

WISHING AND WORKING.

The boy who's always wishing
That this or that might be,
But never tries his mettle,
Is the boy that's bound to see
His plans all come to failure;
His hopes end in defeat;
For that's what comes when wishing
And working fail to meet.

The boy who wishes this thing
Or that thing with a will
That spurs him on to action,
And keeps him trying still
When effort meets with failure,
Will some day surely win;
For he works out what he wishes,
And that's where "luck" comes in!

The "luck" that I believe in,
Is that which comes with work,
And no one ever finds it
Who's content to wish and shrink.
The men the world calls "lucky,"
Will tell you, every one,
That success comes not by wishing;
But by hard work, bravely done.

—Eben E. Reformer.

A MOONSHINE RAID.

BY ROYAL DANIEL.

Weary and travel-stained, arriving in every joint and footsore from the long day's tramp, a party of five men sat down upon a huge log beside the narrow mountain road to rest.

We had walked all day. From early dawn we had tramped over the mountains and explored the darksome dells and glades. And now, as we watched the sun sink below the line of hills, we drew a sigh of relief and shifted our position on the log. We were covered with dust, and the languid expression on each face told the story of a hard day's work. Not a word was spoken, and the deep silence only expressed the disappointment that each one felt.

The party was composed of five men—four revenue officers and myself. Information had been received the day before that in a certain locality in the upper corner of Cherokee county an illicit distillery was in operation.

Following the reading of the letter came orders to make preparation for the raid and four brave men were assigned to the work.

Just as the gray dawn was streaking from the east, our party alighted from the train at a small way station, and as the tall lights of the receding train faded from view around the curve, we found that we were alone. It was not yet day, and the village was sleeping. No signs of life were visible and the gloomy little station seemed to be unconscious of the fact that we had arrived. We had expected to be met by the informer, who was to act as guide and pilot us to the still. We waited a few minutes, and as he failed to appear it was suggested that we proceed, as our directions were too plainly given for us to miss the way.

In the uncertain light at early dawn we began our journey, and soon the slumbering village was left behind. The morning air was crisp and exhilarating and as we passed the farm houses, the cocks, just waking from their night's repose, crew lustily as they watched the faint streak of gold in the east. The still was supposed to be located about six miles from the station, and as we had already covered two miles we slackened our pace and leisurely climbed the steep hills. Now and then a noisy little brook would ripple across the road, and then the long ascent would reach out before us seemingly a mile away.

As the country people awoke and signs of life became apparent, we were careful to avoid passing the houses so solemnly, to avoid exciting suspicion and possibly, divulging our purpose, the friends of the moonshiners would give the alarm. We turned from the road and sought shelter in the dense woods that skirted the highway. We passed steadily on and long before the sun reached the zenith the forks of the road and the tall pine shattering by the lightning's bolt told us that we must leave the mountain road and follow the ravine. "Follow the branch up the hollow," read the letter.

Deep down in the ravine below murmured the mountain stream, and its plaintive gurgle could be heard above the sighing of the trees. The brook lay like a silver thread, bounding and dancing as it leaped in cascades from rock to rock, and then spread over its pebbly bottom like a bridal veil. As we descended to the water's edge, the morning scene in the dense glade was one of beauty and grandeur. The mountains rose on either side and faced each other like gladiators eager for the conflict. Their rugged sides were as the faces of battle-scarred veterans. The scene passed from one of grandeur to solemnity. This was my first trip upon a raid and the character of our business and the rugged scenery filled me with awe. I felt as if I were trespassing, and if the worst should come a rifle ball from the moonshiner might be the penalty of my invasion.

We were in the home of the wild mountain-tiger. Rugged was his domain, his character is in keeping with his surroundings. He is, like the sturdy oak, bent and shorn by many a storm, and is never conquered and bids eternal defiance to his foe. As we followed the winding stream, and carefully picked our way over crag and stone, the very murmur of the water seemed to warn us not to proceed. One of the men waved his hand for silence, and we quickly executed his order. We had reached the end of the ravine and all thought that the still was near at hand. The silence was fearful. Not a dry twig was snapped, not a stone was tumbled down the mountain side—it was the silence of death. Carefully and gently the intervening foliage was parted with our hands. We gazed into the interior of the swamp. A look of disappointment settled over the faces of the party. The still was not there. Our instructions had been followed, but the game had not been located.

Up the steep mountain side we climbed our way and when the road was reached we sat down upon the log to rest. We were exhausted from the day's search and the cool breeze was refreshing and pleasant. As we rested we watched the sun sink out of sight, and the falling reflection was met by the shadows of the gathering twilight. The twilight rapidly grew into night and the mountains faded from view until the whole landscape was shut out by the veil of darkness.

We were in a dilemma. Night had overtaken us and possibly a host of moonshiners, having seen us during the afternoon, were even then marshalling their forces for an attack.

Time was slipping past. Action was necessary and delay meant increased danger. The situation was discussed.

Across the valley a familiar sound was wafted on the evening air. Instantly we were upon our feet and listening for a repetition of the sound. In a moment again it came, and this time more distinct and certain. The officers exchanged significant glances. Again and again sounded the ax as each blow was given by the woodsman.

Down in the ravine we saw a little blaze and presently the dim outline of smoke curled up through the trees. We knew the meaning, and the sounds of the ax were significant to the officers as the click of the instrument is to the telegraph operator. In a low conversation the raid was planned, and like stealthy redskins we crept down the mountain. A faint light was cast in front of us and presently the hum of voices reached our ears. We were eager with excitement and our whole beings thrilled with expectancy. I remembered that we were in a dangerous locality and I fancied that the hum of bullets would soon break the monotony. I shuddered, and a cold, chilly sensation crept over me.

The fire increased and the men went about their work. They were unsuspecting and laughed loudly at a joke that was being told. I watched the jolly crowd intently. Suddenly a man leaped from the opposite side and with drawn revolver that gleamed murderously under the glow of the fire, demanded that hands go up. My heart leaped to my mouth, but to my disappointment no resistance was made. Never have I seen such a surprised expression on the face of a human being. Constriction was written in every line. The echo of their merry laughter had hardly ceased before a low cry of astonishment escaped from the mountaineer's white lips. He was helpless and in despair.

The scene was one of wildness, and the glare of the fire threw grim, long shadows from out the group. On the mountain and in the shadows looked like hobgoblins and giants.

"Where is your ax?" asked an officer of the party. The question was spoken in reply. The question was repeated, but evoked no answer. The captain was resolute. He knew only too well for what purpose the ax was wanted. Not only his liberty, but his property was to be destroyed, and he was determined that he would not lend a helping hand by giving the desired information.

The officers searched the place for the ax, and when it was found the work of destroying the still was quickly done. The sharp blade descended into the worn and in a few moments the distillery lay in a heap of ruins. Standing close at hand was a large vat in which many gallons of whiskey was stored. As the officers approached the vat I saw a look of anger plainly outlined upon the moonshiners' faces. They had watched the progress of destruction with almost a look of resignation, but when the valuable liquid that represented many days of toil and a year's crop was about to be destroyed their old accustomed spirit was awakened in their breasts and their eyes gleamed murderously.

With a mighty stroke the ax descended upon the vat, and when the keen blade was withdrawn the mountain whisky gurgled out. A match was struck to light the funnel-shaped vat. The whiskey had saturated the wood and a gorgeous scale and high toward the heavens the flames leaped. The mountain sides, covered with ferns and honeysuckle, looked like a vast panorama of some ancient ruin. The birds were awakened from their sleep and darted toward the roaring flames only to be consumed. Others, thoroughly alarmed, twittered noisily in the trees. The fire increased in fury and was fanned by its own artificial breeze. I watched it with a feeling almost akin to remorse. The flames devoured the property of a man who was true to his convictions. While he was a criminal in the eyes of the law, he certainly was not such at heart. He planted his corn and plowed his field, as any honest man would. When the time of harvest drew nigh he gathered in his crop. He was far from market and he made it into whisky. He saw no crime in that, and suffered no conscience sting for what he did. I pitied him. His eyes were upon the ground, I did not know what his thoughts were. His expression was one of utter hopelessness. He was a prisoner and in a few hours the bars of the Atlanta jail would deprive him of his home and liberty.

Standing in the door of her mountain home, a woman steadfastly scanned the ravine. Her eyes sparkled with merriment and she laughingly toyed the plump little hand of her child, which was held tightly to her bosom. The night wind fanned her brow and her wavy brown hair played hide and seek with the breeze. She eyed the fair charge that lay laughing on her bosom and turned to close the door for the night. Upon the floor she saw a ray of yellow light that streaked through the open shutters. The little child laughed at the queer antics of the stream of light as it hung suspended by a golden thread.

The mother's trained eye watched the reflection that threw a faint light in the cabin. With a throbbing heart she stepped to the window. Her suspicions were correct—the light came from the ravine below. What could it mean? And then like a flash the truth dawned upon her. The still was being destroyed, and she distinctly heard now the stroke of the ax as the vat was cut to pieces.

Like a tigress she leaped to the door and through the dark of the night; the bright yellow glare ascended from the depths below. With one bound she reached for the rifle, and resting upon the casing of the door, she pulled the trigger. A deafening report rang out across the mountains and reverberated through the hollows. She paused. Far away came back the answer to her signal, and another, and still another, until the hillsides multiplied the echoes, when it sounded as if a legion of gnus were firing. The signal of death was sounding until the twinkling of stars seemed to join in the general fusillade. The moonshiners were awake. But we were rapidly nearing the station. We had heard the first shot and at once made a hasty flight with our prisoners, knowing full well what the alarm would result in. It meant death, and leaving the still in the power of the flame, we made a rapid journey to the station. Far to our rear we heard the signal answered and then the general alarm sounded out upon the still night. We hurried on and at once came by. With the three prisoners we hurried on board.

As I left the train I extended the moonshiners my hand and wished them a speedy trial and a short sentence. They faintly smiled but said nothing. As I passed out of the door the owner of the still looked wistfully out of the car window. His eyes were wet with tears, and his throbbing heart—it was in the mountain cabin of Cherokee county.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Now let the good times promised by the Republicans begin.

BRYAN'S CALL TO SILVER MEN.

Leader of the Cause of Bimetallism Urges Friends of the Double Standard to Renew Their Allegiance to the People's Principle.

LINCOLN, Neb., Nov. 6.

To the Bimetallists of the United States:

"Conscious that millions of loyal hearts are saddened by temporary defeat, I beg to offer a word of hope and encouragement. No cause ever had supporters more brave, earnest and devoted than those who have espoused the cause of bimetallism. They have fought from conviction, and have fought with all the zeal which conviction inspires. Events will prove whether they are right or wrong. Having done their duty as they saw it, they have nothing to regret. The Republican candidate has been heralded as the advance agent of prosperity. If his policies bring real prosperity to the American people, those who opposed him will share in that prosperity. If, on the other hand, his policies prove an injury to the people generally, those of his supporters who do not belong to the officeholding classes, or to the privileged classes, will suffer in common with those who opposed him. The friends of bimetallism have not been vanquished; they simply have been overcome. They believe that the gold standard is a conspiracy of the money changers against the welfare of the human race, and until convinced of their error they will continue the warfare against it.

"The contest has been waged this year under great embarrassments and against great odds. For the first time during this generation public attention has been centered upon the money question as the paramount issue, and this has been done in spite of all attempts upon the part of our opponents to prevent it. The Republican convention held out the delusive hope of international bimetallism, while Republican leaders labored secretly for gold monometallism. Gold standard Democrats have publicly advocated the election of the Indianapolis ticket, while they labored secretly for the election of the Republican ticket. The trusts and corporations have tried to excite a fear of lawlessness, while they have been defying the law, and American financiers have boasted that they were the custodians of national honor, while they were secretly bartering away the nation's financial independence.

BIMETALLISM ALMOST TRIUMPHED.

"But in spite of the efforts of the administration and its supporters; in spite of the threats of money loaners at home and abroad; in spite of the coercion practiced by corporations and employers; in spite of trusts and syndicates; in spite of an enormous Republican campaign fund, and in spite of the influence of a hostile daily press, bimetallism has almost triumphed in its first great fight. The loss of a few states, and that, too, by a very small plurality, has defeated bimetallism for the present, but bimetallism emerges from the contest stronger than it was four months ago.

"I desire to commend the work of the three national committees which have joined in the management of this campaign. Co-operation between the members of distinct political organizations is always difficult, but it has been less so this year than usual. Interest in a common cause of great importance has reduced friction to a minimum. I hereby express my personal gratitude to the individual members as well as the executive officers of the national committee of the Democratic, Populist and Silver parties for their efficient, untiring and unselfish labors. They have laid the foundation for future success and will be remembered as pioneers when victory is at last secured.

"No personal or political friend need grieve because of my defeat. My ambition has been to secure immediate legislation rather than to enjoy the honors of office. Therefore, defeat brings to me no feeling of personal loss. Speaking for the wife who has shared my labors as well as for myself, I desire to say that we have been amply repaid for all that we have done.

"In the love of millions of our fellow-citizens, so kindly expressed, in knowledge gained by personal contact with the people and in broadened sympathies, we find full compensation for whatever efforts we have put forth. Our hearts have been touched by the devotion of friends, and our lives shall prove our appreciation of the affection which we prize as the richest reward which this campaign has brought.

ROLL CALL OF ALLEGIANCE.

"In the face of an enemy rejoicing in its victory let the roll be called for the engagement and urge all friends of bimetallism to renew their allegiance to the cause. If we are right, as I believe we are, we shall yet triumph. Until convinced of his error, let each advocate of bimetallism continue the work. Let all silver clubs retain their organization, hold regular meetings and circulate literature.

"Our opponents have succeeded in this campaign and must now put their theories to the test. Instead of talking mysteriously about 'sound money' and 'an honest dollar' they must now elaborate and defend a financial system. Every step taken by them should be publicly considered by the silver clubs. Our cause has prospered most where the money question has been longest discussed among the people. During the next four years it will be studied all over this nation even more than it has been studied in the past.

"The year 1900 is not far away. Before that year arrives 'international bimetallism' will cease to deceive; before that year arrives those who have called themselves gold standard Democrats will become bimetallists and be with us or they will become Republicans, and thus open enemies; before that year arrives trusts will have convinced still more people that a trust is a menace to private welfare and to public safety; before that year arrives the evil of a gold standard will be even more evident than now, and the people will then be ready to demand an American financial policy for the American people, and will join with us in the immediate restoration of the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation.

W. J. BRYAN."

Rattlesnakes.

Like Fish, Their Size Is Easily Exaggerated.

How large the diamond or Southern woodland rattler grows is an unsettled question, for snakes, like fish, are apt to grow in telling about them. A few years ago a few cowboys, in the extreme southern part of the state, reported a terrific combat with a water rattler, and having 75 rattles. They finally killed it with their long keen cattle whips, with which an expert can cut plugs of hide from the toughest old bull at every stroke; but one of them was so overcome by the sickly fetid odor exhaled by the monster that he fainted and fell senseless.

Well-informed people consider this a rather tall snake story, but seemingly well-authenticated accounts tell of rattlers 7½ feet long and 5 inches in diameter, and of course there is no telling how much this length and size might increase if not cut short by death. The writer has seen a number of specimens between 6 and 7 feet long and 3 to 4 inches in diameter, with fangs an inch to an inch and a half long. These are big enough for all practical purposes. A man who is struck by one has a close call in any event, and if a vein or artery is punctured death is certain and quick.

While these monsters are not numerous, or nearly as numerous as the character of the country would lead one to expect, still they may be encountered in the hammocks, scrub, or palmetto woods, and it behooves the hunter to be always wary and watchful.

Sergeant: "Why didn't you stop when the officer called to you?"
Pushmore: "Cause if I did my electric lamp, which is run by friction from my wheel, would have gone out, and then he'd have pulled me in for having no light on my machine."

Whistling Trees.

Vegetable Growths Which Produce Musical Sounds.

The musical or whistling tree is found in the West India islands, in Nubia and the Soudan, says *Tid Bits*. It has a peculiar shaped leaf, and pod with a split or open edge. The wind passing through these sends out the sound which gives the tree its peculiar name. In Barbadoes there is a valley filled with these trees, and when the trade winds blow across the islands a constant moaning, deep toned whistle is heard from it, which in the still hours of the night has a very weird and unpleasant effect. A species of acacia, which grows very abundantly in the Soudan, is also called the whistling tree by the natives. Its shoots are frequently, by the agency of the larvae of insects, distorted in shape, and swollen into a globular bladder from one to two inches in diameter. After the insect has emerged from a circular hole in the side of this swelling, the opening, played upon by the wind, becomes a musical instrument, equal in sound to a sweet toned flute.

Daniel Webster and His Butcher.

Daniel Webster was once sued by his butcher, and the man did not call upon him afterward to trade with him. Webster met him in the course of a few days and asked him why he didn't call. "Because," said the man, "I supposed that you would be offended and wouldn't trade with me any more." To which Webster replied: "Oh, sue me as many times as you like, but for heaven's sake don't starve me to death."—*Argonaut.*

A serpent in confinement has been known to refuse food for a period of 21 months. A viper will live five months without food and a bear 6 months, while even a horse will live 25 days without solid food, merely drinking water.

A Neglected African Island.

Napoleon effectually prevented St. Helena from ever sinking into obscurity. Nevertheless, for some years past the island has been getting deeper and deeper into financial straits, while the population has been steadily diminishing. St. Helena is only some 1,600 miles distant from Capetown and yet the island is comparatively unknown to South African colonists, as the outward and homeward steamers to and from Capetown only call there once in three weeks and make a very brief stoppage. And yet this historic island is well worthy of a visit, not only from its associations with the great Corsican, but also because it possesses, probably, the finest climate in the world. A constant southeasterly trade wind, straight from the pole, blows over the island, and sweeps away those germs of disease which lie latent in less favored spots. As a consequence, the longevity of the inhabitants is probably much greater than in any other portion of the globe. In spite of all this, and proximity of the island to the Cape, hardly a solitary Africander finds his way there from one year's end to the other.

So much in reference to St. Helena as a health resort. Now let me briefly refer to a matter that is of more vital importance. The strategical advantages of the island have been fully recognized by both naval and military experts, and the Royal Commission which was presided over by the late Lord Carrington recommended that it should be strongly fortified and constituted an important naval and coaling station for the vessels of the squadron within the Cape command. These recommendations have, however, not been carried into effect. Certainly something was done to improve the fortifications ten or twelve years ago, but the guns are now of an obsolete type, and the diminutive garrison maintained in the island is utterly inadequate to defend it. Moreover, though St. Helena is supposed to be a naval coaling station, the Admiralty maintain no coal supply there, the coal for the ships on the Cape and west coast of Africa stations being kept at Ascension, which does not possess even a solitary gun, but a cinder heap upon which many thousands are annually wasted.

The defenseless condition of St. Helena is a matter that intimately concerns the South African colonies, and should engage their attention. The island is utterly unable to help itself. The opening of the Suez Canal ruined its prosperity; and ever since it has been drifting nearer and nearer to bankruptcy. The greater portion of its adult male population has emigrated to the Cape, and the whole revenue of the island is now only some £6,000. There are only half a dozen officials, and the governor fills innumerable other offices, including that of chief (and only) justice. It is deplorable that Great Britain should allow one of its possessions to sink into such a condition of decrepitude, by way of the Red Sea, but male population has emigrated to the Cape, and the whole revenue of the island is now only some £6,000. There are only half a dozen officials, and the governor fills innumerable other offices, including that of chief (and only) justice. It is deplorable that Great Britain should allow one of its possessions to sink into such a condition of decrepitude, by way of the Red Sea, but

Giraffes Are Very Rare.

There are only two giraffes in the United States and one in England, and on the continent of Europe the death is as remarkable. In the wild beast market there are usually to be had, and collectors are compelled to send agents into the interior of Africa to secure them.

The giraffe is fast disappearing before the encroachments of man, and long before the great central plateau of Africa, which is its habitat, has been opened up to civilization, it like the great auk, have been completely wiped out.

Formerly giraffes were exported from North Africa by way of the Red Sea, but since the introduction of firearms and their general use by the Bedouins and Soudanese in hunting, these timid animals have been driven far to the South of the Soudan. So the only gateway that is practicable to bring them out of Africa now lies through Cape Town, and for the last half dozen years when that presents almost insuperable difficulties. On account of the constant wars between the natives and the Boers and English.

At the beginning of the present century giraffes ranged as far south as the banks of the Orange River, but they are not to be found now below the North Kalahari country.

There has never been a very large number of giraffes in American collections, though in 1853 one great show went alone on giraffes, and exhibited a herd of twenty one, probably the largest number that has ever been seen together. Since in the wild state they do not herd in large numbers, and are never found in groups of more than four or five.

The giraffe is not a hardy animal in captivity. It does not thrive on dry food, like most ruminant animals, which do almost as well on hay as on grass. In the wild state the giraffe feeds almost entirely on the leaves and twigs of a species of acacia, which the Boers call kameel-doorn, or camel thorn, the giraffe itself being known to them as kameel or camel. The food imparts to the giraffe's milk a delicacy highly esteemed by African hunters.

There is no animal which gives its keeper more trouble in a menagerie, not even the treacherous elephant. While the giraffe is gentle in disposition, and not given to attack, even in the wild state, it is stupid and obstinate, and cannot be taught to mind.

It grows one cannot be taken alive, for when defence is no longer possible, it will kill itself. Self-destruction is not difficult in its case, either, for the long neck is easily broken.

A Remarkable Blind Man.

The astonishing accomplishments of little Helen Keller recall the somewhat similar case of John Stanley, an English musician, who lost his sight when 2 years of age. He had so correct an ear that he never forgot the voice of a person he had once heard speak. If 20 people were seated at a table together, he would address them all in regular order. Riding on horseback was one of his favorite exercises. He could take his friends along the pleasant roads in Epping Forest, and point out to them the most beautiful prospects. He played a violin with great skill; each cant being marked at the corner with the point of a needle, but so delicately as scarcely to be discerned excepting by those who knew where to look for them. He could tell the precise time by a watch, and knew the number of persons in a room when he entered it, and would miss anyone who was absent and tell who that one was.

Now that "the advance agent of prosperity" has been elected, president let confidence be restored, factories, mills and mines start up, wages advance, and labor be furnished for every idle man. These are conditions which the victorious party pledged itself to bring about.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. Julia Bradley, who is founding at Peoria, Ill., the school of manual training to be known as the Bradley Polytechnic institute, is 80 years old, yet she personally directs the utilization of her gift of \$2,000,000. Mrs. Hearst, widow of Senator Hearst of California, is another woman benefactor to the cause of education, her gifts to the University of California amounting to \$4,000,000.

Muffs have developed to astonishing proportions and are seen in round and fancy flat shape. The newest muff of the season is a vast round affair, designed for carriage use, and made in all the sables, Russian, Hudson Bay and Alaska. A round one for street use in popular favor is medium-sized—between the great big ones and those of last winter—and is plainly lined with black satin. Together with a cravat to match, fur sets with a muff of this sort may be had from \$18 up. The fancy muffs are made of chinchilla, the several grades of lamb, the breast of the grebe duck, or of "moufflon," a new woolly fur made of dyed sheepskin. Many have falls of rich lace at the openings, or a jabot on the outside with knots of violets.

No one particular fur is especially the fashion. All that have been worn for the last two winters are again seen, though there has been a revived interest in seal-skin, and moufflon and blue fox are two novelties that are appearing for the first time.

Moufflon has a loose, downy surface, like a fuzzy flannel, and is cheap, vulgar and unlovely to behold. Fox blate is also made skin, as it is called, but it is shown in a rare bluish gray that is extremely beautiful, and its long, silky straight hairs give it a look of simple elegance. The moufflon is dyed many impossible shades of brown and gray. Both skins appear in gloves, collars and capes, which in trimmed instances, are decorated in the way already described.

The woman whose desire for complete stylishness has already led her to accept the tight sleeve, can go a bit further by wearing a very high girde, fitting snugly and laid in folds beneath the bust. The line of this will seem to be an unbroken round, but it must really be shaped carefully to set off the curves of the figure. A tiny bolero comes now, being cut at the back and sides just short of the middle top. Bolero and girde will match and between the two the under bodice will show in a contrasting line which by its handsome curve will emphasize not only itself but the tinner round of the waist. From under the arms the jacket will curve down in a pair of handsome points, which will end well above the waist line, and the under bodice will show in a wide panel between the edges of the front of the bolero. The skirt of the stylish gown will be perfectly plain, very full at the back, and will match girde and bolero. She will wear her hat tipped slightly over her forehead, or if that is not becoming, she will let it be very small and right on the top of her head. Then it will be fitted down on this and over, sides and back by head hold at the corners, bows or rolls at the back of either side of the hair through which the hat pins are passed.

Waists in decided contrasts with the skirt are the exception this season. Fashion demands that shades should be so blended as to suggest a co-relation between the different parts of the costume.

The latest fashion for basques can be summed up in one word—jackets. Whether long or short, bolero or Robespierre, our women of fashion are having their dressiest gowns made in this manner. Partly because they admit of such becoming trimmings with their soft vests and appliqued sets on the jackets themselves.

A cozy corner is the thing to have, and as no woman wants to be behind the fashion in her home furnishing any more than she does in her dress, the consequence is that women generally are seeking ideas in the construction and furnishing of one, and most of them want them on an economical basis. A cot with a woven vane spring, with the feet sawed off to make it lower, will do for a foundation, or a board frame 6 feet 6 inches long, 4 feet wide, and 14 inches deep. Bore holes in the sides all around, about two inches from the top and make a lattice work of clothes line for a spring. Put a thin mattress on this and cover with a Bagdad curtain. Three broomsticks fastened to the wall, the centre one a little higher than the others, will do to drape the canopy over, and if desired, two wooden flag poles with spear heads can be purchased for a small sum. Fasten these to each corner of the front, with the spear points just reaching beyond the canopy. Have a shelf about eight inches wide and the length of your divan put about two feet up from the divan. Cover this in plain burlap or drape it in draping silk. Put a clock and some bric-a-brac on it; but is very effective. Hang a Moorish wrought-iron lamp in front from the centre of the canopy; have it lined with red glass. It heightens the effect. A candle can be placed in this for a little. Have innumerable cushions, lots on the divan and two or three thrown carelessly on the fur rug, which should be put in front. In the draping of the top and sides, if you desire to have the sides draped, too—some do; some don't—you will have to display your ingenuity, as no rules can be given; and the shops, however, will show the materials used. Bagdads, burpags, plain Chinas, embroidered in gold, etc. Pin this until you secure the desired effect and then tack for permanency. Any woman of taste and a little skill can get up one of these much-sought after affairs easily and cheaply.

Fur collars will be as much worn as ever, only they are much fuller and longer, and largely trimmed with the heads and tails of animals, some, in fact, being almost entirely composed of these, while others have a fringe of tails down the front and hanging from the edge all around.

Brushing every night and morning is a good stimulant for the hair. As many as a hundred strokes should be given a day. In case the hair is falling out, rub the scalp twice a week with a solution of brandy and salt. Once every three weeks the hair should be shampooed. For this purpose nothing is better than an egg shampoo, using both the yolk and white. This will strengthen the growth of the hair, and it used faithfully, free the scalp of dandruff.

The egg shampoo is to be highly recommended. The yolk of the eggs acts like a tonic to the scalp. It supplies it with the necessary iron and sulphur to keep it in a healthy condition. The white of the egg furnishes an alkali and this, combined with the oil of the hair, makes a soapy substance better for cleaning purposes than any soap in the market.

Now that "the advance agent of prosperity" has been elected, president let confidence be restored, factories, mills and mines start up, wages advance, and labor be furnished for every idle man. These are conditions which the victorious party pledged itself to bring about.