## THE FROST SPIRIT.

He comes-he comes-the Frost Spirit comes ! You may trace his foot steps now On the naked woods and the blasted fields And the brown hill's withered brow. He has smitten the leaves of the gray old tro Where there pleasant green came forth; And the winds which follow wherever he Have shaken them down to earth

He comes-he comes-the Frost Spirit comes From the frozen Labrador-From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, And the luckless forms below In the sunless cold of the lingering night Into marble statues grow.

He comes-he comes-the Frost Spirit comes On the rushing Northern blast; And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed As his fearful breath went past. With an unscorched wing he has hurried on,

Where the fires of Hecla glow On the darkly beautiful sky above

And the ancient ice below.

He comes-he comes-the Frost Spirit comes And the quiet lake shall feel The torpid touch of his blazing breath, And ring to the skater's heel; And the streams which danced on the broke

rocks. Or sang to the leaning grass, Shall bow again to their Winter chain, And in mournful silence pass.

He comes-he comes-the Frost Spirit comes Let us meet him as we may, And turn with the light of the parlor fire His evil power away;

And gather closer the circle round. When that firelight dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled fiend As his sounding wing goes by! -By John Greenleaf Whittier.

## HER PENANCE.

She boarded the Boston sleeper at Columbus, a tall girl with a figure which her shapeless rain coat could not spoil, and wearing, with an effect that went far to condone it, a flat, wide hat with a drooping veil. She sank into her seat with a occupied manner which became a brown study after the train started, and sat with one glove half off and her eyes fixed on the sliding landscape most of the time to Cleveland.

She watched the jostling crowd in the gloomy Cleveland station in the same absent way, for a moment, but suddenly she started up, and pressed her face against the window in an endeavor to follow some one's movements. Apparently disappointed, she leaned back again in her corner, but her reverie was broken. She glanced carelessly at the passing people, and as the train moved out sat up and pulled off her glove. She had just slipped off her rain coat and thrown it across the seat opposite and lifted her hands to her hat pins, when a man appeared at the door of the car, and their s met. For a moment each of them was absolutely still, then the girl dropped her hands and stood up, and the man hurried

to her side.
"Nancy!" he exclaimed. And who would expect to see you here?" 'Then it was you I caught sight of in the crowd ?" she returned. He was holding both her bands.

"Nancy!" he said again. "What are you doing here? Where are you going? Isn't tomorrow the dav-why, you're going in the wrong direction, child!"

How can you say that, when I've met you?" she asked, with a little laugh and a droop of her long lashes. He dropped her hands and glanced uneasily about the car. 'Let's sit down," he suggested. "We seem to be rather too much the centre

"Oh, very well," she responded, with splendid indifference to the curious looks that annoyed him, and when he sat down beside her, she laid her hand on his arm with an affectionate gesture. "I didn't really hope to see you, you know," she "I just thought it was barely possible that something might call you to the station, and when I caught that glimpse of you I didn't really believe it was you-I thought my desire to see you was making me imagine a likeness. But to have you get right into the car-why, Ralph! I hon-estly believe it is a special Providence!"

"A special delivery would have been rer," he returned. "Why didn't you surer. write me?"

The girl smiled at him. "As long as here!" she said caressingly. "You see, Ralph, I left it to Fate. I've made such a mess of things myself that I simply put it out of my hands, and here you are. Good old Fate!"

happen to be way down here? Isn't the wedding tomorrow, or am I-She nodded with compressed lips.

morrow noon," she said "Am I to infer-" he hesitated. "Anything you please," she returned, roudly. "Do you really imagine I'd stay

see that woman marry my father? I left Chicago six weeks ago."
"Where have you been?" he asked. "In Columbus, with a school friend,"

she answered. "And I'm going to Radcliffe to study?" 'Humph !" be commented, looking keen-"Are you so very strong for

it?" Her eyes fell before his. 'I suppose I should add a pious D. V.," she returned, lightly. "But that's the place I'm starting for." There was a moment's silence. She looked away from him toward the window, he looked at her with a queer grim little smile at the corners of his

"Nancy," he said at last—"Nancy turn around." With her color deepening, she obeyed, but her eyes stopped at the top button of his coat. "Look up," he added, "Say please," she murmured, defiantly.

"Nancy," he went on, "a year ago you said you wouldn't marry me." 'Well, so far-" she suggested, with a quick arch glance up at him. He caught

"Nancy, are you sorry?" he asked. Her eyebrows curved media ively above her cause," he went on, "to study at Radeliffe -it doesn't seem quite vour long suit, you

know.' Well, I decline to stay at home and watch her pouring my father's coffee at my mother's breakfast table," objected the girl, with spirit. "She doesn't know what mahogany means. You know that is impossible, Ralph. What is there for me to do? I can't visit my friends indefinitely-it's a year ago that you asked me to marry you." 'You've been away from home six weeks!" he said, ignoring her lowered tone. "Why didn't you write me, Nancy?".

"Good lack ! but isn't this bad enough ?"

she demanded. "I made up my mind that if I saw you in Cleveland by any chanceof course I knew they were twenty to one against it—I should tell you—oh, you know! but I hadn't the courage to write I know I treated you shamefully,

"I agree with you perfectly," he said, rimly. "But you used to whack hearts grimly. bout as if they were tennis balls, anyway. I thought, though, that you were engaged to that Denver man—what's his name? The one who comes on to Chicago every other Sunday-Crawford, you know." The girl looked up at him with narrowed eyes. "How do you know anything about Mr. gestions Crawford?" she asked. "Has Flora told er lists:

you?"
"Well, she mentioned him," the man admitted.

"Lately?" demanded the girl. "The other night when I was calling there, she read me a part of your letters, he confessed. "It wasn't her fault—don't blame her. I begged her to. I hadn't heard from you for nearly a year, and I was hungry for a little news. It seemed as if you were more likely to emigrate to Denver than to Boston."

"Flora must have edited those letters, or else she read you old ones, if you got that impression," the girl said, quietly. "Then Crawford isn't in it now?" the

man asked. "There's nobody in it," insisted the girl

"Nancy, I should like to kiss you!" the man said, meeting her eyes. "All this year I have dreamed of kissing you ever since you jilted me so mercilessly. I wish there wasn't anybody else in this con-founded car."

"Have you dreamed it often?" she asked with a little smile. "Night after night," he declared.

"I believe in dreams," the girl returned softly. "I consider them prophetic." The fleeting side glances she gave him were bewitching; he was holding her hand firmly, and the harsh lines of his face softened as he watched her, but his eyes were sombre. "I love you!" he said suddenly. "It's the last time I'll tell you so, Naucy Bell! I'm not going to throw my heart into your lap again to have you pat it and pinch it into any shape you please. You're a flirt, Nancy. a deadly flirt, and a man's not safe with you. But I love you." The girl looked up.

"Good gracious, Ralph!" she said.
"You're scowling frightfully! Don't be so tragic. Have I got to go back and marry Mr. Crawford, after all?" He put her hand away with a little groan, as she smiled at

"You witch ! you siren !" he said. "So Radeliffe's only third choice and Crawford's within call! Got your little umbrella right with you haven't you, Nancy Bell! Well, it's wise to go prepared for all kinds of weather."

"It was a year ago, you see," protested Nanoy. "I've experienced a change of heart, and perhaps, you know—you might have changed your mind in the meantime." "My mind, perhaps; never my heart," the man responded. "That's yours, Naucy, even if you marry Crawford."

"I do not wish to marry Mr. Crawford," said the girl. "I am going to Radeliffe to study, unless—what's the matter, Ralph? Don't you believe in me vet? Don't you understand that I want to do penance for a year ago?" She put out her other hand and he took them both.

"Penance!" he repeated. "Nancy, do ou mean it ?" "Try me," said the girl.
"Will you kiss me?" he asked.

"Here?" she questioned.
"And now," he added. With a proud raised her lips to his. His face was very white and hers very pink as he crushed her hands together and rose to his feet. "I'm going into the smoker to write a note." he said, and as she nodded assent, he turned

and left her. She leaned back in her corner and , watched the sliding landscape, careless of the interest that was patent in the faces of her fellow travelers, as the train rushed on through the gathering twilight. Presently it stopped at a way sta-tion. She glauced up at the door as if expecting him to return, but no one came, and as the wheels ground on the rails in their start, she turned back contentedly to her window. The porter came in, buttoning up his white jacket, and pausing by her seat, handed her a note.

"The gemmen lef' that foh you," he said. She took it uncomprehendingly. "Left?" she repeated. "Yas'm; he got off last stop," the porter

answered as he went on. She opened it de-

liberately. "Nancy, Nancy Bell," it began, "I love you. That's all I have to say. dear. I love you, more even than I did a year ago. I swore then that some day you should de penance for your treatment of me, and I meant to make you, but God knows I nev-He looked at her curiously. "Now, I er meant this. I thought I had forgivel wonder," he began, and then broke off. "Where are you going, and how do you haven't done either. I was a coward to pu er meant this. I thought I had forgiven haven't done either. I was a coward to put you to the test, dear, but I'd do it again for a kiss like that. The Fate you conjured up-it hasn't played fair with us. You're the only woman in the world Nancy Bell, and I love you with every drop of blood in my body; but last week I asked Flora to marry me, and I hope I may never see your face again. Don't try to forgive me Nancy, but don't forget that I love you.

> She read it through twice, leaning forward to get the light upon it; then straight-ening herself up, she looked around, and far the first time met the curious eyes of the other occupants of the car. She challenged them with a sweeping slow glance and then, tearing the letter through twice dropped the pieces from the open window, and leaned back in her corner, looking out at the night.—By Susan Sayre Titsworth in Everybody's Magazine.

## Bryan Ruled Out.

\$50,000 Letter Not Admitted to Probate as Part of

The formal decision of the probate court in relation to the Philo S. Bennett will, of which W. J. Bryan is an executor, was an nounced Friday by probate judge Cleve-land. After the decision of Judge Cleveland regarding the will, made some weeks ago after a hearing of the parties interested the judge left to the attorneys to agree if possible on the form of the formal decree based on that decision. Opposing counsel, however, found themselves unable to reach an agreement. After reciting the known facts in the case Judge Cleveland decrees that neither the sealed letter by which it appeared that Bennett expresses a desire to give \$50,000 to Mr. Bryan and family, nor the typewritten document in the posses of Mr. Bryan, nor the envelope containing the letter should be admitted to probate as part of the will. Otherwise the allowed and ordered to be recorded.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN

Gift Hints in Brief.

Hit or Miss Suggestions Apropos of Christmas.

To give or not to give is not the question. 'Twere easy deciding if that were the only worry. The great big bugbear of a question is just what to give! And the shops, which seem to answer so compre-hensively, in reality, bewilder us with their overwhelming stocks, which contain simply everything from a penny whistle to \$10,000 automobiles. We stand dazzled. And the more we are dazzled the less we know in regard to the choices we would fain make. Here, however, are some suggestions; and they will be followed by oth-

FOR A WOMAN.

A fern. Any fine towel. One or more drawn work doilies. A pretty jardiniere. One of the various fancy spoons. A chatelaine bag in real leather. Flannelette kimono.

A bottle of her favorite toilet water. Handsomely hemstitched collar and cuff

Cut glass for her dressing table. A nainsook cambric corset cover Subscription to a good magazine. A cozy wool shoulder shawl. Piece of glass for the dining room. An attractive book and chain for her eye-

Set of andirons A good leather purse. A small plant-let it be full and thrifty. A dozen fringed tray clothes. Two yards of silence cloth for dining

Gray finish sterling silver hatpins. Handsome little leather coin purse. Among novelties and fancy goods may mention the visitors' book, the veil magazine cover, sewing sets, twine the new cover for recipes for cooking and the handkerchief holder

FOR A MAIDEN. A book A silver thimble. Seal card case. Dainty desk calendar. Irish crochet collar. Stock and tie of crepe de chine. Smart embroidered linen stock. Pretty open work lisle stockings. Four pair of cuffs or half a dozen collars Warm, long sleeved ribbed corset cover A rich satin rose mounted on a bairpin.

Pretty spangled gauze fan-carefully Dainty box for her powder and puff. Mistletoe headed hatpin, with pearl ber

A pretty marker for her prayer book. An eraser to match her desk things. A pair of party gloves. A very good pair of kid gloves. A dainty little pearl pen holder. Heart shaped locket. Brooch or chatelaine. Pretty pair of cuff pins. Hatpin with turquoise setting. Pretty glove mending set. A very pretty silver belt. A jingly chain coin purse. Pretty and handsome bag for party im edimenta.

Any handsome buckle. These are used on slippers, belts and hats. A handsome fur stole and muff.

FOR A MAN.

Thermometer. A necktie. A scarfpin. Pajamas. A business like alarm clock. A leather belt with a buckle. A sterling silver shoe horn. A reading glass in a metal frame. Printed cushion cover for his den. A plain down cushion, ready to cover. A medicine case for a traveling man. Fountain pen. The ever useful key ring. One of the convenient roller blotters. A pair of suspenders. One of the simple dressing cases. A pair of alligator slippers. A household atlas of the world. A large muffler. Pair of bath slippers. A very good scrap book. A very good tag for his bag. Straight back invoice book. Two blade pocket knife. Pair of knitted gloves. Good pair of office shears.

FOR A BOY. Blackboard. od and W assaux9 v A kite. An umbrella. Subscription to a good magazine. Magic lanternada lasomeni vies A megaphone, on as ad bloom soll Handkerchiefs. Boxing gloves.
Pair of bath slippers. A yacht that sails.
Good, strong wheelbarrow.
Football of real leather. A muscle building striking bag. Trim case for his collars and cuffs. Pocket comb in a convenient case. A gold collar button. Hat brush in handsome wood. A needed golf stick. Chest full of useful tools.

A waste basket in willow.

Very pretty magazine cutter.

All sorts of mechanical toys. Pair of mittens. a cushion, rug or picture for his den. Printing press or typewriter. Some replenishing to his favorite game

FOR A BABY.

Gold finger ring. Gold safety pins. A hand-ome new cloth animal. A gold pin. A very pretty silver bib holder.

A spoon.

A dainty cap of white bengaline. A tame chamois animal. Becoming crochet cap in silk and wool Crochet sacque in wool, with dainty silk edge.
A music box that "goes."

A bank warranted not to burst. Subscription to a pretty baby journal. A set consisting of knife, fork and spoon Dear little doll if she be old enough. Go cart. Rag doll.

A red rubber rattle. Carriage boots or dainty alghan or cush-Porridge bowl or a handsome silver set. Pretty little dress pins in silver or gold.

A gay clapping figure or a roly-poly, if the baby is not too young. FOR THOSE WHO SERVE THE HOUSEHOLD. Gloves. A book. The money.

Marked handkerchsefs. Snitable piece of neckwear. Work basket for a girl housewife for man. Tickets to some really enjoyable entertainment. Ward

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THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDINGS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE.

The appropriation bill for The Penn-! sylvania State College as passed by the front of the group; Legislature and approved by the Governor, May 15, 1903, included the following items of special interest to the friends of agricultural education.

"For the maintenance of the Department of Agriculture twelve thousand dollars or so

of Agriculture twelve thousand dollars or so much thereof as may be necessary.

For the purpose of assisting in the erection, equipment and furnishing of a building or buildings to be used for the purpose of instruction and investigation in the various branches of agriculture and for the purchase of all necessary apparatus therefor, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars; provided that before any part of this appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars; provided that, before any part of this appropriation shall be paid, the trustees of the State College shall file with the Auditor General plans and specifications and estimates satisfactory to him, showing that the entire cost of erecting, completing, furnishing and equipping any building or buildings upon which any part of this appropriation is to be expended will not exceed the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

In accordance with those provisions of law, there have been filed with the Auditor General plans and specifications for the group of agricultural buildings shown in he cut, viz.

A main agricultural building, forming the A dairy building in the rear, connected

with the main building by a corridor;
A building for the Respiration Calorimeter, connected with the main building. Ground was formally broken for the Dairy Building at the Annual Commence ment of 1903 and it is expected that it will be available for the Creamery Course of 1904, beginning in January.

This building is the rear wing shown in the cut. The building for the Respiration-Calorimeter is already in use. The construction of the main building will complete the group and give the College what it is believed, will be one of the finest

agricultural buildings in the United States. The buildings are in the Italian style and continue two stories & bove a high basement. The base is of Hummelstown brownstone, the superstructure of a rich Roman brick with terra cotta trimmings. The buildings are being constructed in the most substantial manner and will be fire proof throughout. The corridors and work rooms in the Dairy Building will have tiled floors and a tile wainscoting 6 feet high, the remainder of the interior finish being of red oak. A tunnel connected with the stories.

College heating plant serves tobring high and low pressure steam and electricity to the building, which will be heated and ventilated by the Sturtevant system. The machinery will be operated by electric power, but high pressure steam for operat-

ed, while the laboratory will be supplied with gas from a gasoline plant. The basement of the Dairy Building contains a room 22 by 44 ft. for instruction in private dairying, a work shop 21 by 35 ft., two cheese curing rooms, one with re-frigeration, a fan room and an ice machine

ng steam turbine separators is also provid-

On the main floor is the butter room, 34 by 35 ft., and intake and wash room, a large refrigerator, a commodious toilet and locker room a milk bottling room and an office.

The second floor contains a large lecture room, 34 by 44 ft., a small lecture room, 22 by 35 ft., a milk testing laboratory, 22 by 32 ft., and offices for the Professors of Dairy, Husbandry and of Agricultural Bacteriology.

Ample storage room is provided in the attic and a large lift connects all the

One or more suits of good, honest underware. In case one gives money never fail to let it be a bright gold piece, or an equally bright silver piece, or a fresh, crisp bank

- Maybe its an umbrella? The Fauble Stores are showing the kind men like to carry. A big variety. You will be sure

to find what you want. -The Fauble showing of suit cases will help you solve the Xmas gift problem. From a dollar to twenty ---- and every price

between.

Double Murder Revealed. Aged Buffalo Couple Found With Skulls Crushed. Buried Beneath Woodshed-Charles Bonier, Aged 65, Arrested On Suspicion. Woman Also In Custody.

The decomposed bodies of Franz Frehr and his wife, an aged couple, who disappeared from their home at 338 Jefferson street, in Buffalo, on November 20, were found early last Friday buried beneath a woodshed in the yard back of their house. They had been murdered. The skulls of both had been crushed, and a hammer, such as would have inflicted the blows, was found in the shed. Several hairs were found clinging to the head of it.

A search for Charles Bonier, who moved into the house of the Frehrs on the day of the disappearance had been begun hours before the finding of the bodies, but the hunt was renewed by the entire staff of headquarters detectives as soon as word came that the bodies of the old couple had

been found.
On Tuesday Bonier appeared at police court in response to a summons in a John Doe proceedings regarding the disappearance of the Frehrs. The case was ad jurned, and Bonier was ordered to appear in court yesterday, but he did not come. It was then that the suspicion of foul play grew stronger with the police, who ha believed up to that time that the old couple had been taken away by relatives who hoped to inherit their money.

Descriptions of Bonier were sent broadcast, and Friday morning Police Superintendent Bull received a telephone message from Erie, Pa., stating that Bonier had been arrested there. Bonier is 65 years

Bonier's housekeeper, Louise Lindholm, is in custody in this city. The police found on her person gold pieces to the value of \$70. The Frehrs were supposed to have a great deal of gold in the house. The woman says the money was given to her by Bonier.

Kate Kahm, a relative of the Lindholm woman, was also taken to a police station, a trunk in which some stuff, which had belonged to the Frebrs, having been found at her home.

The Frehrs owned another house and lot besides their home in Jefferson street, and had money in the bank. It was well known in the neighborhood that they kept

large sums of money in their home. The Lindholm woman was closely tioned by the police officials. She said Bonier told her the old couple had sold the house to him, and that they had gone to a house of refuge to spend the remainder of their lives. The gold found upon her she insisted had been given to her by Bonier.

Last spring a man said to have been Bonier came to them to buy their home. He is said to have offered \$2,000, which the Frehrs refused. On November 20th the man moved into the Frehr house and on that day the old couple disappeared. A female relative of the Frehrs called at the house Thanksgiving day. She was told they had moved away. The police were norified, and an investigation was begun, which resulted in the discovery of the

-The Fauble stores are showing more bath robes than all of Bellefonte's other ing, and each strand threaded with hat will please

-If you think a traveling bag would answer take a look at Fauble's. We have em as cheap and as fine as you will want.

-If a man or boy wears it, it's at Faubles. medt saibest slaisen

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

The girl with clever fingers is making some pretty sets of stole collars and out-side cuffs in the colored-thread embroidery in various stitches. Northern and Central Europe have been ransacked for pretty designs and gray color combinations.
You can purchase collar and cuff sets

stamped in desirable patterns on best linen and then buy canvas for executing the Russian cross-stitch embroidery, and skeins of best imported cottons warranted to be fast colors, with smal! book of directions and patterns.

You can also purchase your linen, and with the aid of patterns do your own stamping from your choice patterns, baste on the canvas to direct your Russian embroidery stitches, and so attend to the whole matter yourself.

The long French collar is supplied with an elongated pendant. It is corfortably shaped to the throat, and neither rides up under the chin nor pinches in at the back of the neck.

French collars can be embroidered either with open or solid work. You can buy a Russian or Hungarian collar or cuff set, with the work already started, for \$1 a set and materials ample to complete the em-

Some of the embroidery to be applied to silk or velvet collars is meant to be executed in solid bead work. Bead needles are to be bought by the

paper, the proper size which will not split a tipy bead. For school wear the regulation suit in navy cheviot serge has no rival!

Note the young daughters of wealth and fashion as they start for the smartest halls of learning. As a rule they are clothed in the regulation suit which is built of the richest cheviot serge, than which there is no more beautiful fabric among the materials inteded to endure real wear. When of the best quality and properly cut such a weave is proof against that most glaring of faults, sagging, a fault which is too apt to appear in cheap dressing. It is for this very reason that the best is the cheapest. The cheviot adds an attractive touch of martness. While the regulation suit is the first choice, many girls of 15 or more are dressed in a Norfolk suit if it be more becoming. The jackets of these suits are not tight, like those glove-fitting arrangements worn by some of their mammas, but are rather square built, with belts, which do not confine them in the least at the waist line. Tiny maids are most smartly garbed on the regulation coat over a dress of fine white linen.

A felt hat the color of the dress, very simply trimmed, is the most desirable headgear. The various sailor shapes are most in evidence, though some of the maidens whose families are yet staying at country houses have clung to the narrow brim straw sailors long after it is a serious offense for a man to be seen in one at the Stock Exchange. Low tan shoes of finest calf, with hosiery to match, is another mode which has lasted into too cold weather. The trim black boot, neatly laced, with black hosiery, seems more suitable, in spite of the budding damsel who insists she is going through the winter in low shoes and warm golf stockings. As for gloves, the boyish-looking, red-tan, pique sewn, heavy sort are the most approved

style. As all may see, this simple elegance get away from the patchwork style of dress, which makes many ill-dressed little ones look commonplace. No wonder, when they wear a red hat, a blue dress and a green coat, or worse.

A corn portieres, a suggestion that come

from Japan by way of England. It will have to be pigeon holed until acorn-time comes round again, when they should be gathered in generous fashion a bushel be ing none too many. On dark he wn cord, heavily waxed, string long lines f acorns, mixing the tans, brown, golder, yellow, and green as fancy dictates. The nuts may be stored into piles, according to the color stores, combined. The right kind at prices | tint, or the lines may be variegated. When enough strands are finished and the ends of each securely tied, arrange on a rod or bit of grille-work as a portiere. If liked the strands may be caught together, making diamond-shaped squares about halfway down their length. The portiere is effective in a den or summer cottage.

Pinch tucks are well named, for they

take up the veriest scrap of material which it seems possible to fold into a seam. In consequence pinch tucks are popular as a finish for the lower edge of pleats or folds.

We see gowns pinch-tucked vertically chiefly, except on the lower edge of a flounce, where the arrangement is usually horizontal. The fashionable cloth sleeve is famous for its pinch tucking, but this demands a smooth finished surface and not too heavy a material. A fleecy zibeline would be very clumsy arranged in this way. Indeed, it would be impossible to undertake the task with heavy or shaggy dress goods.

Ladies cloth is the approved medium,

and it can be done with voiles camel's-hair. chevoits and tweeds. The diagonal weave is not so favorable a medium for it as the plain, soft lady's cloth.

It is quite true that the new winter furs and wraps repeat the drooping shoulder lines and wide-elbowed effects of early Victorian days. Some shoulder pieces have shawl-shaped collars, and even these are fringed to help the effect of drooping outlines. Even the winter coats are provided with split collars or shoulder drapery to carry out the 1833 idea.

Do not alter your fine furs to carry out what may prove an ephemeral fashion. The taste for pronounced shapes generally proves evanescent.

A conventional shape is better for the

muff of valuable fur. It never goes out of commission, one might say. Roman Punch .- Put a pint of water and the same amount of granulated sugar in a saucepan over the fire. Let them boil twenty minutes, then add the juice from

six lemons, add two oranges and one pint of

weak green tea. Take the pan from the fire and set where the contents will become Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff frost. Cook together half a cup of sugar and half a cup of water, and when it has boiled five minutes pour in a thin, threadlike stream over the whites, beating all the time. When the first mixture becomes cold, freeze like ice cream. When ready for the dasher to be removed pour in the second mixture of the whites and syrup, a gill of sherry and two tablespoonsfuls Jamaica rum. Turn the dasher enough to mix them, then remove, cover the freezer

two or three hours until ready to serve. Shaped ruffles of cloth are noted on both handsome coats and costumes, and even on

closely and repack with ice and salt for

capes.

The Christmas Greens. There is, happily, a revival of the custom of trimming the home with Christmas holly and cedar, though a few years ago it had waned to a great extent, leaving these delightful aromatic decorations to the

A wreath hung in each front window gives an outward and visible sign of the home's inner joyousness, and the hall should be decked in pungent greenery to greet the visitor with its cheer of the season, and a holly garland, thick with clustering red berries, hung on the roll between the portieres at the entrance to the

parlor. It makes a beautiful effect to twine the large pictures with cedar rope and to mass the large vases and jars full of odorons

branches. In the dining room the central window is the place to decorate, for here house plants can belp toward the desired effect. Have a bunch of mistletoe, with some holly berries, in a tall glass vase on the table and a sprig of cedar at each plate for a boutonniere, all of which helps to make

the feasting bright and jolly. The mother and father will feel pleased and honored to find ou Christmas morning that their children have adorned their nortraits, or even their mere photographs,

with symbolic green.

Also hang a bunch of it over your Sistine Madonna, and in addition to the greenery round the pictures of those gone to their rest hang sycamore balls, as sycamore tree figures in all the old "Il eposa'' pictures by the great masters.
The blueberry cedar is very effective in

some decoration and so is the feathery running cedar. It does not require a great deal of holly to give the brightening touch when stock in among the cedar, spruce and pine, and even without these it will give a festive look to a room. la maia