

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road, A ragged beggar sunning. Around it still the sumacs grow And blackberry vines are running. Within the master's desk is seen, Deep scarred by raps of oil; The warping floor, the battered seats, The jackknife's carved initials. The charcoal frescoes on its wall; Its door's worn sill, betraying The feet that, creeping slow to school, Went storming out to play. Long years ago a winter sun Shone over it at setting, Lit up its western window panes And low eaves' icy fretting. It touched the tangled golden curls And brown eyes full of grieving Of one who still her steps delayed When all the school were leaving. For near her stood the little boy Her childish frown singled, His cap pulled low upon a face Where pride and shame were mingled, Pushing with restless feet the snow To right and left he lingered As restlessly her tiny hand The blue checked apron fingered. He saw her lift her eyes; he felt The soft hand's light caressing And heard the trembling of her voice, As if a fault confessing, "I'm sorry that I spelled the word I hate to go above you. Because—the brown eyes lower fell— "Because, you see, I love you."

MATCHMAKING.

Seven rooms and a bath. "Good locality; three flights up; steam heated. Inquire on premises," added Dorothea after announcing the above title with much impressment. Rosalie set down her coffee cup with an animation which threatened serious damage to the frail china, while Evelyn in her sunny corner looked up from the cluster of ferns she was painting full of the liveliest interest. "That sounds very plausible," she observed, leisurely mixing two shades of green upon her palette. "What do you think of it, Dorothea?" "What do you think of it, Rosalie?" inquired Dorothea, prying at her was her custom, one question with another. "Seven rooms are really too many for our needs," said the prudent eldest sister. "So much to keep in order without a servant. Don't worry. We'll keep the place tidy somehow. Evelyn can dust on dark days when the light is poor for her pictures and I during those black periods when inspiration fails, and so betwixt us both, like Jack Sprat and his wife of ancient fame, we'll lick the platter clean," interposed Dorothea. "And with you at the helm, dear, we can't get stranded," remarked Evelyn insinuatingly. "But seven rooms," grinned Rosalie, "and two are not always what they should be." "Don't flatter yourself that fate has reserved for us seven barns the size of this apartment," said Dorothea, with fine scorn. "From Flora's description I should judge that an overabundance of space was not a leading feature of our embryo establishment. Then I've calculated, with necessary parlor, dining room and kitchen, a bedroom each maiden unto herself and a little den where you can make your mud pies in peace, is not too much to take care of. I move that we set our seal upon Flora's discovery as soon as possible." "I second the motion," cried Evelyn, springing up with alacrity. "Well, so be it," said Rosalie, with a resigned air, as she put on her hat. And so it was in less than a week. The three sisters, with their numerous belongings had taken possession of their new quarters, well satisfied with the change from the dull monotony of their former life. It was a novel sensation to these girls to find themselves once more in a real, substantial home, however small and unpromising, for years since their mother's death they had struggled on in their dreary lodgings, eking out their meagre income by a practical application of their various talents. Rosalie fashioned cornices and artistic plaster moldings for the interior decoration of buildings while she waited for golden opportunity for which she longed—the leisure to model the figure of a woman that should only lack the breath of life to crown her perfection, a creation that should possess more than the sensual beauty which caused Pygmalion to fall in love with his own work. She wished to show the world a woman in all the glory of her nineteenth century development and a foreshadowing of future possibilities. Dorothea wrote short newspaper articles, with her treasured novel hidden in her desk awaiting the few crumbs she was able to fling to it from time to time, some of her best thoughts, probably, but in a crude state, just as they were, she would often say when her sisters or friends expressed their admiration of some specially good effort. Meantime the dainty creations found a ready market, and practical Evelyn went cheerfully on with her work, adding more than her share to the family exchequer and patiently waiting for the happy day when she might roam through the smiling country under the blue sky and paint nature at her best. And such was the trio that settled down to enjoy life in seven rooms and a bath. A truly remarkable family, one might say. Not at all. They were merely anxious each to reap the benefit of her one gift, and

working truly for that end succeeded, as earnest workers often do, and enjoyed with all the zest of youth the fruit of their labors. But the space was cramped, as Dorothea predicted, and when genius simmered it was apt to be brought to a sudden halt by some bodily bump, the result of personal contact with odd corners and jutting angles. After a week's sojourn, however, in spite of various bruises and other mishaps of little interest to the uninitiated, they unanimously voted their miniature house-keeping a great success. "Even though Rosalie lies in pneumonia through all the windows or Dorothea goes to the other extreme and smothers us with steam heat," commented Evelyn as they sat in family conclave, adding up accounts. "I must have air," said Rosalie, with an expressive gesture of her shapely hands, of the firm, strong hands of the true sculptor. "And I my money's worth," put in Dorothea. "I hate to think of paying for seven rooms and a bath, steam heated without enjoying the full bill." "On the principle that you would prefer a street car ride from start to finish for the sake of getting as much as possible for your fare, Dorothea, I'm ashamed of you," observed Evelyn severely. "It is not that I am niggardly," urged Dorothea apologetically, "but I firmly believe the world could be worked on a much more economical plan. Take, for example, your street car ride. Nine-tenths of the people who ride neither start from the beginning nor finish at the terminus. Were I a reformer with power I would suggest that as each passenger reached his or her destination the conductor should say: "Sir—or madam, as the case may be—I find you still have some distance due on your fare. Allow me to return the amount owing you by the company." "And suppose the amount is the fractional part of a cent, what then?" asked Rosalie, laughing. "Oh, they might give bills of credit, payable at any time on the line." "And institute a system of bookkeeping to complicate the simplest transaction. I'm afraid your plan wouldn't work, Dorothea. Your idea is too far ahead of the times and the people, and meanwhile—" "There is Flora's knock," interrupted Evelyn as she hastened to open the door. "Well, girls, are you settled?" asked the newcomer as she took her seat among them. "Quite comfortably, thanks to you. There is nothing more to be wished for locally," returned Rosalie. "A servant, you must admit, have not the airiness you so enthusiastically advertised, and I am seriously afraid that the space in which I work would scarcely hold a fair sized model." "Ah, but you are only on arms and legs now, so don't crank," interrupted Dorothea. "You haven't finished the head either, and you know how proverbially long it takes a woman to have her head dressed. The discussion of the style of the twentieth century coiffure will take us months at least," added Dorothea wickedly. "Bangs or no bangs, it's a serious thing to be immortalized in clay. Rosalie picks us to pieces and takes the best of us for her fell purposes. Your ears, Flora, don't they burn you? Evelyn's nose and my mouth—which is my most unflattering feature—and so for the figure that will be a composite production of her 500 friends, a little of everybody beaten together and shaped in a fashion midway between a Venus and a Jenness Miller ideal." Rosalie flushed. She seldom spoke of her work, though Dorothea would bring it forward in every conversation, being immensely proud of her sister's talent. "We have a musical family below us," said Evelyn. "And a menagerie above," put in Dorothea. "I think the Smiths stable their horses on the premises, such a tramping and going on from morning till night." "But the music, as I said before," pursued Evelyn, undisturbed by the interruption, "sounds familiar. It's above the ordinary tone of apartments, and if the Everetts were not supposed to be traveling abroad I should imagine—indeed I should be almost sure—well, Flora, have you what is the matter?" she broke off inquisitively as she saw Miss Westbrooke turn so evidently a prey to the most violent emotion. "No, no; but, girls, do you know who does live just below you?" "An expectant silence was her only answer. "Well, I really didn't hear myself until yesterday, but Will Everett and his sister moved in just three days ago. They came home very suddenly and were settled before their friends even knew they had returned. Will is much changed, they say—not sociable at all like he used to be; pleasant enough when one can get at him, but that is so hard, for he ties himself to his piano nowadays, you know. Will was always a good musician." Flora Westbrooke had talked on for the sake of filling an uncomfortable pause. Rosalie had grown quite pale, and rising had gone to the window, where she stood absent drumming on the pane and looking down upon the busy street scene below. Dorothea's sharp tongue for once had failed her, and Evelyn gave a troubled sigh as she took up her brush. "How could he have known?" she said in a low voice, glancing apprehensively at the figure at the window. "Quite easily, if you will consider. Being interested, he inquires for the Misses Norton at their old home, finds them flown obtains their address, and coming here presumably to call upon an apartment vacant, puts off his call, consults his sister Mary, and they move in. The Everetts were never laggards, you know. That is, of course, merely a surmise of mine and may be entirely incorrect. There is no telling—stranger accidents have happened. Did you go to the flower show?" asked Flora, adroitly turning the conversation, and by degrees it drifted into more natural vein. Then presently Rosalie joined the group, and the little cloud had seemingly vanished. But when their visitor took her leave she was very thoughtful as she went slowly down stairs. Almost against her will she had been drawn into a plot, which, however innocent of guile, savored naturally of matchmaking. She doubted seriously if she had shown wisdom in allowing her heart to run away with the strong common sense of which she had such a goodly store, but it was too late to draw back, so she contented herself with shaking her head at the young man who stood waiting for her at the front door. "It's a very poor showing you will have, Will, and very little I can say to encourage you," she began in answer to his eager, questioning face. "Rosalie is as salient as one of her clay figures, and the other girls unusually reticent. They are simply unapproachable through any ordinary channel." "I do not intend ever again to ask Rosalie Norton to be my wife," returned Everett proudly. "I shall force her to love me. My will is strong enough. This time I

shall woo her through no spoken word, and then when I am sure—well, I cannot tell. I could scarcely answer for myself." "I think it is her art—her desire to be famous—that stands in your way," said Flora. "But her course is a mistaken one. The very fire that love kindled would light her genius." "A very practical way of stating the case but not up to the standard of those practical girls. You are too idle. Will, if you will excuse my candor, some purpose in your life, however lowly, would irresistibly appeal to them. Would you gain Rosalie's love you must work up to her notion of what a man should be. You are a natural musician. Then why do you not stretch out those skillful fingers of yours and draw some of your wandering brothers into the path of harmony? You have never known a once detected, and that instruction the want of which has barred the door from an upper window, "you tarried long enough to button a dozen gloves at that front door. The plot thickens, heighho! There'll be too much fire without the steam heat in seven rooms and a bath." But life went on apparently unchanged, though a close observer might have been aware of an intense, unobtrusive, but stirred through the everyday homely canvas. Rosalie spent long hours in her tiny work-room when she was not busied with the simple housekeeping. She had now before her the most puzzling and the most interesting of artistic studies, the modeling of a head that should portray her conception of physical power, combined with that high moral beauty which would be strong, yet feminine; firm, yet gentle; generous, noble, loving all in one. Day after day she labored, untiring in her earnestness and with unflinching energy. Yet she was never satisfied. There was something lacking—a certain softness, an indescribable touch, the want of which her quick eye at once detected, but she dreaded to let her hand shield ruthlessly, nor some salient point. She could not tell with all her skill, just where the trouble lay, and after much perturbation she called in her sister for criticism. "Your face needs color," announced Evelyn after a careful scrutiny. "Of course I do not mean the real application of rouge, but a certain life quality which makes you forget that this is clever work of yours, executed with an accuracy of no common order, but I would rather recognize in this woman's head a divine inspiration, which I must say, I cannot find here. Were it put into marble it would never appeal to me as flesh and blood." "Brave, Evelyn; you argue well from your colorist's standpoint!" cried Dorothea approvingly. "You are right and wrong, however. True, the color may be lacking, but it rather a soul tint than a flesh tint. Rosalie's woman has never looked. When she does, none voyvono. I see it in her faces, too, quite as keenly and as critically as you do, and I know the symptoms," with a shriveled glance at her sister. "Now, Evelyn has given you the guide and I the goal, but remember it must be love crowned with fulfillment which shall irradiate that face. Cupid must not be defrauded of his lawful spoils," and Dorothea escaped with a laugh from the reproachful gaze of the young sculptor sent after her, only to enter with redoubled zest the pretty romance she was weaving out of real life. A "true and true" romance grew under her pen, though the climax of the tale was withheld through force of circumstances, and is she watched the silent bit of love-making her impatient spirit waxed with what she deemed a useless delay. Will Everett kept his word, and between these households, once on terms of intimacy, only the most formal calls were now exchanged. His sister Mary did most of the visiting, for the girls held aloof, and the young man devoted himself with great ardor to his music. Dorothea, ever so alert, soon discovered that the sound of his piano traveled up through the pipes of the steam register, and she also observed that while Rosalie still craved air at odd minutes she often unconsciously lingered by the heater, drinking in the melody like one thirsty. Such music as it was! And she stood at times listening with rapt attention. It seemed to her that the sound of his mother, and the airs were plaintive, sad, wild, despairing, often with a happier touch of tenderness—never joyous, yet always strangely beautiful and moving at least one listener until the tears stood in her eyes and she was forced to hide her glowing face from her sister's penetrating glance. You see, she said, she was sure of it now, though she had thought differently a short while back. But Flora was right. So earnest and full of purpose in her art, it made her unhappy to see him wasting his own great gift, and even as his love came swelling up in waves of harmony she would fly from the spell of it and return to her "futile piece" with redoubled vigor. "You see, I'm sure, that he should do, you know, it is more than he should do, you know," said Dorothea sentimentally with a side glance at her sister, "only I'm sorry I can't give my unqualified approval, but really it sounds dreadful through the heater, its ding-ding-ding, ding-ding-ding, one-two-three, one-two-three, all day long. It nearly runs me mad." "It makes no difference to me. I have no nerves," said Rosalie, but a faint flush belied her words, and under that calm exterior a rebellious heart was beating violently. It was a most annoying affair to the lookers on, and had not Providence intervened in the guise of an unlooked for accident the question might never have come to a final settlement. A quick ring at the hall bell brought Rosalie from her work room. Opening the door, she found a shabbily dressed little girl standing outside, with a small roll of music in her arm. "Mr. Everett lives down one flight," she said in answer to the eager question. "Take care of the stairs. It is rather dark," but her warning came too late.

The child lost her footing on the landing and fell from the top to the bottom, while Rosalie, pale and frightened, hastened to the rescue as fast as her feet could carry her. As she reached the motionless little figure and mistook it in her strong, young arms the door of the lower apartment was flung open wide, and Will Everett stood upon the threshold. "Come in here, he said authoritatively, relieving her of her burden, and Rosalie followed him meekly. He laid the child upon the couch as tenderly as if he had been a woman. "She has fainted!" he exclaimed as he hurried off for some water. Rosalie bent over her anxiously and gently felt for any broken bones. She gave a relieved sigh as Will came back. "I think it is only the shock of the fall and probably a few hard bruises," she said, rubbing the child's head, while the young man on his knees beside her vigorously rubbed the other. Then they worked in silence until the little one opened her eyes and tried to sit up. "Not yet, Madge. You had a bad tumble, and you must keep quiet for a while. I will go and tell your mother. She is an invalid," he explained to Rosalie, "and meanwhile Miss Norton will get you to bed—that is," he added, "if you do not mind. Mary is away spending a few days with Flora Westbrooke, and I am a dunce about these matters. Just put her away in Mary's room and rummage about there for anything you might need. Call the maid if you are in trouble. I'll be back in a few minutes." Rosalie half smiled as he gave this volley of orders and made good his escape. Then with a glow at her head, she could not understand, she set about her preparations. By the time Will returned her charge had been made quite comfortable in Mary's room. Then ensued an awkward pause, during which Rosalie decided whether to beat a hasty retreat or accept the situation more gracefully and exchange commonplaces with her quondam lover, who sat carelessly twirling himself on the music stool, watching her with a dangerous light in his eyes. It was a crisis they both knew yet both were too proud, too obstinate, to force it by word or glance. The situation could only have lasted a few seconds, though it seemed of interminable length to poor Rosalie, who felt her defenses giving away when Dorothea's voice outside and her peremptory knock at the door brought them both to their senses. She glanced sharply from one to the other as she came into the room. "The smell of burning soup permeating through seven rooms and a bath led me to investigate," she remarked. "I found the cook floundering and the broiler scorched. You needn't go Rosalie. I have opened all the windows and performed the last offices for the soup—that is, I have thrown it out—and I do not know what inspiration led me here unless it was an intense desire to wind up my romance. I am writing one from real life, you understand." Then suddenly her manner changed. "Bless you for a perverse pair of nudes! Here is happiness staring you right in the face, and you dodge it as if it were some new form of a bad plague. Go to, bad children, and mend your ways! Don't half-frighten at what she had done, Dorothea turned and fled. Rosalie walked hastily to the window. Everett rose from his stool and followed her, and together, still in unbroken silence, they looked out at the gray clouds and the wayward movements of the first scurrying flakes, the heralds of the approaching snow-storm. Then suddenly, as if by a common impulse, their eyes met and their hands and their lips. But why repeat the old story? "Rosalie," said Evelyn that night, pushing her sister gently in front of the mirror, "put into your woman's face half the light and radiance reflected there in yours, and the work will be the perfection of ideal womanhood." "You might call it Love Crowned," observed Dorothea, wiping her pen with evident satisfaction, for the tale was finished. "Do you know, Flora," said this irrefragable young person the next day, "we find the premises very crowded—in fact, we think seriously of giving us 14 rooms and two baths, you see." "But how can I breathe the contagion of this all pervading happiness?" "Really," said Dorothea, delighted. "Yes," said Rosalie quite soberly, "with one or two extra conveniences, a cook and a husband being among the added luxuries." Then they laughed as if only light hearted girls can laugh, and Flora never repeated her first and only bit of matchmaking.—Philadelphia Times.

Philadelphian, May 7.—Herman W. Mudgett, alias H. H. Holmes, was hanged at Moyamensing prison last Thursday in Philadelphia. The drop fell at 10:12 o'clock. It was not until a half hour later that he was officially pronounced dead. His neck was broken by the fall. The execution was in every way entirely devoid of any sensational features. To the last he was self-possessed and cool, even to the extent of giving a word of advice to Assistant Superintendent Richardson as the latter was arranging the final details. He died as he lived, unconcerned and thoughtful, apparently, of the future. Even with the recollection still vividly before him of the recent confession, in which he admitted the killing of a score of persons both sexes and in all parts of the country, he refuted everything and almost his last words were a point blank denial of any crimes committed, except the death of two women at his hands by malpractice. Of the murder of the several members of the Pitzel family he denied all complicity, particularly of the father, for whose death, he stated, he was suffering the penalty. Then with the prayer of the spiritual attendants still sounding in his ears and a few spoken words to those about him, the strap was sprung, and beyond a few incidental post mortem details, the execution which culminated one of the worst criminal stories known to criminology was ended. Mr. Rotan was early at the prison, but he had been preceded by Rev. Father Dailey and Father McPake, who administered the last rites of the church to the condemned man. They arrived shortly after 6 o'clock and only a few minutes after Holmes had arisen. So sound were his slumbers in fact that he was called before awakening when the arrival of Rev. Fathers Dailey and McPake was announced. He greeted them warmly, but with no show of undue emotion, and with the same air of self-possession that has marked his conduct throughout the entire case. They were come to administer the sacrament of communion. For nearly two hours they remained in the cell with him, and then were almost immediately succeeded by Lawyer Rotan, the legal advisor of Holmes. Pleasantly also he greeted him. There were several matters pertaining to his worldly affairs that will have to be settled up after his death, and this time was taken for giving the final details and explanations. While discussing his affairs breakfast was served, and he seemed to heartily enjoy the meal. "He enjoyed it more than I could, even though only his attorney," remarked Mr. Rotan, after leaving the cell, and to the end he maintained the same stoicism. It was not blustering braggadocio or the foul-mouthed bully or desperado who curses the hand that offers spiritual solace, but the calm demeanor and quiet bearing that are compelled by a will of iron. When the morning meal was ended, Holmes prepared to dress himself. Contrary to the general custom he refused to don a new suit, but arrayed himself in trousers, vest and cutaway coat of some dark mixed goods, of a pepper and salt effect that had been worn by him frequently before. Even in this he was careful, giving every attention to even the most minute details of his toilet. Collar and necktie were, of course, not worn, but their place was taken by a white handkerchief knotted carelessly about the neck. At 10:02 o'clock the sheriff called together the official jury, and after each man had answered to his name and subscribed to the certificate, the solemn march to the gallows was made. The suspense was almost painful, brief though it was, and then preceded by Sheriff Clements and Superintendent Perkins, Holmes stepped on the trap. On the right was Father Dailey, to the left Father McPake and bringing up the rear Lawyer Rotan and Assistant Superintendent Richardson. The little party stood for a moment looking down then in response to a sign from one of these beside him Holmes stepped forward and spoke a few words. Pallid, naturally, after his incarceration, there was no other evidence of any fear or disquiet. He spoke slowly and with measured attention to every word; a trifle low at first, but louder as he proceeded, until every word was distinctly audible. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have a very few words to say in fact, I would make no statement at this time except that by not speaking I would appear to acquiesce in life in my execution. I only want to say that the extent of my wrongdoings in taking human life consisted in the deaths of two women, they having died at my hand as the result of criminal operation. I wish to state, however, so that there will be no misunderstanding hereafter, I am not guilty of taking the lives of any of the Pitzel family, the three children or father, Benjamin F. Pitzel, for whose death I am to-day to be hanged. That is all." As he ceased speaking he stepped back, and kneeling between Fathers Dailey and McPake, joined with them in silent prayer for a brief minute or two. Again standing, he shook the hand of all those about him, and then signified his readiness for the end. Coolest of the entire party, he even went to the extreme of suggesting to Assistant Superintendent Richardson that the latter not hurry himself. "Take your time; don't bungle it," he remarked, as the official exhibited some little haste, the evident outcome of nervousness. These were almost his last words. The cap was adjusted, a low-toned query, "Are you ready?" and an equal low response "Yes, goodbye," and the trap was sprung. The neck was not broken and there were a few convulsive twitches of the limbs that continued for about ten minutes. The trap was sprung at precisely 10:12, and fifteen minutes later Holmes was pronounced dead, though the body was not cut down until 10:45. After the body of Holmes had been lowered from the scroffold and placed upon the stretcher, the black cap was taken off. The face was but little distorted. It was slightly discolored and the eyes were half open. The lips were drawn back and the teeth protruded. A bruise and an abrasion around the neck where the rope had tightened was visible above the coat collar. After the body had been viewed by the physicians and the manner of death determined, the stretcher was wheeled out of the corridor into the jail yard. Here it was placed in an ordinary cheap pine coffin. One noticeable thing about the coffin was that it was wide enough and deep enough to have held two men of Holmes' size. The coffin was put aboard an undertaker's wagon and conveyed to the Roman Catholic cemetery of the Holy Cross. The only persons at the cemetery were the undertaker and his assistant, two

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. The stock of our grandfathers is the standby of fashion. A word as to belts. The formal black that served the purpose of every gown is now only a plurius unum. The kind most in vogue is white kid or leather. These are exceptionally striking with dark blue and black suits. The buckle is also of kid or leather. Some of the more ornate have tiny gold, silver or enameled buckles, but the smart girl will wear her plain. For the universal grass cloth and tan covered cloths some belts made of linen over canvas, with the square buckle covered with green. I haven't heard of pink and blue belts, but green, brown, bronze, yellow, crimson and white are to be had. The white and linen ones are selling as low as 25 cents. Don't be beguiled or tempted by false pretences of economy to wear a ribbon or a silk one with broad jeweled buckle. These are decidedly out of vogue. The only excuse for them is with the fine white muslins of summer. Then a broad satin belt with the buckle of last summer will be passable. The shopping woman wears chateaux of leather like the leather belt on account of its staying firm and secure. The silk belts are weighed down by the bag into a string. Green. No color is more popular though all the soft shades of purple are also in favor. They have a chic, and a dash, and a finish, not always found in the ordinary gown. The smart skirt flares and flares until there seems to be no end to its flaring, but one and all fit like a glove over the hips. While the thin gowns for later wearing like the black and white, both skirt and bodice, absolute plainness is the rule in the cloth skirt, unless it be that a braided decoration is used. Then the hips often bear a part of the plan, and some times the foot has the finishing touch. Novelty rules the bodices; no two are alike, even though the difference but lies in the matter of revers or sleeves. The Norfolk jacket is the best par excellence of the moment. It is made up in all sorts of goods, usually to match the skirt, though often it is of entirely different material and color. Sometimes the jacket is made to reach only to the belt, though more often it extends below, and sets out in full, short ruffles over the hips. A smart gown lacking such a bodice is made up in cedar-brown or black, over a foundation of scarlet taffeta, very rich in quality, and alive with a most delicious frill. The wide skirt has eight gores, shaped as sharply as possible at the top and flaring broadly at the foot. Here a set of pink dust ruffles give a smart finish. The Norfolk jacket has the regulation three pleats, and comes below the belt, which latter consists of cedar-brown kid, edged with narrow gold and scarlet cord. The box-pleats also bear this decoration. The full blouse sleeves are gathered into a wide, loose cuff, fastened with two round horn buttons of brown. A deep, flaring collar is built up high about the neck, and is completed by a stiff bow of scarlet satin. With this gown is worn an Alpine hat of satin straw, in brown, banded simply with ribbon, with two stiff quills at the side. A sunshade of vivid scarlet finishes the toilet. It is a sanitary recommendation that in all basins and tubs, especially those connected with or near the sleeping apartment the opening into the waste pipe at night should be stopped, and fresh water left standing in the basin. I am asked by a girl friend to give my opinion about a pretty foot. Is it short or a long foot, a broad or a narrow one, and do I recommend a particular shoe. How is one to avoid ingrowing nails, corns and bunions? My dear child, these painful deformities are caused, as a rule, by ill-fitting shoes. A shoe too short for the foot or too high heel will cause an ingrowing toe-nail, as source of endless trouble and suffering. Wear low heels, and have your shoes a little longer than your feet, and you will not be troubled by bunions, which are swellings of the joints. Change your stockings very often, and bathe the feet twice a day to prevent corns. A pretty foot is a foot in the right proportion to the rest of the figure. It is not always a small foot. In fact, a tall, large shoe should not care for a foot fit only for a wee midget who needs a tiny boot and an elin slipper. Never be ashamed of the size of your foot, but keep your shoes and boots in the nicest possible order. Be very careful about buttons. A shoe with one or two yawning spaces where all should be neatness and trimness gives a disagreeable impression of its wearer. Whenever you can manage it, have several pairs of shoes at a time. They last much longer if relieved by one another; and when not in use keep your shoes in a box or bag away from dust, and with tissue paper stuffed inside their toes to preserve their shape. Wear the nicest stockings you can procure. It is true economy to purchase the best foot-gear one can afford.—From Harper's Round Table. With the return of all large shops' buyers, who have been in Europe selecting the cream of the modistes' and milliners' art for their customers, women will not lack the material to make themselves look their prettiest. But it is a fact to be regretted that many women follow blindly a fashion, without considering its adaptability to their particular style. It is this desire to be in fashion that makes many a woman, who could otherwise be attractive, common-place and unnoticed. Women should wear that which fashion proclaims as stylish only when it is becoming to them. Looks should never be sacrificed to style. A stylish gown is always stylish, while a becoming gown may be decidedly unbecoming. Some women look well in anything. They are fortunate beings, and should be thanked. There are other women who think they look well in anything while, as a matter of fact, nothing looks well on them. These are to be pitied, and if some kind friend could influence their selections, and in a quiet way impart to them the knowledge that it requires some little care and judgment to select becoming gowns, it would redound to their benefit. Perhaps the general run of women show worse taste in hats and bonnets than in anything else. Goodness knows, they spend enough time in the millinery shops "trying on" hats to make a desirable choice, but it seems that fashion rules there with a scepter that is not to be disregarded. Someone says that a hat pushed away down over the nose is the proper thing, and immediately all hats are pushed down, no matter whether the position makes frights of the wearers or not. Fashion is a powerful ruler, but the advice of one who has made a study of the subject is to be independent, without being odd. (Continued on page 6.)