

Bellefonte, Pa., August 19. 1898.

PEACE.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths Our bruised arms hung up for monuments, Our stern alarums changed to merry meeting. Our dreadful marches to delightful measures. Grim-visaged war has smoothed his wrinkle

front; And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds, To fright the souls of fearful adversaries, He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber, To the lasciviousness pleasing of a lute. -Shakespeare, Richard III.

O, peace! thou source and soul of social life: Beneath whose calm inspiring influence, Science his views enlarges, art refines, And swelling commerce opens all her ports; Blest be the man divine, who gives us thee!

Now no more the drum Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangour shrill Affrights the wives, or chills the virgin's blood But joy and pleasure open to the view

Peace, thy olive wand extend,

Man with brother man to meet And as a brother kindly greet. God of peace-whose spirit fills

And bid wild war his ravage end,

All the echoes of our hills, All the murmurs of our rills Now the storm is o'er: Oh, let the freemen be her sons: And let future Washingtons Rise to lead their valiant ones Till there's war no more.

Down the dark future, through long generations, The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;

And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations, I hear once more the voice of Christ say-

THE SARABAND'S SKIPPER.

The last half-hour of the steamship Saraband had come. All day she had lain in the pitiless bay, crouching under the fierce blast of the northeast gale, the seas sweeping her decks, and now all on board knew

that she had but a short time to live.

She had had her day. Built to carry
120 passengers, she had once been one of the popular boats going through the newly opened canal to the east, and her long flush deck had been the scene of many a gay gathering when her passengers had as sembled under the awnings to laugh, flirt and talk after dinner. But larger and faster boats had come, and her glory had departed, so that after many vicissitudes here she lay, her passenger accommodation taken out and the space filled with grain from the Black sea ports, sinking.

Her decks were slanting at an angle of forty-five degrees, for the wheat had shifted, and she lay nearly on her beam ends; every movable thing had long been washed away, and one structure which should have immovable-the engine hatch-had also been smashed in

That was the immediate reason why she was going to founder; the engine room plates were awash and the fires in the plates were awash and the fires in the stokehole were out, and for the last two hours she had only been kent that two each of which he had been expected to use by means of a sea anchor made of the der- to go with smaller crews that in the last. ricks and spars. A portion of sea that He thought of the blackguards he had had came on board found its way through the makeshift contrivance of spars and tarpaulins nailed over the gaping chasm in paulins nailed over the gaping chasm in her deck that marked the former position of the engine hatch and each found her hard, and go to hell after all, would be too little lower in the water.

In the shelter of the bridge deck-the only structure which had been strong enough to resist the remorseless violence of the seas-clustered her crew, some thirty hands, hard-faced sailors and grimy firemen; the former quiet, apathetic, almost careless, the others, save for a few, deadwhite with fear, spending their last moments in cursing with foolish, meaningless repetitions of the same words, the ship, their luck in coming in her, and the skipper for not making use of the remaining two boats which hung from their davits at the lee side of the bridge deck, and which from their elevated position had not gone when the other boats had been swept away. On the bridge stood the skipper and the mate, bearded, elderly men both, straining their despairing eyes into the wall of mist and spray which relentlessly rushed down upon them, in the faint hope that some passing vessel might appear through the

gloom of the gale.

At length the skipper turned and scrambled down the sloping bridge to where the mate crouched on the lee rail. "We shall have to try the boats, Mr. Smith; she'll not last much longer!" shouted, the wind picking up each word as he uttered it and sweeping them away to leeward, as if jealous of the mate hearing

"It's a very poor chance," said the mate; "but I suppose it's our only one. How long do you give her?" 'Half an hour at the outside. Are the

boats all ready?" 'They've been ready since morning,' said the mate; "but can we get them in the water unsmashed, and won't the fire-

"I don't think so," replied the skipper "there's time enough and room enough for all to get away.'

But his face took a grimmer look as he led the way down from the bridge to the chart, house, the mate following him. Inside they could hear each other with greater ease, and the skipper, while taking his revolver from a drawer, gave the mate his final instructions.

"We'll, lower the forward lifeboat first, as she's the biggest; you will take charge act you ought to be all right." (The boats preme court sustains the lower court. were fitted with a patent contrivance by which the tackles holding them are automatically released the moment the boat is water-borne, so that there is no unhooking of blocks to be done while the boat is bebut what about you? Who's going to low-

manage it from the boat itself, with all the horsefly 300. you will have on board. "I'll lower her from the deck," said the skipper. "If they have have a long painter made fast to the ship, they can easily pull up again under the counter, and I'll

ake a jump for it."

"Mind you don't jump short; you'd with a carpet sweeper?"—Judge.

have a poor chance with those boots and

The men came up in a body, and the skipper came out on the deck revolver in

"The ship is sinking," he said, "and I have decided to take to the boats. There's plenty of time and room for all to get away in safety. if you obey my orders. You will remain standing where you are till I call your names; then the man whose name is called will take his place in the boat. Any man that starts for the boat be-fore I tell him, I shoot, understand all? There was a low murmer from the men

and the skipper continued: "Mr. Smith will take charge of the

boat,' The mate, with a look at the skipper, climbed into the boat as she hung in the davits. The skipper then called the names of the crew he proposed to send in her, sending first the sailors, so that the mate might place each in his proper station in the boat, before the firemen, etc., who would be of no use in the critical manaeuvers of getting her away from the ship's side, crowded her up. But these same firemen did not understand his reason, and thought he was showing undue preference to his own men, and a heavier sea than usual striking the steamer, there was a cry of "She's going down, and he's sending the sailors first !" and a rush for the

"Stand back!" cried the skipper. Crack! and the leading fireman spread out his hands and pitched onto his face, rolling in a limp bundle down onto the lee rail. The rest of the men stopped. They might as well be drowned as shot, they huddled together, looking with horrified glances at their dead comrade. The skipper paused, lowered his revolver, and then called the next name; they had learned their lesson, and went quietly to the boat, which was got safely away, and drifted out of sight in the mist of the gale.

The other boat was filled without any mishap, and the skipper, the only man left on deck, lowered her; she also got clear away, and drifted out to the full length of her painter. The skipper walked to the lee rail to wait for them to haul up again. He had to pass the body of the dead man and he did not look at it. The boat was hauling up on the painter, and was getting close; the skipper got on the rail ready to jump. At that mo-ment a fireman, the brother of the man he had shot, reached over the boat's bow, and, with a cry of "Blast you stop and drown with Bill!" cut the painter.

The distance between the ship and the boat began to widen instantly, and in spite of the frantic efforts of the sailors at the oars the deeply laden boat was swept away and blotted out in the mist. The skipper got down from the rails, and made his way back to the bridge deck. He had just ten minutes to live. Ten minutes to prepare for the next world, after years at sea!

He climbed up on the bridge again and sat on the canvas windscreen to think. His wife and children, who would look after them now? His wages were £16 per month; on that he had had but small chance to save. Well, he supposed the Shipmaster's Society would do something for her, but she would have to give up her little house at Forest Gate and drop from the position of a captain's wife to letting lodgers; perhaps one of the children could be got into an orphanage; if not, well, it meant starvation or the workhouse. He thought of his own life, of his hard, illused boyhood, cabin boy in a Quebec timber ship; of his manhood, spent in unremitting toil in all parts of the world; of practical operation." nours she had only been kept head to sea less coal, less paint, fewer provisions, and to command as crews, and the trouble he had had with them, and the old sailor proof the engine-hatch, and each found her a damned hard." Well, he'd not had much fun out of life, and now he was going to find out what it all meant. Anyway he had always done his best for his ship.

His eyes fell on the dead body of the fireman. That too! If the man should indict him at the bar of the last judgment he would answer there, as he would have answered to an earthly court: "In my judgment it was necessary for the safety of the men in my charge." A sudden quiver warned him she was nearly gone, and he rose to his feet for one last look to windward. As he looked into the blinding spray, he saw a large wave come out of the mist, and knew it would swamp her. He gripped the rail with both hands, and his lips moved in a half-forgotten prayer. "Our Father which art"—and the wave swept on. But Saraband had gone. The skipper had gone to meet his fireman where "there shall be no more sea."-From Tem-

Where Work is Plenty.

The Pittsburg Times says: Large contracting firms in Pittsburg are just now finding labor scarcer than at any time within their memory, and considerable trouble is encountered in getting enough men to do work absolutely necessary. Higher prices are being paid than for several years past, but notwithstanding this, it has been found almost impossible to get all the men needed. Many men appear to be idle, but almost all of them refuse to accept employment. The trouble is thought to be due to the usual amount of work going on throughout the country, and the fact that all the good men are employed.

Decision in an Insurance Case.

The supreme court has sustained the verdict of \$1,043.07 in the case of Caroline Keatley, for use of Theodosia S. Nixon, vs. The Travelers' Insurance company, of Hartford, Conn., which was recovered in the common pleas court of Huntingdon county last February. It was an action of assumpsit upon a policy of life insurance upon the life of Edmund Keatley, who is alleged to have made false statements conof her, get your crew aboard, and have cerning his physical condition at the time. everyone in his place before we start to lower, so that you can shove off as soon as she touches the water. If those patents on that ground, but lost, and now the su-

Swift Dragon Fly.

The dragon fly can outstrip the swallow. It can fly backward and sidelong, to right ing dashed to pieces against the ship side.)
"I shall be all right," said the mate, It makes 28 beats per second with its er the fall of the after boat? You can't wings, while the bee makes 190 and the

Cause for Surprise.

'Twas the first time Rachel had seen the

Some Stumpy Great Men.

Socrates was stumpy, also St. Paul and Alexander the Great, great only as a warintellectual father, Philip of Macedon, scarce reached middle height. Actius, commander-in-chief of the Roman troops and prop of Valentinian, was a man of low stature therein resembling Timour the Tartar, self-described as a "puny, lame, decrepit little wight, though lord of Asia and terror of the world ;" also the great Conde and his pygmy contemporary, Mar-shal Luxembourg, nick-named "The Little" by those who admired him for making Louis XIV. Louis the Great, who, by the by, less his high-heeled shoes and towering

ig, dwindles to about five feet six inches. But even thus pared down to the inches nature gave him, he was a giant compared with Sir Francis Drake and with Admiral Keppel—"Little Keppel," as ever sailor in the fleet fondly dubbed him from pure love decorate them with advertisements.

When Keppel-a commodore at twentyfour-was sent to demand an apology from the Dey of Algiers for an insult to the British flag, he took so high a tone that the dey exclaimed against the insolence of the British king for charging a "beardless boy" with such a message to him. Replied the heartless boy: "Were my master wont to take length of heard for a test of wisdom he'd have sent your dey-ship a he-goat."
Oliver Cromwell, Claverhouse and Mehemet Ali must be content to take it out in brains, for they all lacked inches. Two of these great names naturally suggest that of another famous soldier and usurper, Napoleon Bonaparte. "Le Petit Coporal," as his men lovingly called him, stood about five feet (French)in his stockings, say five feet one and a quarter inches (English.) In stature the iron duke beat him about six inches, while the five feet four inches of Nelson places him midway or thereabouts between the victor and the victim of Wa-

terloo.-London Spare Moments.

Good Country Roads. "The great secret of success in road-making and road-keeping is to drain the roads, and keeping the roads drained by keeping the ditches open," writes John Gilmer Speed, on "How to have good country roads," in the August Ladies' Home Journal. The old method was to run a plow through the side ditches and throw the disturbed soil, sod and all, in the middle of the road. There it would stay till a heavy rain came to wash the soil back into the ditches and fill them up again. If there were money enough this kind of thing would be done over and over again, as often as four times in a year. Where there were wet spots broken stone or gravel would be placed in the road and left for the passing wagons to wear this material in-to ruts. The money spent was absolutely

thrown away. "By this new process all the new roadmender needs to do is to provide ditches and outlets for them, and then so shape the road that the water falling in a rain storm will run off at once into the ditches. The water must not be suffered to run in the road. The rainfall, being thus simply and effectively disposed of, becomes most beneficial instead of a destructive agent; it cleans, and shapes, and hardens the roadway, instead of washing it away and deepening the ruts. When there are wet places, such as springs, in the roadway, gravel and broken stone will not cure such things. The water must be drained off underneath the roadway and into the ditches by means of pipe or blind drains. The whole thing is so simple that anyone can easily master

They Never Rise. Another very interesting and very bad thing about Lake Superior is that it never gives up its dead, says the Minneapolis Tribune. Whoever encounters terrible disaster—happily infrequent in the tourist season-and goes down in the angry, beautiful blue waters never comes up again. From those earliest days when the daring French voyagers in their trim birch-bark canoes skirted the picturesque shores of this noble but relentless lake down to this present moment those who have met their deaths in mid-Superior still lie at the stone paved bottom. It may be that, so very cold is the water, some of the bodies may have been preserved through the centuries. Sometimes not far from the shore, the bodies of people who have been wrecked from fishing smacks or from pleasure boats overtaken by a cruel squall have been recovered but only after the most heroic efforts with a drag-net or by the diver. Once on a trip down the lakes I met a clergyman who, as we passed a point of land some miles before entering the narrowing of the lake at the Soo, pointed to the place where the illfated Algoma went down on the reef some eight years ago, and as he looked he said, slowly: "I was at the funeral of one man who went down with her, and the only reason that his body is not at the bottom to-day with the other 38 that were lost is because it was caught in the timbers of the vessels and could not sink."

Influence of Thought on the Face.

The face is the mirror of the thought of he individual. It cannot be asscertained that food and habits materially reflect in the face, except possibly by some eruptions or trouble with the skin which may effect the whole body alike. It is what one thinks that molds the human face, accounts for the expression of the eyes, gives nobility, sadness, intention and whatever is thereon expressed. It is interesting to note that a wholly dishonest man may have what is termed a thoroughly honest face. All kinds of men and women may have beautiful, forceful or elevating thoughts. It is these, and not our acts, that leave the facial impress. If the thief gives his whole thought to thievery, he will have a criminal face. If, on the contrary, he gives little thought to his thieving business, but revels in high flown imaginings, his face may deceive the world or astonish the officials who know of his career. The worst of men often have the best of intentions and best faces.

A Famous Apple Tree

The American Cultivator says that the original greening apple tree is still standing on the farm of Solomon Drowne, at Mount Hygeia, in North Foster, R. I. The tree was a very old one when the farm was sold in 1801. The seller informed the purchaser that it was a pity the old tree was going into decay, as it produced the best fruit of any tree in the orchard. The purchaser determined to see how long he could keep it alive, and it still survives, after almost another century has been added to its venerable years. But shows signs of final decay, and the parent of all the famous Rhode Island greenings, which has set its grafts on the orchards of almost all the world, will soon be a neighborhood memlawinower in use. "My!" she exclaimed ory. It is doubtful if there is a more famous apple tree to be found in all Pomona's groves from end to end of the earth.

Things Worth Knowing

A gold coast negro prince is among the candidates for the bar at Lincoln Inn. rior. In stature both he and his far more His father is Acquasie Kaye, King of Deakerah, in the British Protectorate.

The Russian scepter is of solid gold, three feet long, and contains among its ornaments 268 diamonds, 364 rubies and 15 emeralds

The skins of animals were the earliest forms of money. Sheep and oxen among the old romans took the place of money. Anthracite coal discovered at historic King's mountain, North Carolina, shows an analysis of ninety-five per cent. of car-

middle life at least one-third have one ear in some degree effected by deafness.

An English advertising firm wants to board in the banks of the Suez canal and

Dresden's new central railroad station. which has been six years in building has been opened for general traffic.

Tasmania has one of the most wonderful tin mines in the world, called the Mount A captive bee striving to escape has been made to record as many as 15,540 wing

strokes per minute

Only one person in a thousand dies of old age.

The castle of Heidelburg is the largest in Germany.

Iron horseshoes have been found dating back to the year 481.

The state dress of a trumpeter of the Royal Horse guards, "the Blues," costs

A man in the London slums makes a living by selling hot water at a halfpenny per quart. Ex-Mayor Latrobe, who was mayor

of Baltimore for 14 years, has attended over 600 banquets. The most common name for a place

in England is Newton, which occurs no fewer than 72 times. The Tartars have a quaint custom of

taking a guest by the ear when inviting him to eat or drink with them. Under the laws of China the man who loses his temper in a discussion is sent

to jail for five days to cool down. Bishop Leonard (Episcopal), of Nevada says that Indians never use profane language until they learn English and become

The Pittsburg poor farm is located over a coal deposit, and the coal is to be mined by the inmates to furnish fuel for the in-

Smokers are less liable than non-smokers to contract diphtheria and other throat diseases in the ratio of one to twenty-eight. So says Prof. Hajak, of Vienna.

The demand for horse meat has grown to such an extent in Germany that it is beginning to be difficult to supply it. Horses for butchering now cost from five to ten pounds, where formerly they could have been purchased for one-tenth that amount.

One of the strangest streams in the world is in East Africa. It flows in the direction of the sea, but never reaches it. Just north of the equator, and when only a few miles from the Indian ocean it flows into a desert, where it suddenly and completely disap-

Sweetest Love Story in Literature.

Wherever Mrs. Browning trod, whatever she touched, became endowed with the sacredness of her presence. When Mr. Browning returned with her on a visit to England, after an absence of several years, he repaired to the little church in which they had been married, and there, at the entrance, he reverently kneeled and kissed the paving stones upon which she the light of his being, had stepped. And in after years, when the light had gone from his life, he sought this sacred spot on the twelfth of each September, and in the dusk of the evening shadows passers-by might have seen a white-haired man kneeling for a moment as if in prayer before the doorway of the dark and silent church. Yet little would they have thought to recognize in this man the poet Browning; he whose mystical writings had led the world to regard him as a man of austere nature.-Cliffton Howard in Ladies' Home Journal.

An Exodus of Rats.

The North China Herald says that curious phenomenon was witnessed recently at daybreak upon the opening of the Ch'angmen gate of Soochow. Some 4,000 or more rats of all sizes were seen to file out of the gates, showing no fear of the country people who were flocking to sell their market produce in the city. There is much excitement, amounting almost to a panic, therefore, in Soochow, and a dire fate is prophesied to the city, it being remembered that a similar exodus happened in the '50s, just prior to the fall of the city into the hands of the Taiping rebels.

Cuba and the Philippines.

Cuba is divided into six provinces Havana, Pinar del Rio, Mantanzas, Santa Clara, Puerto Principe, and Santiago. These again are subdivided. The population of the Island, as given by a census published last December, is 1,631,687. Havana, is said to contain 198,720 inhabitants and Santiago 71,300. The Philippines are said to have a popu-

lation of about 9,000,000 and Manila about 250,000. The Islands number some 2.000.

The Mouth of the Toad.

Force a toad's mouth open and hold it in that position, and it will suffocate. This because he has no ribs, and no way of dilating the chest; therefore he must literally swallow air as though it were food. Forcibly keeping the creature's mouth open causes the air to pass into the stomach instead of its lungs. Another oddity is its tongue, which is hung in the mouth just the reverse of the human tongue, being attached to the front of the jaw, the loose end hanging back and down the throat.

-Doctor-I wish you would tell those deaf mutes to stop talking; the noise disturbs me. Attendant--Why, how can they make a

noise when they talk with their fingers?

Doctor-Well, don't actions speak louder than words?"

-"I doan see no diffunce 'twix de man 'at wucks an' de man 'at loafs,' said Deacon Johnson.

"Dey hain't do diffunce, speshul," re plied Deacon Jackson, ','ceptin' dat dey calls de loaferin' feller 'kunnel.''

Infection by Breath.

In order to impress on us how easily infection may often be disseminated by the breath a writer in the Hospital (London) bids us watch the course of the smoke expelled from the mouth of one who is enjoying a cigar. He says: "The fumes do but make visible what is happening all the day, whether we smoke or not. Each of the tiny particles of carbon or condensed vapor, which in their millions make up a wreath of smoke, corresponding particle of expired air, which, if it can carry the visible carbon, can still more easily carry the invisible microbe. Thus a whiff of smoke entering our nostrils and penetrating our lungs does but show the course which Physiologists say that of all people in might be taken just as easily by a swarm of microbes, and serves to demonstrate one, at least, of the ways in which a crowded life passed in close community with our fellows leads to mischief. The passage of a whiff of smoke from mouth to mouth does, in fact, but illustrate the mode in which the well-recognized evils of rebreathing expired air are produced. It is not the air, the harm. What is illustrated by tobacco smoke is sometimes proved in another way.

"In the bright sunbeams motes are said to dance, and by careful watching one may see not only how numerous these motes are, but of what nasty stuff they are not infrequently composed. The wheezy flower-seller coughing over his tray of violets, the loud-voiced hawker shouting over his bar-row of strawberries, the sniffing child sneezing at the street corner, the panting person who will shake out his handkerchief in the 'bus before using it, even polite people talking to each other, are all doing things which on a dull day seem innocuous enough Let the sun shine, however, and the tell-tale sunbeams soon display the showers of saliva and the crowds of dust which are thus scattered in the air and can almost be traced from mouth to mouth. This is aesthetically abominable, but in the vast majority of cases probably does no harm. Here and there, however, these particles come from people who are diseased and carry diseases to those who are healthy. The re-breathing of expired air is certainly one most appropriate trimmings for heavy cause of disease, especially to those who live in towns and in close dwellings; and how real is the risk, and how readily the passage of solid particles from man to man and from mouth to mouth is accomplished, tobacco makes us cough.'

Making it a Vigorous Campaign.

A small boy in the east end is about as cute as they make 'em. At least his doting parents think so. Like ordinary small boys, however, he dislikes work. He will run a mile with his youthful cronies, but he hates with mortal hatred the task of is still more bitter against the operation of mowing the grass in the front lawn. It has to be done however described. Perfumes for the summer girl are put up in tablet form nowadays. They come in two sizes. It is propositionally walking a block for a yeast cake. And he be done, however, despite his vigorous kicking.

ago, and his mother said to him. "Now, Buster"—his pet name—"the grass needs grance equal in strength to any ordinary

Of course, Buster began the usual howl of course, Buster began the usual nowl about having no time to play like the other boys, and of life being, in substance, a dern'd horrid grind, when his mother stop-

"There," she said. "That will do. When your father comes home to-night he When your father comes home to-night he expects to see the grass all nicely cut. You have your promised world do not her Ascot tie. The beauty of them is that know you promised you'd do everything the delicate fragrance is not so fleeting as in other forms of sachet perfumes, and, oh!

"It wasn't much of a circus," said Bus-

But his mother didn't heed the interrup-"Now, I'll tell you what to do. Get out the lawn mower, and go at the grass just as if it were the Spanish army and you

were mowing it down. It will be lots or fun. That's a good boy." So in the afternoon Buster, with a somewhat sarcastic smile on his face, was pur-

cellar and get to work. "That's right, dear," said his mother. "Go and whip the Spaniards." Buster grinned and passed on.

For a while his mother heard the rattle of the mower. Then it ceased for a time, and she heard Buster giving a peculiar catcall. It was answered presently, and in a little while the mower rattle began again. Pretty soon Buster's mother thought she would go to the front door and see how the job was coming on. What was her surprise to discover Master Buster lolling on the steps, while two smaller boys tugged and sweated over the lawn mower.

"Dear me, Buster," cried his mother. 'what does this mean?"

Buster looked up with a merry twinkle in his eye. "Why, you see, mamma," he drawled, "licking the Spaniards was a bigger job than I expected, an' so I called out more

And his mother went in and shut the door .- Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Corn Diet Makes Tall Men.

The proof that corn bread diet makes bigger men physically can be found in the rural districts of Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky, where hominy and corn bread constitutes the staff of life. A table in any of the rural districts in those States on which there is no dish prepared from corn is a curiosity, and in those States men who fall below the stature of five feet are dwarfs. Six feet is the regulation size, and men who tower considerably above this height are accepted by the inhabitants as a matter

Of course, climatic influence must be considered when stature is under discussion, but the food forms the basis of calcusion, but the food forms the basis of canculation. It is generally accepted by men who have given this subject thought that the six-footers of Indiana, Illinois and Indiana hominy or corn bread as the main food supply. If the crowned heads of Europe could but be convinced that corn bread will result in a nation of six-footers, the raise corn enough to supply the European

Some Day.

The Fair One-I suppose you will marry though, when the golden opportunity offers, won't you? The Cautious One—It will depend upon how much gold there is in the opportunity.

TO-MORROW.

The sun has set. So has my heart's past hope's horizon fled Yet, on the morrow will it fail ascent? Hearts out of darkness rise again, I know, But oh! we dread the night, my heart and I,

We dread the night! -Elizabeth Barton Pitman in Harper's Magazine.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

For a neat and stylish tailor-made gown, the panel effect is universally liked.

The sash belts, with broad buckle, are very smart, and are more seen than those of leather on Fashion's votaries.

The dark blue and white lawns are being made up into charming seaside gowns. Most of them have the heavy dots.

The handsomest garden hats are enormous sunbonnets of flowered organdie, with high puffed crowns and scoop fronts. Parasols with elaborate covers of tucked chiffon and the fluffiest ruffles edged with lace are tempting the summer girl.

Stock collars of folded de soie have a made-up sailor tie attached, the ends long and ruffled almost their entire length. Blouse suits of plain and faucy weave

made with reveres, belt and apron, with large buttons for fastening, and finished with braid garniture are popular and strik-

A new idea in the taffeta is to have the but what the air carries with it, that does the harm. What is illustrated by tobacco with silk waists are pretty trimmed with cross ruches of narrow ribbon. The new skirts of black moire and satin

are lined gorgeously with silk. The colors seen are turquoise blue, sea green, burnt orange, watermelon pink and pervenche blue. Sleeves are being made smaller and

without trimmings, except at the wrist. Waists are elaborate, with reveres and epaulets, and skirts are tucked, ruffled and oraided. Suits of cheviot, covert and cloth are braided, while silk and cashmere are ruffled and tucked. A handsome afternoon or evening sum-

mer dress is made of lavender veiling, pur-plish and jet colors predominating in the trimming. The round blouse has the front lapped with a single button, with a box plait on either side. Diagonal bands trine the fronts from armholes to the plaits Jackets for fall wear are to be made

most appropriate trimmings for heavy goods. Costumes are made of two shades is made manifest every time a whiff of fancy goods. The rest is of satin or bro-A pretty afternoon gown of grenadine is made with accordian pleated blouse and skirt, and cross tucked sleeves over black, with a sash of light green taffeta. To

make it more dressy, the ribbon may be

edged with a narrow frill of black mous-

seline embroidered with jet beads and spangles. convenient way of investing one's self Mowing time was due again a fews days or more within toilet boxes and wardrobe

ounce sachet bag, which is bulky and likely to be in one's way.

flowers.

Nearly every girl has one hidden in her in other forms of sachet perfumes, and, oh! joy of joys, they sell for only fifty cents a

"In case the government weather breeder continues to give us this horrid, sticky weather that would take the kink out of a poodle's hair," said a clever girl, "I'll tell you a secret which will keep the curl in the most hopelessly straight hair. But it involves a return to the barbaric curl paper, I warn you. Well, first of all the hair suaded to fetch the lawn mower out of the must be shampooed, and, by the way, this should be done not oftener than once in three weeks even in summer. It not only injures a woman's crowning glory, but also makes it unmanageable. when retiring that part of the hair which is worn waved or curled should be wet in water in which a little borax has been dissolved, and then rolled up on curl papers. Care should be taken not to have the hair too wet. Next morning there is a natural looking, light, dry, fluffy curl in the hair which defies even this sticky, muggy, curl-destructive weather. Even this, with the intense heat, will not change the curls into strings before it is time to confine them into papers again."

> By the way, the polka dot seems to be right in the ring again. It has come to life with renewed vigor. The very latest ribbons for neckwear, belts and trimmings and the latest sashes are all in polka dot patterns. The dots so far are quite small, out everywhere striking contrasts in color are the order of the day.

> A remarkably clever seamstress in Paris is making up lawns which at home sell during the mid-summer sales for five cents, upon fashionable models. She gets designs for gowns from very high-priced houses, and then expensively cuts them out of five-cent goods with a result that is really suprising.

> The dress is made of eleven yards of big flowered lawn and one yard of plain lawn. The plain lawn is tucked to make belt strings, panels for the waist and across the tucked vest. The sleeves of this dress are cut straight with a rounded top and hollowed underarm. This makes them set close to the arm underneath and high upon

band. This gives a perfectly smooth fit over the hips. The gores gradually widen out, until they are the full width of the goods around the foot. This gives one of American farmer would hardly be able to the fashionable gored skirts. It can be used for the house with fewer gores. This model is one of the most expensive French ones of the season.

> It is the fad at present to wear a great many jewels-too many, indeed, to be in good taste. Everybody wears a string of pearls, long or short, as the case may be, and these are put outside of the smart muslin and organdie gowns. Then there are brooches and stick pins innumerable, which catch up the little dainty bows at the throat, or are put on down the front of the waist in the effect of showing off jewelry in a jeweler's window. It is a fashion that it is to be hoped, will not last long, for while jewels are beautiful and appropriate to full dress, when worn with wash gowns they are worse than inappropriate.—
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> Harper's Bazar.