

**THE LITTLE WHITE WAGON.**

The little white wagon was passing by. Can it be but an hour—an hour ago? Since Edith's prattle hurt me so When it caught her wondering baby eye? "Pitty w'ite wadon! Oh, see!" she said. "Yook! Ponies too! Oh, how I wis' I could set up an wide on a wadon like 'is'!" And my heart stopped, so, as I thought of her, dead!

The little white wagon was passing by, A sight that is common enough, you say. No! No! No! No! Not till to-day Had I known how it looks to a mother's eye. With its white false face to her black grief wed, Crushing her heart with its juggernaut wheels, Not till to-day had I thought how it feels To be stabbed by the hush where a babe lies dead.

The little white wagon was passing by, My God! Can it be but an hour ago? How would the age long seconds flow Into minutes meaning were she to die? So I clasp and love her—never before. One thought, one hope, is my frightened cry— That the little white wagon may still go by And never stop at my darkened door. —J. L. Heaton in the Quilling Bee.

**THE SPIDER'S STING.**

It was downright hot and no mistake. Poor little Mrs. Robb gasped the dinner time through—was it impossible to eat. If one could only have ice, or even something moderately cold! But you can't get ice in Paso del Macho, down below Vera Cruz where are the big plantations and the "hot country," and if you are so unfortunate as to be there during the hot months, why, you can only put a good face on it and pray for rain and the cooler season.

Juan, who served the simple meal, was dilly dallying—very simple, white garments—two of them—white, even he, native of the tierra caliente as he was, wore a face of the color of a boiled lobster, and out of the hearing of his mistress swore vigorously and without ceasing. Without doubt it was a relief to him when the senora pushed aside the fruit and left the dining room, unable to eat.

Out on the veranda, Mrs. Robb stood gazing without seeing anything. In truth, the glare and the heat hurt her eyes so badly for it. Everything was white, and hot and dried up from the blazing June sun. Overhead a sky of the deepest, clearest blue showed not even a speck of cloud—there could be no rain to-day, and the woman's firm lip quivered as she stared upward. Not that it would hurt the coffee, dry weather never does that, but it was so miserable and forlorn, and made one wish so many useless things.

Of course it was hot and glaring even at home now; but how different! On the lawn, in the magnolia groves, and on the banks of the lake one could at least get a wee bit of breeze; here the air seemed dead. No wonder the administrator's wife, a northern woman and unused to tropical weather, had lost her reason the year before.

Of course Robb could not leave the plantation, on account of the newly planted trees. But his wife could have gone home, and every one wondered that she did not do so. But Mrs. Robb had many old-fashioned ideas to which she clung with startling persistence for so small and slight a woman.

It was her opinion, even after two years of marriage, that when a woman loved a man sufficiently to marry him, it was her duty and privilege to stick to that man through good reports and bad, through cold weather and hot. And as she had loved Robb enough to marry him and go with him to a Mexican coffee plantation, she held it her duty to stand everything—the heat, the fever and the poisonous insects—so long as he did. And while Robb had his faults, he never gave up.

Mrs. Robb was happy, in spite of all. Nothing, not even the tremendous heat, could have made her complain. But the truth was that two days before Robb had received a mysterious summons—he said it came from Cokerell, a brother planter necessitating his immediate departure. He had seemed greatly disturbed, and told his wife that he might be away two days at the most. This was the third day, and he had not returned. Mrs. Robb understood her husband too well to send a mazo out to find if anything had happened; she could only wait. Fortunately the Mexican servants worshipped her, and even in the case of thieves no one would harm her.

The hottest weather of the tropical lands often brings on fever, and oftener serious head trouble, to avoid which the best thing is to keep busy and think of the heat as little as possible. This Mrs. Robb had done. But to-day there was nothing left to do. She had darned and mended and overhauled her embroidery and all of Robb's clothes. And now, as she strolled aimlessly through the house she was wondering what she could find to do. There was a little water color sketch of the hacienda that she could finish—but investigation showed that she had no blue left, and Robb's terrier had chewed her best brush. So painting was declared off, and she went back to her bed room, thence to Robb's dressing room, to see what could be done there.

The walls of most Mexican hacienda houses are built of adobe. Adobe often cracks and showers of dust come pouring down, ruining your best clothes, if you have been so foolish to hang them upon the wall. This is what careless Robb had done three days before. As a consequence, all of his clothes, even to the unsewn dress-stuff had reddish dusty streaks over them. Mrs. Robb groaned and then took them all down from the hooks, carrying armfuls, of trousers and coats out to the side veranda, where Juan would brush them afterward. As for the wall, the hacienda carpenter promised to come in later in the afternoon to fix it up, to last until the adobe again cracked.

Some time later Mrs. Robb decided that she would fill in the few hours until her husband's return—surely he would soon be back—with home letters. Accordingly, she shut out the glaring light from her own bed room, and settled down with desk and lately received letters to write to her sister at school in France and the other one now with a gay party in the Blue Ridge mountains.

One can't think or compose well during the hot weather in the Mexican tropical country. Hence it was that Mrs. Robb soon found herself dreaming about those same Blue Ridge mountains, where she first met and loved Robb. They were living in the pretty little summer cottage, which her family, the Ravensels, owned there. Robb was, as he said, having his "last fling" before

burying himself in the Mexican wilds. He did not say that his parents were sending him there for the purpose of getting rid of him and the good-sized debts which he would contract for their ultimate payment.

Which was, nevertheless, the truth. Not that it would have made any difference to Dorothy Ravenel; had he been a beggar or a jailbird, she would have loved him the same. Sometimes you meet an intense woman like that; she will persist in loving a man, no matter whether he beats her, or swears at her, or drags her through unspeakable shame. Dorothy could not help it at all—perhaps "it was her nature to."

There had been other men, of course, for Dorothy Ravenel, with her charming ways of chic, half-French beauty, was admired everywhere. And everyone wondered at her marrying Ernest Robb, who had no money to speak of, or brains—merely a good-looking, rather rowdy fellow. But Dorothy did not care for the opinion of others. She loved Robb and proposed to marry him, whether her guardians withheld their consent and her goodly little fortune or not.

She wasn't sorry, as she thought over it all, alone in the Mexican hacienda; Ernest had his faults, of course, but it was no difference. For the man you love you can make any excuses. And Ernest loved her she was sure of that.

She sprang up and gathered together her heavy hair, as a light tap sounded at the door. It was Juan, with a tiny folded scrap of paper in his hand. "Something that the senor perhaps had dropped," he explained. "It was lying in the patio. Perhaps it was of importance to the senor."

Not knowing what it was, Mrs. Robb unfolded the paper, as Juan shut the door and went back to his work. Not out of curiosity; the opening and reading of her husband's letters was an unknown thing to Dorothy Robb. She did not even know that it was a letter of her husband's; more probably it was a memorandum about the coffee trees or the peon laborers.

Two hours later Mrs. Robb still sat motionless on the same lounge, with the same scrap of paper tightly crumpled in her hand. She seemed dazed—not able to understand. The note was in Spanish; her knowledge of the language was good, but she would not trust it in this case. Every word in the thing had been compared with a dictionary. And now that she had verified her understanding of it, she still could not see what it was.

For Ernest was her husband—a married man. Why, therefore, should any woman in Spanish or otherwise—write him, calling him "her dearest Ernesto," the light of her soul, "her beloved," begging that he would come to her, in Vera Cruz, and that she was, "as always, his novia—his sweetheart, Anita." It came to her dully—for the heat had made her stupid, as she thought to herself—that Robb had sometimes murmured this same name in his dreams. There had been all those months, too, in Vera Cruz before he had returned to marry her. Perhaps he had then known this woman—Anita! But even if he had, why should he leave his wife now to go to her—what claim or right could she have?

She sat there quietly, calmly thinking it out. She was trying to realize what it all meant, what she could do. Of course, if Ernest would leave her—his wife, the woman who had given him love, faith and all her fortune—for this creature, what was her name? Anita—she must go away and leave him with the woman he loved best. She did not believe in the law of divorce—there was no getting around those words, "Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." But she could go away.

Meanwhile her head ached, and she felt very queer and stupid. Perhaps she had best lie down for awhile and not think about it. Not that she was suffering; it was strange to feel so calm about it. Any other woman on discovering that her husband was false and cared no longer for her would faint and weep and cry. She couldn't. Tears were impossible. She would lie down and try to sleep.

Much later that afternoon the sun, going down in a gorgeous blaze of color, such as one sees only in the tropics, flung crimson and yellow streaks into the quiet room, with its pretty furnishings. One yellow blaze fell across the lounge and changed Mrs. Robb's hair from brown to gold, and flickered uncertainly on her white face. But she never stirred—the heat and the shock had so combined to stupify her that she could not sleep. But she murmured uneasily in her sleep, and still one small, brown hand—sunburned and roughened from the hacienda life—clenched tightly the soiled scrap of paper—the letter from Anita!

Without a doubt Mrs. Robb asleep was almost as pretty as Mrs. Robb awake. So Robb had often said in the attempt to tease her, so evidently new thought the most peculiar insect that was making its way, with a great display of curious, snake-like feelers, down the wall from the thatched roof of the hacienda. You couldn't call it a spider, for it was three times the size of a spider, and most extraordinarily marked on each part of it that wasn't legs. About as big as a Mexican silver dollar, it was black and red and all hair covered. It crawled itself along slowly, now and then gathering itself together in a small, black, hairy bunch.

Mrs. Robb, as she lay on her lounge, attracted the attention of the thing, whatever it was. And not so much Mrs. Robb as a yellow, shining ornament that lay at the base of her throat and which the low-necked wrapper plainly let show. It was only a tiny gold locket, containing Robb's picture, which Mrs. Robb wore night and day out of sight under her bodice. Of course the thing on the wall could not know this; but it did want to investigate for itself.

An uncomfortable tickling on her neck aroused Dorothy; half asleep, and thinking that Robb had returned, she put up her hand and brushed at whatever it was—doubtless Robb with a straw. In reply there was a curious hiss and a stinging, frightful pain—that was all. It woke her thoroughly, and she tried to sit up. But her head was still aching badly and she supposed it was a specially vicious fly. Anyway, what did it matter? Even if it was anything poisonous Robb didn't care. Nobody cared. What was the life to live? With a miserable sigh, for the pain on the vital point of her throat was unbearable and sent strange thrills through her, she stretched herself on the lounge, not knowing and not caring what it meant.

She was dead when Robb came home late that night. The huge and deadly spider was curled up on her breast, and the note from Anita was still tightly held in one hand. And from her convulsed face she had suffered very much.—The Argonaut.

**Phileas Fogg Nowhere.**  
Soon one can circle the World in Thirty-three Days.  
—By Railroad Across Siberia—The Opening of a New Russian Line Will Make a Large Reduction of Time in the Jules Verne Schedule.

Mr. Phileas Fogg, the hero of Jules Verne's "Around the World in Eighty Days," made his bet in 1873 that he would accomplish that feat, or it was in that year that the book was published in this country; then he laid down his possible itinerary in this wise:

From London to Suez via Mount Cenis and Brindisi by rail and steamboats.....	7
From Suez to Bombay by steamer.....	13
From Bombay to Calcutta by rail.....	3
From Calcutta to Hongkong by steamer.....	13
From Hong Kong to Yokohama by steamer.....	6
From Yokohama to San Francisco, by steamer.....	22
From San Francisco to New York, by rail.....	7
From New York to London by steamer and rail.....	9
Total.....	80

Mr. Fogg, it will be remembered, says the New York Sun, reached London after his trip around the world on the fifty-seventh second of the last hour of the eightieth day, and won his wager of £20,000; but as was afterward explained, he really made his trip in 79 days, for, without knowing it, he had gained one day in his journey by traveling eastward, while he would have lost a day if he had gone in the opposite direction. At that time the loss of a day would have meant the loss to him of the £20,000.

In the 26 years which have passed since then his journey has been made so easily possible far within that time that Mr. Fogg could not now hope to get any intelligent man to take the bet he then made. By the construction of the Siberian railroad across the Asiatic continent, connecting European Russia with the Pacific, the time requisite for a trip around the world will be less than one-half of eighty days.

In the Verne schedule seven days were allotted to the journey across our own continent from San Francisco to New York. Within three years after 1873 it was made in less than four days from Jersey City to San Francisco by what was known at that time as the Jarrett & Palmer train, made up of a combination passenger car, a mail baggage car and Pullman dining car. The train left Jersey City on June 1 and arrived at San Francisco on June 3, in 83 hours 39 minutes and 16 seconds, instead of the seven days commuted by Phileas Fogg. His schedule of nine days between New York and London has also been reduced greatly. The distance from New York to Queenstown, 2810 knots, has been covered in 5 days and 8 hours.

The largest reduction from the Verne schedule of 1873 has been made in another part of the circuit of the globe. Here is the official announcement by the Russian Minister of Railroads of the time which will be required for a journey around the earth when the Trans-Siberian Railroad is completed.

From St. Petersburg to Vladivostok.....	10
From Vladivostok to San Francisco.....	10
From San Francisco to New York.....	4
From New York to Bremen.....	11
From Bremen to St. Petersburg.....	11
Total.....	56

By this route of travel, too, the dangers of loss of time because of causes from which Phileas Fogg suffered would be comparatively few and slight. His trip was not a straight line, but entailed a detour through the Suez Canal and a steamer trip from India to China, and consequently the risk of irregularity in the running of the Oriental steamers and the missing of close connections. The new route is far less complicated and much more certain. About four-fifths of Phileas Fogg's journey was by sea. By this Russian route the time at sea is reduced to 10 days on the Pacific and seven days on the Atlantic. The rest being accurately calculable by railroad time. The greatest single stretch will be by the Trans-Siberian Railroad.

**Deadly Cyclone.**  
Sections of Missouri Devastated by Storm. A Town Badly Damaged Four Hundred Buildings Levelled to the Ground. Many People Were Killed.

On last Thursday afternoon a deadly cyclone devastated Kirksville, Mo., and spread death and desolation in its pathway.

A storm that had been threatening all afternoon broke upon the town at 6:20 o'clock in the evening in all the fury of a cyclone. A path a quarter of a mile wide and as clean as the prairie was swept through the eastern portion of the city, and 400 buildings, homes and mercantile houses, were leveled to the ground in scattered ruins.

At Newton forty-seven miles northwest of Kirksville thirty-seven persons were killed. In the heavy rain that followed the people who had escaped turned out to rescue the injured. For two hours not much was accomplished, as all was confusion, but by 8 o'clock thirty dead bodies had been taken from the ruins. Almost a thousand people were more or less injured.

Intense darkness prevailed after the cyclone and the rescuers were at a disadvantage for a short time. Fire broke out in a dozen places in the ruins and shed light over the scene. No attempts were made to extinguish the fires.

In the storm's path the debris was piled high and burned fiercely. In all probability a number of bodies have been incinerated. The storm first struck the eastern portion of the city near the part occupied by the boarding houses of the students of the American school of Osteopathy, state normal school and McWard's seminary. It was just supper time for the students and it is thought very probable the list of dead will include many students as a large number of these boarding houses were demolished. As far as known to-night these three institutions of learning escaped the storm. The storm then went northeast and wiped out Batterson's nursery, pulling the trees out of the ground and hurling them through the city. A second edition of the cyclone followed the first twenty minutes later. It, however, passed above the houses doing no material damage.

A special to the *Globe-Democrat* from Kirksville, Mo., gives the list of killed in the cyclone as far as known, as follows:

William B. Howells, student, American school of Osteopathy; Mrs. W. H. Sherwood, wife of student school of Osteopathy; James Weaver, Sr., retired contractor; Theodore Brigham, merchant; Edward Beeman, boy; Mrs. W. W. Green and daughter Bonnie; Mrs. Henry Billington; A. W. Glasgow; Mrs. A. W. Glasgow; Mrs. Benjamin Green; Mrs. John Taskin; Mrs. M. Mahaffey; Mrs. C. Woods; Mrs. A. Little; A. Little, Mr. Joe Woods; Mrs. Joe Woods, Mr. A. W. Raines; Mrs. A. W. Raines; Mrs. C. A. Gibbs; Mrs. C. A. Gibbs; A. C. Beal, James Cunningham; Mrs. Mitchell.

Reported killed: Mr. Peck, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Stephens, Dr. Billings, Colonel Little and family, Mrs. Penscott and child.

**Diamond Anniversary of the American Sunday School Union to be Held in Philadelphia in May.**

Much interest is being developed in this great national society as the occasion of its 75th anniversary approaches.

Meetings will be held in the academy of music on May 24th and 25th, at which addresses will be made by the following eminent speakers, representing the varied interests which are served by the work of this Society:

D. L. Moody, the well-known evangelist, Rev. Dr. A. F. Schaeffer, of New York, Rev. J. M. Crowell, D. D., of Philadelphia, the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D. D., successor of Henry Ward Beecher in Plymouth pulpit, Rev. E. W. Rice, D. D., of Philadelphia, Rev. Russell H. Conwell, D. D., of Philadelphia, Rev. Dr. E. K. Bell, of Mansfield, O., Rev. Addison P. Foster, D. D., of Boston, Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull, D. D., editor *Sunday School Times*, of New York, W. A. Hillis, of Ohio, Rear Admiral J. W. Philip, U. S. N., E. Ensign, of Chicago, Gen. Joseph Wheeler, U. S. A., Major K. Jessup, of New York, the president of the society, Rev. J. H. McCullagh, of Kentucky, W. L. DeGross, of Kansas, Rev. W. R. King, of St. Louis, Mo., Rufus M. Jones, editor *American Friend*, Philadelphia, Rev. Theodore Cuyler, D. D., of Brooklyn and others.

Mr. H. H. McGrath, with the assistance of the Philadelphia choral union and other singers, consisting of 600 voices, will have charge of the music.

The work of the society for 75 years in part, is as follows:—100,928 Sunday schools organized, containing 578,680 teachers and 4,070,348 scholars; 224,844 cases of aid to schools, having 13,333,968 members. Nearly four schools a day organized for every day of the last 75 years. Value of publications distributed by sales and gifts, over \$9,000,000.

After all this work that has been accomplished by the union and the great work which the denominations are doing, there are no less than 11,000,000 youths in the United States between the ages of five and eighteen, who are not in any Sunday School. Realizing the great need, as the union does, it is desired that this 75th anniversary shall be the occasion for arousing fresh interest in the great work of the society for the neglected children of the land. They especially request that the 28th of May be observed in all the churches and Sabbath schools as American Sunday school union day.

The committee of arrangements are Clarkson Clothier, chairman, Philadelphia, John N. Beach and Robert T. B. Easton, New York; Wm. H. Vanaman, Wm. C. Stover, C. H. Gara and J. M. Andrews, secretary of the committee, Philadelphia; E. B. Stevenson, assistant to chairman, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Persons wishing to make inquiries concerning this anniversary, may address any member of the committee at 1122 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

"I wonder how Tredway became such a success as a writer of fiction?" "I think that it was his college practice that did it."

"How was that?" "When he used to write home for money he told the most ingenious fairy stories imaginable."

"Well, dad," said the returned soldier boy, "I'm mustered out!" "Good for you!" exclaimed the old man; "the old rule is 'stand in' in the furrow, and the plow's in the ground.' Git yer break-fas, an' then muster in, Bill—muster in!"

**Carrara and Its Quarries.**  
Carrara marble is known throughout the world, yet few of the many tourists who were whirled along the Mediterranean railway from Rome to Genoa ever stop to visit the spot from which the famous stone is obtained. Carrara lies on the railway between Pisa and Florence, and an excursion to the Carrara mountains is not difficult. Carrara itself is hardly worth visiting, being simply an aggregation of homely houses on the banks of a muddy torrent at the base of the mountains. The mountains themselves can be seen even from the line of the Mediterranean railway, the marble cropping out in numerous places. All the inhabitants of the little town are directly or indirectly interested in the quarrying, working and shipping of the marble, and the glare of marble dust and marble meets one on every side. The marble quarries are entirely different from what might be expected, and in place of craning the neck to gaze down into the bowels of the earth, one only has to admire the long, irregular rift in the flank of the mountain, for the quarrying is all done on the surface and does not require the construction of pits or galleries. The quarries have been likened by one writer to a cascade of water suddenly hardened into stone.

The percentage of men who meet horrible deaths in the quarries is very large, notwithstanding the fact that powder and not dynamite is used. Of course many of these accidents are caused by carelessness on the part of the workmen, but these could, in nearly every case, be safeguarded against by proper appliances. When the great workmen are once detached, they either roll down the mountains or are lowered to the desired place by means of ropes and tackle. No machinery is employed, and all the work is done with the crudest appliances. A blast is announced by three long notes on a horn, but little attention seems to be paid to this signal by the workmen, and many terrible accidents result in consequence.

A few years back, when accidents occurred, the cathedral bells were tolled to give warning to the people; but owing to the amount of our engraving thousands of poor families on hearing this groaning and the custom has now been abolished, and the workmen all leave the quarries as soon as an accident occurs, in order to assure their families of their safety, and they are allowed their full day's pay. The pay of the workmen is wretched, varying from sixty to eighty cents a day. A blast is very exciting to a stranger, who is usually accompanied by a guide, who contrives to get him in a place of absolute safety during the explosion. The marble is blasted high up on the peak, and the pieces bound or leap downward until they strike some obstruction or the valley below. Formerly all of the immense chunks of marble had to be transported by primitive carts hauled by oxen, but now the railway affords an easy means of transporting to the market, and one of our engraving shows the roughly shaped blocks being put on the cars, and unloaded on the flat cars on the railway. The huge trucks are met everywhere floundering along, flinging great clouds of choking white dust in their train or splashing mud which is white in this remarkable locality. Each car is drawn by eighteen or twenty pairs of oxen which are covered with the white dust which is everywhere. They are guided by their cruel drivers, for the Italians are notorious for their cruelty to animals.

An interesting excursion is to one of the quarries which were worked by the Romans, and the quarries show how primitive were the means employed by men of antiquity. They first marked out the block upon the solid mass, and they actually cut it out by hand labor. In many places one can still see blocks which lie embedded in the rubbish caused in quarrying and shipping them. The Romans split their blocks into slabs by inserting wooden wedges and keeping them continually wet until the swelling of the wood burst asunder the stone. A Roman altar was unearthed some years ago near the quarries, and a few rusty implements have also been discovered.

The views from the mountain are superb. To the east lies Tuscan, and to the south, on a clear day, can be seen the blue coasts of Corsica and Sardinia. Carrara marble has been a favorite with sculptors for nearly two thousand years, and to-day it is nearly always used by the sculptor in preference to marble from any other locality. It is also largely used in decorating churches such as altars, etc.

You can sell, at a profit, Your stock and your store Through an "ad" in the WATCHMAN. What could you ask more?

**The Nation's Own.**  
*Buffalo Bill's Wild West—The Typical American Exhibition Soon to Appear—Low Excursion Rates.*

The appearance of "Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Congress of Rough Riders of the World" at Tyrone, Pa., May 17th, will be the occasion of an immense outpouring of people. For an important event the various transportation lines are making extra preparations to handle the crowds and will offer very low excursion rates, and in some instances special trains will be run.

The Buffalo Bill Show, always an instructive and interesting exhibition, has added many new and thrilling features for this season's tour, the most noteworthy and timely being a magnificent reproduction of the Battle of San Juan, which will be presented with great accuracy as to detail, and participated in by hundreds of actual survivors of that heroic struggle, including a number of Roosevelt's Rough Riders. With the realistic scenery the din and roar of the musketry and cannon, the fierce battle raging all the while, the spectator will easily imagine himself at the very scene of the struggle. All the wild west features that have made this exhibition the talk of two continents for years past are still retained, while many new people from strange lands have been added, including a number of Filipinos and Hawaiians. Rough riders of America's new possessions, will be seen side by side, with the Queen's own Lancers, the Russian Cossacks, the South American Gauchos, the American cowboy, the German soldiers, and our own artillery and cavalrymen, while over one hundred brave and fighting Indians in their picturesque war paint add color and life to a scene and ensemble never to be forgotten. Buffalo Bill (Col. Cody) personally participates in and directs every performance.

Destroy the worms on apple trees by crushing them when in their webs or spray with Paris green. The use of Paris green will materially assist in destroying many insects that cannot be reached in any other manner. The basket worm, which is so destructive to evergreen trees, will soon commence work, and every basket should be picked off and consigned to the flames, after which the evergreens should be dusted with Paris green.

**FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.**

Heat a teaspoonful of vinegar to the boiling point and pour it over four tablespoonfuls of chopped green mint and two tablespoonfuls of sugar if you would have good mint sauce. This sauce is better when made about an hour before using, and should be served with roast lamb.

Parme velvet is used for the delicate belts which clasp the waist of the spring beauty. The belt is only one inch wide and, therefore, affords a mere suggestion or line of color. It should be fastened, not with a buckle, but by a clasp, and that no larger than a dime. The larger clasps are all very well for carriage cloaks or capes, but the waist clasp is as small as possible. The clasp is of openwork metal. The narrow belt is often of red or orange velvet, although any color can be used that will harmonize with the toilet.

Among well-dressed women a skirt fitting without pleat or gather over the back is regarded as an excessively poor choice. It is all very well to quote that in Paris women wear their dresses so tight that they dare not sit down in them, but such an accusation is not to be brought against the Parisian ladies. With all soft, thin goods, such as crepe, silk, mohair, etc., the back of the overdress is cut on the bias so artfully that from the belt a slight fullness commences, and you are left in doubt as to whether there is a pocket hole in that fullness or not. Its whereabouts is never proclaimed by buttons and pins and such. Again, let it be known once and for all that no woman should cut her street dress with a flowing tail. There is nothing repulsive in the use of trains, but in their abuse, and she who drags a length of good material through the street mire is a stranger in the modish procession. The smart woman has all but her house and evening gowns so cut that, by catching a handful of goods just four inches below her belt in the rear and lifting and pressing her hand against her belt, she holds the tail of her skirt absolutely clear of dust, displays a clean pair of heels, a glint of bright silk petticoat, and occasionally a trifle of prettily stockinged ankle.

Shirt waists of all kinds, even in satin, seem as popular as ever, and the style is confirmed. No yoke in the back, very little fullness at the neck, none on the shoulder, unless in a few flat tucks, the sleeves very small, with almost no fullness at the cuff, very little pouch, and not much starch in the wash ones.

A very old fashion is revived in making the overskirt and portions of the bodice of one material, and the underdress and additional parts of the waist and sleeves of another. This gives the dressmaker an opportunity to make some novel and pretty color combinations. The style is an economical one, as short lengths can be effectively utilized.

Remember that unless you stand straight and set the shoulders well back the top of your corsets will surely show at the back, and that will ruin the effect of any gown. No matter how well you stand, a corset that ends stiff and unyielding at the top of a lot of hard bones is likely to show anyhow, while a corset finished back and fro with a soft edge that can be drawn close is less likely to mar the figure. Such a corset does indeed fit like a glove and it is comfortable even while it is reducing your waist size as much as two inches, when one of the old-time stiff corsets would be simply squeezing you out of breath.

A bed of tulips would look faded and forlorn in comparison with the kaleidoscopic panorama of fashion that our sees now on the streets but women of good taste and women who know how to dress abhor the hats that are now turned out with four distinctly quarrelsome shades piled upon them. They never wear brown skirts with purple waists and pink hats; violent purple night-mares in the new tunic idea with floating green neckties and poppy-laden toques. Or in fact, not any of the combinations that are so hideous and dreadful.

Unless a woman has unlimited means, she is very foolish to make herself a marked object through the medium of a brilliant green or impossible purple frock, and wearing will stamp her as his possessor, and her identity will be lost in that of the gown she wears and she will be known henceforth as the woman in purple. Of course, there have been instances of feminine beings dubbed women in white or women in black. Novelists and playwrights have toyed with these titles, but rarely have they done so with any propriety. There are no more than in comic valetines. There can be no mistake if a woman sticks to the quiet, refined elegance of black and white. She can go anywhere, knowing that she is as well dressed as any and much better dressed than many.

Sun bonnets in every description are seen in the shops and exchanges, and there is no doubt that they are to be the rage. They are in plain colors, or flowered in bright or pale colors, to suit every taste. Some are soft and drooping and others are made on stiffened forms. They have strings or they have not, but the strings, if they are, are unlikely ever to be tied. It would seem to indicate that the Summer girl intends to have some regard to her complexion and not go hatless in the sun, as she did last season.

Huge soft bows are appearing in the shops for both men and women. These mark the passing of the manly inch-wide string tie, so long our pride and our pet grievance. The new bows have much to recommend them. They are pretty, they are becoming and last, but by no means least in this category of virtues, they are easily assumed. The huge bow has no bad traits; the same could not be said of the debased string tie, which in the hands of a woman, especially when she was in a hurry, was just as apt to be vertically as horizontally, or to produce a bow one end of which was a good half inch longer than the other. After an hour of wrestling with this cravat milady was apt to emerge disheveled but triumphant with her tie deformed—the structure falling to pieces promptly as she walked down the street. Doubtless the huge soft bow of the coming season will receive a warm welcome from the victims of this other neck finish.

If people who regularly use face powder could only realize how destructive the practice is to the skin, and how exceedingly nasty the results are, they would gladly try what radiant, perfect cleanliness would do, says the "Ladies Home Journal." Several dollars' worth of rouge and powder can be outdone by a plentiful use of pure water, if only sensibly applied.

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