

THE ROCK-A-BY CHAIR.

Oh, the rock-a-by chair is a jolly old ship,
And grandma's captain and crew,
And she sings a nice song as we start on our trip,

THE DANCE OF THE INN.

A story, girls, said grandpa smilingly,
"Why, I've never had anything happen to me
That could make a story—except one.

knight of the road and his companions
vanished as suddenly as they had come.

"One month later I was almost worn out
with the entertainments furnished by my
sister in her efforts to make my visit pleasant.

"As the wagons drove up to the door of
the inn where the dance was to be held I
heard a young lady, a friend of my sister's
call out:

"Why, where has Mr. Meredith gone?
But I thought nothing about it then.

"The dancing had been going on for only
a short time when this young lady came up
to me and with tones suggestive of vexation
or pique, said:

"Mr. Meredith wishes to be introduced
to you.

"Mr. Meredith then asked me to dance
with him, and not once, but many times
we danced together—he was an admirable
dancer. Yet I could hardly hear what he
said, so perplexed was I, wondering where
I could have heard his voice before. But
at length, as he extended his hand, I
glanced down, and saw a small cross cut
on the diamond of his ring.

"My dears, I almost fainted outright.
But to the end he acted the part of a
gentleman. He led me to the window and
stood talking while he shielded my agitation
from the room now filled with whirling
couples.

"Nothing was said for several minutes.
In my foolish heart I was trying to think
of some romantic reason that would account
for his mode of life. His face, from which
the beard and mustache were gone, looked
like that of some bygone Sir Galahad, not
like that of a criminal. His kindly brown
eyes shown upon me with a world of laughter
in them.

"Well he said smilingly. At the same
moment I caught sight of Paul in the doorway
talking to a man whom I did not
know, and with earnest gestures pointing
to my partner. Paul, too, had recognized
me, though my heart was beating so hard
that I could not speak, motioned to Mr.
Meredith to finish the dance, and when we
reached the side nearest the opposite door I
stopped.

"Bend down your head," I whispered
faintly.

"Some one has recognized you. I saw
them. You must go." My voice trembled
I am sure.

"Must?" he said slowly, still smiling,
then he frowned. But the smile came
back instantly, and he glanced at me as I
stood pale and trembling. "Poor little
girl," he said. "So divided between a sense
of duty and pity for a poor wretch like me.
Come—a bargain, child! I once more dance
all around the room and back here, and I
will go."

"You ought to go now," I faltered.

"Not until we finish this dance," he
said firmly.

"He supported me almost entirely as we
whirled me around the room, or I believe
that I should have slipped on the floor.

"Now, go!" I whispered in perfect
terror.

"Goodby!" he said earnestly. "I shall
never forget you. Think of me as kindly
as you can."

"He had vanished in the darkness, and
none too soon. A few minutes later the
sheriff and two of his men appeared fully
armed, but Mr. Meredith was nowhere to
be found—nor did any one ever discover
how he had escaped."

Grandmother sighed softly.

"I have always been glad to know that
he escaped," she added.

"Is that all?"

"Yes, except that after the notice of my
marriage had been inserted in the papers,
received an express package containing a
diamond ring, with a cross cut in its
surface."

The girls were silent a few moments, and
then began with exclamations of delight at
the story, romantic beyond anything they
had expected. Then said saucy Irene, with
a twinkle in her eyes:

"Grandmother, darling, I'll wager anything
that you never told granddaddy all of
this story."

The pink blush spread over grand-mother's
face, but the dear old soul would not
lie even to point a moral.

"No, my dear girls," she said, slowly,
"it was very wrong, no doubt, but I never
did."

Poor Men's Bank Deposits.

One of the most distressing maladies
which has ever afflicted the rich men of
this country is now raging with awful
fury and threatens them with annihilation.

The disease affects the heart and is brought
on by excessive worry over the fact that
the "10,000,000" laboring men of this
country, who have "\$1,810,000,000" deposited
in banks in this country, would if
free silver should win, be compelled to accept
"cheap 50 cent silver dollars" when
they want to draw out their money.

When we remember that \$1,800,000
will cover the money of all kinds authorized
by the government and that \$300,000,000
or more of our gold coin is in Europe,
we are amazed at the grasping disposition
of the apparently heartless ten millions
of laboring men, who have grabbed up every
dollar in the country and Rockefeller,
Morgan, Belmont and Seligman were left
without a penny to buy fire crackers with
on July 4th, 1896! These bloated
depositors must be looked after. Strange, is
it not, that Cleveland did not sell his
government bond issues to these rich laborers,
who don't go to Europe and spend, in the
aggregate, \$100,000,000 a year, like the
poor, plighted Depews, Goulds, Vanderbilts,
Whitneys and Belmonts do! These rich
laborers should be put down. The fact
that the poor, poverty stricken banks
have nearly five billion dollars loaned out
and have but a trifle over six hundred million
dollars with which to pay depositors,
exhibits the beauty of our financial system.
But the bankers and moneylenders. They
have no anxiety for themselves. Their
hearts bleed for the poor laborer, and
palpitate over the tarnished honor of their
good name, lest they should be forced to
pay out "debased silver currency" over
their counters in liquidation of their honest
debts. During the war they were engaged
in destroying the greenback, which
paid the soldier, and in enhancing the value
of their gold and bonds. A forty cent
dollar was rich enough for the man who
risked his life, or died for his country and
for the widows and orphans of the slain,
but they wanted a 200 or 300 cent dollar
for their unpatriotic services of selling their
gold to pay duties on imports and for
manipulating Congress, and securing legislation
to rob and enslave a free people.

The man who says that the government
of the United States puts its stamp upon a
"debased, rotten, cheap silver dollar,"
which is worth only 50 cents, is both a liar
and a traitor.—Liberty.

—Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Somebody to Blame.

But Who, is Just Now the Question of Importance.
Terrible Railroad Wreck—Forty-nine People Killed
and that as many Seriously Injured Near Atlantic
City.—An Operator Under Arrest.—According to the
Engineer of the West Jersey Train the Lights were
all Right and Therefore He Plunged Ahead to the
Disaster.—A Locomotive Boiler Exploded.

A terrible railroad catastrophe took
place on the meadows about two
miles out of Atlantic City last
Thursday evening, resulting in the
deaths of forty-nine people so far as now
can be learned, and the wounding of forty-
three others. A train left there consisting
of seven cars over the West Jersey railroad
bearing a special excursion load of Red Men
and their friends of Bridgeton and Salem, N.
J., and had reached the crossing of the
Reading railroad when it was struck by
the down express, demolishing two cars
and telescoping the two following.

The engine of the Reading train became
a total wreck, killing the engineer and
fatally injuring the fireman, and the car
behind it also was thrown from the track
and many of its occupants killed or injured.
The responsibility of the collision has not
been placed, but William Thurlow,
the operator at the block tower situated at
the crossing, has been placed under arrest
by order of the coroner.

On leaving the city, the tracks of the
West Jersey road run parallel to those
of the Camden and Atlantic until after they
cross the drawbridge, when they switch off
to the south crossing the Reading road at
an obtuse angle. John Greiner, the engineer
of the West Jersey train, saw the
Reading train approaching the crossing at
a swift speed but as the signals were open
for him to proceed on his way, he con-
tinued. His engine had barely cleared the
track of the Reading when the locomotive
of the latter train, which, left Philadelphia
at 5:40 p. m., struck the first car in
full in the centre, throwing it off the track
into a nearby ditch and completely sub-
merging it. The second car of the West
Jersey train was also carried into the ditch,
the third and fourth cars being telescoped.

The engine of the Reading train was
thrown to the other side of the track, car-
rying with it the first coach. A few min-
utes after the collision, to add to the horror
of the situation, the boiler of the Reading
locomotive exploded, scalding several to
death and casting its boiling spray over
many of the injured passengers. As soon
as the news reached Atlantic City it spread
widely and thousands of people flocked
to the scene. The road leading to the
place of the collision was a constant procession
of hacks, busses and bicycles and all
kinds of vehicles, while thousands of
pedestrians hurried along the path to render
what assistance they could or to satisfy
their curiosity.

Deceased felt quickly and the work of
rescuing the injured and dead bodies was
carried out under the lurid glare of huge
bonfires. It was a gruesome sight pre-
sented to on-lookers as the mangled and
burnt remains of the dead were carried from
the wreckage which bound them and laid
side by side on the gravel bank near the
track, with no other pall than the few old
newspapers gathered from the passengers.

The wounded people were quickly gather-
ed together and carried by train and wagon
to the Atlantic City hospital, where six of
them died shortly after their arrival. The
old excursion house at the foot of Missis-
sippi avenue was converted into a morgue
and the dead were taken there. The city
is terribly excited over the accident.

The streets in the vicinity
of the excursion house and the
city hospital; as well as the road leading
to the scene of the accident, were packed
with people anxious to learn the latest.
The Bridgeton and Salem excursionists
who escaped injury were sent home on a
special train a few hours later.

THE HORROR OF THE MORGUE.

The centre of interest to-day was the im-
provised morgue, and a strange spectacle for
this city of proverbial gaiety was the continual
procession of undertakers' wagons bowling
along Atlantic avenue, the principal
thoroughfare, carrying bodies to that place
and later to the Pennsylvania Railroad
station. Inside the morgue the scenes
were being enacted throughout the day.
A few incidents there will suffice to pic-
ture the general happenings of the dreadful
task of identification. A young man
named Morris Peters, with his father, Joseph,
was on the excursion from Bridgeton.
Both were killed. This morning the
mother and daughter came down to look
for their loved ones.

When they found them the scene was so
ineffably pitiful that every beating heart in
the gloomy place throbbled with grief and
pain. The body of the youth was reached
first. Both women stared at the lifeless
form for a moment silently, then the pent-
up rivers of the eye found vent, and they
sank down sobbing wildly. The attendants
tenderly asked them to come to the
body of the father, but with all the little
strength left to them the women refused.
It was necessary to the work of identifica-
tion, however, and the shuddering women
were led to the other corpse. This was the
last straw. The women collapsed entirely,
and it was necessary to have them borne
from the place and taken away in a carriage.

Such scenes as this continued all day.
A father looking for a little child; mothers
in search of their loved ones; stalwart but
broken-hearted men, hoping, yet fearing to
find their wives, and so on to the end, pic-
turing the direst woe that can befall human
creatures. The place itself was incon-
ceivably dotted with color. Daintily blue
boxed millinery, gaudy shawls, parcels,
boxes of candy lay about everywhere, and
wrest of all colors—that of blood was
splashed about almost everywhere.

Scenes of a like character were occur-
ing at the same time at the Sanitarium,
where the injured lie, and where several
died today. One very interesting train
brought crowds of grief-stricken relatives
and friends, and as darkness came on it is
safe to assert that it found answering dark-
ness in the hearts of many thousands here,
where all is meant to be light, life and
gaiety.

Identifying the Dead.

There never was a scene of sadness in
Atlantic City or probably in the State of
New Jersey to equal that presented at the
Reading railroad excursion house to-day.
This home of the merry revelers was trans-
formed into a gloomy house of death, and
along the floor were the bodies of two score
and more excursionists who, but a few
hours before, were among the gayest of the
gay.

By nine o'clock Friday morning there
were exactly 44 bodies taken to the Excursion
house, and as soon as they arrived
they were put on ice in crude boxes. They
were made up as presentable as their mutilated
bodies would permit and then arranged
in two long rows down either side of the
room. On the north side were the men
and boys, while on the south were the
women and girls.

Meanwhile a crowd of anxious relatives

and friends of the dead, injured or missing
had assembled about the Excursion house
and sought to gain admittance. A squad of
police guarded the door and only a half
dozen at a time were admitted. The
searchers were met by those in charge, who
asked whether they were looking for a man
woman, boy or girl. Upon receiving a reply
they would begin at the first coffin and
go long until the last was reached, raising
the lids and displaying the distorted and
torn bodies of the dead.

At the Gate.

"Good night, Lenn."

"What's your rush, Jennie?"

"What do I want to stand out here
for?"

"Ain't I here?"

"Oh, dear me! What an attraction!
Good night."

"Pshaw! Now, Jennie, I"—

"Let go my hand."

"I won't."

"I'll scream for pa if you don't."

"Yes, you will."

"I will, Lenn."

"Let's hear you."

"Lenn, you are the hatefullest thing!"

"Aw, you don't say!"

"If you don't let go my hand I'll—"

"You'll do what?"

"You want me to slap you?"

"Oh, oh!"

"I will, Lenn! I'll slap you real hard!"

"I will, Lenn! I'll kiss you now."

"Yes, you just try to kiss me once."

"Well, I will—there!"

"O-o-o-h, you Lenn Bragg!"

"And there!"

"And there on you!"

"Lenn Bragg, if you don't stop that I'll!"

"That was three! Now here's number
four!"

"Oh, you're just too awful for anything!
You're just as mean! If I should call pa
he'd!"

"Why don't you call him, then?"

"I will if you don't, then yourself,
Good night."

"Come, now, don't be snatched."

"I'm not going to stay out here another
second."

"Ain't, huh?"

"No, I'm not."

"Daring me to kiss you again, I reckon
you just try it."

"All right, here goes."

"Lenn!"

"Now for another."

"Lenn Bragg, I'll never speak to you
again while I live! Good night."

"Now, there's no rush, Jennie." And
there didn't seem to be, for two hours later
they were still there, and there was no
falling off in the brilliancy of their conver-
sation.—World.

Free Silver Dialogue.

Heard by a Correspondent on the Streets of Phil-
adelphia.

Mr. Editor: If an observer had been present
on a recent evening he might have
heard a dialogue, which if carried to a logical
conclusion, would have run about as
follows:

"For \$50 I can buy enough silver bullion
to make 100 coined dollars." "Where can
you buy the bullion?" "In New
York." "When?" "Now." "And
when you get it where will you go to have
it made into dollars?" "To the mint."

"Now, then, do you want to make your
bullion?" "No, we'll never make your
spec." "If we get free silver you can buy
the bullion then." "Where?" "From any
one that has it." "At what price?"
"Market price, about fifty cents or less on
the dollar." "Do you think anybody
would be green enough to give you his bul-
lion for that price when he can take it to
the mint and get it coined into many dol-
lars as you can?" "Well, that's what the
papers say, but it does look kind of queer."
You read only one kind of papers, that's
what's the matter." "May be."

Lore of Colors.

White is the emblem of light, religious
purity, innocence, faith, joy and life. In
the judge it indicates integrity; in the
sick, humility; in the woman, chastity.
Red, the ruby, signifies fire, divine love
and royalty. White and red roses express
love and wisdom. Blue, or the sapphire,
expresses heaven, the firmament truth from
a celestial origin, constancy and fidelity.
Yellow or gold, is the symbol of the sun,
of marriage and faithfulness. Green the
emerald is the color of spring, of hope—
particularly of the hope of immortality
and of victory, as the color of the laurel
and the palm. Violet, the amethyst, sig-
nifies love and truth, or passion and suffer-
ing. Purple and scarlet signifies things
good and true from a celestial origin.
Black corresponds to despair, darkness,
earthliness, mourning, negation, wicked-
ness and death.

The London newspapers it seems
have been roused to frenzy of anger by the
action of the Democratic party in favor of
the free coinage of silver. The London
Times denounces every one who supports
Bryan as dishonest, and says no honest
man can vote for silver. These papers de-
nounce Democrats as anarchists, socialists,
and repudiators. And why all this anger?
Simply because Democrats of the United
States want silver put back where it was
before 1873. That act of congress of 1873
doubled the value of all American gold
bonds held in England and has made a
gold dollar worth almost double what it
was in 1872. This is why the English
newspapers are denouncing the Democ-
rats in such unmeasured terms.

The issue is drawn, and we have
our choice in this campaign between the
American financial system for the Ameri-
can people and an English financial system
to be forced upon us. Those who believe in
running this government on the European
plan should go and legislate with the Re-
publican party. If I mistake not the pa-
triotism of the people, whose patriotism
has never been appealed to in vain, there
can be but one issue in this campaign and
but one result.—William J. Bryan in his
speech to his old neighbors in Illinois last
week.

We are told that there is more money
in the country now than there ever was.
Perhaps there is but the farmers are not
getting very much of it.

J. B. G. Kinsloe.

The Veteran Editor and Well Known Citizen of Lock
Haven, Dead.

After many months of suffering J. B. G.
Kinsloe, the veteran editor and greatly re-
spected citizen, of Lock Haven is dead.
The first symptoms of Mr. Kinsloe's illness
were noticeable in 1894 when he became a
victim of asthma, which disease afterwards
became complicated with other ailments.
Since December, 1894, he has been unable
to perform any office labor, although once
or twice since then he improved sufficiently
as to permit of his going out on the side-
walk in his chair, about a week ago a
change for the worse was visible, and he
steadily grew weaker until he breathed his
last Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Kinsloe's life was an active one, as
will be learned from the following sketch,
which was prepared by J. F. Meguinis the
historian.

Mr. Kinsloe, one of the oldest printers,
editors and publishers in the state, was
born near Mexico, Millin county, Pa.,
(now Juniata), April 5th, 1820. In the
spring of 1827 his parents removed to Lew-
istown, the county seat, and on the even-
ing of their arrival young Kinsloe made
the acquaintance of Levi Reynolds, editor
and proprietor of the Millin Eagle, and
was a daily visitor to the office, spending
his leisure hours in acquiring a knowledge
of the art preservation, until in 1834,
when he became a journeyman printer, at
\$16 per month, in the office of the Lewistown
Gazette. During the administration
of Joseph Ritner, Mr. Kinsloe served as
clerk in the prothonotary's office under
William Brothers. In 1838, in company
with his eldest brother, W. A. Kinsloe, he
published the Eagle, afterwards called the
Clintonian, in Lock Haven. At the close
of the memorable campaign of 1840, the pa-
per was suspended, when Robert McCor-
puck and the subject of this sketch soon
after renewed it under the name of Clinton
County Whig. In 1841, he purchased an
office in Millistown, and removed it to
Thompsontown, where he became the pub-
lisher of the Juniata Free Press, and a
monthly journal called the Temperance
Agent. In 1842, he removed the office to
Shippensburg, Pa., where, in connection
with his brother, he commenced the publi-
cation of The Cumberland Valley, also con-
taining the Temperance Agent at the same
office in Millistown, and removed it to Phila-
delphia during the exciting times of the
native American riots, and up to 1846, in
the office of the Daily Spirit of the Times, as
foreman and night clerk. During 1849 and
'50 he was in the employ of L. John-
son & Co., the oldest type foundry in
America, as general jobber, engaged in get-
ting up their magnificent specimen book.
In that establishment he acquired much
useful knowledge relating to the secret of
fine printing. Soon after this he received
a "call" to Knoxville, Tenn., where he re-
mained, in 1851, and took charge of the
Presbyterian Witness, with Rev. A. Black-
burn as editor. The Knoxville Register
was put up at public sale in a few years after
his removal to the place, and he purchased
it. Rev. A. Blackburn's interest was sold
to W. A. Kinsloe, and under the firm name
of Kinsloe & Brother the first power press
was introduced into East Tennessee. In
1854, they purchased Brownlow's Knox-
ville Whig, retaining Mr. Brownlow as editor.

W. A. Kinsloe remained in Philadel-
phia, while J. B. G. had the entire man-
agement and control of the large establish-
ment, to which he had added a first class
bindery and a monthly medical journal,
edited by Dr. Richard O. Curry. Soon after
Charles A. Rice, to whom J. B. G. also
sold in 1859, and shortly after this W. A.
Brownlow purchased it at sheriff's sale,
and J. B. G. continued with him as busi-
ness manager until the Whig ceased to ex-
ist—when Tennessee was declared out of
the Union—the last paper being printed and
sent out after Brownlow had left the city,
with the hope of stealing through the rebel
lines at Cumberland Gap, or some other
point in the mountains. Mr. Kinsloe re-
mained in Knoxville throughout the fear-
ful struggle, and until six months after
Burnside's army captured the place. This
occurred about the middle of the afternoon,
and as Kinsloe had purchased a job office
of J. A. Sperry, just before the evacuation
of Knoxville by the rebel forces, he issued
a small daily the next morning, and con-
tinued publication until the return of
Parson Brownlow, who at once resuscitated
the Whig. Mr. Kinsloe then took a po-
sition in the custom house, where he re-
mained until April 14th, 1864, when he re-
turned to Pennsylvania, and purchased a
one-half interest in the West Branch
Bulletin, Williamsport, of P. C. Van Gelder,
until the 1st of June, 1864, and in May,
1868, he was elected city clerk of the select
branch of city councils, of Williamsport,
which position he filled acceptably for two
years, and until that branch discontinued.
In November, 1869, the Bulletin and Ly-
coming Gazette were consolidated, and the
Gazette and Bulletin publishing association
organized, with J. B. G. Kinsloe as busi-
ness manager and treasurer. On the 6th
of September, 1871, he disposed of his stock
in the association, but remained in the of-
fice until the 29th of February, 1874, per-
forming whatever duties were required of
him. In March following he purchased
the Clinton Republican of George D. Bow-
man."

Mr. Kinsloe continued publishing the
Republican until recently, when the man-
agement of the journal was assumed by his
sons.

The deceased was a member of Trinity
M. E. church, and he served as a member
of the official board in various capacities
for many years. He was also one of the
trustees of the Normal, he having been
elected June 14th, 1881, since which time
he remained in continuous service. It was
while he was a trustee that he took occa-
sion to display his kindness of heart by
giving several worthy young people schol-
arships in that institution.

Mr. Kinsloe is survived by two sons and
a daughter—W. A. Frank and Mrs. Lucy
Shaffer. Rev. Samuel Creighton conducted
the funeral services, which was held at
his home in Lock Haven on Saturday, last
at 1:30 o'clock, after which the remains
were taken to Williamsport for interment
in the family lot.

William C. Moreland, ex-City Attorney
of Pittsburg, convicted of having embezzled
city funds to the amount of \$26,652.74,
was sentenced to pay a fine equal to the
amount of his defalcation and to under-
go imprisonment in the Western Penitenti-
ary for the term of three years. Had
eloquence and personal sympathy been of
any avail the malefactor would have got
off with a lighter sentence. It is credit-
able to the admiration of justice in Pitts-
burg that the forces of oratory were un-
available and that an adequate though by no
means inordinate penalty has been affixed
to a species of crime which more than any
other has tended to unsettle confidence in
official integrity and to make harder than
it ought to be the struggle for good govern-
ment in all our cities.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Miss Dorothea Klumpke, a brilliant Lon-
don astronomer, has been invited to accom-
pany the British expedition which proceeds
shortly to Norway in order to observe the
eclipse of the sun. Miss Klumpke, who is
a little over 80 years of age, is a native of
California. She carried off the prize of
5000 francs offered by the Paris Observa-
tory for a treatise on comets when she was
hardly out of her teens.

Medium-sized sleeves will no doubt last
out this summer, but no one denies that
the first heavy gowns will herald the ad-
vent of the very close sleeves. The
woman with balloon-like sleeves already
looks old-fashioned.

A simple but pretty frock is of lawn, and
has the usual flaring skirt, a deep hem,
hand sewed, being the edge finish. The
bodice is made of lawn tucking, alternating
with lace insertion, and the model used
is a fitted blouse. The full sleeves are of
the plain lawn, drawn into cuffs of the
tucking, each cuff coming far down over
the hand in a point that is outlined with a
frill of narrow lace. The collar is a folded
stock of white satin ribbon, with flaring
bows from the back to a deep point of tuck-
ing overlaps each side of the stock just in
front; these points have an edge finish
similar to that on the cuffs. The belt is a
folded satin ribbon with a flaring bow on
the left side. With this is worn a large
hat of cream white straw trimmed with
gay flowers.

Most women have a horror of turning
gray, feeling that it indicates the encroach-
ment of years. Premature grayness is,
however, very common, and may be at-
tributed to various causes. Sometimes it
is due to an absence of iron in the blood.
It is common among people of anaemic na-
ture, and the fact that the hair suddenly
turns gray through fright has been so posi-
tively proved that there is no doubt of its
occurrence.

If the hair is turning gray very rapidly,
and without any apparent cause, it is bet-
ter to consult a doctor on the subject, as it
generally indicates that there is general de-
bility of health. It may, however, only
mean that there is a want of local vitality
and nutrition. The following recipe may
be safely tried:

A good lotion may be made with two
ounces of coconut oil, one ounce of bay
rum, three drams of nux vomica, and a
few drops of oil of bergamot; or for dark
hair may be used as a lotion for preventing
or arresting grayness, two ounces each
of flour of sulphur and spirits of wine, mixed
with an ounce of glycerine and eight
ounces of rose water.

Miss Mary Abraham, recently appointed
superintendent of factory inspectors in Eng-
land, is a very beautiful woman of the
most refined Jewish type. She was formerly
private secretary to Lady Dilke.

But the tight glove has gone and its
funeral caused few tears to flow. Now
that we have a large, generous shapely
glove decreed by fashion, we can afford to
spend more time with the hand and
wrist. This training should begin with
the infant. A child should never be per-
mitted to sit with its finger in its mouth.
Such a bad habit ruins the shape of both
fingers and the month. Children should
not be allowed to stretch, pound or move
their fingers or joints out of shape. The
habit of "cracking" the knuckles is very bad,
and disfigures the hand for life.

Having brought the little daughter up
to keep the hands neat, soft and white,
she should be kept from scraping the nail
with a pocket-knife or a pair of scissors,
from using acids on the nails and from bit-
ting them. All these things tend to de-
tract from the natural beauty of the hands.

To compensate for the lack of amplitude
the dressmakers are returning to the
trimmed skirt, which affords opportunity
for the display of rich embroideries, pas-
sementeries and bands. Sometimes the bot-
tom of the skirt is cut in points or battle-
ments, which are edged with passementerie.
Beneath is a full ruffle which gives a be-
coming flare to the foot of the skirt.

For the traveling season, the sensation
will be the plaid tailor suit; not the small
check of which we have heard so much—
more than we have seen—but of the beau-
tifully blended large blue and green plaid,
with here and there a yellow, a white, or
a red line, sufficient to allow of the silk
brocade in the shawl, becoming to us,
which we vary with a blue. The
holero for the street will be very short.

For the moment, Parisians are wearing
the short, white pique jacket, cut at the
seams and falling a trifle below the waist,
over any skirt, gray, blue or ecru, opening
over a white chemisette attached with a
white leather band; a white straw flat-
brimmed hat trimmed with a white panache
of white ostrich or curled heron's feathers
at the side, a white veil, white sun-
shade and white gloves.

The hair is being dressed here much
more compactly. The Botticelli bandeau
and the wavy loose hair surrounding the
knot is giving way to the more correct style
of hair dressing, possibly in view of the
sun, but here we are to wear during the next
few months, which would look too dimini-
tive upon the width of to-day. At the
back the hair is attached by a fancy pin in
every conceivable design in arrows, grey-
hounds, lizards, crutchsticks, even in auto-
mobile harness, in gold or precious stones
according to the occasion, and in order to
show these pins to advantage the hair is
coiled almost at the summit of the head.