

Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 15, 1897.

#### SIGNS.

The melancholy days are here, The signs are everywhere. The woodland leaves are turning sere.

And fluttering through the air; The cricket chirps it mournful lay

Beneath the window's sill: The buckwheat field is turning gray Upon the distant hill.

A dreamy silence seems to spread O'er all the country side;

The flowers that bloomed, alas! are dead. Their petals scattered wide,

But e'en without such signs as these

The hill immersed in haze, The turning leaves upon the trees

We'd recognize the days;

For now the agile college "men." With hanks of hair to spare, Are on the campuses again

And raising hades there : They're hoisting flags and rushing canes, And also hazing some, And elsewise showing that their brains

Continue out of plumb. -Cleveland Leader

#### A POST-ADOLESCENT ELOPEMENT.

Mrs. Jeptha Quilter had gone to the door several times and looked out in a dissatisfied way at two people, a man and a woman, talking across the front fence. The two people were her husband's mother and Mr. Matthew Haydon, a neighbor, and a widower of sixty.

Mrs. Jeptha scowled in disgust as she watched her mother-in-law smile, cast her eyes modestly down, then stoop to break a nasturtium, which she proffered to the elderly gentleman with a gesture truly

"For the land's sake, Jeptha," said the younger Mrs. Quilter to her husband, who sat in the back door, resting after his forenoon's work on the cultivator, "I wish you'd just come here and look at your mother. I declare I'm plum ashamed to see such carryin' on. A woman o' her

'What are ve a-watchin' 'em for, then?' inquired Jeptha, with reason.

Jeptha Quilter, if you ain't got any more spunk nor pride than to see your mother standin' out in the front yard, where everybody can see her flirtin' and sparkin' with old Mr. Haydon, you ought to be ashamed."

'Well, what can I do? You don't expect me to go out and order mother in, and order old man Haydon off, a man I've knowed all my life, back in Illinoy

"I want to know. Jeptha Quilter, if you are willin' to let your mother marry agin, and like as not turn us out of this place, bag and baggage?"

I dunno as I've got the 'lettin.' Mother is old enough to be her own boss ; of course, I'd ruther she wouldn't marry, an' I don't believe she's got any notion

"You're just as blind as-as-well, as a man. I reckon I know when a woman's got marry in her head. This coquettin' 's been goin' on fer two months, an' I say your mother is as full of airs and prinkin' as a sixteen-year-old girl. It's just plum disgustin' and ought to be stopped. 'How are ye goin' to stop it? Both of

'You give me 'leave, and I lay I'll stop it. If you'll promise not to say a word,

"Well, I dunno," began Jeptha, doubtier narried. "I'll not do a thing to harry her; you

old man Haydon's ear." Outside, Mrs. Mary Quilter stood looking across the fence and smiling in the face of her elderly admirer, who was praising her nasturtiums in the way they clamber-

ed up the palings.
"My 'sturtions never would do that a-way, nothing I could do for 'em. They jest persist in layin' down like as they hadn't the heart to hold their heads up in this Kansas wind; but mebbe it's on account o' him that planted 'em.

'Now, Mr. Haydon, do you mean to say that you ain't got heart enough to hold your head up?

"You know mighty well what 'ud put sperit enough in me for anything," said

the man, significantly. Mrs. Quilter blushed like a girl. Her peachy cheek had yet the color, if not the contour of youth, and her hair which shone as she stood bareheaded in the sun, had not a gray thread. Yet she was fifty-

"I know," she said, softly, "but it does seem foolish for two old people like us to be talkin' about marryin'; besides, I know Jeptha and his wife would be mortal opposed to anything of the kind. Though I will say, that a person who has lost her companion is a lonesome person, I don't care how many children she's got."

"That's jest it. The heart don't never to speak, bound so tumultuous as when we's younger, but it keeps up a steady throbbin' that is comfortabler in the long run. An' what's our children got to do with it? They are grown an' married an' took up with the cares of their own families, an' us two jest left out in the cold, so to speak."

"I don't believe I could ever stand the fuss and disagreeableness that Jeptha's tion such a thing. Maria's a good woman, but tryin' at times. I never was no hand to jaw back, nor hold my own, even."

I tell you what let's do-let's elope. By gum, that's the very idee! We'll get married, an' not say a word until it's done, then they can't help theirselves." "Mr. Haydon, I'm plum ashamed of

The old man, with a chuckle of delight, drew nearer the fence, and sunk the remainder of his pleadings to a whisper, which was intended for the widow's ears

When Mrs. Mary Quilter went into the house, she carried a handful of crisp nasturtium leaves with a few of the brilliant blooms, and placed them with artistic carelessness about a plate of cabbage salad.

Mrs. Jeptha looked on with a snort. "Humph! Bokays always seem out o'

place with vittles.' Then wishing to appear in a pleasant humor, she added: 'spos, though, 'sturtiums might be

called vittles, they're good to taste. As they sat at dinner, she said blandly 'Mother Quilter, me and Jeptha's been a-talkin' it over, an' we've concluded that you ought to go on a visit to your sister in Illinoy. She's been a-wantin' you to come for ever so long, an' Jeptha says he's made

he nervously ticked off: the price of your trip over and above in that corn trade with the elevator last week here at once . Crazy man off at No. 4. an' you can have it if you want to go The answer came at once: though I won't say but I need some new things myself. Still-"

"Why, Maria," began Jeptha, but a kick under the table made him finish his protest in a cough and strangle over his

Mrs. Mary had flashed a startled look at suspected lunatic's mind occupied. her daughter-in-law, but she said quietly "Why, yes; I would like to go, but I didn't 'low I ought to spend the money just now, though I s'pose some of it might be comin' to me as rent from the place."
"Well, as to rent," retorted Mrs. Jeptha sharply, "the Lord knows it ain't worth times the amount," and he glared so wildmuch, an' countin' board an' everything. ly that the operator sent this message to But I know you want to go, an' now

The younger woman was surprised at her mother-in-law's ready consent; she had expected some slight opposition. "I'll start Wednesday, on the noon

would be a good time.'

"Why don't you go on the night train,

"No," answered Mrs. Quilter, with an unusual obstinacy, "I'd ruther go in the

The following day Mrs. Jeptha found it supposed lunatic.

"Now thin, will ye go quietly wid us, convenient to be loitering at the nasturtium beds as Mr. Matthew Haydon strolled or must we use foorce? by, and after a few common-places, she

remarked carelessly: goin' back to Illinoy on a visit? Ye trying to joke with him, he made a lunge didn't? Now, I s'posed she had told you. at the grinning Jerry that would have Well, I s'pose she's kind o' bashful. tell her 'tain't nothin,' but you see folks she's got plum disgusted, an' says she'll ain't it, that some folks is such busy- key turned. bodies that old friends an' neighbors can't all the places I ever see for gossip. An' mother Quilter says she wouldn't marry the best man et ever lived, lessen ever' hair of his head was strung with gold, an' you know yourn ain't, Mr. Haydon. Though I will say that mother Quilter is

ruther graspin' to talk that a-way.' Wednesday afternoon Jeptha Quilter and his wife saw their mother safely off on But, under the advice of the conductor. the train. When the noon passenger stopped at the first station out, Mr. Matthew Haydon, wearing a bran new suit and a Creek cerulean necktie, and carrying a new valise, got on board. His freshly-shaven face shone with scented soap and delight. at that place.

"If that wasn't done the slickest ever seen," he said, as he sat down by Mrs. we got two hours to wait at Kansas City, we'll go up-town an' get the license an' get married there, an' go on to Illinov an' pay your sister a visit for our weddin'

All went well with the eldery Lochinvar. All went well with the eldery Lochinvar, and when the Chicago and Alton pulled out of Kansas City that night it carried mor to take any cuttin' up about it. No Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Haydon, bound as fussin' ain't goin' to unmarry us, an that tightly in the bonds of matrimony as the might as well be understood first as last! State of Missouri could tie them.

Now this story might end here, where it not for complications which grew out of a across the creek an' move over there right weakness of Mr. Haydon's, which years away, 'cause two famblies never did do had not been able to cure. He possessed as much inquisitive curiosity as a woman; and when, about eleven o'clock, the train came to a stop and he heard threatening voices, and then a pistol shot or two, he had 'bout enough worryin' these two days could not refrain trying to find out what to las' me the rest o' my life, an' for a few t was all about.

had been held up by train robbers in one of those historic 'cuts,' famous for so things."—By Sallie F. Toler, in The White many similar adventures. When Mr. Matthew Haydon, clad only in his shirt and trousers, stepped off on the leave it to me, and I'll just put a flea in old man Haydon's ear." ground, someone promptly smote him over the head and laid him senseless on the damp earth.

The train was miles away, and the robbers dispersed with their booty, when he recovered consciousness. Bitterly he lamented his curiosity, as he darted out to find some place of shelter. About a mile distant he saw a light twinkling through the darkness, and made his way in that direction the best he was able. It proved to be the small railway station at Blue Creek, and the night operator, who had heard nothing of the robbery and hold-up, was rather startled when an elderly party, wearing neither shoes nor hat, burst in upon him at such a late hour. Mr. Havlon's gray hair stood up with mud and fright; a large bump, not down in the phrenological chart, glistened over his left

"Who in the Sam Hill-" began the telegraph operator. Now an old man is more sensitive to rid. cule, especially concerning matters of the heart, than a young man; so that when Mr. Haydon was questioned instead of tell-

ing the straight truth, he tried to hide the fact that his unlucky curiosity had separated him from his bride. He said: 'I don't know how in the world it happened, unless I jest walked in my sleep, and I hain't done seen a thing sence I was a boy't I know of. But I was a passenger -you know that. It may not, so on that Chicago and Alton train, and didn't know I was out of it until a half hour ago, when I come to a-sittin' by the side of the track an' my head a-feelin fit to bust, an' I knowed I was left and see your

got a--a--friend on board who will feel powerful oneasy. "Oh, that will be easy enough! We can send a telegram to Slater-the passenwife would make for me if I was to men- ger reaches there at twelve-thirty-and you can have your friend wait for you, or at least satisfy his mind. What's your friend's name?" he asked, turning to

light. Say, mister, ain't there some way

to telegraft to that train an' stop it? Iv'e

prepare a blank. Alas! our hero was past that adolescent period of versatility in the art of equivocation. The old man had until now lived a life as straight as a string, and he found the tangled web of the prevaricator more complicated than he would have believed. He did not wish to give the name of his wife, nor did he wish to run the risk in any vay of the accident being found out at all by his friends at home. clumsiest thing that he could have done He went on lying in the expert way he had

'As shore as you live, I'm that dazed that I can't remember our names," he

said. "What!" exclaimed the night operator, growing suspicious. "How in Halifax am I to send a telegram, unless I know who to send it to?"

"Can't you you jest telegraft to the conductor, 'the lost is found,' er something of that kind? He'll know it means me. The operator looked at his visitor a few moments with well-defined suspicion in his glance, then carefully edging his way back of the little counter to his instrument

"Station agent at M-Send somebody down

"Ed and Jerry on the yard engine in ten

-was six miles away. "Now, said the operator soothingly, 'can't you remember your friend's name? He would endeavor at least to keep the

'No, I can't," said Mr. Haydon, snappishly. "But jest send the telegraft, will ye, I'll pay the expense. No, I can't either, for I've left my pocketbook—Lord, Lord, how long will it take? Send it anyhow; I tell ye I'm good for a hundred the agent at Slater:

"Tell conductor on No. 4 that the man lost off the train is here and inclined to be unmanageable. Have sent to M—for help to secure him."

"There, now," he said again in a pacifying tone, "just sit down and keep calm a few minutes, until we get an answer," for then you won't have to lay over in Kansas he heard the whistle of the engine from

The engine pulled up to the platform, and three men got off. "Jerry" was a big and three men got off. "Jerry" was a big Irishman who walked cautiously up to the

By this time the unlucky bridegroom's tribulations had indeed made him slightly "I s'pose you knew mother Quilter is hysterical; and supposing the men were

I done credit to a youthful pugilist. Jerry and the two others caught him by have plegged her so much about you, that the arms and legs, and the more the poor old man tried to explain, the more his ravput a stop to it. She 'lows it makes her ings were taken as evidence of his dangerashamed to have folks makin' remarks ous insanity. He made a violent struggle about her at her age. Yes, she is goin' to start to-morrow afternoon. 'Tis redic'lous, thrown into the baggage room and the

"Begorra, but he's a stiff tussler fer an pass a friendly word without anything old 'un!' said Jerry, puffing with the exhem' thought of it? This town just beats ereise; "but it's the madness that makes

'em strong.' As may be supposed, the newly made Mrs. Matthew Haydon was almost distracted when the conductor communicated the contents of the telegram to her. She had missed her lord, but had modestly refrained from inquiring about him, until his prolonged absence began to make her anxious. she boarded the return passenger, which passed them at Slater, and set out for Blue

It will be kinder to pass over the reunion and explanations which were necessary

As Jeptha Quilter was down on his knees kindling the kitchen fire next Quilter and took her hand boldly in his. morning at five o'clock, Mrs. and Mr. They act'illy helped us off, and paid the Matthew Haydon presented themselves at bride's fare by gum," he chuckled. "Now the door. Jeptha's mother wore a chastened yet determined look that he had never seen there before.

'Yes, it's me-me and Mr. Haydon, and we're married an' got the license to prove it. I've b'en through a heap sense I left An' another thing-you an' Maria jes' well make up your minds to rent the eighty well in the same house, an' it's nachul that I should want my own house now. There needn't be no hard feelin's, an' t'other eighty has got a good house on it. I jest days I 'low to have enough on my hands The matter really was, that the train a doctorin' that bruse on Mr. Haydon's Elephant.

# Dinner Fads.

Hostesses Are on the Alert for New Methods o Entertaining.

A RAINBOW DINNER.

The tables are dressed with flowers representing the colors in the rainbow, each tint being represented by a strip of flowers upon the immaculate whiteness of the cloth; bows of the same colors are tied at the ends. As many colors as possible appear in the meats, vegetables, and salads the brilliant red of radishes and beets, the tender green of crisp lettuce leaves and asparagus tips, the lively pink of ham boiled in champagne, the rich brown of the roasts and the varicolors of the fruit, cakes, and ices all making a pleasing harmony. There are dainty little cakes frosted with delicate blue, violet, green, pink etc.; ices running the gamut from a rich. dark red to the faintest yellows and greens. and bonbons which repeat the hues of the seven primary colors with artistic effect.

A FLOWER COURSE DINNER. The acme of elegant æstheticism is reached when the floral decorations of the table are changed with each course. With the soup, violets are the decoration; with the fish, tall Venetian glasses with long-stemmed Bermuda lilies; with the entree, tulips; with the roast, Marechal Niel roses with the game, red azaleas; with th salad, sweet peas; and with the dessert, an avalance of pink roses. A touch of additional extravagance is the matching of the table service for each course of flowers nsed

A CONVERZIONE DINNER.

In this form of entertainment the subjects of conversation undergo a change with the courses. The hostess, before the arrival of the guests, decides upon the subjects. For instance, with the Blue Points, the subject introduced might savor of nautical lore; the fish course might suggest yachting and angling; the game, hunting and roast turkey, domestic subjects; the ices, Arctic voyages; fruits, roamings in the tropics, etc., etc. A hostes prolific in ideas will be able to supply abundant subjects for discussion whi will wonderfully enliven the tedium of a long course dinner .- Godey's Magazine.

## A Knowing Donkey.

Kept Out of a Stable Until a Lawn Mower Scared

A small boy in California is the owner of a woolly little donkey of more than ordinary intelligence and perversity. Some time ago the manger in the stable fell down and struck the donkey on the head. since which time nothing could induce the animal to enter the stable of his own accord, and he wandered around the yard at

his own sweet will. The other day the boy found that the donkey viewed the lawn mower with mingled curiosity and alarm. He would not turn tail and run from it, but he would back away, the while keeping his ears at full cock and his eyes on the machine. That fact gave the boy an idea. Now he leads the donkey to the stable door, turns the animal around, and runs the lawn mower toward him. When the donkey backs into the stable the door is slammed on him before he realizes where he is.

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#### THE ISSUE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Democratic Candidate for Auditor General Talks to the People.

BY WALTER E. RITTER.

In view of the character of the legislation that has been passed during the term of the present Governor, and the extravagance and profligacy that are manifest on every hand in the management of the State government, it seems to me that this is the opportune time for a change in the fiscal departments of the Commonwealth.

Even the Republican press of the State has openly admitted that public moneys have been used for the enhancement of private fortunes and for the maintenance of political ring rule. On November 30, 1896, the end of the last fical year, the report of the state treasurer showed that there was a balance in the treasury department of more than four and a quarter millions of dollars. This immense sum of money was scattered among certain favored banks of the State. It has been openly asserted, and not denied, that in consideration for these deposits a corruption fund has regularly been paid for the furtherance of certain political interests. Up until the present time the State has never received one dollar as interest on these immense balances. The last Legislature pretended to remedy this evil, in deference to an aroused public sentiment, but instead of making conditious better they have enacted a law which in its results may prove far more disastrous to the State than though it had never been passed. True, it provides that the banks of the State in which state funds are carried shall pay interest on daily balances of 2 per cent. except the two banks of Philadelphia and Pittsburg, and the one of Harrisburg, which shall be the depositories of the funds used for current expenses, and which are to be called 'active banks' and which shall pay interest of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent on their daily balances. While these provisions are commendable so far as they go, yet in the same section of the act a proviso follows that

occur for the failure of any such banks. When it is remembered that the board of revenue commissioners is composed of the auditor general, the state treasurer and the secretary of the Commonwealth, it will be noticed what grand opportunities are offered for gigantic schemes of public plunder. The act provides that bonds shall be given by the bank receiving deposits, but who could imagine an instance when it would be possible to recover from the bondsmen in case of a bank failure? Hitherto the state treasurer and his bondsmen were held responsible for a proper care of the money intrusted to his care, and why

inasmuch as these state banks of deposits are selected by the board of revenue commis-

sioners the state treasurer shall be exempted from all liability for losses that may

such relief has been afforded him I fail to understand. It seems to me that had an honest effort been directed towards the end sought to be accomplished it would have provided that interest of 3 per cent be required, and which I am informed many banks would have gladly paid, because they in turn were discounting it to depositors at 6 per cent, and also that the responsibility of the treasurer remain as heretofore.

Proper administration of this office would require that, regardless of this law, the highest rate of interest possible should be obtained, and then every dollar of this money be turned into the state treasury for the benefit of the people of the State. The present system, though, has grown up, and if election returns are to be taken as a criterion it has been sanctioned by the people of the State. So long as the voters are silent, though, upon such matters as these but little in the way of reform can be expected of those who seek to perpetuate themselves in power. Not in the way of depositing public moneys alone are these abuses confined. The shameless expenditures that mark the legislative sessions of 1895 and 1897 ought, in themselves, be sufficient to arouse the people to a realization of existing conditions and to result in driving the present machine rule from power.

In 1891 the general appropriation bill, which provides for the expenses of the State government, such as salaries of the state officers, the expenses of the Legislature, etc., contained in the aggregate appropriations to the amount of \$559.450, and in 1893 the amount thus appropriated was \$552,659.16. This was under a Democratic Governor. In 1895 the general appropriation bill contained an appropriation of \$1,369,816.48, while in 1897 it contained appropriations to the amount of \$1,223,502.93. The increase is about \$800,000, or more than 150 per cent. This fairly represents conditions as they are now and as they were under the administration of Democracy. When the increase is examined into it will be found to largely consist of new officers and increased salaries. While the people of the State are clamoring for reduced taxation the political cormorants are recklessly squandering the public money in order to prepetuate their political existence.

The attorney general of the State, in his letter to his deposed deputy, whom he blamed as being a party in the scheme to take money from the treasury for the purpose of paying political heelers who had never rendered any service to the State, and who had given bond to the treasurer to indemnify him if they should get caught, admits that the pay roll of the House and Senate had been padded to the extent of \$31,-000. This money has to be absolutely stolen from the State. How much more is illegitimately absorbed in "contingent expenses," in "new furniture" and in "incidental expenses" the taxpayers have no means of knowing.

It seems to me impossible that such a condition of affairs can longer continue. There should be the same careful and honest management of the fiscal affairs of the State as would characterize private business. If the people of Pennsylvania had but a remote idea of existing conditions there would be such a revolution at the November election as would absolutely destroy machine political misrule in the State. The offices of auditor general and state treasurer command the key to the whole situation. The one draws and countersigns all arrants and as the accounting officer of the Commonwealth must pass upon the legality of each appropriation of public money. The

other is the custodian and has the management and the investment of public funds. Illegal appropriations and unwarranted expenditures must pass the scrutiny of these departments before they are paid. The Democratic condidates are pledged to a reform in these offices should they be elected. They promise that where corruption exists it shall be disclosed, and where unwarranted extravagance holds sway that it shall be halted. The only remedy that can be applied is to change the entire system of management. The books should be opened and the light should be turned on. Worthy charities have been allowed to suffer in order that political heelers might be rewarded for party services, and the machine thus be strengthened and continued. Offices have been created, where no necessity for such offices existed, in order to pay political debts. Everyone acquainted with legislative affairs at Harrisburg knows the utter absurdity of creating clerkships for committees which perhaps meet a few times during the entire session of the Legislature; yet it is admitted by all the parties to the contract that no less than 10 of these clerkships were created at the last session,

and that each received a salary of \$600. It is always easier to create new offices than it is to abandon them after they have once been created. If the present condition is to continue, and if the people of the State again sanction by their vote a continuance of such work, what will be the re-

sult and what the future of Pennsylvania? I believe the newspapers ought to take up these matters and impress them on the people. When there is a thorough information of the wrong that exists then there will be a revolution that will change the order of things. The people will not always tolerate political debauchery and profligacy, and when it becomes fully apparent to them that such exists they are ready to overthrow the machine that endeavors to fasten it on them. This is an "off" year in state politics, and it will be impossible to call public attention to existing abuses from the stump, but the newspapers with their power and influence can accomplish the reforms that are demanded. Will they do it?

High Kite Flying.

One From Blue Hill Observatory Went Up 10,016

The highest recorded altitude ever reached by a kite was obtained on the af-ternoon of September 20th, at the Blue Hill observatory, says the Scientific American. The top kite reached the height of 10,016 feet above sea level, or 3,386 feet above the summit of the hill. The ascent began at noon, and the highest point was reached at 17 minutes past 4, Hargrave kites were held by nearly four miles of wire. An instrument for recording the temperature, humidity and presssure was hung about 130 feet below highest kite. At the highest point reached the temperature was 38 degrees, while at the ground it was 63 degrees. At the height of 4,000 feet the humidity rose rapidly; at 7,000 the humidity was almost at the point of saturation; at 8,000 feet it began to fall, and at the highest point it was extremely low. At the ground level the

humidity remained low during ascent. The instruments and kites were brought down at 6:40 p. m., having been more than a mile above the hills for over five hours.

## His Daring.

"Thar goes the bravest feller in the whole township," said the landlord of an Arkansaw tavern, indicating a hatchetfaced, spindle-legged young native who was slouching by. "Why, he looks anything but heroic!"

returned the tourist from the North. "What has he done to give him such a reputation for bravery? 'He's courtin' Buck Soggins' oldest gal, that choked a full grown bear to death about two months ago."—Puck.

## A Speedy Cure.

He-I suffer from insomnia. She-Why don't you go to church more? mind of woman can conceive

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

It is no longer fashionable to go into ecstacies over woman. She is no longer a sentiment, she is a problem, and it is now our unhappy mission to grapple with her, or surrender as we have done. The issues she brings are vital. They take their places among the issues of the times; and in their scope, in their importance, in their far reaching effects, involving as they do a full half of the human race and the destiny of the whole race, it may well be said that woman's struggle for her rights and nobler standards makes up the foremost problems of this world. After six thousand years of subordination and acceptance, woman is at last in rebellion against the things that be. For sixty centuries she has been content to crown the victor in the lists of human endeavor; now she is herself in the lists for the crown and the laurels of strife. We in exigency of this material age repeat the cry, "Room for a lady." And we have ade room for her; or, rather, she has made it for herself. In every forum of discussion and in every field of strife, in the professions and in the trades, in the ranks of workers everywhere, she has won her way and held her own. Her triumphs over heathen prejudice have been magnificent. But she has not yet released the sword of progress. She is marching on to new fields and wider triumphs.—Atianta

California has added many to the list of renowned women, but not always with such wholesomely famous names as those of the Klumpke sisters. There are four of them-Dorothea, who is one of the chief workers of the Paris observatory; Anna, a portrait painter in Boston; Augusta, a physician in Paris; and Julia, one of the most brilliant pupils of Ysaye, the violin-

School frocks are perhaps the most important factor in a girl's wardrobe, and they must be made of good serviceable material that will stand the hard service of daily wear. It is a most foolish plan to accumulate many frocks for any young girl, far better to buy them when needed. Scotch plaids are rampant this season, and come in several different materials, all of which are smart and serviceable. A frock made all of plaid is sometimes unbecoming and when this is the case it is well to use with it some plain goods—serge or camel's hair—green, blue or red. One smart design has a round yoke, sleeves, and belt of plain green trimmed with rows of mohair braid a quarter of an inch in width; the body of the waist is gathered below the yoke, and hangs in blouse effect over the belt. The skirt of this frock is made with gored front and straight sides and back. Another plaid frock has a deep pointed collar of dark blue edged with a plaid ribbon-the same plaid as the frock; the collar is so deep that the points come to the belt in the back and front. There is a sash of blue knotted loosely, with the ends left long enough to fall to the hem of the skirt, and there are also pointed cuffs. The skirt is gathered all around on this frock, which is designed for a girl of ten.

Plain rough serge trimmed with plaid is also fashionable for school frocks, and is thought to be more becoming. A pretty design is in dark blue, with a full sleeveless waist of green and blue plaid cut out over the shoulders and showing a yoke of the blue. The sleeves are of the blue to match the yoke and skirt, and the only other plaid is a band around the skirt. Another style which is attractive is of dark blue serge with skirt trimmed with four rows of black braid. The skirt is gored all around. The waist is like a blouse, and opens in front to show a full vest of scarlet velvet; on either side of the front are small gilt buttons, and a lacing of black silk cord fastens around them and holds the fronts together. The waist has a stock collar and belt of the scarlet velvet.—Harper's Bazar.

The "collar cape," a mass of frills of glace silk and chiffon, is much in favor. It is fastened at the throat by ribbons long enough to be tied at the throat in goodsized bows, and still leave length enough to encircle the waist as a sash and tie again with loops and ends. The tie must be done at the back of the waist, so the ends will hang down the back.

To remove grass stains soak and rub the spots in water and cream of tartar. If a garment is mildewed lemon juice is said to remove the stain. If the stain is hard to eradicate soak in a gallon of water in which a tablespoonful of chloride of lime has been dissolved. Rinse thoroughly. Fruit stains may usually be removed by pouring boiling water through the stain, but if this fails add oxalic acid, dissolving three ounces in a pint of water. Soak the stain in this solution for five minutes and then steam it by holding over a kettle of boiling water, or hang in the sunshine. Rinse in ammonia when the stain disappears, so the acid will be counteracted Rinse again thoroughly, so that the fabric will not be injured. Javelle water is recmmended for washing white goods.

The reign of the blouse is supreme. Even the tailor-made gown, that most fetching contrivance, which is supposed to show the admirable outlines of the wearer, is largely affected and no longer clings to the figure as if it had grown there. The blouse is in everything. It is king or queen, or whatever you like to call it, but anyway, if you wish to be in fashion do not forget the blouse for a single moment. The stout women like the blouse because it is extremely comfortable. The women who are not stout like it because it gives them a fuller appearance than would otherwise be the case.

The stout woman always thinks more of her comfort and the slight woman of her appearance, because the stout woman has ven up all hope of ever appearing slight, and the slight woman envies her her composure. So it is not at all unlikely that the blouse has come to stay.

If the blouse is not worn it is replaced ov coat effects or the double-breasted ice, which holds its ground, and will be largely used this winter. These doublebreasted affairs all have the left-hand jabot and since heavy woolen goods is scarcely adaptable to this purpose the frills will be of lighter fabrics, such as silk, chiffon or lace. A little later on the jabot will be made of the bodice material, less full and edged with fur to harmonize with the gown, or made of a fluting of fur. While in the depth of winter these blouses will appear made entirely of fur, especially

sealskin and astrakan. If there is anything which can compare with the rage for blouse effects it is the craze for braid trimmings. Everything that is susceptible to that treatment-and some things which would seem not to be as well-has artistic scrolls and curves and straight lines of braid thereon, generally in a rather strongly contrasting color, but braid at all events. The figures are arranged horizontally, vertically, diagonally, in Van Dykes, and, every way that the