#### THE JOURNEY.

I think of death as some delightful journey That I shall take when all my tasks are done Though life has given me a heaping measure Of all best gifts, and many a cup of pleasure, Still better things await me further on.

This little earth is such a merry planet, The distance beyond it so supreme, I have no doubt that all the mighty spaces Between us and the stars are filled with faces More beautiful than any artist's dream

I like to think that I shall yet behold them, When from this waiting room my soul has soared.

Earth is a wayside station where we wander Until from out the silent darkness vonder Death swings in his lantern and cries, "All

I think death's train sweeps through the solar system And passes suns and moons that dwarf our

And close beside us we shall find our dearest, And spirit friends on earth we held the nearest. And in the shining distance God's great

Whatever disappointment may befall me In plans or pleasures in this world of doub I know that life at worst can but delay me, But malicious fate has power to stay me From that grand journey on the Great

Death route.

-Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

### THE EUCLASE RING.

I tell the story as well as I can, but it will be at best, I fear, but a thing of shreds and patches. It happened more was fixed, and Cecilia, like most brides than ten years ago, and in these days one lives fast and forgets soon, and some of the bones that recalled the tale. To me words are living things, endowed with a power that few of us give them credit for possessing. I believe with Adelaide Anne Proctor

Every word has its own spirit

True or false, which never dies. And I think that the story of Cecilia Long's life goes far toward indorsing my opinion.

You must remember Frank Whittington? He was my godson, and I was very fond of him, and when he introduced me to his affianced bride, Miss Cecilia Long, I was fully prepared to be almost as fond of

She was certainly a very charming girlwhispered that she was weak and shallow, had been a tremendous flirt, and was, moreover, extremely delicate—a bundle of nerves and a most unfit wife for a man who had his way to make in the world. I thought them admirably well suited, and knew them to differ on any subject save one, and upon that occasion Frank solicited my friendly intervention.

I remember the time and the place so well. We were sitting at tea together tete-a-tete in the cozy little boudoir of my house in Queen street, Mayfair. I can see now the rays of the setting sun filtering through the dark green Persiennes and touching with golden light the bright brown locks of my godson's curly head, and I can hear as plainly as I did then the note of passionate pain in his eager tones. He was not one to suffer in silence when a pathetic of friends.

"Have you ever noticed," he said, "that little ring with the pea green stone that Cecilia wears on the third finger of her right hand. No, it is not a crysolite. It is a euclase, a stone found in the Ural mountains. It is rather a rare stone, I believe, and the ring was given to her by the young Polish artist who used to be hanging about her at Ostend. He wanted to marry her, it seems, and he had no business to give her a ring, and she ought not to wear it. Don't you agree with me ?"

I did; but as I am nothing if not conciliatory, I murmured something soothing about "a gift from a departed friend. However, Frank would not be put off in this manner and he made me promise to take an early opportunity of speaking to Cecilia on the subject and pointing out to her the impropriety of wearing young Anatoff's gift.

'You must try and prevail upon her to throw it away or to give it to you, or to do anything she likes with it but do not let me see it on her finger. She must not wear it."

I promised to do my utmost to induce Cecilia to see the matter from his point of view, which was also mine, and with that intent I sought and obtained an early interview with her. I put the case gently but plainly before her. I appealed both to her respect for the conventionalities and her love for Frank. But I spoke in vain.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Grey, but I cannot do what Frank asks. I really cannot. In the first place, it is a physical impossi-bility. My hand has grown so much fatter since poor Paul placed the ring on my finger that I cannot remove it now. Here it is here it remains until I grow thin again!
And, besides, I swore to him that I would never remove it whatever happened."
"What made you take such a vow!"

asked. "I don't know, I can't say. I was hurried into it. It happened like this: We were walking on the street at Ostend one evening. Mme. Anatoff and mamma were on in front. Paul and I were behind. He was in very low spirits that day, for he had just seen some specialist, who had told him point blank that he had not six weeks to live, and he could not bear the thought of dying and leaving me. Up to that mo-ment he had always cherished a secret hope that I might yet become his wife-poor Paul he was a Pole, you know, and very romantic and superstitious and altogether different from any other man I have ever known. His despair that evening terrified me, and when he asked me if I would grant him one last request, whatever it might be, I answered 'Yes,' without thinking—anything to comfort the poor fellow. And the request was that I should let him place this ring on the third finger of my right hand, and as he did so repeat after him some sentences in Polish. I did it, and then he told me that I had sworn solemnly to wear this ring until death, to be buried with it, and that I had asked God to unite us hereafter, even if it should be his good

pleasure to separate us here upon earth."

"And you took that vow and you uttered that prayer!" I exclaimed in horror.

"Yes," she said. "What else could I do? Paul was in despair, and he was dying. It would have been cruel to refuse There are times when I regret horribly having acceded to his request, and yet I am quite sure that if the time were to come over again I should behave exactly the same.

There I entirely agreed with her. "If the time were to come over again," we should most of us "behave exactly the same." As was the bygone days, so will the coming ones be. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin. The copy book moralist has told us that "experience teaches." Possibly she does, but I fancy that the number of her pupils who have that the number of her pupils who have profited by her lessons is very small, and it will take her all she knows to enable her to hold her own (as an inspirer of conduct) against temperament-for the physical sways the moral, and the moral stamps the intellectual.

"And, after all," Cecilia added, "I did nothing. I only spoke a few words. "Every word has its own spirit True or false, that never dies. Every word your lips have uttered

Echoes in God's skies.' I murmured.

"Don't! don't!" she cried. "That is the sort of thing Paul would have said. Thank heaven, Frank is not—transcendental 3 I asked her if she knew the meaning of the word, and she laughingly replied that she knew it was something uncomfortable

And then she suggested that we should change the subject. "And please tell dear old Frank not to bother. If he wants the ring, he'll have to saw off my finger to get it, and I suppose

he doesn't wish to do that "

From that hour we dropped the subject, and I cannot remember any further allusion to it being made. I suppose the young people came to some satisfactory understanding, for Frank never again asked me to interfere in the matter, and I was thus spared any repetition of what is always an ungrateful as well as an unpleas-

elect, lived in a whirl. Between dressmakers and friends and bridesmaids and details may have escaped me. But it relatives, not to mention Frank, she seemwas your remark about words breaking no ed to be "on the go" morning, noon and night, and I began to recognize the truth of one of the unfavorable remarks I had heard. She was unquestionably delicate. She seemed to grow thinner day by day, and sometimes, when my eye fell on the offending little ring with its curions green stone, I would tell myself that soon it would not be a question of being unable to take it off but of being impossible to keep it on. However, notwithstanding her thinness and her pallor, she was in excellent spirits and laugh-

ed our fears to scorn. One morning, about a week before the day for which the wedding had been fixed I went up to Saville row with the Longs bright handsome and attractive—and I to see the final trying on of the bridal turned a deaf ear to the disparagers who dead white of which was relieved here and there by the dark green of the myrtle leaves with which both the bodice and train were trimmed. The whole strength of the company was summoned from the they seemed to think the same. I never atelier above to admire their handiwork and its wearer, who was all smiles and gracious responsiveness for a time, until suddenly, without a word or a sign of warning, she clutched hold of the chair against which she was standing and fell back in a dead faint.

We were not long in restoring her to consciousness, but before leaving the house I learned, to my grief and dismay, that was not the first time that Cecilia's strength had succumbed under a similar strain.

"But some young ladies never can stand for long," said the graceful, fair haired modiste, who looked herself ready to drop and over-looks the harbors, the famous in the tableau were their decendants.

"A Tea Party of Ye Olden Times" woman was at hand to sympathize, and in with exhaustion. "However," she added "it cannot be helped One must stand for a certain time if one wishes to be properly fitted."

One must suffer to be beautiful," I murmured sadly as I followed Cecilia and her mother down the wide, handsome stair-

The wedding day dawned dark and cold The sky above was one still, gray cloud, but around us everything was clad in the white of freshly fallen snow-a wedding garment or a winding sheet, according to the mood of the beholder. The wind, which was from the east, howled dismally down the chimney the whole time I was arraying myself for the festivity, and the sound filled me with a melancholy I could neither banish nor ignore. It was like the cry of a woman in pain.

When I entered the church lavishly decorated with white flowers and autumnal leaves, the view was dulled and obscured by the brown mist which came creeping down the aisles, blurring the lamps and changing the pillars into shadows.

I had a good view of the bride as she passed up the aisle, and I thought she looked ghastly. Her face was white, her trembling lips were almost blue, and there were purple rings round her large dark

The service commenced, but I could not fix my attention to listen. My nerves were on edge. The air seemed, dense, as if a storm were brewing. I looked with-

out seeing.
I listened without hearing. Suddenly my husband touched, my arm and whispered to me : "How nervous she is ! She is drawing off the wrong glove ! Why don't they tell her."

Then I heard a tinkling sound, as of a coin falling on the hard mosaic floor, and I saw the smallest bridesmaid stoop and pick up something. Then came a cry which resounded through the church. "Do zobaczenia, Paul!" I saw the bridesmaids fall back as Mrs. Loug rushed between them-and I rememi When I came to myself, I was in the school room which communicated with the church. My husband was with me, as well as Minnie Gray, my niece, who had offi-ciated as chief bridesmaid. She was very pale and her eyes were full of tears. I had

no need to ask the question. "It is all over," I said. I know." Minnie burst into tears. "It was instantaneous the doctor told us, aunt. And see what Isabel picked up!" And she handed me the ring that I had looked at so often with doubt and regret. The center stone—The euclase—had fallen out. side the band—a broad one—I read, "Do

Only words! It was the spirit that had given them life—and death.—Exchange.

## Try the Side Door

"Suppose, my dear children," said a Sunday school teacher, according to the Cleveland Plain Dealer, "that you went up to the great marble entrance and you found it closed, and you rattled on it, and called to them to let you in, and there was no reply? Oh, my dear children, what would you de then?"

Little Jane—Please, teacher, I'd take my pail, an' go to the side door and knock there three times, like papa does every Sunday.

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#### A DAY IN OLD PLYMOTH.

For the WATCHMAN. and interesting will naturally gravitate bridal dresses of most peculiar fashion, towards Plymouth as the colonial Mecca small clothes and elaborate waiscoats worn of New England. Partly, no doubt, be- by one Barnahas Hedge at Harvard comcause it is fixed in our minds early in child- mencement 1783. hood as the landing place of the pilgrims tlers, do all in their power to keep fresh kerchief, cap and apron, were in attendhistorical interests and associations, guard- ance. ing old landmarks with jealous care.

the parish in paying for this belfry, in land. order to raise a part of the required The pageant was held in the armory amount, a historical festival was planned which was relieved of its bareness by decoto last one week under the able manage- rations of flags, cedar boughs, etc., booths ment of that most clever of directors, were arranged along the sides from which Margaret Maclaren Eager. The festival "descendants" served ices and sold souveenough to witness it, and about half the the armory was crowded and ready to rerequired sum was realized. This year ceive the first tableaux with energetic apfrom July 28th to August 3rd the festival plause. was repeated or rather continued, as many "The little pilgrims finding the wild the powdered clove, and two ounces of ornew plans were added to last year's pro- flowers of Plymouth" introduced many ange marmalade. Mix the whole well to- grain silk, velvet, lace, yards upon yards of

We had the pleasure of going down from mouth. By eleven o'clock the town was mouth and Longfellow refers to them in and neighboring towns, Boston and more ish":distant places; we rubbed shoulders with Aldens, Standishes, Carvers, Bradleys and Gathering still, as he went, the mayflowers bloom-Brewsters and felt that surely we had just stepped from one of Jane Austin's stories. After a stroll along Leyden street, which by the way was the first street laid out in New England, we climbed the hill to the National monument to the Fore-Fathers, it is on the summit of a high elevation and commands a fine view of the town, harbors and the blue line of the distant sea. This feathers—their war whoop so real that we ball practice. monument, capped with its gigantic figure | felt for our scalps and regretted our proxmarriage garment of soft, rich satin, the of Faith, its bas-relief of scenes in the early. history of the Pilgrims; inscribed with names of all passengers in the Mayflower, is a magnificent, national tribute to the Jane Austin's "Nameless Nobleman." faith, courage and endurance of the first In 1696 a French privateer was wrecked On the college bulletin board in front of settlers.

"rock," the first burial ground and site of the first fort. The panels, carvings for to have been brought from England. It is a curious fact that the height of the second the heavy masonry supporting heams and chimneys, the long strap hinges, the hammered nails with rounded heads, all show of that period. The windows are large numerous, and supplied with small panes of glass, those in the dining room containing forty panes. The large hallway, with rooms on either side, contains a staircase especially beautiful; the carved banister. the old clock on the landing, the carved chair opposite making one think of the lines from the old song ; "Full humble were their meals, their dainties

very few, 'Twas only groundnuts, clams or ells when this old chair was new.

Their greeting very soft, good morrow very kind. How sweet it sounded oft before we were refined Humility their care, their failings very few, My heart ! how kind their manners were when this old chair was new."

As Mr. Winslow was a Tory he often entertained English officers here, who in consequence became very familiar with the house. In 1775 some English officers stationed near by were visiting in Plymouth when they were attacked by some patriotic citizens. One officer, according to tradition, dashed on horseback down the street and disappeared in front of the Winslow house. The story goes that he hall, out the opposite door and escaped into the woods beyond. "After the evacuation of Boston in 1776 Mr. Winslow was obliged to leave Plymouth with his family; he joined the British in New York and afterward settled in Nova Scotia. His house was confiscated and is said to have been sold in portions, the necessities of the times not warranting its purchase as a whole; the east parlor, with chamber above years. it, with a right in the cellar and hall, being one division. In 1782 Mr. Winslow's creditors sold the house by various deeds to Mr. Thomas Jackson, in 1813 it was owned by Charles Jackson, in 1872 it was sold to Mrs. Lucia Briggs, whose son, George Russell Briggs, still owns it."

Ten days after Ralph Waldo Emerson gave his famous Concord oration at the erection of the monument to the "minute man," who "fired the shot heard around the world," he drove to Plymouth and in the east parlor of the Winslow mansion was married to Lydia Jackson, a daughter of the house, and sister to Dr. Charles Jackson of anæsthetic fame. A fine collection of

stately furniture of olden days in the-parlors and hed rooms above, portraits, luster- They Have all Been Tried and Have Not Been Found Modern pilgrims in search of the quaint cups, uniforms, tithingman's pole, several

Luncheon was served in the diningand because the people of Plymouth, many room. Puritan maidens, very bewitchingof them direct descendants of the first set- ly attired in the regulation frock, white capers and two washed, boned and finely

Later we repaired to the parlor for our Although the rigid customs of the Puri- tea which was served from the oldest of in a cool place till wanted. tans have passed away with the tallow tea tables and poured from the quaintest of main and give the town its distinctive present from the reminders of the past, we all the green stalks and pare the root. Cut character to this day. The tower of the found ourselves imagining the merrie maknew stone church, built in memory of the ings, love makings visits and tea drinkings tion of the root clinging to them after par-Pilgrims, contains a bell cast by Paul of long ago. Two fine linden trees shade ing. Toss them in a bowl with the same Revere and his son in 1801, it was broken the front of the house and were planted in 1892 but recast the following year. shortly after it was built, the story goes This bell is owned by the town and is and is a pretty one, that the trees were rung daily, morning, noon and night. planted by Penelope Winslow and her lov-Last year the people were asked to assist er on the eve of his departure for Eng-

was a pleasure to all who were fortunate nirs. By the time the orchestra was in place weight of russet apples (these are the best

pretty costumes and dances, especially the wooing of the timid pink Sabbatia by the Boston early one morning during the gala ardent Jack-in-the-pulpit. Many and week and spending the entire day in Ply- beautiful are the wild flowers about Plywell filled with visitors from the country his poem, "Courtship of Miles Stand-"So through the Plymouth woods John Alden

ing around him.

tan maidens, Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla! So I will take them to her, to Priseilla, the may-

flower of Plymouth. "The Moon Dance of Indian Maidens" with their brows fierce with paint and imity to the stage.

A most charming tableau was the "wedding of Francis Le Baron" the hero of in Buzzard's Bay, the crew were made built 1664, is one of the few remaining was a young French surgeon, Dr. Francis specimens of pilgrim architecture. The Le Baron, the people of Plymouth having Winslow house was the strongest attrac- need of a physician, asked the governor to tion, a fine example of a colonial mansion pardon him that he might remain with stored with many fond memories and tradi- them. The pardon was granted and Dr. tions. Built in 1754 by Edward Winslow Le Baron remained with them until his a great-grandson of Governor Winslow, of death which occurred some ten years later. the Mayflower, the house is on a hill-side He married the lovely May Wilder and all

both stately and beautiful-the elegant staircase, mantle-pieces and door-ways, and gowns and jewels worn, many of them the frame work of the house, are supposed heirlooms which no doubt had graced many a social function in colonial days. tion says, that by mistake, the frame work shoe-buckles, ruffled shirts and powdered was set upside down. All over the house wigs. After many profound bows to hostess and each other the tea table was removed, lines formed, and they stepped with a grace befitting their ancestors the careful workmanship found in houses through that most stately of dances, the minuet.

We found it difficult to turn our backs upon the evening's program which presented such attractive numbers as "Compact signed in cabin of the Mayflower," "Landing of the Pilgrims," "Treaty with Massasoit," "Pilgrims going to meeting," Courtship of Standish."

Returning to Boston via Saxbury and Marshfield, the former the home of Miles Standish, his monument on a hilltop can be plainly seen for a long distance. Marshfield was the home of Daniel Web-

We reached Boston fully satisfied with the day's outing and a strong hope in our hearts that history will consent to repeat itself when another summer rolls around. -C. C. M., Ardmore, Pa.

DEATH OF MRS. SHAFFER. - Mrs. Anna Mary McElray Shaffer, mother of Mrs. H. A. McKee, died at the home of her daughter, on Willowbank street, on the night of Sunday Oct. 24th, after a long illness. She was born in New York, Dec. the 20th. rode through the large door-way along the 1828, of Irish parentage. With her mother she went to Pittsburg and there married Wm. B. Shaffer, a railroad employe, on the 4th of March 1851. She joined the Presbyterian church in Boalsburg when Dr. Hamill preached there and has been a faithful member for many years. She was buried the following Wednesday at 10 o'clock from her son-in-law H. A. McKee's, where she had made her home for some

> - The Ollie Forbett concert company opened the People's popular course, at Garman's, recently and delighted a full house. The performances of Miss Forbett on the violin and Miss Mawson on the piano called forth hearty encores. The Lutteman quintette shared honors with

-David Smith, of Gregg township, died recently with heart trouble. Deceased was 60 years old and a respected resident of that community. His widow, authorities. interesting relics had been loaned by various people, to the house for festival-week; terment was made on Sunday of last week.

#### Reliable Receipts.

Wanting
Garnished Eggs.—Boil four or five eggs

till quite hard. Lay them in cold water, shell and cut them in halves cross-wise. Carefully remove the yelks and cut the tips off the whites so that they will stand in a dish. Put the yelks in a basin, and minced sardines. Add a very little oil, vinegar, pepper and salt; mix all well to-gether. Fill the whites with the mixture, garnish the dish with aspic jelly and keep

dips, their influence and their names reteapots, as we enjoyed the taste of the
nerve builder. Wash the celery, trim off into shreds the white stalks and the pordressing used for a tomato and lettuce salad. A celely mayonnaise is a delicious accompaniment of a game dinner. Trim the celery; cut the bleached portions left into half-inch lengths, and season it with a saltspoonful of salt and two or three shakers of the white pepper castor. Cover it with mayonnaise and serve at once.

Mincemeat without Beef.-Weigh pound of good beef suet, after chopping it as finely as possible, also a pound of stoned raisins; cut the latter across, but do not Well wash and half dry a pound of currants, and pare, core and chop the same for the purpose, as they are less watery).
Add two pounds of powdered sugar, a quarter of a pound of mixed candied peelemon, citron and orange (minced); a litsherry. This mincemeat is better made a month before it is used. Tie it down with bladder to exclude the air.

### Cleveland Now Father of a Boy.

Ex-President and Mrs. Cleveland are rejoicing over the birth of a little son, who was born on last Thursday, at the Cleve-land home in Princeton, N. J. It is the "Puritan flowers," he said "and the type of Puri- first heir born to the house of Cleveland, and now the fondest dream and most cherished wish of Mr. Cleveland has been at last realized. The baby is a fine 12 pounder well formed and hearty looking.

Princeton undergraduates have taken a great interest in the new Princetonian. The fact that a Cleveland heir was born was announced during the varsity foot-

When the announcement was made three Princeton cheers were given for the boy, three for the mother, and three more for the father. It is probable the undergraduates will serena e former President Cleveland and his heir at some future date. reunion hall was posted this notice

Several houses of interest were thrown open during the week; the Crowe house, in the championship foot-ball teams of '16, 17, '18 and '19."

> This makes the fourth child of the ex-President. Ruth, the eldest, was born in New York October 3rd, 1891; Esther was born at the White House September 9th, 1893, and Marion was born at Gray Gables July 7th, 1895.

Pennsylvania Day at Chickamauga Battlefield. November 15.

For Pennsylvania day at Chickamauga battlefield, Chattanooga, Tenn., November 15, 1897, when the monuments marking The men were no less splendid in satin the movements of the Pennsylvania troops floor is greater than the lower and tradi- breeches, embroidered waist coats, silver in that great battle will be dedicated, the Pennsylvania railroad company will sell excursion tickets from all points on its line in Pennsylvania at the extremely low rate of one cent a mile, short-line distance, tickets to be sold November 9 to 13, good to leave Chattanooga returning until Novem-ber 23, 1897, inclusive.

Tickets via Pittsburg will be sold going and returning via same route, or going via Cincinnati and Lexington, returning via Nashville and Louisville, or vice versa.

# Beautiful Sea Shell.

Every one admires them. Since coming south I have received numerous inquiries from northern people for sea shells, and now I am prepared to answer yes, I can send you shells, for I have made quite a collection of lovely shells, both from our own coast, the coral reefs, and some beautiful ones from the West India islands. I will mail a dozen or more different kinds, no two alike, to any one who sends a stamp for postage. Also send you a lovely piece of white branch coral.

Yours, Mrs. F. A. WARNER, Jacksonville, Fla.

# An Absent-minded Scientist.

A curious story is told of Dr. Pasteur. He was eating cherries with his daughter and her family, and carefully washing each cherry in a glass of water by his side, and wiping it before putting it unto his mouth. which, he said, was to prevent him from swallowing microbes. A few minutes later, the doctor was observed, in a fit of absent-mindedness, to carefully lift the glass to his lips and drain it. That he lived to tell the tale was a source of great amusement to those present.

Society in Heaven

Cornhill tells a story of an English woman of high station who bewailed to a friend the loss by death of a somewhat illbred but extremely wealthy neighbor, who had been very liberal in his help to her country charities. "Mr. X. is dead," said "He was so good and kind and helpful to me in all sorts of ways. He was so vulgar, poor, dear fellow, we could not know him in London, but we shall meet or silk. in heaven."

-Yellow fever still continues unchecked in New Orleans. On Monday there were fifty-two new cases and eleven deaths, which was the worst day of the plague in the city. Heretofore the high-est number of deaths in a single day was the ladies and were recalled on every nine. The cause is believed to be ineffective house quarantine. The citizens being in a revolutionary mood, will not report cases so that they can receive medical at-tention and inmates of infected houses have been successful, by means of rear exits, in cluding the vigilance of the guards stationed in front of the premises by the

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### FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. Lucia O. Case, of the Topeka bar, the only Kansas woman in the active practice of law, has announced her caudidacy for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court on the Democratic-Populist ticket. Chief Justice Doster is said to be friendly to her candidacy.

Complexion is a matter of digestion. Where there is a good digestion a beautiful complexion is bound to follow. A well regulated stomach invariable proclaims it-self in a good looking face, and to maintain this well regulated condition attention to a fruit diet is recommended. Plums, blackberries, white and red grapes, oranges and peaches, are among the table fruits, and it is difficult to say which is the best for a pretty complexion. If the skin is kept resh and the diet is laxative the face will be good to look upon. People eat too many bread-stuffs. A mud-colored skin is usually an indication of bad blood. A good thing for a sallow skin is a trip to the nearest mountains-walk up, rest and then climb down again.

Wash flannels in gay-colored plaids are used for making up blouses for morning wear. They look particularly well on little girls, as the plaids are not large and in gay colors on a rich background. The patterns have not the "set" look one notices in shepherd's check or Scotch tartans. The olivettes have a Frenchy look, and are probably American-made.

The latest caprice of the modiste is to turn out a walking suit with skirt and sleeves to match, of one kind of cloth. The sleeveless waist is compounded of grosgether so that the ingredients may be well silk braiding, a little really good lace blended, then throw over it a quarter of a and soft mousseline for the collarette and pint of brandy and the same quantity of jabot arrangement at the throat. But the point of the whole costume fails of effect if the sleeves match the blouse. All falls flat unless the skirt and sleeves be of uniform color and material, and distinguished as such from the rest of the blouse

> The revolution of style in hair dressing has been as rapid as if it had been complete. The Gibson girl, with her smooth locks parted in the middle, is as extinct as the dodo, and in her stead we have the the miniature French marquise, with her hair rolled over a cushion, and, maybe, a suggestion of a fringe on her brow.

The arrangement of the back hair is a minor consideration, as the creation in front is so commanding that one investigates no further! A loose knot, or a twist in the form of a figure eight is the proper thing, while the finishing touch is given by the shell side combs which define the shape of the pompadour roll in the back and also keep the cushions from slipping out of

Gray hair is no longer a sign of old age. We know this and yet at the first appearance of a silvered lock we begin to fret and look about for something that will backen the coming of companions to this unwelcome intruder.

We may be chronic fretters or we may be confirmed invalids or merely victims to periodicals headaches. If our passions are intense or our vitality low we need not attempt to fathom the mystery of premature gray hair. If there is anything like a hope of remedy stop off depression, refus-ing to admit anxieties into your daily life, and be, just as far as possible, a stranger to soul intensity. Washing the head with sulphur soap and water is an excellent plan Many of the best authorities claim gray hair is caused by loss of pigment which gave it color. Sulphur enters largely into the ingredients composing this pigment, consequently if sulphur soap is used when washing the head gray hairs may be delayed many years. In using finger tip massage for scalp circulation a little sulphur cream can be worked into the head with good effect.

Women as a rule, have no more intelligent idea of caring for their hair than they have of looking after their skins. The scalp like the pores of the skin, must be kept in a thoroughly clean condition. At the same time you do not want from over excess of zeal to drench your head until vitality of the scalp is destroyed you can wash away the vitality of the scalp as well as you can the vitali-ty of the body by over-tubbing. If your hair is oily wash it once a week. If inclined to be dry and brittle this is too frequent. Every two weeks is often enough and after the head bath the tiniest bit of oil should be rubbed into the scalp. Druggists sell a mixture of what looks to be castor oil and alcohol for the purpose of brilliantining the hair. It also acts as a nourisher. If, when using the oil, you do not wish to employ the finger tips dip the end of an old tooth brush into it and rub in

Women with flat figures will find the little knife plaited or gathered frills used so much nowadays, more becoming if put on crosswise, while the short-waisted stout one will do well to have band trimmings put on lengthwise. The slender woman may wear a soft, crumpled girdle, while the stout one must have hers pointed in front, boned and fitted.

Sashes of soft silk, velvet, ribbon or mousseline, some of them edged all around with tiny mousseline gathered frills, are finding their way to the more elaborate street gowns. Hitherto they have been confined to evening gowns, but they are so dainty and dressy that their popularity has led to their adoption for other occas-

Ultra fashionables may consider the waist to match the skirt in better form, but a large majority of women (fashionable women too) are still wearing the separate silk waist. Tucks crosswise and knife plaited frills are conspicious features upon the latest ones, which are mostly opened down the left side with a frill of lace chiffon

All collars are fastened in the back, and a ruche of mousselline or lace, tapering nar-rower on the sides, is a favorite trimming. Another neck garniture for a short neck consists of two shaped pieces, one on each side like revers. Still another fashion is to have a tiny plaited frill set in the top edge of the collar all around. For plain braided dresses no fancy garniture is used.

A wash that will remove the oily appearance of the skin consists of a teaspoonful of tincture of benzoin added to 15 uls of soft water, shaking thoroughly. Put this on the face with a small sponge or bit of old linen rag and let it dry on. leaves a dainty fragrance much resembling mignonette or heliotrope.