Only they can understand the magic of I must go." The unbeheld Valerie Deane. "What is the meaning of this?" she asked one morning. "Nurse says you are "It isn't Democratic Watchman. Bellefonte, Pa., January, 20, 1911. fretful and fractious." "She insisted on soaping the soles of my feet and tickling me into torments, which made me fractious, and I'm dying THE LADIES' AID. to see your face, which makes me fret-We've put a fine addition on the good old church ful "Since when have you been dying?" she at home. It's just the latest kilter, with a gallery and d asked. "From the first moment I heard your voice saying, 'How are you feeling now?" It's irritating to have a friend and not in the least know what she is like. It seats a thousand people-finest church in all And when 'twas dedicated, why, we planked ten Besides," I added, "your voice is so beau-tiful that your face must be the same." She laughed. thousand down: That is, we paid five thousand-every deacon did his best-And the ladies' aid society, promised all the rest. 'Your face is like your laugh," I declar-We've got an organ in the church-very finest "If my face were my fortune I should come off badly," she said in a light tone. I think she was leaning over the foot-rail. It's got a thousand pipes and I longed for her nearer presence. "Nurse has tied this bandage a little And when we sit in cushioned pews and hear th too tightly," I said mendaciously. It carries us to realms of bliss, unnumb I heard her move, and in a moment her fingers were busy about my eyes. I making is a genius. put up my hand and touched them. She "If I don't hurry I shall miss my train," It cost a cool three thousand, and it's stood the patted my hand away. "Please don't be foolish," she remarked. We'll pay a thousand on it, the ladies' aid the "When you recover your sight and find what an exceedingly plain girl I am, you'll go away like the others, and never They'll give a hundred sociables, cantatas, too want to see me again." "What others?" I exclaimed. They'll bake a thousand angel cakes, and tons cream they'll freeze. "Do you suppose you're the only pa-tient I have had to manage?" I loathed "the others" with a horrible They'll beg and scrape and toil and sweat seven years or more. And then they'll start all o'er again, for acarpet detestation; but I said, after reflection: "Tell me about yourself. I know you are called Valerie from Dr. Deane. How No; it isn't just like digging out the money from your vest, When the ladies' aid gets busy and says, "We'll old are you?" She tied the knot in front of my fore-"Oh, I'm young enough," she answered with a laugh. "Three and twenty. And Of course, we're proud of our big church, from pulpit up to spire: It is the darling of our eyes, the crown of our de-I'm five foot four and I haven't any good looks at all, at all." "Tell me," said I impatiently, "exactly how you do look. I must know." "I have a sallow complexion. Not a very good skin. And a low forehead." "An excellent thing," said I. But when I see the sisters work to raise the cash I somehow feel the church is b And sometimes I can't help thinking, when reach the regions blest That men will get the toil and sweat, she retorted. "It is very ugly. I have thin black hair." ladies' aid-the rest. "Let me feel." A LOVERS' DILEMMA. "Certainly not. And my eyes are a sort of water china blue and much too "How are you feeling?" Words could not express the music of

these six liquid sylables that fell through the stillness and the blackness on my ears. 'Not very bright, I'm afraid, nurse,'

said I. Think of something to do with streams

and moonlight, and you may have an idea of the mellow ripple of the laugh I heard. "I'm not the nurse. Can't you tell the difference? I'm Miss Deane—Dr. Deane's

daughter." "Deane?" I echoed.

the town:

in the land:

master play,

hardest test;

and teas:

on the floor

pay the rest.

that lacks,

tired backs.

"Don't you know where you are?" "Everything is still confused," said I.

ness had been quite enough to occupy my mind.

"You are at Dr. Deane's house," said the "and Dr. Deane is the twin brother of Dr. Deane, the great oculist of Grandchester, who was summoned to Shepton-Marling when you met with your acci-dent. Perhaps you know you had a gun

of this shadow can know its desolation. dying. I have been telegraphed for, and name of heaven," I exclaimed, "who are She sat on the end of the couch where

was lounging, and took my hands. "It isn't my fault." My spirits fell headlong. "I would just as soon keep blind,"

said I, blankly. "I thought you would say that."

A tear dropped on my hand. I felt I had been making a pretty fool of my-that it was brutal of her aunt to make self. I stammered out pleas for a thou-Valerie cry. Why could she not postpone

her demise to a more suitable opportuni-ty? I murmured, however, a few decent that the fathers were twin brothers and words of condolence. "Thank you, Mr. Winter," said Valerie. "I am fond of my aunt; but I had set my am fond of my aunt; but I had set my

heart on your seeing me. And she may not die for weeks and weeks! She was Deane, "is how you mistook me for my dying for ever so long last year, and got cousin. round again.

I ventured an arm around her shoulders, and spoke consolingly. The day would come when our eyes would meet. I called her Valerie and bade her address me as Harold.

I have come to the conclusion that the man who strikes out a new line of love-

she sighed at last

hands closed on my cheeks, and a kiss fluttered on my lips. I heard the light swish of her skirts and the quick opening and shutting of the door, and she was gone.

too delicate for her to tread upon. She Valerie's aunt, like King Charles II, turned the conversation by politely askwas an unconscionable time a-dying. When a note from Valerie announced her ing how I had come to consult her father. I mentioned my friend Mobray return to Grandchester, I had already and the gun accident. She remembered gone blue-spectacled away. For some time I was not allowed to read or write, the case and claimed a slight acquain-tance with Mobray, whom she had met and during this period of probation urat various houses in Grandchester. My gent affairs summoned me to Vienna. Such letters as I wrote to Valerie had to credit as a sane and reputable person be ing established, we began to chat most amicably. I found Miss Deane an accombe of the most elementary nature. If you have a heart of any capacity worth troubling about, you can not empty it on one side of a sheet of note-paper. For mine reams would have been inadequate. I also longed to empty it in her presence, my eyes meeting hers for the first time. Thus, ever haunted by the beloved plain face and the memorable voice, I remain-

have played a minor part, and her ten-derness was as spontaneous as Valerie's "I am sorry, Valerie," said I, "and that's the mischief of it." "I was so looking forward to you see-ing me," she said tearfully. And then, with sudden petulance, she stamped her small foot. "It is horrid of you—per-fectly horrid—and I never want to speak to be for any human being but Valeria to be for any human being but Valeria to the organize corrid—and I never want to speak to be sitting in the appoint of the stamped her small foot. "It is horrid of you—per-fectly horrid—and I never want to speak

that separated me from Grandchester. were lunacy to doubt it. The train began to move. Suddenly the door was opened, a girlish figure sprang into the compartment, and a porter, run-ning by the side of the train, threw in a bag and a bundle of wraps, and slammed the door violently. The young lady stood with her back to me, panting for breath. The luggage lay on the floor. I stooped to pick up the bag; so did the young

lady. Our hands met as I lifted it to the rack. "Oh, please, don't trouble!". she cried in a voice whose familiarity made my

heart beat. I caught sight of her face, for the first

time, and my heart beat faster than ever. It was her face—the face that had dawn-

"But you look disappointed." "The fact is," I stammered, "I expect-ed to see some one different—quite dif-ferent. The face you described has been you, if not ihe daughter of Dr. Deane of

Stavaton Street?' "My father is Mr. Henry Deane, the oculist. You asked if I were the daughaunting me for three months." She had the effrontery to laugh. Her ter of Dr. Deane. So many people give him the wrong title that I didn't trouble

"What I can't understand," said Miss

"I have never seen your cousin-she

Your voices are identical.'

"But our outer semblances-"

eyes danced mischief. "Did you really think me such a hideous to correct you. It took me a few moments to recover. fright? "You were not a fright at all," said I,

remembering my late traveling comsand pardons. I confused myself, and And then in a flash I realized what she

> had done. "Why on earth did you describe your

cousin instead of yourself?" "My cousin! How do you know that?" "Never mind," I answered. "You did. During your description you had her face vividly before your mind. The picture was in some telepathic way transferred from your brain to mine, and there it remained. The proof is that when I saw a certain lady today I recognized her at once and greeted her effusively as Valerie. Her name did happen to be Valerie, and Valerie Deane too, and I ran the risk of a police station-and I don't think it was fair of you. What prompted you to de-

I was hurt and angry, and I spoke with some acerbity. Valerie drew herself up with dignity

"If you claim an explanation, I will give it to you. We have had young men patients in the house before, and, as they cousin Valerie's love affairs were grounds

have had nothing to do, they have amused themselves and annoyed me by falling in love with me. I was tired of it, and decided that it shouldn't happen in your case. So I gave a false description of myself. To make it consistent, I took a real person for a model."

"So you were fooling me all the time? said I, gathering hat and stick. Her face softened adorably. Her voice

had the tones of the wood-wind. "Not all the time, Harold," she said.

plished woman. We talked books, art, travel. She had the swift wit which de-I laid down hat and stick. "Then why did you not undeceive me lights in bridging the trivial and the great. She had a playful fancy. Never afterward?" "I thought," she said, blushing and

have I found a personality so immediate-ly sympathetic. I told her a sad little Viennese story in which I happened to giving me a fleeting glance, "well, I thought you—you wouldn't be sorry to find I wasn't—bad looking." have played a minor part, and her ten-

"I am sorry, Valerie," said I, "and that's

Euston waiting for the train to carry me to Grandchester. I had telegraphed to Valerie; also to Mr. Deane, the oculist, for an appointment which might give color to my visit. I was alone in the carriage. My thoughts, far away from the long platform, leaped the four hours that compared to the four hours the carrent of the limbo of unreal things. A kiss for the long platform, leaped the four hours that compared to the four hours that compared to the four hours that compared to the limbo of unreal things. A kiss for the long platform, leaped the four hours that compared to the four hours that compared to the four hours that compared to the limbo of unreal things. A kiss for those lips had fluttered on mine. It that compared to the days of Juno.

A miserable, remorseful being, I wan-For the thousandth time I pictured our meeting. I foreshadowed speeches of burning eloquence. I saw the homely features transfigured. I closed my eyes the better to retain the beatific vision. question of its unattractiveness to the casual observer. The nose was too large and fleshy, the teeth too prominent, the eyes too small. But my love had pierced to its underlying spirituality, and it was "Well," she said with a touch of irony. "have you seen my cousin? "Yes," said I.

Toward the end of a remarkably short four hours' journey, Miss Deane graciously expressed the hope that we might "Do you think her like me?" "I wish to heaven she were!" I ex-claimed fervently. "I shouldn't be swirl-

"I shall ask Valerie," said J. "to present me in due form." She smiled maliciously. "Are you quite ing round in a sort of maelstrom. She looked steadily at me-I like her sure you will be able to distinguish downrightedness. from the other when my cousin and I are

the face above all others that I desired.

meet again.

laughed

"Do you mind telling me what you together?" "Are you, then, so identically alike?" mean?

"That's a woman's way of answering a question-by another question," she "Well, but are you?" I persisted. "And the personality?" "God knows," I groaned. "How otherwise could you have mistak-en me for her?" She had drawn off her "I never conceived it possible for any gloves, so as to give a tidying touch to her hair. I noticed her hands, small, man to fall in love with a face so hopelessly unattractive," she said with a long, and deft. I wondered whether they smile

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

However things may seem, no evil thing is success and no good thing is failure .- Samuel Loog-

The Knitted Toque.-Have you seen them? They are of wool-red or white, usually-and they are knitted or crochet ed loosely in the shape of tight-fitting skating caps and in the weave once fa-miliar in baby afghans.

Sometimes they are perfectly plain; sometimes they are bordered with dark fur; sometimes at the left side they have a long quill-feather or kid or velvet-caught by a little half-moon ornament. Never anything more than that-simplic-ity is their raison d'etre.

They are certainly very stunning, and they are very easy to make. If you crochet at all you must have one of them, and if you don't crochet you must learn

Probably they won't live very long beyond this winter, but Paris has decreed them, and so this season they are quite the thing. In Paris they wore them first to the races-a little girl selling doll caps at the gates thought of them first, they say-and now they are seen everywhere that a tailored suit is in evidence. For country tramps or for any open-air exercises they are ideal, since they fit closely over the hair, do not need hatpins and

yet do not disarrange the coiffure. Moreover, no snow or rain can hurt them, and they are easily washable in cool water and ammonia, with a little suds of castile soap. Do not iron them, but wring them tight, roll them in a tow

el and let them dry. In other words, act just as in laundering sweaters. In fact, where they look best is with the long knitted coats that Paris sent over to us still earlier in the season.

With a knitted skirt, coat, gloves, leggins and cap, the winter girl is togged out completely, ready for any weather.

"Once in two or three months is as often as it is advisable to wash the hair with soap and water," says Claribel Mon-tague, the beauty expert. "The rubbing, drying and rinsing, together with the action of the alkali in the soap—especially the alkali-tend to make the hair coarse, hard and brittle. Too much moisture causes the hair to become thin and lose its color.

"A simple and satisfactory dry sham-poo is made by mixing four ounces of powdered orris root with four ounces of therox. Sprinkle a tablespoonful of this mixture on the head and brush thoroughly through the hair once or twice a week That is all there is to it. This treatment not only keeps the hair light, fluffy and lustrous, but therox produces the growth of new hair.

Paris welcomed the bolero one year ago. Those who took advantage of the advanced notes enjoyed the feeling of being ahead of a few styles, and they are still in style-which is only the result of accepting suggestions from the right

sources. It you are interested in lines, you will notice the prevalence of the bolero or eton. It need not be a jacket that can be detached. Rather it is incorporated with the rest of the bodice by means of straps.

embroidery or cording. One effective style is a bolero that has "I am in love with the personality of one woman and the face of another. And I never shall fall out of love with the effect and then falls in a slanting line back toward the underarm seams. Buttons and cord hold it in place over a high draped girdle crossed at the front. Another version of the bolero story brings the pointed fronts to the center line, one crossing over the other, and held there by three large buttons. This, too, has the half-length Japanese sleeve. The bolero is an excellent trimming to of something odd, uncanny having hap-pened. I was fascinated. I found myself lieves any flatness of figure and can be be used with the high waistline. It reas ornate or as simple as you wish.

"It is true. I know I have a pretty voice—but that is all. It deceives blind somewhere by train and put me into a bed, and that soft-fingered people had tended my eyes; but where I was I neith-er knew nor cared. Torture, and blind "No," said I, "for I believe you are wil-

fully misrepresenting yourself. Besides, beauty does not depend upon features regular in themselves, but the way those features are put together.' "Oh, mine are arranged in an amiable

"Which cousin?

failed in its seduction.

Yet, after a while, its higher qualities ex-

ercised a peculiar attraction. A brave, tender spirit shone through. An intel-

sort of way. I don't look cross.' She sighed and said meditatively: "It is a great misfortune for a girl to be ed upon my blindness-the face I had to desperately plain. The consciousness grown to worship. I looked at her, trans fixed with wonder. She settled herself unconcerned in the farther corner of the of it comes upon her like a cold shower bath when she is out with other girls.

"But my eyebrows and hair run in straight parallel lines, so it isn't classic,

small. And my nose isn't a bad nose altogether, but its fleshy. One of those nondescript, unaristocratic noses that always looks as if it has got a cold. My mouth is large-I am looking at myself in the glass-and my teeth are white. Yes, they are nice and white. But they

are large and protrude-you know the French caricature of an Englishwoman's teeth. Really, now I consider the ques-tion, I am the image of the English mees in a French comic paper." "I don't belive it," I declared.

left me before I recovered my sight.' "How then could you say you had face before you for three months?" "I am afraid, Miss Deane, I was wrong in that as in everything else. It was wrong face. I had a mental picture of it." She put on a puzzled expression. "And | ceive me?" you used the mental picture for the pur-

She rose; I felt her bend over me. Her pose of recognition? "Yes," he said. "I give it up," said Miss Deane. She did not press me further. Her

accident?'

"I suppose it was only that after all," said I, "but it felt like the disruption of the solar system. "Are you still in great pain?" my un-

seen hostess asked sympathetically. Now there is my cousin-'

"Not since you have been in the room I mean," I added, chilled by a span of silence, "I mean—I am just stating what tell you about her? happened to be the fact."

"O!" she said shortly. "Well, my uncle found that you couldn't be properly treat-ed at your friend's little place at Shepton-Marling, so he brought you to Grand-

grievously disappointed. Her detailed chester---and here you are." "But I don't understand," said I, "why I should be a guest in your house.'

"You are not a guest," she laughed. "You are here on the most sordid and commercial footing. Your friend-I for-

get his name-Mobray," said I.

"Mr. Mobray settled it with my uncle.

You see the house is large and fathers practice small, so we keep a nursing home for my uncle's patients. Of course we have trained nurses.

"Are you one?" I asked.

"Not exactly. I do the housekeeping. But I can settle those uncomfortable pil-

I felt her dexterous cool hands about my head and neck. For a moment or two my eyes ceased to ache, and I wished I could see her. In tendering my thanks, I expressed the wish. She laughed her delicious laugh.

"If you could see you wouldn't be here, and therefore you couldn't see me any-

"Shall I ever see you?" I asked dis-"Why of course! Don't you know that

Henry Deane is one of the greatest ocu-lists in England?"

We discussed my case and the miraculous skill of Henry Deane. Presently she left me, promising to return. The tones of her voice seemed to linger, as a perfume would, in the darkness.

went with the concept of Valerie Deane. That was the beginning of it. It was Had I possessed the daring of Young ochinvar, I would, on several occasions, love, not at first sight, but at first sound. Pain and anxiety stood like abashed goblins at the back of my mind. Valerie Deane's voice danced in front like a tri-I habitually lose golden moments as some people habitually lose umbrellas. Alas! umphant fairy. When she came and talked sick-room platitudes I had sooner There is no Lost Property Office for goldlistened to her then to the music of the spheres. At that early stage what she said mattered so little. I would have given en moments! was said, that when the unanticipated rapturous heed to her reading of logaend drew near, our intercourse was arrithmic tables. I asked her silly questions merely to elicit the witchery of her voice. rant love-making. When Melba sings, do you take count of the idiot words? You close eyes and in-tellect and just let the divine notes melt All pain had gone from my eyes. I was up and dressed and permitted to grope my way about the blackness. Tomorrow I was to have my first brief glimpse of into your soul. And when you are lying on your back, blind and helpless, as was, your soul is a very sponge for any-thing beautiful that can reach it. After paying her morning visit, seemed depressa while she gave me glimpses of herself. sweet and womanly; and we drifted from "But think of it?" I cried in pardona-ble egotism. "Tomorrow I shall be able commonplace into deeper things. She was the perfect companion. We discussed all topics, from chiffons to Schopenhauer. Like most women, she execrated Schopenhauer. She must have devoted much of "It's like an inverted tureen that has her time to me; yet I ungratefully comheld pea-soup." Her voice had all the melancholy notes plained of the long intervals between her visits. But oh! those interminable idle of the wood-wind in the unseen shep-herd's lament in "Tistan and Isolde." hours of darkness, in which all the thoughts that had ever been thought were rethought over and over again until the

mind became a worn-out rag-bag! Only those who have been through the valley

carriage. I took the opposite seat and leaned forward. "You are Miss Deane?" I asked trem-"My Uncie Henry's daughter. Shall I

ulously. "I am not in the least interested in your

"That is my name," she said. "Valerie!" I cried in exultation. cousin," I replied. She laughed, and the entrance of the

She half-rose. "What right have you to address me?" nurse put an end to the conversation. Now I must make confession. I was

"I am Harold Winter," said I, taken description of herself as a sallow, ill-feature aback by her outraged demeanor. "Is it ed young woman awoke me with a shock possible that you don't recognize me?"

"I have never seen or heard of you be-fore in my life," replied the young lady tartly, "and I hope you won't force me to dreams of a radiant goddess. It arrested my infatuation in mid-course. My dismay was painful. I began to pity take measures to protect myself against her for being so unattractive. For the your impertinence. next day or two even her beautiful voice

I lay back against the cushions, gasp

ing with dismay. "I beg your pardon," said I, recovering; But soon a face began to dawn before me, elusive at first, and then gradually "I am neither going to molest you nor be intentionally impertinent. But, as your face has never been out of my mind for gaining in definition. At last the picture fashed upon my mental vision with sudden vividness, and it has never left me three months, and as I am traveling to this day. Its steadfastness convinced straight through from Vienna to Grandme of its accuracy. It was so real that I chester to see it for the first time. I may could see its expression vary, as she spoke, according to her mood. The be excused for addressing you." She glanced hurriedly at the com-

plainness, almost ugliness, of the face remunication cord and then back at me, as pelled me. I thought ruefully of having dreamed of kisses from the lips that bareif I were a lunatic. 'You are Miss Deane of Grandchester ly closed in front of the great white teeth.

daughter of Dr. Deane?" I asked. Yes.

"Valerie Deane, then?"

"I have told you so.'

lectual alertness redeemed the heavy fea-"Then all I can say is," I cried, losing tures-the low ugly brow, the coarse nose, the large mouth; and as I lay thinkny temper at her stony heartlessness "that your conduct in turning an honest, decent man into a besotted fool, and then disclaiming all knowledge of him, is out-rageous. It's damnable. The language ing and picturing there was revealed in an illuminating flash the secret of the harmony between face and voice. Thenceforward Valerie Deane was invested with

asn't a word to express it!" a beauty all her own. I loved the dear She stood with her hand on the cord. "I shall really have to call the guard," she said, regarding me coolly. plain face as I loved the beautiful voice, and the touch of her fingers, and the ten-

der, laughing womanliness, and all that "You are quite free to do so," I answer ed. "But if you do, I shall have to show your letters, in sheer self-defense. I am

not going to spend the day in a policehave declared my passion. But by tem-perament I am a diffident procrastinator. station She let go the cord and sat down again.

"What on earth do you mean?" she asked.

I took a bundle of letters from my pocket and tossed one over to her. She glanced at it quickly, started, as if in great surprise, and handed it back with a smile. Still I vow, although nothing definite 'I did not write that."

I thought I had never seen her equal for unblushing impudence. Her mellow tones made the mockery appear all the more diabolical.

"If you didn't write it," said I, "I should things for three weeks, in the darkened like to know who did." room. I was in high spirits. Valerie, "My Cousin Valerie."

"I don't understand," said I.

is her handwriting." Bewildered, I passed my hand over my to see you. I've longed for it as much as for the sight of the blue sky." "There isn't any blue sky," said Valerie. Bewildered, I passed my hand over my eyes. What feline trick was she playing? Her treachery was incomprehensible.

"I suppose it was your Cousin Valerie who tended me during my blindness at your father's house, who shed tears be-cause she had to leave me, who—"

herd's lament in "Tistan and Isolde." "I don't know how to tell you," she ex-claimed tragically, after a pause. "I shan't be here tomorrow. It's a bitter disappointment. My aunt in Wales is Hand to the period of the share of the shar

resembled Valerie's. "Would you do me the great favor of "It is beautiful," I cried. She looked at me queerly for a few letting me touch your hand while I shut seconds, during which I had the sensation my eyes, as if I were blind?" She held out her hand frankly. My fingers ran over it for a few seconds, as

saying: "What did you mean by the they had done many times over Valerie's. sweet irresponsibility of man?' "Well?" she asked. She put out her hand abruptly and said "Not the same," said I. good-bye. I watched her disappear swift-ly round a near corner, and I went, my She flushed, it seemed angrily, and glanced down at her hand, on which she head buzzing with her, back to my hotel. In the evening I dined with Dr. Deane. I immediately proceeded to draw her glove. "Yours are stronger. And finer," had no opportunity of seeing Valerie alone. In a whisper she begged forgive-ness. I relented. Her beauty and charm added, when I saw that the attribute of

strength did not please. "It's the one little personal thing I am would have mollified a cross rhinoceros. proud of," she remarked. "You have made my four hours pass like four minutes," said I. "A service to The love in her splendid eyes would have

a fellow creature which you might take some pride in having performed." "When I was a child I could have said ately. But inwardly I groaned, because the same of performing elephants." "I am no longer a child, Miss Deane," she had not the face of my dreams. I

hated her beauty. As soon as the front door closed behind me, my head began to said I with a bow. What there was in this to make the buzz again with the other Valerie. blood rush to her pale cheeks I do not

know. The ways of women have often surprised me. I have heard other men make a similar confession. stole through my bedroom windo "I think most men are children," she chimera vanished, but a gray dubiety

said shortly. "In what way?" "Their sweet irresponsibility," said Miss Deane. And then the train entered Grandches first train.

ter Station. I deposited my bag at the station hotel and drove straight to Stavaton street. 1

forgot Miss Deane. My thoughts and longings centred in her beloved counter-part, with her tender, caressing ways, and just a subtle inflection in the voice to which I had been listening. The servant who opened the door rec-The servant who opened the door rec-ognized me and smiled a welcome. Miss

Valerie was in the drawing-room "I know the way," said I.

Impetuous, I ran up the stairs, burst man) could solve my problem and save me from a hopeless and lifelong celibacy into the drawing-room, and stopped short on the threshold in the presence of a strange and exceedingly beautiful woman. She was stately and slender. She had she would earn my undying gratitude. —By William T. Locke. in Collier's. masses of bright brown hair waving over a beautiful brow. She had deep sapphire eyes like stars. She had the complexion of a Greuze child. She had that air of its leaves begin to wither. There's no apparent injury to the tree, no visible

fairy diaphaneity combined with the glow of superb health which makes the typical loveliness of the Englishwoman. I gazed for a second or two at this gra-

cious apparition. "I beg your pardon," said I; "I was

"I don't understand, saw I. "My name is Valerie Deane and my cousin's name is Valerie Deane, and this the fireplace smiled and came forward with extended hands.

"Why, Harold! Of course you were told. It is all right. I am Valerie." I blinked; the world seemed upside down; the enchanting voice rang in my

ears, but it harmonized in no way with the equally enchanting face. I put out my hand. "How do you do?" I said

The hand bag is now the inseparable companion of woman. A beauty is made of sealskin with a gold top, the owner's initials in gold adorning the side that is generally presented to the gaze of the public. Oxydized silver is sometimes seen, but gold is more favored. No longer is a handle of modest length allowed. Long cords of leather or silk are sup-plied, occasionally several are pleated together, and finished where they join the warmed a snow image. The pressure of her hand at parting brought back the old Valerie, and I knew I loved her desperbag, with tassels. The black suede and the velvet bag

also have their devotees, while leather worked in the Venetian manner is much in evidence.

In Paris, and on the Continent generally, great liking is evinced for the bag of I lay awake all night. The two Valeries fairly modest proportions with long cords wove themselves inextricably together in that are slung across the shoulder-in the my hopes and longings. I worshiped a same way as one carries field glasses-composite chimera. When the gray dawn perhaps because this method displays in perhaps because this method displays its v. the beauty to the greatest advantage

dawned upon my soul. Day invested it with a ghastly light. I rose a shivering wreck and fled from Grandchester by the Edicts of Fashion Heard in Paris .-Delft blue is to be a popular shade for the new spring suit or for the trip to Florida.

I have not been back to Grandchester. A touch of black velvet is shown on all I am in Vienna, whither I returned as fast as the Orient Express could carry the new light frocks displayed in fashionable shops.

The butterfly is seen in all of this sea-son's fashions. It ornaments stunning evening gowns, is perched airily on charming coiffures and rests lazily on hats of velvet and fur.

my uncertain existence. But which of the Valeries it is I can not for the life of Evening wraps are seen made of beaded lace or net laid over lustrous satins. They often have a deep hem of the satin

If any woman (it is beyond the wit of nan) could solve my problem and save The day when the debutante was strictly gowned in pure white is past. The new wild rose frocks for young girls threaten to take the pure white frock's place.

Ribbon hair ornaments in becoming bow shapes, and also in flat rosette ef-fects, called this season "boutonniere," A tree in the orchard begins to droop, are greatly liked by both young girls and youthful matrons.

keeps on falling. At length the farmer digs around it to loosen the soil at the Hosiery always matches the slippers and many beautiful silk stockings are roots, and in digging he comes on a great, flat stone, which had cut the tree off shown having elaborately wrought drawnwork decorations, or else daintily em-broidered floral designs. from proper nourishment. When the stone is taken away the tree regains its

fail and droop sometimes. There's no apparent cause. They take care of them The ban which has been placed upon the train seems about to be lifted, for there are rumors that before long the exselves but in spite of all they droop daiaggerated long train will again be in

> quite out of date and until now the great majority of gowns for afternoon and evening wear have been quite short, but as the season advances there are more and more long skirts and once more it seems we will have the long and decidedly grace-ful however inconvenient, train.

> > Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

This season the long skirt has been

only heals the local organs but enriches the whole body.

ly. They begin to think the cause must be within them and hidden. When, in

me decide.

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this condition, they turn to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the result is almost always a complete cure. "Favorite Pre-scription" searches out and removes the

obstructions to woman's health. It not

stupidly. "But aren't you glad to see me?" asked