

Bellefonte, Pa., July 22, 1898.

REST.

Let us rest ourselves a bit, Worry? wave your hand to it— Kiss your finger-tips and smile It farewells a little while.

Wear of the weary way We have come since yesterday, Let us rest us in, in dread Of the green home of the grave.

While we yet look down—not up— To seek it out the butterfly, And the daisy, where they wave O'er the green home of the grave.

Let us launch us smoothly on Listless billows of the lawn, And drift out across the main Of our childish dreams again.

Voyage off, beneath the trees, O'er the field's enchanted seas, Where the lilies are our sails, And our seagulls, nightingales,

Where no wilder storm shall beat Than the wind that waves the wheat, And no tempests burst above The old laughs we used to love.

Lose all trouble—gain release, Langour and exceeding peace, Cruising idly o'er the vast Calm mid-ocean of the past.

Let us rest ourselves a bit, Worry? wave your hand to it— Kiss your finger-tips and smile It farewells a little while.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE HISTORY OF AGNES.

She was born in the prison ward of the big hospital. Her mother, a slender, dark-eyed girl of barely 20, had been arrested for fortune telling only two weeks before, and now lay sad and silent, gazing out from her narrow cot through the bars of the heavy door unheeding the doctors, the nurses, or even the chubby bunch that kicked and cried beside her.

She was so young, and yet she had seen a great deal of the world and found it very cruel. She was tired of the endless sin and struggles of her life, and she felt the fear of death die out within her at the hope of utter peace.

She did not seem to remember about the baby. Even when they held it up before her she did not realize that it belonged to her, and that if her life ended another weaker one would be left to fight and face the world alone.

And so that night she died. The doctors knew they could not save her, because she did not care to live and God sometimes sends those times of weakness when the mere wish for death may bring its sure relief.

"How beautiful she must have been," the night nurse whispered as she crossed the slender hands and looked into the still white face. "Do you know anything about her?"

The doctor shook his head. "No," he answered, "nothing beyond the fact that she told fortunes to herself from death, and so brought on this last misfortune, which made her wish to die. She told me that herself, but when I asked her if she had no home and where the baby's father was, she just began to cry. 'You see,' and he took the limp, white hand between his own, 'she weeps no more.'"

"No," the nurse said quickly, "but she has it here," and she drew out a little cord that lay about the slender neck and on it hung a plain gold wedding ring.

"That's strange," the doctor muttered. "Now why do you suppose she put it there—odd, isn't it?"

But the nurse did not answer, because the baby had begun to cry. She did not realize as yet how much it meant to her where her mother wore that wedding ring, and she was hungry.

"Poor little mite," said the doctor softly, as he stuck his finger into the wildly grasping little fist, and then went away to try to get some sleep before the morning's work came rushing on again, and the nurse sat rocking the little stranger to and fro, wondering what her future life would be and what the mother's was.

In the morning the question arose, "What shall we do with her?" As a usual thing the babies whose mothers deserted them in this fashion were packed off to the foundling asylum as fast as they could be sent, but you see this was not a usual baby, because this was an extra sweet baby, and doctors, as well as nurses, had fallen in love with her.

At last it was decided, and with the warden's consent she was carried off to a ward where the patients held full way, and not a shadow of the hateful prison bars was left upon that small bright face. But she could no longer be called simply "the baby," as there were several others in this ward, and a little convalescing was held around her bed one morning. It was easy enough to decide upon the first name—it should be Agnes, after the nurse who had known and loved her first, down in the prison ward, and so with the aid of the chaplain she was christened, and had even more volunteer godfathers and godmothers than was necessary, but when they came to decide the second name that was not so easy, for some wished to keep the name her mother used, but others, knowing it was false, rebelled, and so at last, as she was yet a normal child, and had hardly known what it was to sleep out of somebody's arms, and probably regarded the doctors and nurses whose proteges she was, as a collection of very satisfactory fathers and mothers, and herself as an extremely lucky baby to have them all.

She never condescended to wear institution clothes, but appeared in dainty white slips and knitted worsted socks and shoes, presented by her adorers or their friends.

And though she ruled them all, yet what a good baby she was, and how bright and so pretty, with dimples in her cheeks and on her toes and fingers, and great curly bracelets round her chubby arms and legs.

When she was six months old they swore she knew them all, and may be she did—but then she had seen so many faces, and all good and kind, that she laughed and crowded with wonderful impartiality and showed no special preference for anything except her dinner.

So things went on, and every one was happy, when suddenly it dawned upon the older ones that this could not go on forever. One of her own special doctors finished his term and went away, and then one of her nurses went, and the others began to

see that in time they all would go, and that the hospital authorities were not in the habit of bringing up orphan babies in their wards, a fact which was emphasized one day, when the warden, who had forgotten all about her, stumbled over her when she came creeping up to him and wanted to know what the dickens that great healthy baby was doing in his place? The foundling asylum was the place for her, and there she must be sent.

That day the convalescing met about her bed again, and she lay among them and kicked up her pink heels, and tried to slap the smiles back into their solemn faces with her little dimpled hands.

They couldn't let her go to that great cold foundling asylum—of that they were assured, but then the question was where, and also how, for she belonged to the city now, and they really had no right to send her to any but a city institution.

As last one of the doctors suggested that they call a certain philanthropic young lady whom he knew into their council, and when she came she really had something to suggest.

She knew of such a nice place up town, half charity and half pay, where they took a limited number of babies, and gave them special, individual and wonderful care.

There was a vacancy there at present, and for a very small monthly payment, she could be adopted—in the question was, could it be done?

The house physician remarking that he didn't know whether it could, but that it certainly would, the momentary question was decided then and there by volunteered subscription, and the convalescing broke up once more.

But the result was, that the next day the philanthropic young lady appeared in her carriage, and when she went out a doctor attended her carrying a big bundle, which began to kick in the most mysterious and decided manner as soon as it touched the cushioned seat.

So Agnes moved away from her first home, and to the disgust of her assorted parents, seemed to rather enjoy the change and began to grow fatter than ever.

At the hospital all had been well. It was not hard to steal one unwelcome baby from among so many, and none of the authorities ever knew, that is, not for a good while.

But one morning something happened. A carriage drove into the great court, a queer, dark man jumped out, asked for the warden, and was closeted with him for an hour. Next there was a great running among the clerks; and a turning over of records—a few blasts from the warden and protests from his assistants, and then at last a certain house physician was sent for in post haste.

And then swiftly, clearly, sadly, he was told the story of that dark-eyed girl who had died there so many months before, leaving behind her no name or history—only a little, helpless child.

The swarthy stranger told it—his own dark eyes burning first with anger, and then with tears.

He had known the poor younger mother years ago—in well, in another country—and he had loved her, too.

She had meant to marry him, until one day a stranger came, a handsome blonde American, who had won her quite away from his old rival. The stranger had said that he was rich—very rich, indeed, and the girl's mother had believed him, and the girl—she did not care whether he was rich or poor—only that he loved her.

And so at last a priest, a friend of the American's, came, and the two were married, and went away together to America, and the other lover stayed at home and worked and grieved and waited.

He did not mind so much if she was happy, but one day there came a letter telling on its blotted, blottered pages, that pitiful old story of a mock marriage, cruelty, neglect, and then, at last, desertion—desertion not only of her, but of an unborn child.

At first the old mother would not tell—the disgrace was to her so great that she could not speak of it even to help her child, but when, as the months rolled on in silence, at last her love came uppermost, and she called the other lover, and asked his help.

He was a wealthy man—he always had been, but had prospered more than ever lately, he said that he would go and find her and bring her back with him. And he had come.

For weeks he had hunted the great city in vain, and then had found this clue. The girl was dead, but there was yet the child.

He had money, and he would adopt it as his very own, and then there would be his mother. How she would love and tend it! Could the young man find it? Did he see it often? Was it a pretty child? The doctor nodded yes to every question. It seemed he could not speak, but the stranger grew more and more excited. He must see the baby now. What was the address? Then at last the doctor spoke, but his voice was very strained and hard, as he said: "We put her there so she should have more love and care, and we all go to see her often. We have loved her very much. If you wish to see her you must come there with me now. For I—"

and his voice sank so low that they could hardly hear him—"I am going to her funeral. She died two days ago."—Mary A. Dickerson in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Another Marine Wonder.

It is singular what a little figure torpedo boats have made in the war. Either mines or torpedo boats did the work for the Maine, but aside from that they have been of no consequence, although their influence has been felt as a defense of our own and Spanish ports. In McClure's Magazine Mr. Cleveland Moffet gives a description of the English torpedo boat, the Turbinia, that travels 40 miles an hour with ease, which suggests it is a good thing we did not invest largely in torpedo boats before the war, although there has been much fit-finding on the subject. Apparently all previous speed records on water are to be eclipsed by the Turbinia, which is the invention of Mr. Parsons, of Newcastle, a son of Lord Rosse, of telescope fame. The new boat burns coal, but has no steam engine in the ordinary sense of the word. The cylinder and piston are replaced by a set of turbines inside the steam chest. These are attached directly to the shaft, or rather to the three shafts that carry the nine screws. The steam turns the turbines as wind turns a windmill. The screws turn at the rate of 2,500 revolutions a minute with perfect ease and smoothness, while the best marine engine in the world would tear itself to pieces doing one quarter as many. In fact the Turbinia's screws could be run up to 10,000 turns a minute if there were any gain. The trouble is that above certain limits the water is simply cut into foam.

The inventor says that 46 miles an hour is quite practical commercially, and 58 miles an hour possible where cost is not considered. It looks as though the torpedo boats and destroyers now built might as well be sold for tugboats.

OUR FLAG FLOATS OVER SANTIAGO.

Spanish Army Surrenders and Evacuates the City Leaving Their Arms and Munitions of War. Report That the War Will Now Be Carried Into Spain.

WASHINGTON, July 16.—9 p. m. The following message received by Adjutant General Corbin has just been given out at the White House.

CAMP NEAR SANTIAGO, July 16.—The surrender has been indefinitely settled and the same will be turned over to-morrow morning and the arms will be turned over to-morrow and the troops will be marched out as prisoners of war. The Spanish colors will be hauled down at 9 o'clock and the American flag hoisted.

SHAFTER, Major General. Fifteen minutes later the following message was received at the White House: PLAYA DEL ESTE, July 16, via Haiti.

CAMP NEAR SANTIAGO, July 16.—I thank you and my army thank you for your congratulatory telegram to-day. I am proud to say every one in it performed his duty gallantly. Your message will be read to every regiment in the army at noon to-morrow.

At 9 o'clock on Monday morning of July 17th, the 12,000 Spanish soldiers under command of General Toral evacuated Santiago, and the American troops under Major General Shafter landed in the city which the enemy has so vigorously defended during the past two weeks.

The Spaniards made full and complete surrender. General Toral's request that the Spanish troops be permitted to carry their arms with them when they are transported to their native country by our government was not granted. They will leave their arms right where they surrender, and they will prove valuable to our army.

Adjutant General, Washington: "Surrender has taken place. Details later." SHAFTER. TORAL'S INTERESTING NOTE.

A few minutes later the War Department posted the following: Adjutant General, U. S. A., Washington. HEADQUARTERS NEAR SANTIAGO. The conditions of capitulation include all forces and war material in described territory. The United States agrees, with little delay as far as possible, to transport all Spanish troops in the district to Kingdom of Spain, the troops, arms and officers and men retain their personal property. Officers to retain their force known as volunteers, Moirillizades and Guerrillas who wish to remain in Cuba may do so under parole during the present war, giving up their arms at a point mutually agreed upon, to await disposition of United States Government, it being understood United States commissioners will recommend that the Spanish soldiers return to Spain in the hands of the Government.

I invite attention to the fact that several thousand surrendered, said by General Toral to be about 12,000, against whom a shot had not been fired. The return to Spain of the troops in this district amounts to about twenty-four thousand, according to General Toral. (Signed.) W. R. SHAFTER, United States Volunteers.

SHAFTER GIVES DETAILS. Early this evening the following was posted at the war department from General Shafter, giving the details which he had promised in his first message of the day: PLAYA DEL ESTE near Santiago, July 16.—The following letter has just been received:

To His Excellency Commander-in-Chief of the American Forces: SANTIAGO DE CUBA, July 16. Excellent Sir: I am now authorized by your government to capitulate. I have the honor to so apprise you and requesting that you designate hour and place where my representatives shall appear to compare with those of your Excellency to effect the articles of capitulation on the basis of what has been agreed upon to this date in due time. I respecting the return of army so as to note on the capitulations also the great courtesy of your great grace and return for their great generosity and impulse for the Spanish soldiers, and allow them to return to the peninsula with the honors the American army do them, the honor to acknowledge as dutifully descended.

JOSE TORAL, General Commanding Fourth Army Corps. GENERAL SHAFTER, Commanding American Forces.

WASHINGTON, July 16.—Now that Santiago is practically in our possession, the naval authorities will hurry Commodore Watson's fleet to the Spanish coast with all speed.

Commander Brownson, of the auxiliary cruiser Yankee, was in conference with Secretary Long to-day, arranging for the trip of this ship with the large cargo of ammunition for Commodore Watson's squadron in its attack on the coast of Spain.

The Yankee is at Norfolk and will sail to-morrow for Santiago. She will reach there about Tuesday and the big stock of ammunition will then be placed aboard the battleships and cruisers. This transfer of powder and shells is a delicate operation requiring days of time, and it is probable that the week will be well along before this and the recouling of the Yankee will permit the squadron to get under way for Spain.

The navy department will not set a time for the departure of Commodore Watson's squadron, but with the delivery of the Yankee's supply of ammunition very few days will be lost before the formidable squadron will be headed for Spain.

WILL GO TO CANARIAS AND COAL. It is said that the commander of the "Reading Squadron," as it is now nicknamed, will go to St. Thomas first and from there will push on in a straightway course for the Canaries, where their formidable force should appear about August 1st, or a few days later, depending upon the state of weather encountered in mid-Atlantic and the speed of his colliers, which must fix his rate of progress.

After two days spent under the lee of one of the unfortified Canary Islands, replenishing the bunkers of his fighting ships with fuel, the final assault on Spain, scarcely two days distant, will be promptly made, and if the last Spanish naval resources, represented by Canaries' fleet, cannot be cut off from Cartagena to protect Cadiz the American battleship will quickly be displayed in the Mediterranean.

The fleet, as at present constituted, includes two of the best battleships in the navy, the Oregon and Massachusetts; the protected cruiser Newark, the auxiliaries Yankee, Dixie and Yosemite, with six colliers and a supply ship. The Oregon has become a flagship. The colliers carry 25,000 tons of the best coal, a sufficient quantity to steam the fleet all the way to the Philippines and half way back. The refrigerator ship Glacier will be the duty of three auxiliaries to afford protection to the colliers and to the supply ship at all times, leaving the two battleships and the Newark to undertake offensive operations.

What It Costs to Fight Wars. Nearly Half a Ton of Ammunition Used When a 13-Inch Gun Is Fired. Fine Quarters at Annapolis for Spanish Officers Who Are Prisoners—At Alma Mater of Their Victors.

If no men were lost, if no ships were destroyed or even damaged, it would cost \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000 for ammunition alone to fight a first-class battle with modern arms and projectiles. An ordinary allowance of ammunition for one of the big 13-inch guns costs as much as the gun itself. It takes nearly half a ton every time one of the big thirteen-inch guns is fired. There were 250 tons of powder on the Maine when she went down, and her magazines were only half filled. The big battleships and the first-class cruisers should never go into action without a supply of from 500 to 800 tons, or say an average of 700 tons. There are eleven of these battleships, which together require 7,700 tons. Then there are the sixteen second-rate ships, which ought to have 500 tons each in their magazines, or a total of 8,000 tons; forty-two third-rate ships, which would have at least 300 tons each, or a total of 12,600, and seven fourth-rate ships, which should have 200 tons each, or a total of 1,400 tons. Without counting the torpedo boats, it requires about 30,000 tons of powder to fill the magazines of our navy before it would be safe to send the ships into action.

The second-rate defenses, with their monstrous ten and twelve-inch guns, require several times as much. The four-inch rapid-fire rifles require sixteen pounds of powder to carry a projectile weighing thirty-three pounds four miles. The five-inch gun requires twenty-five pounds, the six-inch rifle fifty pounds, the eight-inch rifle 251 pounds, the ten-inch 500 pounds, and it costs \$1,000 every time one of the thirteen-inch rifles is fired. There are four of these guns each on the battleships Indiana, Iowa, Massachusetts and Oregon. —Cor. Chicago Record.

—Over four billions of cigars went up in smoke in this country the past year, a statistician informs us. If they had gone up in a balloon it would have been a little more surprising, perhaps.

A Few Facts About Our New Possessions.

Hawaii at present imports almost everything she uses aside from sugar, coffee and fruits, attention having been almost exclusively given to the raising of sugar, all of which, aside from that consumed in the islands, is exported to the United States.

The bulk of the steam passenger and freight traffic between San Francisco and Honolulu is controlled by the Oceanic Steamship company, their rates being \$75 cabin passage and \$25 steerage, though a number of fine sailing vessels, which make regular trips between Port Townsend and San Francisco and Honolulu with limited passenger accommodations, charge \$40 for cabin passage. The time for passage between San Francisco and Honolulu by steamer is from six to seven days. Freight rates from San Francisco are: By steamer, \$8 per ton and 5 per cent. primage, while the rates to Atlantic ports are from \$5 to \$7 per ton, with 5 per cent. primage, and the duration of the voyage between Honolulu and New York from 89 to 134 days.

On the islands there are three railroads which are used principally in carrying the products of the plantations to the points of shipment and aggregate about 70 miles in length.

The currency of the islands is of the same unit value as that of the United States. The gold is all of American mintage and the United States silver and paper money is in circulation and passes at par. The Hawaiian money is paper, secured by silver held in reserve. Banks keep two accounts with their depositors, silver and gold, and checks are so worded that the depositor may specify the account from which the check is to be paid, though in case the check does not state in what currency it is to be paid, the law provides that the holder may demand gold if the amount is over \$10. The Hawaiian silver money is held by the government to secure a like amount of paper. The total money in circulation is estimated at \$3,500,000. The rate of exchange is 11 per cent. on eastern cities of the United States and 1 per cent. on the Pacific coast. Gold is at a premium of 1 per cent. The annual internal taxes average \$6.48 per capita, the total revenue from all sources \$2,283,070 (in 1896), expenditures \$2,137,103 and the public debt \$4,102,174, bearing interest at 5 and 6 per cent. Commercial travelers are, under the laws now in force, required to take out a license, costing at Honolulu for the island upon which it is located, \$570 and on each of the other islands \$355.

The statement is not such as to encourage those desiring to seek employment in Hawaii. The market for all kinds of labor, it says, is overstocked, and it would be very unwise for any one to visit the islands with no capital on the mere chance of obtaining employment, many of those who have so arrived being compelled to return disappointed. Wages on the plantations, including house and firewood, or room and board, range from \$125 to \$175 per month for engineers and sugar boilers, \$50 to \$100 per month for blacksmiths and carpenters, \$40 to \$75 per month for locomotive drivers, \$30 to \$40 per month for bookkeepers, \$30 to \$40 per month for teamsters. In Honolulu the rates are \$5 to \$6 per day for bricklayers and masons, \$5 to \$6 per day for carpenters and painters and \$3 to \$5 per day for machinists. Cooks receive from \$3 to \$6 per week; nurses, house-servants and gardeners, \$8 to \$12 per month. Retail prices of provisions are as follows: Hams, 16 to 20 cents per pound; bacon, 16 to 20 cents; flour, \$2.50 to \$3 per 100 pounds; rice, \$3.25 to \$5 per 100 pounds; butter, 25 to 50 cents per pound; eggs 25 to 50 cents per dozen, and ice 1 cent per pound.

Sugar, coffee, tropical fruits and rice, for which we send abroad more than \$200,000,000 annually, are the chief productions of the islands, and while the quantity of produced amounts to less than one-tenth of this sum, it is believed that it may be materially increased and to this extent our expenditures for this class of articles be, in future, kept within our own borders and among our own people. Of sugar, of which more than 3,051,000 pounds in 1891 to 337,155 pounds in 1897; of rice the exportation increased from 3,768,762 pounds in 1895 to 5,499,499 in 1897, and in pineapples the increase was equally striking.

Crow's Great Shot. One of the last of the old inns to succumb to the changes in customs was kept by an old man named Crow. He was well known throughout Virginia, was a good shot in the field, and when surrounded by a sympathetic crowd of listeners could draw a long low with the same coolness with which he handled his rifle. Having had occasional experiences with rather incredulous audiences, he was in the habit of firing to Old Isaac, a certain factotum for corroboration. While entertaining some guests on his broad piazza one day, he was boasting of having from that very spot shot a deer on the tall mountain that loomed up directly in front of the house, but on the opposite side of the creek. He declared that he had shot this particular deer from the hind foot, and that the bullet had come out at the ear. This remarkable story failing to meet with the credence the old hunter thought due to it, Old Isaac was called in. As usual, he proved equal to the emergency. "Gem'men," said he, "dat certainly am so; dat deer was scratched in his ear with his hin' foot." The credit to the narrator being thus saved by his witty and faithful servant, he was dismissed amid a burst of laughter; but the next morning he sought his master in much perturbation. "Massa," he said, "for the Lord's sake don't put them so far apart the next time." Crow's inn is still in existence, and is occasionally resorted to by hunting and fishing parties. —From Lippincott's.

Some Good Recipes. Corn Fritters.—Mix the yolks of two eggs with half cupful milk; add one cup of sifted flour, half teaspoonful salt, and mix to a smooth batter; add two cupfuls canned corn, finely chopped (if fresh corn is taken grate it from the cobs); add last the beaten whites; place a large frying pan over the fire with one teaspoonful lard or fat. When hot put into hot fat, to form small, round cakes; if the latter should be too thick add a little milk; bake light brown on both sides, and serve in a hot dish.

Mock Oysters.—Put one pint of either canned corn or fresh corn cut from the cob in a bowl; add two tablespoonfuls flour, the yolk of two eggs, half teaspoonful flour, one-quarter teaspoonful white pepper and last the whites of two beaten eggs; melt one teaspoonful lard in a frying pan; when hot put the mixture with a teaspoon in the hot fat (the size of an oyster) and fry to a light brown,

Stale bread may be freshened by dipping the loaf quickly into hot water and baking for a few moments in a oven. Salt and liquid ammonia will remove egg stains from plated spoons. A few drops of glycerine put around the edge of a jar of fruit will prevent mold. Rough iron may be made smooth by rubbing them on a board plentifully sprinkled with salt. Children should never be given pork, veal or sausage, cabbage, hot coffee or any kind of stuff, soaking baked calico in salt and water before washing the color will be retained. Water should be drained from vegetables as soon as they are cooked.

Pique is to be very smart this year, and no wonder, if all the gowns made of it in the slightest degree, resemble a charming white one with a pink baste shirt blouse, having tiny tufts divided by the skirt. The skirt was cut with the now usual bias flounce below the knee, a band of open work guipure insertion let in above. The cut of the little coat was so pretty, having a short rounded basque with revers, arranged with folds and covered with insertion. A white serge for a similar occasion may be skirt cut in the new fashion, and trimmed with rows of silver braid, in sets of three and five, brought up in a rounded form in the front, so that it made a point in the centre of the depth. This had a pink and white foulard skirt very much ruffled, having revers on a graceful little jacket, its short basque covered with the same foulard and lines of silver braid carried up the dress. Foulard is an important element in dress, a navy blue and white is very simple made with a full front, the square collar of the same edged with a fringe. The very latest wrinkles in the white pique is a collar of black satin and low double-breasted waistcoat of the same. Over this pouched a full blouse of buff, blue, pink or white lawn—preferably buff. The black satin does not cover the revers, but only the collar, just as the velvet is put on a man's overcoat. It is adjustable, too, being completely lined and finished, and slip for corroboration. While entertaining some guests on his broad piazza one day, he was boasting of having from that very spot shot a deer on the tall mountain that loomed up directly in front of the house, but on the opposite side of the creek. He declared that he had shot this particular deer from the hind foot, and that the bullet had come out at the ear. This remarkable story failing to meet with the credence the old hunter thought due to it, Old Isaac was called in. As usual, he proved equal to the emergency. "Gem'men," said he, "dat certainly am so; dat deer was scratched in his ear with his hin' foot." The credit to the narrator being thus saved by his witty and faithful servant, he was dismissed amid a burst of laughter; but the next morning he sought his master in much perturbation. "Massa," he said, "for the Lord's sake don't put them so far apart the next time." Crow's inn is still in existence, and is occasionally resorted to by hunting and fishing parties. —From Lippincott's.

White linen duck makes an admirable jacket suit. Gingham is not as popular as it was supposed they would be. It is either the heavier weight cotton stuffs or the very airy muslins that are in demand. Morning gowns, these gowns of plain color gingham, these trimmed with white linen, are fancied by some women. They are certainly very cool looking, and, as a rule, wash better than the gingham of various color mixtures.

Only elegant are the already gored and decollete India muslin skirts that have been sent out as samples by the importers. These are intended for separate skirts, and no bodice is thought too nice to top them. Embroidered white pique skirts are also among the novelties. White skirts of fine French lawn, every ruffle edged with lace, have come to us very lately from Paris. You may wear these, a smart effect in Madras being thought in keeping quite as well as something more gauzy. The prettiest of all waists, though is the beautiful trucked one of white lawn. This is made strictly after the shirt waist model, with starched cuffs and linen collar. Pearl cuff buttons close the sleeves and small, thick, sewed on pearl buttons are put down the front.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

The fad for shampooing the hair very often is utterly out of keeping with the new hair dressing. Hair, after it has been shampooed, is very unmanageable and sticks out in every direction. It positively refuses to be associated with hair pins. It is better to shampoo the hair once in four weeks and brush it more, than to treat it once every week.

The best shampooing is hard soap, obtained from the kitchen, and warm water. This removes the grease and dirt, and cleanses it. The most important part comes in the rinsing, which can hardly be carried to the extreme. In the hair dresser's shop, you will remember, they turn loose a faucet upon the shampoo head or use a spray, until it is freed from all soap and dirt.

Shampooing at home is a very difficult process, but if when it comes to the rinsing you bend your head over the bath tub and get some friendly hand to turn on the faucet, you can perform a home shampoo very successfully. Let the hair dry until it is as dry as a bone, otherwise it will smell musty. After it is dry, air and sun it, and then do it up the best you can until a little natural grease accumulates in it. Many people use a little vaseline on the hair to restore some of the natural grease which has been taken from it. The vaseline is rubbed into the roots and not into the hair, and only the smallest bit is needed. A bit as small as a pea is sufficient for the entire hair.

An egg shampoo is something of which every woman has heard, but few know its efficacy. The yolk of an egg is well beaten, after which it is rubbed into the roots of the hair and gradually works and into the whole head is covered with it. Then before the egg is washed out soap is rubbed together until a lather is formed. Warm water is poured through the hair, then comes water a little cooler, and finally a dash of cold water until the hair is acclimated to the winds. This makes a most successful shampoo.

A little warm glycerine rubbed into the scalp with the fingers after the hair is shaken out counteracts the tendency to dryness which is common to some heads. After such treatment there should be persistent brushing. This dryness of the scalp is one of the most prolific sources of dandruff, and any treatment that secures some oil to the hair will have a tendency to mitigate the other evil as well. An excellent wash for the hair is made of rosemary tea, to which may be added a little whiskey.

Stale bread may be freshened by dipping the loaf quickly into hot water and baking for a few moments in a oven. Salt and liquid ammonia will remove egg stains from plated spoons. A few drops of glycerine put around the edge of a jar of fruit will prevent mold. Rough iron may be made smooth by rubbing them on a board plentifully sprinkled with salt. Children should never be given pork, veal or sausage, cabbage, hot coffee or any kind of stuff, soaking baked calico in salt and water before washing the color will be retained. Water should be drained from vegetables as soon as they are cooked.

Pique is to be very smart this year, and no wonder, if all the gowns made of it in the slightest degree, resemble a charming white one with a pink baste shirt blouse, having tiny tufts divided by the skirt. The skirt was cut with the now usual bias flounce below the knee, a band of open work guipure insertion let in above. The cut of the little coat was so pretty, having a short rounded basque with revers, arranged with folds and covered with insertion. A white serge for a similar occasion may be skirt cut in the new fashion, and trimmed with rows of silver braid, in sets of three and five, brought up in a rounded form in the front, so that it made a point in the centre of the depth. This had a pink and white foulard skirt very much ruffled, having revers on a graceful little jacket, its short basque covered with the same foulard and lines of silver braid carried up the dress. Foulard is an important element in dress, a navy blue and white is very simple made with a full front, the square collar of the same edged with a fringe. The very latest wrinkles in the white pique is a collar of black satin and low double-breasted waistcoat of the same. Over this pouched a full blouse of buff, blue, pink or white lawn—preferably buff. The black satin does not cover the revers, but only the collar, just as the velvet is put on a man's overcoat. It is adjustable, too, being completely lined and finished, and slip for corroboration. While entertaining some guests on his broad piazza one day, he was boasting of having from that very spot shot a deer on the tall mountain that loomed up directly in front of the house, but on the opposite side of the creek. He declared that he had shot this particular deer from the hind foot, and that the bullet had come out at the ear. This remarkable story failing to meet with the credence the old hunter thought due to it, Old Isaac was called in. As usual, he proved equal to the emergency. "Gem'men," said he, "dat certainly am so; dat deer was scratched in his ear with his hin' foot." The credit to the narrator being thus saved by his witty and faithful servant, he was dismissed amid a burst of laughter; but the next morning he sought his master in much perturbation. "Massa," he said, "for the Lord's sake don't put them so far apart the next time." Crow's inn is still in existence, and is occasionally resorted to by hunting and fishing parties. —From Lippincott's.

Some Good Recipes. Corn Fritters.—Mix the yolks of two eggs with half cupful milk; add one cup of sifted flour, half teaspoonful salt, and mix to a smooth batter; add two cupfuls canned corn, finely chopped (if fresh corn is taken grate it from the cobs); add last the beaten whites; place a large frying pan over the fire with one teaspoonful lard or fat. When hot put into hot fat, to form small, round cakes; if the latter should be too thick add a little milk; bake light brown on both sides, and serve in a hot dish.

Mock Oysters.—Put one pint of either canned corn or fresh corn cut from the cob in a bowl; add two tablespoonfuls flour, the yolk of two eggs, half teaspoonful flour, one-quarter teaspoonful white pepper and last the whites of two beaten eggs; melt one teaspoonful lard in a frying pan; when hot put the mixture with a teaspoon in the hot fat (the size of an oyster) and fry to a light brown,

White linen duck makes an admirable jacket suit. Gingham is not as popular as it was supposed they would be. It is either the heavier weight cotton stuffs or the very airy muslins that are in demand. Morning gowns, these gowns of plain color gingham, these trimmed with white linen, are fancied by some women. They are certainly very cool looking, and, as a rule, wash better than the gingham of various color mixtures.

Only elegant are the already gored and decollete India muslin skirts that have been sent out as samples by the importers. These are intended for separate skirts, and no bodice is thought too nice to top them. Embroidered white pique skirts are also among the novelties. White skirts of fine French lawn, every ruffle edged with lace, have come to us very lately from Paris. You may wear these, a smart effect in Madras being