Bellefonte, Pa., November 27, 1903.

DREAMING OF HOME.

It comes to me often in silence When the firelight sputters low-When the black, uncertain shadows Seem wraiths of the long ago; Always with a throb of heartache That thrills each pulsive vein, Comes the old, unquiet longing

For the peace of home again. I'm sick of the roar of cities, And of faces cold and strange; I know where there's warmth of welcome And my yearning fancies range Back to the dear old homestead With an aching sense of pain. But there'll be joy in the coming. When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music That never may die away. And it seems that the hands of angels On a mystic heart at play Have touched with a yearning sadness On a beautiful, broken strain. To which is my tond heart wording-

When I go home again. Outside of my darkening window Is the great world's crash and din. And slowly the autumn shadows Come drifting, drifting in. Sobbing, the wind murmurs To the splash of the autumn rain:

But I dream of the glorios greeting

When I go home again.

THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

"Shirley, I am afraid I shall have to give up and go to bed." said Mrs. Anderson. faintly. She held herself by the door-casing and her delicate face was drawn with suffering. Shirley, who was dusting the piano, turned with an exclamation of dis-

may. coming to luncheon and dinner! How can Deborah ever manage without you? And she's always so grumpy with company. We never—" Then she noticed her moth-

er's face more comprehendingly.
"O you poor dear!" she said, dropping her dust-cloth and coming forward to put her strong young arm about the drooping figure. "Of course you must go to bed. You've one of your worst ones, haven't you? Never mind; don't worry. Deh and I will manage somehow. You can't do the honors with a headache like that to say nothing of working in that hot

Sue half-carried her mother up-stairs and put her tenderly to bed. Then, with a further cheering assurance that everything would be "all right," she carefully shaded the room and stole down-stairs.

'Six ministers !" she repeated, dubiously, on her way to the kitchen. "I wonder why father invited so many. That's more than our share, out of the sixty, even in a little town like this. How I hope Deb will be good! But she won't !"

She opened the door of the kitchen with a show of bravery which she did not feel. She was confronted by the astonishing vision of Deborah, in her best bonnet, tying up a bundle. The woman turned with

a defiant look and said, brusquely:

"I've been sent for. My sister's child
is sick, and I'm goin' back with Hiram on the milk wagon. Tell your ma I don't think there's oysters enough to go round, but may he she can make it out by skimpin' the family.'

"Why-but, Deborah," began Shirley, in despair, "what shall I do? Mother's gone to bed with one of her dreadful headaches. She won't he able to lift her head to-day. Can't you just stay till evening? You can go right after dinner to-night. You needn't wash a dish. How can I ever—"
"If you'd stayed to home all these years

and helped your ma instead of goin' off to school and college, you might have been some use in the kitchen," said Miss Deb-orah, unrelentingly. "No, I can't stay. Sick folks have to come before well ones, and I guess you'll have to make out's well's you can. There wa'n't no rime nor reason in your pa's asking such a passel o'

But Shirley's own grievance, when presented by Deborah after this fashion, assumed a different aspect. The girl crossed the floor, and with head held high, opened the outer door.

There is certainly no reason why father should not entertain as many friende as he wishes," she said, frigidly. "I won't

urge you to stay. I shall manage."

But when Deborah, glum, angular, but oh, so competent, within certain limitations and when she chose to be, had passed out of the door, with an irritating little smile in the corners of her mouth, Shirley turned round, looked at the deserted kitchen, at the clock, then smote her firm, white, unskilled hands together, and said aloud :

schools! What am I to do? A country town, a convocation of clergymen, a hospitable, clerical father, a poor sick little mother, a woman in the kitchen who hates company and who would tell-stretch the truth-to avoid cooking a few extra dishes! Oh, wouldn't I give all I learned in my sophomore year for the certainty that I could get up a respectable luncheon! Send them somewhere else? Never-with everybody entertaining, and the talk it would make ! Shirley Anderson, you can construct magnificent fudge, but can you fry those oysters so they will not look like a platter of chicken-feed? And it must be train time now! Of course father will bring them all to the house before they go over to the church !"

She ran through the hall to peer out of a certain window which commanded a view of the street leading from the station. She but which nevertheless sent her heart into her shoes.

The quiet village streets were pervaded by clerical figures. At the head of one of the squads strode the Rev. Amos Auderson, confident of bearing and talking with a portly gentleman, who, as Shirley observed, was the most impressive visitor in

'Oh !" groaned the watcher, as the little company turned in. "There are eight of them, and they all look awfully wed-fed -not one that could possibly be the least bit dyspeptic! Who's that boy with them? No, he's not a boy—he has, a frock coat, too. He doesn't look twenty. What a nice face! Here they come. Oh—and mother can't-why, I must meet them !"

She had just time for one hasty glance into the hall mirror. In her crisp blue shirt-waist and neat stock and tie, she looked sufficiently attractive. Moreover, she understood exactly what was required of her, and in two minutes had explained to

"Mr. Southern, Shirley," said Mr. Anderson, bringing up, last of all, the youthful-looking clergyman, whom Shir-ley had hastily characterized as a "boy."
"My daughter, Mr. Southern—just about ready to go back to college for her junior

Shirley looked up into the clearest, frankest pair of blue eyes she had ever seen, which looked down into her own black ones with an expression of great friendli-

"What college?" asked Mr. Southern. The other clergymen had fallen into discussion of some important question to be settled in the approaching session.

Shirley told him. "Why, that's where my sister goes this fall! She's dreading it, of course, but nothing could keep her at home. Be a friend to her, will you?"

"Aren't you rather rash? I might not make a good one." He nodded emphatically. "Yes, you would. I know by that little pucker between your eyes. That means study, conscientiousness and-"

Shirley shook her head. "You don't know what else it means," she said. She lowered her voice. It would be ridiculous to tell him, of course, but after one look into those blue eyes she felt as if he might be her brother. It seemed as natural to explain the situation to him as it would have been to consult Weston, her real brother, just gone away to a responsible engineering position. She missed Weston dreadfully. And the Rev. Max Southern looked just another such boy.

"You may laugh," she said, smiling, when Max southern looked just another such boy.

'but in spite of my calm appearance, I'm in the most trying experience of my life this very minute."

"You are?" Mr. Southern glanced round. 'What's up? It is rather an ordeal to have such a lot of fellows swoop down upon you, but-oh, has the cook left?"

He asked the question in a whisper. Shirley nodded. "How did you guess?" His face grew grave. "I've been there," he said. "And your mother is ill. And you're---a college girl."

Shirley flushed. "Oh, I know," he went on, eagerly. "The higher mathematics don't leave much | cuss it." time for domestic science. That will come out all right when you are free. Meanwhile---can't you give us a Welsh rabbit? don't know about fudge---"

Shirley laughed outright. "My chafing dish is at college," she explained. sides, mother expected to have fried oysters for luncheon. But-you see---'

Southern glanced round the room again. Your father has brought home more guests than you expected. I heard him asking those two biggest men at the station. Yes, I see."

But it's all right," said Shirley, hurrealizing suddenly what a singular, realizing suddenly what a singular she was doing in revealing her persented to so penetrating a guest. "I of them. Have you a roast?" "Yes. I—I think it's beef." riedly, realizing suddenly what a singular thing plexities to so penetrating a guest. "I shall manage all right, I'm sure. Youyou all go over to the church soon, I sup-

He laughed. "Very soon, I assure you. But, Miss Anderson, I want to think of some way to help you out. Couldn't we all go to some hotel? Every man of us knows what a domestic emergency is."

'Oh, no, no!' cried the girl, under her

breath. "There isn't a good hotel in town. Father would feel dreadfully. It was absurd for me to tell you. But I just had to help. How did one cook squash? tell somebody. And you looked so-" She meant to say "friendly," but he broke in "Like a big, good-natured hoy--your brother or cousin, you know. I understand. And-Miss Anderson, just let me compliment that you dared to trust me. and cream sauce. Also frozen sherbet for And if you'll just let me I can help you. desert. See here-excuse me-" He glanced at his watch. "Doctor Deane's address comes at eleven. I mustn't miss that. But afterward there is a half-hour for discussion, just like to show you what I can do. I'm like to show you what I can do. I'm really an accomplished cook in some lines, "He made her a literally an accomplished cook in some lines, "Where did you learn it all?" asked "Where did you learn it all?" asked

Shirley gasped at this astonishing prop-sition. "Oh, I musn't let--" she began. osition.

"Why not?" "It must seem so strange to you that I can't do it myself- or call in somebody. But everybody—everybody is entertaining to-day. And besides—this little town—" "I know; I've lived in one. But you don't need any one except me. Have you" --he was whispering again-- "plenty of milk?"

"Oh, yes." "Then I can make a sublime oyster stew. It's my specialty. And the oysters will go round, and—"

"Gentlemen," said the voice of the Rev. Amos Anderson, sounding clearly above the masculine confusion of tongues, for the arguments were waxing spirited, "I think it is now time to step over to the church. We will go at once, if you please, and return at one o'clock for luncheon. That is the hour, I believe?"

He glanced at his daughter. His tone was that of the assured host. He knew "Shades of Careme and the cooking nothing of Deborah's defection or of the stupefying oyster problem. He made his announcements as he would have given out a notice from the pulpit. But his daughter was his equal in composure.

"Yes, at one, father," she said, with a graceful inclination of her pretty head. She did not even take the precaution of telling him in an auxious aside not to add any more at the last moment to his list of guests. So the company filed out of the door and down the steps, the younges of the flock going last, as was befitting.

This guest turned on the doorstep, and

raised his hat in a way that seemed more like a friendly wave than a formal act of courtesy. With a flashing smile he had said as he passed her, "We'll show them!" full of both fear and fun. "What a situa-tion!" she said to herself, as she burried tion !" first of all to make sure of the milk. "Talk saw at once that which she expected to see, five minutes with a stranger,—in a frock coat,—and let him engage himself to come out and belp you cook! If he weren't so young and jolly it would be incredible. How horrified mother would be, poor dear! O Shirley, Shirley, you must go in for the lower education the moment you are gradu-

She flew about, doing with taste a skill the things she could do, setting the luncheon-table and decorating it with flowers. Mrs. Anderson has made a salad dressing the day before, and Shirley managed to put together a very crisp and creditable salad with thinly sliced cold beets and lettuce. There was also a platter of cold ham. Shirley decided to give the guests coffee, cheese and crackers instead of the gelatine pudding her mother had intended

to make "Yes, if her new assistant could really make a "sublime" stew, there need be no fear about the luncheon. But dinner-that was another story! And she certainly

cordial greeting which was the hostess's ed out and sneaked in without much superfluous attention. Pardon my finding my way out here, but I thought the less ceremony the better. Now for the oysters."

There was no use in being embarrassed over the singular circumstances. Max Southern simply would not allow it. took off the frock coat and, laughing like the boy he looked, tied on one of Deborah's blue-checked aprons, which he spied hanging from a nail in the kitchen. Then he fell to work with such grace and gusto that in five minutes Shirley had forgotten the absurdity of it all and was enjoying herself as if they were at some sort of a frolic. Southern took command.

"Just the right sort of oysters! Can't make a first-class stew out of the common kind. Put them in a saucepan with their own liquor, please. No-not on the stove yet. The milk must get hot first, and the oysters themselves need very little cooking. I shall want a good chunk of butter, and salt and pepper. Let's put the soup-plates on the rack here, and let them get hot. I came to know about stews at college and the sem. We used to go over to Karl Heintz's every Saturday night in the winter and have one of his famous stews. He made them before us, and I used to watch him."

"And I am watching you," observed Shirley. "I feel small." "You needn't. It doesn't take a college girl long to pick up kitchen learning when she gets the chance. Trained brains count just as much in that department as in any other. Let's see, nearly one o'clock. Time to put on the oysters. Thank you; that's

It was precisely five minutes past one when Mr. Southern slipped into the room where were assembled the other clergymen, who had just come in from the church There was a warm color on his smooth, elean cheeks--kitchen stoves are hot in early october, -but his manner was unflurried. "I did not see you during the discussion,

Southern," commented Doctor Deane, he of the eleven o'clock address and the distinguished bearing. "I expected to hear

you take part."

"I was sorry to miss it, sir, but found it necessary to be away" explained the younger man. "I heard the address, and should hardly have felt competent to discounted."

"I like the way your modesty sticks to you," laughed Doctor Deane. The luncheon went off smoothly. Shirley, with no apologies, served it herself. Southern ate his stew with a gravity which was nearly too much for her, and drank the coffee of his own brewing with only one merry twinkle of good fellowship in her direction. Luncheon over, he succeeded in getting a word with her.
"I'll be over at half past four," he as

"Oh, no !" "Oh, yes! Don't I know that dinner will be much harder to get than luncheon? They will be hungry as tigers, every man

sured her.

"If it's pretty good size get it in by four o'clock. Put it in a big pan, shake flour over it, and pour on a cupful of boiling

He did not seem to notice Shirley's everready flush. It was humiliating to the girl that she could not be sure even of these

simple points.

When he came back at a quarter before five Shirley was quite ready to accept his was it time to put on the potatoes? Did they go into cold water or hot? The stock for the soup was in an unseasoned clear jelly, an ideal condition; but how to make it savory? Her mother had meant to have hot rolls and baked macaroni with cheese

"We can manage the sherbet," Southern announced, cheerfully. "It's too late for rolls, if I were up to them, which I'm not, or to the macaroni. Straight cookery all I know. But I can make a pretty good

Shirley, with envy, as his big hands busied themselves skillfully with all manner of culinary implements.

"At home, as a boy on the farm. Then camping three seasons with a clever Southerner, who was a glorious cook. It comes in handy sometimes. You see," his face suddenly changed from fun to soherness, 'a man in my trade can't have too many tools. A part of my work takes me into the slums, and I find it worth while now and then to be able to show a woman how to make a new and economical dish. Besides, I like it, you know."

At dinner the eminent Doctor Deane glanced somewhat disapprovingly at Mr. Southern. "I regretted to miss you from the latter part of the afternoon session," he remarked, in a rather frigid tone. "I had understood that you were sufficiently interested in the matters in hand to be willing to devote some time to them. It would seem to me that our younger men, especially, should be anxious to take advantage of such a—I may say—symposium

of judgment and experience. It was a sharp rebuke, before such a company, and several looked annoyed, for Southern was decidedly the most brilliant and promising of the younger men. But the victim, although his blue eyes flashed for an instant, only answered with con-

trolled courtesy:
"I was unavoidably absent, Doctor Deane. I think that nothing will prevent my attendance at the evening session."
Shirley, presenting Doctor Deane with a

plate of soup, paused, tray in hand.
"I can explain Mr. Southern's absence, Doctor Deane," she said, and her voice had a more than usual ring. "I am a college girl, who unfortunately knows more about conic sections and classic Greek than sid as he passed her, "We'll show them!" about cookery. Mother was taken ill this Shirley ran out to the kitchen, her eyes all of both fear and fun. "What a situatime. Mr. Southern found it out. He made the oyster stew for luncheon, and he

-cooked-this-dinner!"

She made the last words a full dramatic climax, with emphasis, gesture and expression of face. The tableful of clergymen burst into a roar of laughter. Doctor Deane whose serious and impressive face was the last to break into a smile, then made full

and honorable amends. "My dear brother," he said to Southern, across the table, "I sincerely ask your par-don. I might have known—I should have known—that a young man who has so early distinguished himself, not only in the pulpit, but by his self-sacrificing work among our city poor, would not absent himself from any part of our sessions except for a justifiable and practical reason. With my present appetite I feel that it was decidedy practical. Only, in this case," he added, with a glance up over his shoulder at Shirley, "I may perhaps be pardoned for doubting whether the setf-sacrifice were

quite as great as usual."

As the laughter broke out once more the college junior gladly sought the temporary her, and in two minutes had explained to her father her mother's absence, and had given each guest, as he was presented, the guest guest guest, as he was presented, the guest gues

accomplished cook herself, declared she had never succeeded in equaling it.—By Grace S. Richmond, in the Youth's Companion.

Islanders Tired of Hawaii.

Gathered Up Their Goods and Went Back to the South Seas Like the Acadians of old, immortalized by Longfellow, the Gilbert Islanders who for 20 years have been exiled in Hawaii. sailed last week in the British steamer Isleworth for their old homes in the South Seas. Unlike the Acadians, however, the

South Sea Islanders left their home of their own free will, and it is freely predicted here that they will wish they had not 'wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom." Originally over 1,000 Gilbert Islanders went to Hawaii. They were taken there

in 1880 and 1882 to work on the plantations. To make them better satisfied with their lot, each man was allowed transportation for his entire family. But the Gilbert Islander did not want to work. He found plantation life too strenuous and that he did not have to labor to live in Hawaii. It was easier to lay around in the balmy air under a cocoanut palm and live on fish, bread fruit, bananas and cocoanute. Food was plenty and could be had without

While a few of the men, did work on the plantations and managed to amass consid erable money, most of them enjoyed life in idleness. The women made hats and mats, and the men sold them-that is if some one came to them to buy. Originally the art of weaving was taught to the Hawaiians, but they have far outstripped the latter, and the native hat, which is the product of the South Sea Islanders, is finer in texture and workmanship than the farfamed Panama. And the hats were not quite so expensive as the imported article, the sale price ranging from \$1.50 to \$3.50.

With the departure of the little colony, it is expected that the Hawaiians will regain their lost art of weaving. A wealth of material is at their hand, for the natives do not let anything green go to waste. They can weave fiber, ferns, grasses and striped stalks into the oddest possible conceits, From the grasses that spring up near the sea, to the scraggy bushes grow near the highest mountain ridges, the Hawaiian makes use of them all. what cannot be eaten is woven into some thing that will clothe or adorn.

The Gilbert Islanders cared less for money than the Hawaiians, and were soon in control of the industry. Now that they are gone the Hawaiians can come into their own again-and the prices of hats will mount accordingly.

Altogether 220 South Sea Islanders 1e turned on the British steamer. British Consul Hoar had been trying for some time to get a warship to return the islanders to their homes, but had not succeeded. They are all British subjects—and homesick. For three or four years now the South Sea Islanders have been anxious to get back to their old haunts No longer contented with the easy life of Hawaii, they were anxious to return to Acadia, about which they had built up a romance for their children and grandchildren. But they haven't the money to return and so they have stayed on, until the chance visit of the tramp steamer Isleworth gave them the oppor-

tunity. Some of the men had saved money and between them they raised the \$1,000 which was asked to pay their passage home Overcome by the glamor, those who had gave to those who had not, so it was possible for the entire 220 to leave.

It is freely predicted that the Gilbertese will not be long in their old homes before they will wish themselves well back in Hawaii. The romance they have created and embroidered for their children and grandchildren will uot be there. Still. the Gilbert Islanders will be at home, and that is all they have asked.

\$25,000 for Life Prisoner. ncome to Be Used as Far as May Be to Better Stephani's Lot.

Supreme Court Justice Scott, of New York, was asked on last Wednesday to appoint the Trust company of America as a committee of the estate of Alphonse J. Stephani, a life prisoner in Clinton prison. Dannemora, who recently inherited \$25,-000 on the death of his mother in Germany. The application was made by Charles J. Stephani, the convict's uncle, and as no opposition appeared it will probably be granted. The income of the estate will be devoted toward ameliorating, as far as possible, the condition of the

Stephani was tried in 1891 for the murder of lawyer Clinton G. Reynolds. He pleaded insanity, but was found guilty of murder in the second degree; and was sentenced to imprisonment for life. His father died in Germany in 1888, leaving his estate in trust with Stephani's mother, to revert to him and his brother on her death. Mr. Reynolds had been engaged by Mrs. Stephani, who was named as executrix of her husband's estate. She had left the management of the estate to Alphonse who, it is alleged, turned everything into cash. He then refused to give an account-While young Stephani was in Europe, his mother, acting on Mr. Reynolds' advice, began suit for the accounting, and enjoined the son from removing securities valued at \$50,000, from a safe deposit company. Young Stephani came back and, on May 15th, 1899, shot Mr. Reynolds down

in the latter's office in Wall street. Mr. Reynolds died five days later. Big Purchase of Coal Lands. Rembrandt Peale, of New York, Becomes Owner of 1.000 Acres.

Rembrandt Peale, of New York, one of the biggest soft coal operators in central Pennsylvania, has purchased from D. E. Notley, of Hastings, twelve tracts containing over 1,000 acres of coal land, lying on Susquehanna township, Cambria cor In some cases the mineral rights, while in

others it calls for the coal rights only. By the deal Mr. Peale becomes the owner of the largest tracts of coal land owned by one man in the north of Cambria county. The deal has been on for some time, but the papers were not filed at Ebensburg until a few days ago. The coal in Susquehanna township is of a very fair grade, and the tracts are said to be worth every hit of the sum Mr. Peale paid for it, \$64,303.00. According to reports, the new owner of the property will in the spring commence several new openings. Mr. Peale already operates several coal mines in the vicinity of Carrolltown.

-Gordon MacKay, the inventor, placed the mighty army of shoe wearers under obligations to him; he left millions to Harvard for a useful foundation, and Thirty-One Men Died in a Wreck of

Head-on Collision on Big Four Results in Great Number of Fatalities. At Least Fifteen Among Injured. Bodies Still in Debris Piled on Tracks to Height of 32 feet. Conductor Failed to Stop.

Thirty-one men were killed and at least 15 injured in a head-on collision between a freight train and a work train on the Big Four railway between Mackinaw and Tre mont Ill. Thursday afternoon. Bodies of 26 of the victims have been taken from the wreck, which is piled 35 feet high on the tracks.

Five bodies yet remain buried under the huge pile of broken timber and twisted and

destroyed iron and steel. On a bank at the side of the track lie the bodies of the victims, cut, bruised and mangled in a horrible manner. So far 12 only have been identified, the remaining being unrecognizable by those who knew them and are aware of the fact that they

are among the dead. All the dead and most of the injured are members of the work train, the crews on both engines jumping in time to save their lives. The collision occurred in a deep cut at the beginning of a sharp curve, neither train being visible to the crew of the other until they were within 50 feet of each other. The engineers set the brakes, sounded the whistles and then leaped from their cabs, the two trains striking with such force that the sound was heard for miles.

A second after the collision the boiler of the work train engine exploded throwing heavy iron bars and splinters of wood 200

Conductor John W. Judge of Indianapolis, who had charge of the freight train. received orders at Urbane to wait at Mackinaw for the work train, which was due there at 2:40 p. m. Instead of doing this he failed to stop. The engineer of the work train. George Becker, had also re-ceived orders to pass the freight at Mackinaw and was on the way to that station. The work train was perhaps five minutes

late and was running at full speed. The collision was witnessed by Russell Noonan, a farmer's boy 14 years of age, who hastened to a nearby house and tele-phoned to Tremont. A special train and four physicians was made up in a few minutes and in less than balf an hour was on the scene. At the same time another train arrived from Pekin bearing Superintendent C. R. Barnard of the Big Four and three physicians. The second train bore a lot of rugs and these were utilized to carry out the mangled corpses of the victims.

After working two hours the remains of 26 men were taken ont. One of the last bodies recovered was that of William Bailey, of Mackinaw, who had been lifted 30 feet into the air and held in place by two steel rails which had pushed up be-tween the engine and the tender of the work train. The workmen had been engaged in laying steel rails at different points along the track and three of the freight cars were heavily loaded.

The injured were taken to the two cabooses of the relief trains, where temporary hospitals were improvised and their wounds taken care of. One caboose was taken to Morton, while the other was sent to Trenton. The dead will lie on the bank all night, or until the arrival of the coroner of Tazewell county in the morn-

The victims were residents of neighboring towns and the scenes about the wreck the drooping shoulder sleeve. Beneath the Thursday evening were beyond description. Wives and children of men who were missing througed around, asking if wrist and well down over the knuckles, their husbands or fathers had been killed. Out of the 35 men who constituted the frill. crew of the work train only four are living and two of there are seriously injured. hangs in a loose bag from the shoulder to Wreckage is strewn along the track for a distance of nearly 200 feet and it will be not much, to lace ruffles that cover the 24 hours before it can be cleared.

Deaths Number Twenty. Eighteen Bodies Taken From Debris of Big Foun

The number of deaths in the Big Four collision near Menert Thursday is now put at twenty, including two which occured after the injured had been removed from the wreck. The debris was cleared from the track during the night and eighteen bodies in all recovered. Fourteen men were injured and are now in hospitals in Peoria. Of the dead all but three, were horribly mangled, have been identi-

## Frandulent Substitution

Much of that which we eat, drink, even wear is not what it professes to be, and it seems to us that the public are for all practical purposes unprotected. Need further examples be quoted than the fol-lowing, which we have often quoted before? A mixture of linen and cotton is sold as it goes. In short, the long seams start-as pure linen, a mixture of wool and cot-ing from mid-shoulder reach to the bust ton is sold as all wool, a mixture of silk and cotton is sold for pure silk, goods and then spring out again to the bottom of the coat. mineral matter to give a spurious impres-sion of heaviness, grain spirit is sold as grape spirit or genuine brandy, the same spirit is sold as malt spirit or whisky, gore, very plain, and just touching the Indian tea is passed off as China tea, ground. Indian tea is passed off as China tea, "plantation" coffee is sold as real Mocha, and cottonseed oil is palmed off as genuine olive oil. Again, in jam and marmalade glucose is substituted for cane sugar, and glucose is also used in place of malt for making beer.

boots offered for sale and guaranteed as "solid." A "solid" boot in the trade means an all leather boot. The very necessity of the term implies fraud, as does all malt in the whisky trade. And there are those in the boot and shoe trade, judging from the proceedings in a recent case, who would hold that boots with "insoles" of cardboard and brown paper might correctly be described as "solid" boots.

Evolution.

Lady Visitor (to little girl)-What became of the little kitten you had here Little Girl-Why, haven't you heard?

'No. Was he drowned?' "No !" "Lost ?" "No !" "Poisoned ?"

"Then what became of it?" "It growed up to be a cat."-Illustrated

Just Passing.

"Are you acquainted with Mrs. Tub-'Yes; we have a passing acquaintance."

"Oh, as much as that?"

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

-Woman to draw us on succeeds, But, by so fine a thread. Man, blinded, thinks 'tis he who leads-Unknowing he is led.

Muffs are huge, soft and rather flat and follow the lines of the cape or coat, being trimmed and ornamented to match.

Eaney hairpins are much worn this season, and hair ornaments of all kinds. Pretty ones have shell teeth and fancy oxydized top, some plain, some set with brilliants, turquoises, etc.

Large single hairpins are shown in gun-

Very quaint and old timey are the wrist frill which match the stock in style and material. These are worn with heavy winter coats quite as much as in old fashioned indoor frocks. Zibeline, velvet and broadcloth suits have these wrist frills.

White wool house gowns and waists are

very popular.

The waists are simply made, small tucks or box pleats being much used on them. A white alhatross waist is tucked in quarterinch tucks back and front, the sleeves being plain in the pouch. There is a high collar, and around it is arranged a geranium red taffeta tie, knotted at the throat and twice in the long ends, small bullet shaped brass buttons, set close to-gether fasten, or seem to fasten the waist. in reality it is closed invisibly by flat pearl buttons. Another white wool waist is boxpleated in very narrow pleats and has a tucked collar overlaid with six stitched vertical straps. Under these a pale blue taffeta tie is run. Similar straps down the front hold the tie ends.

Two years ago the November event was a show of laces, last year furs were the feature; this season the fashionable woman is

known by her sleeve. There are as many sleeve novelties as there are dressmakers and a few more, to allow for the makers who invent two. Beginning in the morning with the tailor dress, the sleeve develops eccentricities which become more and more startling as the day and the costume progress from afternoon to evening.

Never, until preparations for the horse show began has the tailor dress dared a trimmed sleeve; yet in the exhibits by the city's best makers the severest dresses intended for mornings at the ringside are finished at the wrists with ruffles of lace and chiffon. Many such dresses have elbow sleeves beneath which swell and flut-

ter airy lace balloons.

The sleeves of a black broadcloth tailor dress built on lines of the most rigid simplicity are extremely full from shoulder to wrist, and are finished with tight cuffs swelling to bell shaped gauntlets which fall over deep ruffles of coru-toned lace.

Another black tailor dress with a plain Eton jacket has sleeves that barely cover the upper arms. From these drop full undersleeves of white silk and lace with high pointed cuffs covered with Persian em-

broidery.

One of the smartest of the many new afternoon sleeves is cut in one with the bodice, giving a cape appearance. It is called cape comes a fall of lace or chiffon ruffled with lace, the sleeve fitting close at the

hands. In such sleeves wire hoops are some-times introduced to take the weight off the dress sleeves, and insure constant disten-

The severity of a "tailor made" tweed or broadcloth has the rigor of jacket model mitigated by the long seam, strapped or lapped, introduced on the mid-shoulder. This is not to be confounded with the bretelle effect, for the lines do not spindle in from shoulder to middle of the waist in order to make the latter look more slender. The hour glass effect is not desired. What is expected of the new and gracefully curved line is to create the impression of height and slenderness. The extremely wide shoulder effects noted in designing materials are not so desirable in heavy cloths.

cheviot, zibeline or tweed. The three quarter coat shows the new strapped seam extending in a generous curve from mid-shoulder down to what might be considered the outer "dart" form. and then curving away again to the bottom of the jacket so as to slightly increase its line, and then follow its curves to the bust,

In a dark blue camelshair zibeline the effect of these long stitched straps is particularly good. The skirt would be a nine-

A simple tweed suit of golden brown with touches of pale blue visible here and there, is made with a long coat 27 inches deep. The two heavily stitched straps of tweed mark the mid-shoulder seams. The The latest addition to this infamous list this mount descends in tucks, three on each is the use of cardboard wickedly sandwich side, to a point below the knees. The tucks skirt has a deep pointed hip yoke, and from ed between the leather or the soles of are machine stitched, and so match the strapped shoulder seams

The coat collar and lapels are of the tweed simply stitched, and the loose fitting coat sleeves is treated with five rows of machine stitching. A dainty vision of pale blue Irish linen

shirt waist, worn beneath, is seen when the fly front jacket is unbuttoned. The high linen stock collar shows a dark brown satin ribbon folded once across and tied in a neat butterfly bow beneath the chin.

of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburg, has elected a woman, Miss Sara E. Weir, to a position in the Institute. She has been made assistant secretary.

For the first time the Board of Trustees

Marie Antoinette rose wreaths form the only trimming on some very smart import-Sets of crush girdles and fancy stocks to

match are indispensable to the complete wardrobe. The rough "stippled" plaster finish, either left in the natural gray or colored, is one of the most appropriate wall finishes for an accompaniment to the heavy woodwork of an arts and crafts room, and is steadily

growing in favor.