

Bellefonte, Pa., March 27, 1896.

THE LITTLE GIRL WITH A COM-PANY FACE.

Once on a time, in a far-away place, Lived a queer little girl with a company face, And no one outside of the family knew Of her everyday face, or supposed she had

The change she could make with wondrous celerity.

For practice had lent her surprising dexterity. But at last it chanced, on an unlucky day

(Or lucky, perhaps, I would much better say), To her dismal dismay and complete conster-She failed to effect the desired transforma-

tion: And a caller, her teacher, Miss Agatha Mason. Surprised her with half of her company face

And half of her every day face peeping out, Showing one grimy tear track and half a pout,

Contrasting amazingly with the sweet smile That shone on her "company" side all the while. The caller no sooner had hurried away Then up to her room the girl flew in dismay,

And, after a night spent in solemn reflection On the folly of features that can't bear inspec

She came down to breakfast, and walked to her place. Calm, sweet, and serene, with her company

Thenceforward she wore it, day out and day

Till you really might think 'twould be worn very thin; But, strange to relate, it grew more bright and

gav.

Surprised her with half of her company face on.

LITTLE SQUIRE'S SCHOOL.

The village, with the school and the Squire; but people called the and so hev you." school the little Squire's school, be- She was looki cause no one took such an interest in it as did the little Squire. Why, he would arrive at the school every afternoon for weeks running and leave his pony standing, with its shaggy head halfway in the door, while he took up his position beside the teacher, and gravely regarded the boys and girls.

"Well, Charley, how's your school?" the Squire would ask, if he happened metic, and sewing into the bargain?" And then the Squire would roar, laugh- potterin' 'round at Farmer Hathaway's, ing; for he thought it a huge joke the interest the little Squire took in the village school.

Even the schoolmaster, Mr. Finch, spoke of the school over which he had a time the good man said to himself: "He's a fine, manly little fellow, the grandmother; hear that?" little Squire; but I'm feared he'll be run at the lad's beck and call, almost, to his school. and the children here at the school fairly worshiping. A fine, fine lad; but 'tis a pity." The schoolmaster the little Squire's school.

This is how it was. The little Squire stood as straight as a soldier in front of a long line of boys and girls. He held a spelling book in one and a ruler in the other; the litile Squire was fond of elapping the book with the ruler. The schoolmaster was smiling as he sat idle at his desk.

The little Squire turned back the leaves of the spelling book and gave out the word "Bowl!"

Seated at the head of the bench. with her eyes fastened upon the little Squire, was a ltttle flaxen-haired girl wearing a queer, voluminous frock and a skimpy print apron. She was an odd-looking, eager little girl and she spelled very quickly "B o-l-l." "That isn't right," said the little world.

The little girl's face grew red and white by turns, a bright gleam came into her blue eyes and she showed one dimple in her left cheek. Ann Elizabeth," called out Mr.

Finch, in a warning tone. "Next," cried the little Squire.

"Bo-w-l, bowl," said the second little pupil, emphatically. "Go head," ordered the little Squire.

was actually muttering that it wasn't "You're a very bad girl, Ann Eliza-beth," said the lad. "I think you' for-

get who is teacher to day." Then Ann Elizabeth shocked every one in the school. She burst into im-

pudent laughter. 'You're a common girl, Ann Elizabeth," cried the little Squire, energetically; "and I won't teach this class any more till Mr. Finch sees that you mind your manners."

And with that the lad toesed the spelling book across to the teacher's desk, darted out of the school house. mounted his pony, looking unconcernedly into the room, and rode away in high dudgeon.

"I'm astonished at you, Ann Elizaunder the impression that you were a well-behaved girl."

The spelling class was for the most part dumbfounded; but still that dangerous dimple showed itself in Ann was a Elizabeth's left cheek, and still her er?" eyes gleamed.

quarter of an hour after the other call a person what they is than what abeth. they isn't; and I know that word boll little Squire."

overtook Ann Elizabeth as she was walking along the lane. He rode very slowly as he came up to her, for he wanted Ann Elizabeth to beg his pardon; he wanted to give out some more lessons at his school. Then the shaggy little pony of its own accord stood still by the side of Ann Elizabeth.

The little Squire lifted his cap and said "Good-morning." Ann Elizabeth curtesied.

dangerous dimple, cried out, impetu-

"I know I'm a common girl, Squire Charley," she said, suddenly. Thereupon the little Squire, who was really of a very generous nature and who knew nothing of Ann Elizabeth's

ously "Oh. I shouldn't have called you that; I'm very sorry that I called you that. But I'm glad to hear you acknowledge you were wrong, Ann Elizabeth," he added, in a superior way; for at times the little Squire was ex-

ceeding pompous. ly and distinctly, "b-o-l-l a d b-o-w-l."
"That may be, Ann Elizabeth," returned the little Squire, determined not to lose his temper; "but it was only

spelled one way in the spelling book. "Then the spelling book's the dumbest thing I ever beered of," cried Ann Elizabeth.

"That may be, Ann Elizabeth," acquiesced the little Squire; "but I scarcely think you and I are called upon to discuss the question."

He looked so very little seated up there upon his pony, and his words seemed so very big that for a moment Ann Elizabeth almost gave up her idea of getting even; but she had been head in the spelling class three months all but two days, and her grandmother And her relatives think 'twas a red letter day had promised her a new calico frock if When the greatly astonished Miss Agatha she stood head at the end of the third month; and although Ann Elizabeth's frocks were voluminous and came almost down to her heels she was immensely proud of a new one.

"I'm a common girl, I know that," repeated Ann Elizabeth; "and you're The village, with the school and a fine little gentleman, everybody everything in it, properly belonged to knows that, and I got a grandmother

She was looking over the back of the shaggy pony, far away from the little Squire's honest eyes.

The little Squire was going to angry, but he smiled instead
"That's so, Ann Elizabeth," he said.

"I've got a grandmother, and so have vou. "My grandmother," said Ann Elizabeth, looking wickedly into the wondering face of the little Squire, "helps to meet his son returning from the with the baby and bakes pies and does village. "Coming on finely, eh? a turn most everywhere; you can't go Learning readin,' writtin' and 'rith' by the house you don't hear her singa turn most everywhere; you can't go in.' Onct your grandmother went a workin' hard as anybody 'fore she married the Squire's father, now you keep her lack she was a chiny tea-pot or some'n; dress her in silk, and almost set her in a chair. She do look presided for fifteen years as the little lack a chiny doll, sure 'nough, settin' Squire's school. But many and many | wishin' the Lord'd teck her. Little Square, my grandmother pities your

little Squire; but I'm feared he'll be spoiled. 'Tisn't more'n human nature ed in the middle of the lane as the that the little Squire should be spoiled, little Squire's indignant eyes followed with the squire himself willing to the figure of Ann Elizabeth going on

The trees met overhead in the avenue up which the little Squire galloped his pony. He had muttered "china said all this, however, before a certain | tea pot" and "china doll" defiantly, occurrence and its sequel down at the | before he persuaded the pony to leave aflame as he galloped up the avenue. "China tea pot! China doll, in-

The little Squire was in an irritable mood as he mounted the hall steps. Everything about him was elegant as he had always remembered, large, comfortable and elegant; and yet he never for a moment doubted the words Ann Elizabeth reterring to his grandmother "potterin' round at Farmer Hathaway's." He entered the back Hathaway's." He entered the back eyes upon her before he vigorously parlor where he knew his grandmothed dusted the legs. And that flower bed er was sure to be; but he did not under the back windows; why, from God Almighty.

speak to her, he just went to tossing the very beginning it brought the Q What did the promoters of this er was sure to be; but he did not about the papers on the center table. laughter into Grandmother's little Being angry with the common little girl made him angry with the whole

little Squire remained angry for a long time. All at once he raised his eyes his duty; he hadn't been near there from the scattered papers and regarded for over four weeks. The common little him when he first came in, but she window. No, he was not angry, but Ann Elizabeth's words were ringing in his ears : "Dress her in silk and Then he looked at Ann Elizabeth; she a'most set her in a chair, She do look lack a chiny doll sure 'nough." Was his grandmother sitting there wishing the Lord would take her? Then the little Squire hid his face for a moment in his arms; for even as he had galloped furiously past Ann Elizabeth's home he had heard the useful old grandmother laughing and singing to the baby. And that old grandmother pitied his grandmother. He walked softly across the room and stooped and kissed the little old lady, "You don't want to go to Heaven yet a while, do you, Grandmother?" he asked, anx-

> She started guiltily, her shrunken ittle face flushing. "It's very nice little face flushing. "It's very nice down here, Charley," she said, smoothing out her gown.

iously.

"Is it made of silk?" questioned beth," said Mr. Finch, sternly. "I was the boy, following the movement of his grandmother's hand. 'Yes, dear, it's made of silk-fin

silk," she murmured. "But you don't feel like-like you was a china doll, do you, Grandmoth

"A china doll," repeated the old "I know I'm a common girl," said lady, in a tremulous tone—"a china Ann Elizabeth, as she trudged home a doll. Who says that, Charley?" But the little Squire hung his head. children; "but I know it's worse to He never intended to tell of Ann Eliz-

As the day went by the lad did not was right. I'll be even yet with the go again to the village school; instead he set diligently to watching his little About a week later the little Squire china doll grandmother; for that was the way she began always to appear girl, as if she were a great lady or in his thoughts. He wondered how it would be to grow old and sit still and have nothing to do. Some people, of course, might like it, but not a person who had once been busy, no a person who had once been busy, no a person ately from his seat at the teacher's who had gone "potterin" round at desk down in the little Squire's school.

Farmer Hathaway's." His grand — The Independent. mother used to take up her knitting occasionally; but she didn't care for knitting; it cramped her fingers. Sometime-this the little Squire noticed with a great sinking of his heart—the little grandmother sat at the western window and cried softly to herself.

One day the little Squire kiesed the little old grandmother right where the tears were settling on her cheek, and cried out, in his impulsive way, "Grandmother, did you use to like to work ?"

"Like to work, Charley ?" she asked. faintly. And then of a sudden the little grandmother was quivering and crying and laughing all at once, as she "The word you give out is spelled told the little Squire about her past two ways," said Ann Elizabeth, slow- usefulness and how she was wont to usefulness and how she was wont to "fly around the house." "And now," she added, "I've nothing to do, nothing whatever to do, no more than if I wasn't in the world. But it's all right; yes, of course it's all right," she went on; "I'm the Squire's mother, and I'm proud and happy;" and then the poor little grandmother, from something she saw in the little Squire's big blue eyes, hid her little old face in ber little old, useless hands, and fell to sobbing like a baby.

Ten minutes later the little Squire knocked boldly at his father's study.

"Come in !" roared the Squire. When the little Squire, thus hidden, opened the door he found his mamma idling away the Squire's time to the Squire's infinite satisfaction. The lad walked resolutely to his father's deek, and determination in his blue eyes, his lips pressed together. "I've just been with grandmother." he began; "she isn't happy here. I say, grandmother ought to be made awfully happy, she's so little and she's so

Thereupon the Squire was for rushng off to the back parlor to find out what was the matter; but his wife put her hand on his and bade him ask the little Squire to explain.

"Mother unhappy in my house?" fumed the Squire. "What do you mean, Charley ?"

"She's got to have something to do," said the little Squire, boldly. She and I have got to take care of the parlors or some'n; she mustn't sit still all day any longer." Then the lad's bravery deserted him, "It's true, Mother," he sobbed out, "my grandmother's treated like she was a china doll, and Ann Elizabeth's grandmother makes the whole house chippy."

The Squire's mouth and eyes were both open very wide. "Clean the parlors!" he gasped. Mother wouldn't like that; that't servant's work.' Then, as it he might solve the problem in another way, he inquired, anxiously "Who's Ann Elizabeth?"

The little Squire's mother answered for him, with a faint smile. "She's one of the children down at the little Squire's school."

"We'd just dust," said the little piano legs while Grandmother dust the | parties and never produce new ones. chairs. Sally never half duste, any Q. When are they apt to be set on way. And Grandmother and I could foot? A. Within a few months of a have a flower bed back of the parlor Presidential election. windows, that wouldn't be servant's work, Father." The little Squire almost stuttered in his eagerness, while tions which politicians are afraid to that spot in the lane, and his face was the big Squire's amazement grew and grew.

But the lad's mother had her arms about him. "The little Squire may be right," she said softly; "we must let him do what he can to make Grandmother happy.

It was a happy day for the little, old grandmother when, enveloped in a white apron, she dusted the centertable in the front parlor. The little Squire sat under the piano feasting his under the back windows; why, from

wrinkled face. The little Squire entered his school But never in his short life had the close of the third term. It almost seemed as if he had been neglecting his grandmother. She must have seen girl hung down her head when she saw him. The little Squire had never was not thinking of him now; she was told of her, and she felt ashamed and sitting in her rocking chair at the west repentant. The schoolmaster smiled n hearty welcome.

"I'd like to hear the spelling class, Mr. Finch, it you don't mind," said the little Squire; and the schoolmaster smiled again and held out the

book. "I'm going to skip about," said the little Squire.

It was a long time before the little book. Then he looked at Ann Elizabeth, who stood at the head.

"Boll," he said. "B-o-w-l," answered Ann Elizabeth,

in a low voice. word," said the little Squire, looking millstone. far away over Ann Elizabeth's meek head; "I didn't know it the other The Jingo craze. time; this word's spelled the other way, but both ways are right. If I'd know I wouldn't have made Ann Eliz. | bully's part toward other nations. abeth go down."

Then the little Squire's eyes fell on Ann Elizabeth, abject and miserable. try He saw the flaxen head bowed away down over the bib of the funny little apron. He knew that Ann Elizabeth was just as sorry as she could be.

But, somehow, the little Squire was ust as glad as he could be. "Ann Elizabeth," he said, in a friendly fash- or threatening to fight. ion, "you ought to see my grandmother and me dusting the parlor furniture; Jingo craze? A. An idea entertain planting. What are our Wilkesyou ought to see us! And we've started ed by politicians that we are a nation people doing for the good work? a flower bed; we're going to have of bullies and braggarts, and want leadevery kind of flower. You must come up and see it sometimes."

Then, to the amazement of the spell-

somebody whom he respected very much, and Ann Elizabeth took it and laughed bashtully.

And Mr. Finch looked on affection-

A Catechism of Crazes.

Q. What is a political issue? A. It is a public question arising in a free country, affecting the happiness, property, lives or liberty of large numbers of people, and as to which there is some fundamental difference of opinion touching the proper course to be pursued.

Q. What effect does a political issue produce on parties in a free country? A. It divides existing parties, and sometimes brings new parties into existance.

Q. How is it settled? A. voting. Q. How does voting decide it? A

Q. Does this settle it? A. What issues are waiting to be Q. settled? A. Those of protection and

the currency.

Q. Are these questions of the most pressing importance? A. They are. Q. Why? A. Because one involves the cost of subsistence, the other the solvency of the government. Q. Why are these questions not taken up? A. Because the politicians are afraid to take them up.

Q. What are the politicians occupy ing themselves with? A. Crazes. Q. How do you define a craze? A. A craze is an irrational excitement affecting a large number of people.

Q. How do you distinguish a craze from a true political issue? A. A political issue is one about which there can be an honest difference of opinion among rational people. A craze has for its object something which on examination is seen to be senseless, opposed to every one's interest, and generally dishonest. Does a craze ever arise of itself?

A. Not often. Q. How does it usually arise? A. It is usually started by politicians and fostered by newspapers.

Q. What happens to crazes? A They always die of exposure. Q. What can a politician's object be in starting a craze? A. To profit

by the ensuing excitement. Q. How does he expect to profit by t? A. By making people think that it presents a new question of importance, of deep public interest, which will divide parties. By means of keeping it alive and showing that he is on what he pretends is the popular side of it, he hopes to increase his political repute and keep in office.

Q. How does a newspaper profit by a craze? A. Any excitement increases its sale. Q. Have crazes ever become real

political issues? A. Never. Q. Why? A. Because, being based on no real public demand or interest, the public before long sees through them, and they are abandoned by their authors. They never divide

Q. Is one object of a craze to divert public attention from real public questake up? A. It is.

Q. What was the labor craze? A. A craze got up to set labor against capital.

Q. What was the object of this craze? A. To make laboring men

believe that they were to have more money and fun than they could earn by their labor. Q. Was this rational? A. No. It was highly absurd. Labor can

never get more money or fun than it can earn by work. Q. Who established this rule? A.

craze effect? A. They produced a tremendous struggle between capitalist and laborer, resulting in gigantic and very gravely one morning toward the disastrous strikes, a paralysis of trade and commerce, wide-spread destitution, considerable loss of life, and in many

districts ruin and desolation. Q. Mention another craze. A. The silver craze. Q. What is its object ? A. To enable any one who owes a dollar to dis

charge the debt by paying half-a-dollar. Is this rational? A. No. Q. Is it dishonest? A. Yes. Does it seem likely to be suc

cessful? A. No. Q. To what does it appeal? A. Dishonesty and conceit.

Q. Among what classes? A. To dishonesty among debtors; to conceit Squire selected a place in the spelling among a small but conspicuous class known as bimetallists.

Q. What is a bimetallist? A. An otherwise intelligent man, afflicted with a form of egotism which leads him to try to persuade others that he "There are two ways of spelling that can see further than they can into a

> Q. What is the latest craze? A. Q. What is a Jingo? A. One desirous that his country shall play a

Q. Are there many such? A.

There are a good many in every coun-Q. What is a A Jingo in office. What is a political Jingo? A. Q. What does he do? Eggs the

others on. Q. Does he want to fight? A. No. He wants to profit by others fighting

Q. What is the explanation of the ers of the same sort.

Q. Why has this craze broken out butter." just now? A. Because politicians are ing class, the little Squire held out his atraid of confronting the only real aristocratic hand to the common little questions before the country, and we

are within "six months of a Presidential election.

Q. How does a Presidential election affect the matter? A. They fancy that defiance of other countries will "go" with the people in favor of whoever bullies and swaggers the loud-

Q. Is the Jingo craze connected

with the silver craze? A. It is. Q. How? A. In case of war of even great preparations for defense, we should need large sums of money, and the treasury being bankrupt, we should resort to silver, of which we have a large stock on hand, and pass off half dollars as dollars.

Q. Would this be honest? A. would not. Q. Does this fact commend it

the politicians? A. It does. Q. Is the Jingo craze rational? A It is not. Q. How can this be seen? A. By

reading Jingo speeches and hearing Jingoes talk. Q. On what do Jingoes rely to fos-The course advocated by the majority ter their craze? A. On boastfulnese, arrogance, prejudice and quarrelsome-

> Q. Are these fine motives? A. Do politicians openly appeal to

bad motives? A. Never. Q. To what then do the Jingoes pretend to appeal? A. To patriot-

What has been said of such an

appeal? A. It is the last refuge of a ecoundrel. Q. Are all Jingoes scoundrels? A. No; but nearly all ecoundrels are Jingoes.—New York Evening Post.

Q.

Electric Light Without Heat.

A New Jersey electrician, D. McFarlan Moore, claims to have discovered the secret of the firefly. In other words, that he can make light without heat, in emulate the glowworm, and instead of having the present red-hot hairpin filament in the ordinary incandescent light, he will make the whole surface of the glass glow with a brilliant illumination. Mr. Moore's experiments have been directed along the lines of a new principle in electricity, which he claims to have been discovered. He maintains that, theoretically, there is no more reason why we cannot have light without heat, than there is why we cannot strike a chord on the piano without striking all the chords, in order to have music. He claims to be able to separate the several divisions of energy, and employ only the illuminating elements He employs the ordinary current of 110 volts, and from this he gets a light that compares very favorably with sunshine, so far as obtaining a good negative is concerned. Indeed, he asserts that a one-volt current is enough to accomplish illumination.

He expects one of these days to sell sticks of light about the size of a stick of candy that will burn for forty-eight hours. They will be a sort of a storage battery, and a man can carry them around in his waistcoat pocket. At night all that is necessary to be done is to press a little button, and you have a apparatus for producing light without The machinery employed by him is said to be very simple, and the present commercial current of 110 volts will be enough for nearly a nundred lamps. Under the present incandescent lamp lighting the heat amounts to 99 per cent. of the energy; under Mr. Moore's system nearly all this is saved. very much. When the current is turnthey had been in an ice box. The whole surface of the lamp is illuminated, and not merely the filament of hairpin, as in the present incandescent lamp. The effect of the new light is said to be something exceedingly brilliant .- Popular Science News.

For the Eyes.

When the eyes ache close them for

When they burn bathe them in wa ter as hot as can be borne, with a dash of witch hazel in it. After weeping bathe them in rose water and lay a towel wet in rose water

over them for five minutes. When they are bloodshot sleep more. When the whites are yellow and the pupils dull consult your doctor about your diet .- World

Not a Blood Relative.

you were related to him

would have him."

Mr. Wheeler-"Wasn't that young Blumer who just bowed to you?" Miss Geering -- "Yes; he's a member of my family now."
Mr. Wheeler-"Why, I never knew

Miss Geering-"Neither I am by blood; I'm bis sister by refusal." -Hillson-"Shall you send your son to college ?" Millson-"What's the

could not achieve any honors."

Hillson—"Hasn't he got brains Millson-"Brains-brains? Nonsense he has enough for two; but he's fast losing his hair, and no football team

-Practically, the end of the Kentucky Senatorial contest was a victory for tde sound money Democrats. By their steady and sturdy resistance they prevented the election of either a Republican or a Democratic friend of free silver coinage at the 16 to 1 ratio.

In view of the near approach of Arbor Day, J. T. Rothrock is busy impressing upon the people of the State the beneficial effects of general tree-planting. What are our Wilkes-Barre

-Bobby "Auntie, pass me the Auntie-"If-, Bobby, if what ?" Bobby (in desperation)-"If you can

For and About Women

Miss Caroline B. Hendricks, niece of the late Thomas A. Hendricks, has been admitted to the practice of law before the Suprema Court in Indiana

"Complaint is a confession of failure So said one of the wise ones of the earth. If women would but recognize the force and truth of that dictum, surely there would be less jar and fret in this

work-a-day world.
Who would willingly confess defeat? And yet the woman who complains dces so all unwittingly; she proclaims aloud that she is overweighted by her responsibilities; that she is unable to meet the calls upon her tact and patience; that life's worries are too many for her; in a word, that she has failed -a humiliating confession, indeed!

The habit of complaining grows, and its influence is something to be dreaded; it reduces everybody to a state of despondency and depression, unfits one for the daily battle of life and makes even the memory of home hateful. And this vice—for vice it is—is a boomerang; it not only acts upon others, but it reduces its victim to a pitiable condition; she becomes nervous, fretful and, alas, nagging, and there is no sweetness

Somebody has truly said that the real art of living is making the best of things; so, my sisters, let that be the basis of the philosophy of your daily life. Cultivate cheerfulness, don't complain, don't nag at fortune and fate; meet the petty ills that hourly arise bravely, brightly. So met they are half defeated, and, be sure, will wholly vanish before the twin sorcerers, hope and natience.

All sorts of fluffy neck things will atone for the loss of the big sleeve.

She is an unwise woman who hangs up her jacket by a loop at the back of accordance with a new principle in the neck. It makes the coat sag where molecular vibration. He proposes to the strain comes, and gives it a dragged and droopy appearance. If loops are used at all, they should be at the arm holes, and so put on as to stand upright, and are not stretched across an inch or so of space, this obviates the pulling at the cloth. But the best way to kesp a coat fresh and in good shape is to keep it, when not in active service. on a wooden hanger.

> Don't think a man is fascinated by your good looks if you catch him staring at you. Your back hair may be coming down or a black smude on your nose may be the reason for his concentrated gaze.

> The old-time stock such as our grandfathers wore will be seen on smart shirt waists this summer.

A charming springlike gown of silvery green brilliantine is made in extreme plainness, but is nevertheless swagger to a degree. The wide skirt is abnormally full and flaring, and set out beautifully at the bottom by its stiff lining of deep green taffeta and its inter-

ling of fibre chamois. The snug little jacket fits like a glove, and has a lot of flaring little ripples ovbright light. His laboratory is in Hare er the bustle. A narrow folded belt of rison, N. J., and recently a party of black satin encircles the waist, and is electrical experts examined his new fastened in front by a huge chou of satin, with a big emerald button directly in the centre. The sleeves are immensely full to the wrists, where a deep cuff of black satin is finished by big choux at the top.

The double-breaster front is fastened

by a row of the jeweled buttons. A natty little cape of green velvet is cut Moore's system nearly all this is saved, in deep scallops all around the edge, and so that the cost of his lamps is reduced finished with a thick rose ruche of black satin. ed on, and the lamps become phosphorescent, the bulbs are as cold as if brim of black satin braid, with a full bow of flimsy lace at the side, and two

tall burnished green wings standing up-

right. A nosegay of mignonette and little pink rosebuds nestles among the lace at one side. The high white collar and turnedback cuffs, which are the distinctive features of the new shirt-waist, are cal-culated to increase one's laundry bill to

an alarming extent. Spring hats will be worn low over the eyes, thus enabling the girl with the tip-tilted nose to look even a trifle

saucier than nature intended.

Ribbons will reign through the coming Summer. No air frock will be complete without them. They will encircle the Summer girl's slender waist—alight on her shoulders as butterfly form little ripple basque to add breadth to her hips, and dangle from her girdle with many floating ends. As rosettes they will be much in evidence, as frilled epaulettes used to disguise the

shape of the newest sleeve. And such ribbons as they are! It is no wonder the Summer girl will revel in them. Showered with blossoms, powdered with gold and gay with varicolored stripes and plaids, they make an assortment fit for a queen to choose

The new ribbons are simply so many floral panoramas, the favorite width, especially for millinery, being seven inches. The colorings are vivid, such as a lovely geranium tone, and many of them have shot grounds, with chine flowers scattered over them, says the New York Sun. Checks blend in and emphasize the chine patterns; some of them entirely cover the ground, and have a white satin arabesque design thrown on their surface. Narrow black satin stripes and satin borders distinguish many of the new ribbons, and minute checks in two colors, such as pink and green. Bunches of cornflowers on a moire gown are most effective. and chine azaleas on checks formed of diagonal lines. Chine floral ribbons in black and white, and plain glace ribbons with violets meandering over the ground, or close set apple blossoms, have a great element of beauty. A narrow, inch-wide chine ribbon is used for millinery purposes, and wider ones show a mixture of black lace designs with flowers, the shaded effects, being most decided. Never before have there been ribbons which are so perfectly ar-