IN THE DAY OF THE HARVEST.

Ye have plowed, ye have sowed, and the harves shall be of its kind: What ye sowed ye shall gather and grind; What ye grind ye shall bake, saith the Lord, and,

bitter or sweet. In the days that shall be ye shall eat.

I am He that looks over the fence. I see, saith the Lord. How ye gather the fruits for your board.

And the mills of my patience run down. I will come, I will come, And the mirth of your feast shall be dumb.

Did ye deem that the Lord was far off? I have seen how for gain

Ye have dammed up my rivers of grain Till the poor in the cities have moaned. I have heard me the cry That for justice hath come up the sky.

And a patter of feet hath come up through the roar of your mills, Where childhood bath gone to your tills

Ye shall be as the hiss of the foam that hath died on the sand;

Ye shall be no more in the land. Did ye deem that my wrath was a cloud that ha thundered and gone, Swallowed up in the smile of the dawn?

Clouds return, saith the Lord. Have ye heard when I called over France, How the Terror joined hands in her dance? In the day that ye eat, I will pour ye the wir

saith the Lord: I will come in the night with a sword.

And your towers shall be as a reed in the breath of my might When I come, when I come in the night

And ye that have drained off the laugh from th mouths of the poor. Ye shall know that my coming is sure.

And ye that have poisoned the strength of t children of men. What caverns will cover ye then? I will come with a roar, saith the Lord. I

rouse up the slave Till he win back the soul that I gave. I will toss with a shout into battle the rich and

the poor. Ye shall know that my laws they endure

-- Edwin Davies Schoonmaker.

father glowered at him. "Heed no cries from Macedonia. So long, mummie!" and there is nothing that makes pigs as angel mummies. turned around and waved a handkerchief at Tom, who was still standing on the

front steps looking after her. Septimus Hyde shifted Phoebe's travelling-bag, for it vexed him to think of the coming days with only Tom in the house. Phoebe looked up at him. "I'll be home before you know it."

No reply. "It's only a week, dear, and my brother has counted on it all winter long. Still no reply.

'I wish you could see your way to go "Phoebe, I told you"-the Reverend

Sunday, the Adams' girl to be baptized, with a bang. and a dozen calls to make." "But,father, you know in our big church there are always things to be done, and if you waited for nothing to do you would

never get away at all. There's the Encampment; you are going to that, father." Duty, Phoebe," snorted the chaplain, with such pronouncement that Phoebe did not have the courage to suggest what was

with her. They walked the rest of the way to the station in silence. Once on the platform, Septimus helped her on to the train, bought her a magazine, took a formal peck at her wrinkled cheek, and went back on to the platform, where he stood with his head erect and his shoulders after another. They were bills—bills for thrown back. As the train moved off, he bowed stiffly three times without a smile, ceries and meat, for light, for tailoring while Phoebe tapped the glass, bobbed her head, waved her handkerchief, and smiled to the very last instant Septimus

could see her.
After that Phoebe began to look about eagerly, for these trips into the great knew what these first-of-the-month were too few and far between to miss a single instant of their intense joy. Two seats down on the other side were an old husband and wife unaffectedly glad to be with each other. The wife sat in the seat behind her husband, resting her hands on the back of her husband's seat she had; how she took the bit of wedding and her chin on her hands much in the fashion of a Raphael cherub. They seemed to be having such a good time, Phoebe was sure they were taking a holiday together. At the next station a short coat, removed her hat, got out a beautiful Did Septimus know what a wealth of blue silk bag into which she popped the comfort the whole box of chocolate precious hat, and tried to put the blue bag on the rack above her head. A goodnatured youth in the seat in front of her rose quickly and deposited the bagged hat on the rack. The lady handed him her coat, which he started to hang on the hook by the seat. "No, not there, not there; I don't like it there!" expostulated the stout little lady. Then the obliging youth reached up and jammed the coat down on top of the blue-bagged hat. "Oh. oh, not on my hat, sir; not on my hat!' The young man blushed and made another attempt to hang the coat on the hook, in which he was stopped by an imperious wave of the lady's hand. "No, no, sir; not there, I cannot see if you hang it there." By that time the eyes of all the car were on the lady and the young man, and an Irishman across the car from the excited pair gave an impressible passengers, and the youth, still confused. made another frantic attempt to put the coat on top of the bagged hat, while the stout lady called, "No, no, not on my hat, sir; not on my hat!" Finally the blue bag was lifted up and the coat was put under

Phoebe made a note of that bag. She must have one for the next journey, although she didn't see how any one could bear to make so much trouble for anybody else. Outside everything whirled by in gay delirium while the train thumped evenly to the tune Phoebe hummed under her breath. Each year the trip seemed more glorious than the year beseemed more glorious than the year

full swing of vacation delight. Her brother's luxurious house; the new black silk gown and cloak she had found hanging in her closet "with "For sister Phoebe

bureau drawer; the bright light in the dining-room; the crackling of the fire on the hearth; the rich colors and quiet service—all had transported Phoebe to a land of faries. Not that she had forgotten Septimus or Tom! Not at all! But Phoebe did dearly revel in this brief and ring up the doctor.

The following day he was himself at

sumptuous yearly vacation.

As Samuel handed her two letters Phoebe had a troubled thought—she "Hello, mummie, that you? How are would put them away and read them the next day, after the full joy of that first day had been taken untroubled. Then, dismayed at such disloyal instincts, she opened the letter hastily.

"MY DEAR PHOEBE .- After yot left I plumber had been here and Jane could not say where to put the washers you had ordered; and Duffy made a mistake in the groceries and left saltpetre instead of salt pork. Jane seems very put out about something. I shouldn't be surprised to have her give notice before you get back. As you know, I have two funerals tomorrow, and my headaches. Remember me to Samuel. I hope you are enjoying yourself thoroughly, and am Yours affectionately

SEPTIMUS HYDE."

Phoebe's face brightened a little when he opened Tom's letter.

"DEAR MUMMIE.-This was the conver sation at breakfast this morning: dad, how'd you sleep?' Paternal snort. Streets abominably noisy-trolley cars need new wheels. I should think that company—' 'But, pater, all their new stock was put into this line.' No reply. From me, with sympathy and an effort to speak like mum, 'Were you troubled about anything, daddy?" Savage shove at the coffee-cup. 'Fill that up, will you? Your mother always gives me a full cup. Going out after breakfast, pater?' Glare. 'Well, so long, daddy. Hope you feel bet-ter before I get home.' Ain't I a genius at filling your place, mummie? Say, give a guess what makes dad so cross!

"I took father for a ride on the tandem bike yesterday afternoon. This time I put him in front. You remember last time I couldn't imagine what made the action so hard, and when I looked around there was pater not pedalling a bit and bowing right and left to people worse than royality. But yesterday he pedalled savagely, and he didn't see Mrs. Pettingill (oh, dollars and cents!). They'll have it in for him. And I wish you could have HER VACATION.

seen the nod he gave Jake. When you get back, mummie, you'll have choir knots tighter than any lovers' knots you mischievous look in Tom's eyes as his ever saw to unite. But don't you come back now, mummie dear. Men are pigs, and there is nothing that so rapidly

"P. S.—This is to warn you that pa's stomach, liver, spleen, and all the other magic little orgings of affection are going back on him awful soon this time.

At breakfast-time of the third day of was nearer his saucer of oatmeal than usual. Yet the flight of his spoon was not so military and precise as it had been four days ago, and apparently the oat-Septimus Hyde's lips were vexed and tense—"I told you there was the Masons' the saucer away, and drew the cup of funeral, and the Leavitts', too; there's the mid-week service tonight, the services on He tasted the coffee and set the cup down larguage but the German. Jean gave him no pleasure. He pushed language but the German. Jean gave him no orders save in that tongue. And so, the him an instinct to search for a lost when the burglar-alarm made a fierce when the services on He tasted the coffee and set the cup down claim at midnight a fortnight ago, the complex to the

'Well, pater, don't you like it?'

"No. Call Jane." Tom pushed the button. 'Jane, what's the matter with this coffee! It tastes like mud." "I'm sure I don't know, sir," replied

Jane, with considerable dignity. made as usual."

his letters. Ton managed a wink to Jane and said aloud in a grave voice: "It's remarkably bad, Jane, I'll pour another cup just to taste how bad it is when mother

Septimus Hyde cut open his letters one and carpentry, for dentistry—bills, bills, bills! As he opened these envelopes Septimus' most bitter thought was that Phoebe had gone away at a time when she well knew he would need her. She planned to darn undergarments till her tired hands would not take another stitch; money she had saved and paid the ice bill that came to the back door so that Septimus might not have to worry about it; and how she cried a little, with only the chocolate cream she had tucked away stout lady got in, carefully took off her in the top bureau drawer for comfort? creams tucked away in the top bureau drawer at her brothers meant to Phoebe? And I wonder did the time ever come when the thought of those chocolate creams he had sometimes found while rummaging for a tie—the thought of how few there had been—stabbed him to the heart? I wonder!

At least this morning, wrinkled and bilious, he thought of many things as he pushed away the food. Phoebe wasn't there, and yet he felt that she ought to be, to talk gayly to him on bill-days as she always did, to tell him that she was sure weddings would make them rich be-fore July was out—she had been sure of

"Don't you think," said Phoebe at such times, "that young Mr. Pipkin—you know he's rich, father—don't you think he will give twenty-five.dollars!

Septimus didn't know-no, he didn't think so. There was that young million-aire Dobbins who had paid only a two-

"Father" — Phoebe's eyes widened— "you must remember the Marshall wed-

ding; that was one hundred dollars!"
So, grudging, on bill-day "father" allowed himself to be pulled toward hope.
And after breakfast Phoebe would brush his coat, straighten his tie, hand him his gloves, and stand by the window smiling and bobbing till he was out of sight. And on the night of such a day, no matter how late Septimus was kept out, when he reached home Phoebe was awaiting him, with his slippers warmed, a cup of hot cocoa, and a bit of sewing in her hands, for she knew he would not wish to talk. Did the time ever come when Septimus remembered those days and how Phoebe sought to lighten the care and toil of others and was Septimus troubled to

lighten for her? Though at least, he knew that he needed her and that she wasn't there, and he felt so worried that he left

the table abruptly.

Tom looked after him soberly, and drummed his fingers on the chair arm. He was not surprised to hear his father

"Hello, mummie, that you? How are you? Well, that's good! Having a bully time? He did! Uncle's a brick! . . . No, not very well. Pater says it's his stomach and liver." This was followed by a snigger from Tom. "What do I think it is, mum? He certainly do look yaller, and he—he can't live without you, mummie, and this long separation afflicts his liver came home to a solitary house. The and this long separation afflicts his liver and this long separation affects his liver and—No, no, mummie, it isn't anything serious. I thought it might frighten you to be told Mr. Ames had supplied the pulpit. . . . You are coming home? Now, mummie, you . . . The first train in the morning? . . . At twelve? . . . I'll meet

> When Phoebe arrived the next noon Septimus was still somewhat dreary. Yet something was relaxing his tense ures. He replied in monosyllables to her eager questions. By the afternoon not only had his features relaxed, but also his tongue, and there was a half-acknowledged smile about his mouth. He was sitting bolt upright on the couch now, and before he knew it he was on his feet pacing up and down the room in his usual manner, and pouring out his confidence to Phoebe. He told her every-thing, from saltpeter and pork to Mrs. Pettingill, who had refused to contribute to the Children's Aid—every fact of the past four days was spread before her.

When Tom came into the room his father was lifting up his chin and straight-ening his tie. After that Septimus took off his dressing-gown and put on his coat; then he opened the closet door and took down his overcoat.

"Father," said Phoebe. "you are not going out? You are ill." Septimus looked around absent-mindedly. "Ill? Oh, I don't feel so; in fact, I feel surprisingly well. Those tablets the

doctor gave were very effective." "Why, father, I came home because you were sick! Now I've just come and you are going out. I thought you wanted me home.

Septimus looked blankly at Phoebe. "But you are home, mother." Then he The Masons will probably be waiting for me," and with a peck for her old cheek and a curt nod for Tom he sallied forth, his step once more eager and martial, and his eyes alert for every greeting by the way.—By Jeannett Marks, in Harper's

Mark Twain's Tribute to His Daughter.

In Harper's for January is printed the last thing that Mark Twain wrote—a touching and beautiful tribute to his daughter Jean, who died just one year ago. It was written on the day of her death. He says:
"Jean's dog has been wandering about

Phoebe's absence Septimus Hyde's head the grounds today, comradeless and forlorn. I have seen him from the windows. She got him from Germauy. He has tall language but the German. Jean gave him | curate he is and notice how God has givman, tried in vain to interest the dog in the supposed burglar. Jean wrote me, to Bermuda, about the incident. It was the master by his rapid baying, which his last letter I was ever to receive from her master fully understands and how God bright head and her competent hand. has given him the knowledge to find his

Jean's. From her childhood up she al- he never saw before? The man of God grunted, pushed away ways spent the most of her allowance on in her mind about duty and a vacation the offending stuff, and began opening charities of one kind and another. After she became secretary and had her income

I am glad and grateful to say.

"She was a loyal friend to all animals. and she loved them all, birds, beasts, and everything-even snakes-an inheritance from me. She knew all the birds: she was high up in that lore. She became a member of various humane soci-eties when she was still a little girl both here and abroad-and she remained an active member to the last. She founded two or three societies for the protection of animals, here and in Europe.

"She was an embarrassing secretary, for she fished my correspondence out of lick the wounds that come in the encountwere to him. Did he, I wonder, know that they were to her? How she had the waste-basket and answered the letters. She thought all letters deserved the courtesy of an answer. Her mother brought her up in that kindly error."

> People strive to make their houses thief-proof. When the thief does enter it is usually through the householder's careessness, in forgetting to lock a door or fasten a window. Disease is the great burglar who breaks into the body. Everybody takes precautions against disease, more or less thorough. When the burglar disease does effect an entrance to the body it is generally through careless. The busy man gets his feet wet in some sudden rain storm and tramps about through an afternoon in this condition. He takes cold. A cough fastens on him. He begins to bleed from the lungs. The spectre of consumption rises up to affright him. The use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery when the cough begins will al most invariably prevent the spread of disease. Even when the cough has been persistent and the hemorrhages frequent, "Golden Medical Discovery" always helps and almost always heals. It completely cures ninety-eight per cent. of those who give it a fair and faithful trial.

"Are the bowels regular?" That is one of the first questions a physician asks when he is called to attend a sick person. To keep the bowels open and keep the regular is a prime necessity of health. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will keep bowels and liver in a healthy condition and prevent many a fit of sickness.

-"That chap really has a lot "I know it," replied Farmer Corntossel.
"But the trouble is that he keeps usin'
'em to think up new ways to act foolish."

"Briggs reminds me of an encycloedia."
"Smart?" "No; thick." -Living on tick is rather a ticklish

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

In the good old days when hounding was allowed, nearly every guide kept a good hound and there is no music so pleasing to the ear of a true sportsman as the baying of a hound on a hot trail. The hounds is the most human use of the way that the human mind can invent. The hound was created for no other purpose than that of trailing wild game. I God had intended it otherwise he would have placed the scent or odor in the deer's horns instead of its feet. Gon intended us to hunt wild deer with the hound, as he foresaw the necessity of saving the animal the long suffering that comes eighty times out of a hundred as in still hunting there are only about twenty per cent. of the deer that are killed outright. The other eighty per cent. are wounded and may linger along ten days or a longer period of time before death relieves their tortures. Use the hound as God intended us to do and drive the deer to water and there at a point-blank-range, by a wellaimed shot take its life instantar

You will readily see the wisdom of God in not exposing only a vital part of the deer to be shot at and that is its head. Its body is submerged under the surface of the water and there is no possible chance of wounding the animal. It is either missed or killed outright. Every hunter that approves of still-hunting and the killing of the noble hound has no sympathy for any animal and does not give a thought to the excruciating pain a wound-

ed deer must suffer. Years ago there lived a man in this part of the country who would shoot a hound on sight. It so happened that one day a deer was swimming across Lake George. The wind was blowing a gale at the time the man made the discovery. It proved to be a large buck struggling to reach shore. The man saw an opportunity to secure some venison by the use of the butt end of an oar, so jumping into the boat he plied the oars vigorously and soon reached the almost exhausted buck. This man was in the prime of life, standing over six feet in his stocking feet and built on the lines of a giant of ancient history, so running his boat as near the deer as possible, he swung the heavy ash oar and aimed a blow at the buck's head. Owing to the heavy seas and from the force of the blow he missed the deer's head and there was so much force used that the man was carried overboard. Luckily he came up near the buck and he grabbed hold of its tail. By that time the deer realized its danger and concentrating its remaining strength, it swam on and on, towing the man behind. It was a long time before it reached the shore and just as its feet would have touched land, the man held on to the deer's tail with one hand and with the other he drew from his pocket a jack-knife, which he opened with his teeth, then reaching forward he severed the cord above the deer's gambrels which deprived the animal of the use of its hind parts and in its helpless condition the human brute beat the brains out of the poor deer that had just saved his worthless life. His hatred for all animal life did not bring out one spark of dormant pity that his stony heart might have

possessed and he murdered the unfortu-Such deeds as the above are characterand how he will stop and sniff the ground butler, who is French and knows no Ger- to find out if he has the right scent, and way back to his master, although he may The dog will not be neglected.

"There was never a kinder heart than have run many miles in a wilderness that have run many hefore?"

The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his ly led her away. I saw her little enemy; his son or daughter that he has doubled she spent her money upon these things with a free hand. Mine too, grateful. Those nearest and dearest to mother had been led away. One tiny us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name may become traitors to their faith. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous is his hound. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and poverity, in health and sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will like the mand that come in the account. ers with the roughness of the world, he guards the sleep of his pauper master as though he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wing and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If misfortune drives his master forth an out-cast in the world friendless and homeless, known to man and first practiced by the the faithful hound asks no higher privilege than to accompany him to guard against danger and to fight his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes and death takes the master in its cold embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside the noble hound will be found, true even in death.

Several years ago the writer together with some friends was hunting in the viwith her young in most any swampy section of the Adirondacks, but the trouble was that at the first sound of the hounds' voices the doe would hide her fawns and then lead the hounds deeper into the wil-derness and at some stream or pond she is no need to exhort the sufferers from would take water, in which case the hound was outwitted, and by a rounda-bout way the doe would join her young.

This same disappointment was met with day after day and our guide worked faithfully but we never saw a deer. At night we would talk over the promises of tomorrow's hunt as we were in hopes of starting a buck. While we were discussing the matter we were interrupted by the entrance of a guide who at once joined in the conversation with these words: "D--the dogs, I can kill a deer before noon to-morrow and I won't use a hound either." With one exception our party did not take any stock in what we thought was an idle

from brother Samuel" pinned on it; the box of chocolates hidden away in her top lighten for her? Though at least, he knew The guide who shot the doe was anxious to sell her to us, but she was so thin in flesh we did not want her at any price.

After we had our supper we were listen-ing to Austin's songs when the door opened and in walked the successful hunter. He was under the influence of liquor and was more boastful than before. He finally declared that he could kill another deer on the morrow. We paid no attention to the boast and shortly afterwards we retired for the night. We ate our breakfast at the break of day next morning and after feeding Nimrod and Sport, our two hounds, we again climbed the mountain to the place where we were to watch that day. The torest presented a grandeur be-yond description. Much of the toliage was on the trees and the leaves presenteu all the colors of a crazy quilt. mosphere was cool and the odor from the pines and baisams was very invigorating, and as I sat there on the mountainside fully realized what a beautiful world we had and wondered at its people's greediness and selfishness, when true happiness could be had by following the teachings of the Bible. Suddenly I was startled by the heavy voice of old Sport, which was quickly followed by the sharp quick bay of Nimrod. Very soon the two voices were blended into one, as the deer left cover. I shall never forget the music of the voices of these two hounds as they ran over the mountains, and as I listened to their delightful notes, the warm blood went pulsatidg through my whole body. As before the deer had taken water and outwitted the hounds and a long drawn out howl from old Sport indicated a lost trail. In a short time the dogs came to us and Austin took them in and we started for the hotel. On arriving there we were again surprised to see a little fawn lying on the steps, a great ugly hole just back of its shoulder, where the bullet had

plowed, which showed the cause of its for this most popular ornament continue death. This was the first fawn that I to be on the increase. The most fash ever saw in the spotted coat, and I never ionablel ean toward simplicity. In illus saw anything so beautiful in all my life. tration of this, there is the single pear-There it lay, its neatly chiseled head, grace-ful form and its brown spots brought out marine, surrounded by openwork gold or in all their splendor by the last rays of the platinum. The enamel necklace is like afternoon sun. As I gazed on this beautiful creature, my heart was filled with very ornate; one design has the entire sorrow and I thought that its innocence chain formed of green enamel links of a and beauty should have protected it floral design, with a pearl of different against any civilized human being. deer had been shot and I interviewed the pends an iridescent pearl of unusua hunter. He finally said: "Why I knew where these deer were all summer and all I had to do was to conceal myself before daylight in the morning, and wait until they came out to feed. Soon after day-

light I saw the doe's head come out of the woods and I waited until she was quite near, then I drew a bead at her and she fell at the crack of my rifle and the fawn bounded back into the woods. The next morning I concealed myself as before and long before it was light enough to shoot I heard the bleating of the fawn. When it was light enough to be sure of my aim, I imitated the call of the doe, and very soon the fawn came trotting out of the woods and I shot it while it stood looking around for its mother."

I once knew a little girl five or six years old, a most beautiful child. She was a blond with light golden hair that gently waved, but did not curl. Her eyes were deep blue, large laughing eyes, that would fairly dance with merriment when she was pleased. She was a bright, sunny child and was loved by all who knew her. Her mother dressed her with care and she wore her hair braided and at the end of the braid a light blue ribbon was knotted braid a light blue ribbon was knotted. I have seen her among her playmates with a bag of candy which she would pass to each that they might insert a dirty little hand and help themselves and her merry peal of laughter could be heard when she was at play. I saw her again lying in a little white casket. I witnessed the heart-rending grief of the mother as she bent over the coffin and I heard her despairing wail as some kind friend gentmates with tears streaming down their lock of hair had been disarranged by the grief of the mother and it lay carelessly across the pallid forehead, and as I gazed on the dead face of this little girl there was a striking similarity of innocence be-tween the dead child in the casket and the dead fawn lying on the rough boards at that backwoods hotel with these exceptions, the little girl's chubby hands were folded over that great generous heart that was forever stilled in death, her eyes were closed as if in peaceful slumber. The little fawn's eyes were staring wide open and although glazed in death, there still remained a glint of the gladness of heart that that little fawn felt as it trotted out of the forest with the expectation of meeting its mother. The life of the little girl had been taken by the hand of God for a just and good purpose. The little fawn's life had been taken by

> LLOYD PORTER. Ticonderoga, N. Y.

Cure for Tuberculosis.

American Indian, "shot to death from am-

A woman doctor at Pittsburg claims to have discovered a remedy for tuberculo-sis. In an interview she says: "I have positive proof that I have discovered a cure for tuberculosis so simple and so cheap it can be grown in your back yard. with some friends was hunting in the vicinity of Brant Lake. We were provided with some of the best deer hounds in the country, but owing to the drought and the season, which was about the 20th of September, the dogs were unable to trail a deer for any length of time. Let me say here that fawns are not all born on the same day or the same month as the following will prove. We had no trouble in starting our hounds as it is very easy at this season of the year to find an old doe with her young in most any swampy section.

> Almost every woman suffers from the more serious forms of such disease that active steps should be taken to effect a cure. Pain and suffering deliver that exhortation every day. It is the fortunate woman whose disorder is seemingly slight of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in her case will establish her in sound health. Neglect always means complications and slower cure. Women who suffer from slower cure. chronic forms of diseases of the womanly organs are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

boast. But imagine our surprise on returning to the hotel that night to see a large doe stretched out dead on the hotel steps. She was very thin in flesh, and

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

God is the giver, life a partnership, humanity a brotherhood.-Timothy Titcomb.

Medium-sized flowers are banked over many crowns. It lightens the hats and has been found advisable to have only the brim of straw, when the flowers are to be banked over the crown. As there is still considerable velvet used on the hats, particularly for facing, every device should be employed to detract from the

Using banks, pyramids and bouquets of small and medium-size flowers is the favorite motif for trimming. There is a good deal of lace employed in various ways and not a little ribbon in epingle, faille and velvet, as well as uncut velvet. Ostrich, in both willow and French effects, leads in feathers, many of these being shaded or in several harmonizing colors. In ornaments, beads lead and these are fashioned into bands and strings, as well as buckles and cabochons.

One of the cleverest new hats shows a new departure. The whole shape is cov-ered with small loops of silk ribbon, some white, some emerald green, and some black, cleverly folded and set very closely together, so that they look almost like flower petals. On the one side there are two rose-shaped choux of emerald green ribbon, with tall upstanding ends, wired to keep them stiffly in position, and giving the always becoming aigrette effect.

The slender platinum chain is fast superceding the gold one in its use for pendants. Mountings also are of the same metal, and the number of designs tone in each segment, and a large pendant, I had a desire to know how these two similar in color or motif, from which debeauty.

> Have you noticed the emphasis placed on braid in the spring models? It has invaded millinery, coats and wraps, and not content with this, it has made itself felt on accessories such as handbags, etc. In the realm of dress braid it is most noticeable. This year it must be very wide, and, although at first it seems expensive, the wearing qualities of this trimming are such that you change your

> mind and succumb. Wide braid is used to outline the favorite sailor collor on suits and dresses It forms reveres; it is easily used to fashion deep cuffs, and frequently plastrons and inserted pieces are introduced just to prove what a valuable asset braid is.

Very wide braid-and it can be onehalf yard in width-is used to form the front of coats, or to fashion wide banels on coats or skirts. From this expensive, but beautiful trimming, half-length sleeves are made trimmed with silver or

golden buttons. Silk braid is used on the elaborate satin suit that is coming slowly but surely. It forms the trimming for the jacket, and then is used as deep bands on the skirt. On serge dresses the vogue for wide braid is quite pronounced. Whether they be white or colored, the braid seems to trim them with an appropriateness that

attracts the eye.

Remember that braid, if of good quality, can be used again and again. It outlasts the garment that it trims and in the end pays you for your investment.

poisonous substances have a patent stopper that requires time and thought to open. Its aim is to prevent a child open-ing it, or an adult from mistaking it in The latest material for men's ties is not

unlike the old-fashioned grenadine that bow ties were made of. The most at-

The latest medicine bottles to hold

tractive of these are in two-tone affects, lacy and soft and silkly as any feminine Few indeed are the petticoats worn

with the lightweight spring suits, but where a petticoat is worn it is of the soft-est messaline or satin fitted closely and smoothly down to a deep flounce, which is either accordion pleated or shaped so that it falls limp and straight.

The black jersey top with the flounce of messaline is best for utility purposes, and there are some pretty effects in a black and white stripe, although when the white stripe is too wide the petticoat soils quickly.

Although very often most attractive, the use of cord for a girdle will probably lose caste from over-popularity, for as a fad it has already been overworked. That it is pretty, however, cannot be denied, and with the empire waist line

there is no more appropriate finish. Many variations of the sailor collar are seen on blouses of a semi-tailored type.

These are pretty and always distinctly The round Dutch neck, the square Dutch neck and the pointed Dutch neck are all seen, the newest being the point-ed, but on some of the new French blouses one sees the rather trying neckline which runs straight across the base of

On any but the prettiest and fullest of necks this style is a failure, but those who wear it will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that it is distinctly the new-

That coats are to be short as well as skirts are to be narrow, we all know. It was written in the book as early as last December. It is a prophecy that has been fulfilled, or rather a promise made good. The short sack coat, made after a man's model, is the one which is considered the best. It has straight under arm seams, is heavily weighted, and is cover-ed with pockets. There seems not the lightest reason to believe that the double-breasted fastening will have any po-sition. Here and there one sees a model -Children are punished by scolding that laps over at the waist line to fasten, but the coat that buttons higher than this and is not single-breasted is unfashionable and looks it.