disreputable politicians in our history, as its candidate for the Presidency. In both cases the bosses play a transparent game. They will absolutely control the delegations from their States—the one apparently for Governor Morton, the other apparently for himself, both with the expectation, and, we regret to say, in all probability with the power, of selling the votes of their retainers, perhaps sufficient in number to determine the nomination, to the highest bidder for their own advantage. Who the high-est bidder will be nobody can foretell.

can party, and, in case that party wins the election, in disgrace and disaster to the country. Never since the close of the civil war the brows must the hat go. It must has the Republican party had a finer have a wide brim and the back must opportunity to render great service to be turned up as flat to the crown as chance to win the support of those citizens whose political action is deter-mined rather by their sense of public duty than by party spirit. But never back to help tilt the hat over the eyes, has it appeared in so repulsive a state of moral degradation and so unworthy member never to wear your hat in this of that support. Some time ago it seemed impossible that the Republican party should be defeated in the coming Presidential election. It seems impossible no longer.—Harpers Weekly.

But certain it is that the bargain, if

consummated, will result in disgrace and ultimate disaster to the Republi-

## Ballington's Army Named.

It Will be Called God's American Volunteers. NEW YORK, March 14 .- The World to morrow will publish the following : |

"Eureka!" he exclaimed. "I have last a stame for which we have been clever writer has criticised the Amerseeking for weeks—God's American Volunteers. Three cheers, gentlemen, for the success of the glorious cause."

that answered the call. Booth stood ican. in the centre of the group and waved his long arms with every cheer.
"The American Volunteers, merican and all for God," he added. Patriotism for our country and faith

in the Lord will lead us to victory." The volunteers will be governed by a military constitution, with Mr. and Mrs. Booth as joint presidents. The local branches will be called posts and the various grades of officers will have them some of the most powerful, are rank and titles like those of the Amer-

# Janet Waited.

Little Janet, aged four, noticed the other day at dinner the rest of the family helping themselves liberally to mus-

Nobody offering her any, she waited until something drew away the attention of the others, when she lifted the mustard spoon, liberally dashed a piece of bread which she was eating with the flery condiment and took a substantial

Her hand immediately went up to her burnt mouth; but bravely suppressing an outcry, she put the bread away from the plain scalloped or tabbed basque.

"I think I'll wait till that jelly gets cold.

# Gentle Reminder.

"Uncle" Peter Bates was a local celebrity who kept the tavern in Ran-dolph, Vt., in the old staging days. He was noted for his dry humor, and was never at a loss for a retort or for a method of expressing his ideas.

paying his bill, Uncle Peter walked up up to him and blankly said:
"Mister, if you should lose your pocketbook between here and Montpelier, remember you didn't take it out

# The New Samson.

A party of friends were sitting at a tavern, full of fun and mischief, when all at once an acquaintance of theirs, named Sampson, appeared on the

"Ha!" exclaimed one of them, "now we can dare the police and the bailiffs to do their worst; with Sampson to help us we have nothing to fear from such Philistines."

"Quite so," Sampson replied, "if only one of you will lend me his jaw-

# Bezique.

Church bezigne is a recent French invention, suited for religious circles and for Lent. It is played with cards, like ordinary bezique, but from the mouths of the king, queen and knave on the face cards issues a scroll on which is

Stranger (Visiting town on Sunday.)
—Say, I didn't know liquor selling was
allowed here on the Sabbath. Where are the police? Friend-Oh, they are in the alleys, watching the side doors.

—Bill Nye's estate is said to figure up between \$50,000 and \$60,000, which shows how the world pays a man who

For and About Women Small sleeves are certainly coming.

A trimmed shirt waist is an abomi

Orphan asylum outings show no greater sameness of attire than is noticeable in the spring get-up of our smart girls. The light tailor-made jacket, feather boa and bewinged hat seem to be the conventional regalia.

The face should be kept smooth and mobile by frequent massage treatments. The flesh beneath the eyes should be smoothed from the inner corner toward the temples; the lines about the mouth should be rubbed from the corner of the nose downward, and the cheeks and forehead should be gently pinched with the thumb and forefinger.

Mrs. Lillie Pardee, the secretary of the Senate of the new State of Utah, is the wife of an attorney of Salt Lake City. Mrs. Pardee is a graduate of an Ohio college and of Dr. Curry's School of Expression in Boston. Before her marriage, four years ago, she was pro-fessor of Greek and Latin at her alma mater.

There is no question now about the tilt to the het

No more display of an even, white parting or a baby fringe. Down over

drop their petals over the hair. If your wide hat has a bandeau in front with small knots at the side, why, just reverse it. Put the bandeau at the back to help tilt the hat over the eyes, member never to wear your hat in this fashion without turning up the back; otherwise the effect is bad.

The American girl lacks repose. She compared unfavorably in this respect to her English cousins, who are sup-posed to move through the world with a statuesque disregard of emotions, outwardly expressed. Beyond a doubt, the American damsel indulges too constantly in facial gymnastics. She talks with her eyes, with her forehead; and Ballington Booth has named his o! the future trouble she stores up for new religious organization "God's American Volunteers."

with her eyes, with her foreness; and o! the future trouble she stores up for herself in the matter of wrinkles by this last error. She is over-exhibitanted, too spontaneous. As a result her nerves found it! The new movement has at go to pieces before she is 30. A very The old Bible house, usually quiet the earth giggle to honestly, so incesand gloomy, echoed with the cheers santly and so purposely as the Amer-

The lip-biting habit will mar the prettiest face ever turned out of nature's workshop. All the cold cream, lip salves and glycerine lotions intro-duced upon the toilet table will not remedy the parched, cracked appearance due to a continual lip-gnawing process. Not until the habit is entirely broken up is there any hope of a change. Girls frequently drift into this ugly practice through a foolish vanity that prompts them to "wear their dimples" all the time. Others bite their line from nervousness, and sometimes if a girl has pale, colorless lips she will try to vivify them by an occasional pressure with her teeth.

After a time, however, she nibbles away unconsciously, and by and by her mouth loses its pretty curves, becomes rough and puffy looking and all the charm of her face is gone.

Matrons of "uncertain age," as the French say, will hail the return of the basque with delight. The round waist is pretty enough for young girls, but it hasn't quite the dignity of a basque.

If girls would be strictly up to-date her new spring tailor-made frock must have a skirt measuring but six yards around. This is much smaller than last year. The skirt should be cut in gores, and should hang so that it simulates a broad plait in front. The stiff interlining should only reach six inches

from the bottom. With this skirt should be worn a jaunty cutaway coat, made with a small One morning, after breakfast, as a notched collar, and opened to show a stranger was about to depart without vest and chemisette. The coat should have a comparatively small sleeve, be adorned with buttons and worn with a narrow belt which slips through the side seams.

> In planning her new frock the tailormade young person has a greater variety of materials to choose from this year than ever before. The new mohairs are to be used for tailor-made gowns and are specially adapted for this pur-pose. They are light in weight, wear well and shed the dust. Sicilienne, which is twilled mohair, is the most popular. A fawn shade is much the vogue. Whipcord is another material used for tailor-made gowns, and the serges, of course, are perennially popular.
>
> The vests which the tailor-made girl

> may own this spring are many and varied. These considered most chic are of white silk. The ones of novelty vesting are quite gay and frivolous as to color and design. Apple-green, speckled with black silk dots, is something new. The duck and pique vests will be all the vogue for early summer wear.
>
> In selecting her vests the tailor-made

girl should remember that the contrast between her vest and coat should be in color, not in shade. The new vests are made in two different styles. Some are cut with a long point in front, and others have two little notches in place of the point and are cut short on the hips. This latter idea is for the benefit of the tailor girl who pads her hips, so that the artificial swell may be seen at its

best advantage.

The most stylish chemisette and collar in town is severely plain. It is a stiff linen chemisette with a plain band collar, fastening at the back. The collar is just like those worn by a curate. No strictly tailor-made young person will wear a stud this year. Convenient new ouffs are made with an attachment tab by which they may be immediately buttoned to the sleeve.