

TRANSFER.

If you are on the gloomy line. Get a transfer. If you're inclined to fret and pine. Get a transfer. Get off the track of doubt and gloom. Get on the sunshine train, there's room. Get a transfer. If you are on the worry train. Get a transfer. You must not stay there and complain. Get a transfer. The cheerful cars are passing through. And there is lots of room for you— Get a transfer. If you are on the grouchy track. Get a transfer. Take the happy special back. Get a transfer. Jump on the train, and pull the rope. That lands you at the station Hope— Get a transfer.

THE DEATH OF JEAN.

The death of Jean Clemens occurred early in the morning of December 24, 1906. Mr. Clemens was in the greatest stress of mind when I first saw him, but a few hours later I found him writing steadily. "I am setting it down," he said, "everything. It is a relief to me to write it. It furnishes me an excuse for thinking." At intervals during that day and the next I looked in, and usually found him writing. Then on the evening of the 16th, when he knew that Jean had been laid to rest in Elmira, he came to my room with the manuscript in his hand.

"I have finished it," he said; "read it. I can form no opinion of it myself. If you think it worthy, some day at the proper time—I can send you my autobiography. It is the final chapter."

Four months later—almost to the day—(April 21st) he was with Jean. It would seem, now, that the world may, with propriety, read these closing words.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

STORMFIELD, CHRISTMAS EVE, 11 A. M., 1909.

Has and one ever tried to put upon paper all the little happenings of twenty-four hours preceding the sudden and unexpected death of that dear one? Would a book contain them? Would two books contain them? I think not. They pour into the mind in a flood. They are little things that have been always happening every day, and were always so unimportant and easily forgotten before—until now! Now, how different! How precious they are, how dear, how unforgettable, how pathetic, how sacred, how clothed with dignity!

Last night, I all flushed with splendid health, and I the same, from the wholesome efforts of my Bermuda holiday, strolled hand in hand from the dinner table and sat down in the library and chatted, and planned, and discussed, cheerily and happily (and how unsuspectingly) until nine—which is late for us—then went up-stairs, Jean's friendly German dog following her. At my door Jean said, "I can't kiss you good night, father; I have a cold, and you could catch it." I bent and kissed her hand. She was moved—I saw it in her eyes—and she impulsively kissed my hand in return. Then with the usual gay "Sleep well, dear!" from both, we parted.

At half past seven this morning I woke, and heard voices outside my door. I said to myself, "Jean is starting on her usual horseback flight to the station for the mail." Then Katy entered, stooped quaking and gasping at my bedside a moment, then brought her back to life.

"Miss Jean is dead!"

Possibly I know now what the soldier feels when a bullet crashes through his heart.

In her bath-room there she lay, the fair young creature, stretched upon the floor and covered with a sheet, looking so placid, so natural, and as if asleep. We knew what had happened. She was an epileptic: she had been seized with a convulsion and heart failure in her bath. The doctor had to come several miles. His efforts, like our previous ones, failed to bring her back to life.

It is noon now. How lovely she looks, how sweet and how tranquil! It is a noble face, and full of dignity; and that was a good heart that lies there so still.

In England, thirteen years ago, my wife and I were stabbed to the heart with a cablegram which said "Susy was mercifully released today." I had to send a like shock to Clara, in Berlin, this morning. With the peremptory addition, "You must not come home." Clara and her husband sailed from here on the 11th of this month. How will Clara bear it? Jean, from her babyhood was a worshipper of Clara.

Four days ago I came back from a month's holiday in Bermuda in perfected health; but by some accident the reporters failed to perceive this. Day before yesterday letters and telegrams began to arrive from friends and strangers which indicated that I was supposed to be dangerously ill. Yesterday Jean begged me to explain my case through the Associated Press. I said it was not important enough; but she was distressed and said I must think of her. I would see to the report in the German papers, and as she had been nursing her husband day and night for four months and was worn out and feeble, the shock might be disastrous. There was reason in that; so I sent a humorous paragraph by telephone to the Associated Press denying the "charge" that I was "dying," and saying "I would not do such a thing at my time of life."

Jean was a little troubled, and did not like to see me treat the matter so lightly; but I said it was best to treat it, for there was nothing serious about it. This morning I sent the sorrowful facts of this day's irremediable disaster to the Associated Press. Will both appear in this evening's papers?—the one so blithe, the other so tragic.

I lost Susy thirteen years ago; I lost her mother—her incomparable mother!—five and a half years ago; Clara has gone away to live in Europe; and now I have lost Jean. How poor I am, who was once so rich! Seven months ago Mr. Rogers died—one of the best friends I ever had, and the nearest perfect, as man and gentleman, I have yet met among my race; within the last year, my father passed away, and Laffan—old, old friend of mine. Jean lies yonder, I sit here; we are strangers under our own roof; we kissed hands goodby at this door last night—and it was forever, we never suspecting it. She lies there, and I sit here—writing, busying myself, to keep my

heart from breaking. How dazlingly the sunshine is flooding the hills around! It is like a mockery.

Seventy-four years old, twenty-four days ago. Seventy-four years old yesterday. Who can estimate my age today? I have looked upon her again. I wonder I can bear it. She looks just as her mother looked when she lay dead in that Florentine villa so long ago. The sweet placidity of death! It is more beautiful than sleep.

I saw her mother buried. I said I would never endure that horror again; that I would never again look into the grave of any one dear to me. I have kept to that. They will take Jean from this house tomorrow, and bear her to Elmira, New York, where lie those of us that have been released, but I shall not follow.

Jean was on the dock when the ship came in, only four days ago. She was at the door, beaming a welcome, when I reached this house the next evening. We played cards, and she tried to teach me a new game called "Mark Twain." We sat chatting cheerily in the library last night, and she wouldn't let me look into the loggia, where she was making Christmas preparations. She said she would finish them in the morning, and then her little French friend would arrive from New York—the surprise would follow; the surprise she had been working over for days. While she was out for a moment I dialoagically stole a look. The loggia floor was clothed with rugs and furnished with chairs and sofas; and the unexpected surprise was there; in the form of a Christmas tree that was drenched with silver film in a most wonderful way; and on a table was a prodigious profusion of bright things which she was going to hang upon it today. What desecrating hand will ever banish that eloquent unfinished surprise from this place? Not mine, surely. All these little matters have happened in the last four days. "Little," yes—then. But not now. Nothing she said or thought or did is little now. And all the lavish humor!—what is become of it? It is pathos, now. Pathos, and the thought of it brings tears.

All these things happened such a few hours ago—and now she lies yonder. Lies yonder, and cares for nothing any more. Strange—marvelous—incredible! I have had this experience before; but it would still be incredible if I had had it a thousand times.

"Miss Jean is dead!"

That is what Katy said. When I heard the door open behind the bed's head and to a preliminary knock, I supposed it was Jean coming to kiss me good morning, she being the only person who was used to entering without formalities.

I have been to Jean's parlor. Such a turmoil of Christmas presents for servants and friends! They are everywhere; tables, chairs, sofas, the floor—everything is occupied, and over-occupied. It is marvellous, and many a year since I have seen the like. In that ancient day Mrs. Clemens and I used to slip into the nursery at midnight on Christmas Eve and look the array of presents over. The children were little then. And now here is Jean's parlor looking just as that nursery used to look. The presents are not labeled—the hands are forever idle that would have labeled them to-day. Jean's mother used to work herself down with her Christmas preparations. Jean did the same yesterday and the preceding days, and the fatigue has cost her her life. The fatigue caused the convulsion that attacked her this morning. She had had no attack for months.

Jean was so full of life and energy that she was constantly in danger of overtaxing her strength. Every morning she was in the saddle by half past seven, and off to the station for her mail. She examined the letters and distributed them; some to her, some to Mr. Paine, the others to the stenographer and myself. She dispatched her share and then mounted her horse again and went around superintending her farm and her poultry to the rest of the day. Sometimes she played billiards with me after dinner, but she was usually too tired to play, and went early to bed.

Yesterday I told her about some plans I had been devising while absent in Bermuda, to lighten her burdens. We would get a housekeeper; also we would put her share of the secretary work into Mr. Paine's hands.

No—she wasn't willing. She had been making plans herself. The matter ended in a compromise. I submitted. I always did. She wouldn't audit the bills and I would fill out the checks—she would continue to attend to that herself. Also, she would continue to be housekeeper, and let Katy assist. Also, she would continue to answer the letters of personal friends for me. Such was the compromise. Both of us called it by that name, though I was not able to see where any formidable change had been made.

However, Jean was pleased, and that was sufficient for me. She was proud of being my secretary, and I was never able to persuade her to give up any part of her share in that unenviable work.

In the talk last night I said I found everything going so smoothly that if she were willing I would go back to Bermuda in February and get blessedly out of the clash and turmoil again for another month. She was urgent that I should do it, and said that if I would put off my trip until March she would take Katy and go with me. We struck hands upon that, and said it was settled. I had a mind to write to Bermuda by tomorrow's ship and secure a furnished house and servants. I meant to write the letter this morning. But it will never be written, now.

For she lies yonder, and before her is another journey than that.

Night is closing down; the rim of the sun barely shows above the sky-line of the hills.

I have been looking at that face again that was growing dearer and dearer to me every day. I was getting acquainted with Jean in these last nine months. She had been long an exile from home when she came to us three-quarters of a year ago. She had been shut up in sanitariums, many miles from us. How eloquently glad and grateful she was to cross her father's threshold again!

Would I bring her back to life if I could do it? I would not. If a word would do it, I would beg for strength to withhold the word. And I would have the strength; I am sure of it. In her loss I am almost bankrupt, and my life is a bitterness, but I am content; for she has been enriched with the most precious of all gifts—that gift which makes all other gifts mean and poor—death. I have never wanted any released friend of mine restored to life since I reached manhood. I felt in this way when Susy passed away; and later my wife, and later Mr. Rogers. When Clara met me at the station in New

York and told me Mr. Rogers had died suddenly that morning, my thought was, Oh, favorite of fortune—fortunate all his long and lovely life—fortunate to his latest moment! The reporters said there were fears of sorrow in my eyes. True—but they were for me, not for him. I had suffered no loss. All the fortunes he had ever made before were poverty compared with this one.

Why did I build this house, two years ago? To shelter this vast emptiness? How foolish I was! But I shall stay in it. The spirits of the dead hallow a house, for me. It was not so with other members of my family. Susy died in the house we built in Hartford, Mrs. Clemens would never enter it again. But it made the house dearer to me. I have entered it once since, when it was tenanted and silent and forlorn, but to me it was a holy place and beautiful. It seemed to me that the spirits of the dead were all about me, and would speak to me and welcome me if they could; Livy, and Susy and George, and Henry Robson, and Charles Dudley Warner. How good and kind they were, and how lovable their lives! In fancy I could see them all again, I could call the children back and hear them romp again with George—that peerless black ex-slave and children's idol of my childhood—a fitting stranger—to wash windows, and stayed eighteen years. Until he died, Clara and Jean would never enter again the New York hotel which their mother had frequented in earlier days. They could not bear it. But I shall stay in this house. At last I am at home. My life here was before. Jean's spirit will make it beautiful for me always. Her lonely and tragic death—but I will not think of that now.

Jean's mother always devoted two or three weeks to Christmas shopping, and was always physically exhausted when Christmas Eve came. Jean was her very own child—she wore herself out presenting in New York these latter days. Paine has just found on her desk a long list of names—fifty, he thinks—people to whom she sent presents last night. Apparently she forgot no one, and Katy found there a roll of bank-notes, for the servants.

Her dog has been wandering about the grounds to-day, comradeless and forlorn. I have seen him from the windows. She got him from Germany. He has tall ears and looks exactly like a wolf. He is educated in Germany, and knows no language but the German. Jean gave him no orders save that in tongue. And so, when the burglar-alarm made a fierce clamor at midnight a fortnight ago, the butler, who is French and knows no German, tried in vain to interest the dog in the supposed burglar. Jean wrote me, to Bermuda, about the incident. It was the last letter I was ever to receive from her bright head and her competent hand. The dog will not be neglected.

There was never a kinder heart than Jean's. From her childhood up she always spent the most of her allowance on charities of one kind and another. After she became secretary and had her income doubled she spent her money upon these things with a free hand. Mine too, 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 a keen sportsman. She had been a member of various humane societies 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 extraordinary secretary, for she fished my correspondence out of 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.

She could write a good letter, and was swift with her pen. She had but an indifferent ear for music, but her tongue took to languages with an easy facility. She never allowed her Italian, French and German to get rusty through neglect.

The fragments of sympathy are flowing in, from far and wide, now, just as they were when she was a child. I have seen when this child's mother laid down her blameless life. They cannot heal the hurt, but they take away some of the pain. When Jean and I kissed hands and parted at my door last night, how little did we imagine that in twenty-two hours the telegraph would be bringing words like these:

"From the bottom of our hearts we send our sympathy, dearest of friends."

For many and many a day to come, wherever I go in this house, remembrances of Jean will mutely speak to me of her. Who can count the number of them?

She was in exile two years with the hope of healing her mother's epilepsy. There are no words to express how grateful I am that she did not meet her fate in the hands of strangers, but in the loving shelter of her own home.

"Miss Jean is dead!"

It is true. Jean is dead. A month ago I was writing bubbling and hilarious articles for magazines yet to appear, and now I am writing—this.

Christmas Day, Noon.—Last night I went to Jean's room at intervals, and turned back the sheet and looked at the peaceful face, and kissed the cold brow, and remembered that heart-breaking night in Florence so long ago, in that cavernous and silent vast villa, when I crept down-stairs so many times, and turned back a sheet and looked at a face just like this one—Jean's mother's face—and kissed a brow that was just like this one. And last night I saw again what I had seen then—that strange and lovely miracle—the sweet soft contours of early maidenhood restored by the gracious hand of death! When Jean's mother lay dead, all trace of care, and trouble, and suffering, and the corroding years had vanished out of the face, and I was looking again upon it as I had known and worshipped it in its untroubled bloom and beauty a whole generation before.

About three in the morning, while wandering about the house in the deep slumbers, as one does in times like these, when there is a dumb sense that something has been lost that will never be found again, yet must be sought, if only for the employment the useless seeking gives, I came upon Jean's dog in the hall down-stairs, and noted that he did not spring to greet me, according to his hospitable habit, but came slow and sorrowful; also I remembered that he had not visited Jean's apartments since the tragedy. Poor fellow, did he know? I think so. Always when Jean was abroad in the open he was with her; always when she was in the house he was with her, in the

night as well as in the day. Her parlor was his bedroom. Whenever I happened upon him on the ground floor he always followed me about, and when I went up-stairs he went too—in a tumultuous gallop. But now it was different; after patting him a little I went to the library—he remained behind; when I went up-stairs he did not follow me with his wistful eyes. He has wonderful eyes—big, and kind and eloquent. He can talk with them. He is a beautiful creature, and is of the breed of the New York police-dogs. I do not like dogs, because they bark when there is no occasion for it; but I have liked this one from the beginning, because he belonged to Jean, and because he never barks except when there is occasion—which is not oftener than twice a week.

In my wanderings I visited Jean's parlor. On a shelf I found a pile of my books, and I knew what it meant. She was waiting for me to come home from Bermuda and autograph them, then she would send them away. If I only knew what she intended them for! But I shall never know. I will keep them. Her hand has touched them—it is an accolade—they are noble, now.

And in a closet she had hidden a surprise for me—a thing I have often wished I owned; a noble big globe. I couldn't see it for the tears. She will never know the pride I take in it, and the pleasure. To-day the mails are full of loving remembrances for her; full of those old, old kind words she loved so well, "Merry Christmas to Jean!" If she could only have lived one day longer!

At last I am at home. My life here was before. Jean's spirit will make it beautiful for me always. Her lonely and tragic death—but I will not think of that now.

Christmas Night.—This afternoon they took her away from her room. As soon as I might, I went down to the library, and there she lay, in her coffin in exactly the same clothes she wore when she stood at the other end of the same room on the 6th of October last, as Clara's chief bridesmaid. Her face was radiant with happy excitement; then, it was the same face now, with the dignity of death and the peace of God upon it.

They told me the first mourner to come was the dog. He came uninvited, and stood up on his hind legs and rested his forepaws upon the (rest!), and took a last long look at the face that was so dear to him, then went his way as silently as he had come. He knaws.

At mid-afternoon it began to snow. The pity of it—that Jean could not see it! She so loved the snow.

The snow continued to fall. At six o'clock the breeze drew up to the door to bear away its pathetic burden. As they lifted the casket, Paine began playing on the orchestral Schubert's *Impromptu*, which was Jean's favorite. Then he played the Intermezzo; that was for Susy; then he played the Largo; that was for their mother. He did this at my request. Elsewhere in this Auto-biography I have told how the Intermezzo and the Largo came to be associated in my heart with Susy and Livy in their last hours in this life.

From my windows I saw the hearse and the carriage—wind along the road and gradually grow faint and spectral in the falling snow, and presently disappear. Jean was gone out of my life, and would not come back any more. Jervis, the cousin she had played with when they were babies together—he and her best old Katy—were conducting her to her distant childhood home, where she will lie by her mother's side once more, in the company of Susy and Langdon.

December 26th.—The dog came to see me at eight o'clock this morning; he was very affectionate, poor orphan. My room will be his quarters hereafter.

The storm raged all night. It has raged all the morning. The snow drives across the landscape in vast clouds, superb, sublime—and Jean not here to see.

2.30 P. M.—It is the time appointed. The funeral has begun. Four hundred miles away, but I can see it all, just as if I were there. The scene is the library, in the Langdon homestead. Jean's coffin stands where her mother and I stood, forty years ago, and were married; and where Susy's coffin stood thirteen years ago; where her mother's stood thirteen years and a half ago; and where mine will stand, after a little time.

Five o'clock.—It is all over.

When Clara went away two weeks ago to live in Europe, it was hard, but I could bear it, for I had Jean left. I said we would be a family. We were, and we were close comrades and happy—just we two. That fair dream was in my mind when Jean met me at the steamer last Monday; it was in my mind when she received me at the door last Tuesday evening. We were together; we were a family! The dream has come, and true—oh, preciously true! contentedly true, satisfyingly true! and remained true two whole days.

And now? Now Jean is in her grave! In her grave—if I can believe it. God rest her sweet spirit!—By Mark Twain, in *Harper's Magazine*.

One baby in arms, a couple of others tugging at her skirt as she moves about the house, no help, and yet this woman manages to sweep and cook and sew. Is it any wonder that she wears out fast? Is it any wonder that her nerves are racked? Hardly is a woman exempt from "female trouble" in some form. It is upon the woman of many cares, the woman who cannot rest, that the disease falls the hardest. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to every weary working woman, vexed by woman's ills, as a boon and a blessing. It heals ulceration and inflammation. It dries the drains that sap the strength. It cures female trouble, strengthens the nerves, and makes weak women strong and sick women well. "Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine nor other narcotic. It cannot injure the most delicate woman.

How Paris Got Its Name.

The city of Paris owes its origin to the conquest of Gaul by Caesar. When this Roman General on his path of conquest came to the present site of the French Capital, he found a swampy island in the river Seine, which was inhabited by a Gallic tribe called Parisii, who lived in huts made of rushes. Rather than be captured by the Romans, these people burned their rude city, which they called Lutetia, or "mud town" and the great masses quickly to appreciate the situation, built a temple of Jupiter and a wall round the island. A town soon sprang up about the temple, and was named Parisii, after the ancient tribe. In later years this was shortened to Paris.

FAKE CONSUMPTION CURES.

"Lloyd's Consumption Cure" has had different names at different times. It is sometimes called "Re-Stor-All" and is advertised to cure paralysis as well as consumption. Under the name of "Aicool" it is offered to physicians. This medicine has from St. Louis, Mo. St. Louis physician reports that he called at the Lloyd office and expressed interest in the medicine. After considerable conversation Lloyd offered him a share in the "Re-Stor-All Company." He said \$5.00 would be charged for a month's treatment and the company's profits would be \$4.50. The physician suggested that all the people who might send for medicine would not have consumption, and Lloyd replied that any persons that had a relative or friend died of consumption would think they had consumption if they only felt pain in their stomach, and would send for a bottle of his medicine.

The doctor saw a room about one-fourth full of copies of the St. Louis Star. Lloyd said he was sending out 100,000 copies of the November 8 edition of the Star which had given him a free write-up. Almost any newspaper run without a conscience would give a kaiser a free write-up if he bought 100,000 copies of the paper in return. It seems needless to say that the doctor reporting this visit did not take stock in "Lloyd's Consumption Cure Company."

Unfortunately all doctors are not so conscientious as to deceiving and robbing the sick, for it is said upon good authority that some physicians otherwise of good standing are stockholders in this company and in others of similar nature.

"Nature's Creation" is a nostrum that has been very daring in its advertising claims. It was at one time sold as a cure for a certain disease resulting from an impure life but after public attention was drawn to the enormous death rates from tuberculosis, this accommodating nostrum became a consumption cure. Anything to bring in the dollars from a frightened public.

The advertisements of "Nature's Creation" say: "It is made entirely from vegetable matter; contains everything beneficial and nothing harmful; it is a complex vegetable compound that cannot be analyzed; it contains at least one ingredient that the medical world knows nothing about, etc."

The analysis of the American Medical Association report that they found "Nature's Creation" to be "essentially a solution of potassium iodid in a weak aqueous colchic medium containing vegetable extractives and flavoring matter, and small quantities of inorganic salts." This analysis shows that the principal ingredient of the "complex vegetable compound" which cannot be analyzed was potassium iodid. Would any one but a nostrum vender class potash in the vegetable kingdom?

The president of the "Nature's Creation" Company is a woman, Mrs. J. M. Reynolds. She has of late used what is called the "blind" advertising method. A sleazy ad appears in the papers telling presumptively that she possesses information which cost her a fortune and she feels that she should let every consumptive know her experience. The persons who answer this advertisement receive a letter in which she says she cured herself of tuberculosis by the use of "Nature's Creation." The advertisement is especially harmful to the consumptive as they nearly all affect the stomach injuriously and a consumptive needs to have his digestion in the best possible condition. The assimilation of food his life depends.

It is time a mighty protest went all over the land against the false advertisements in so many newspapers. The W. C. T. U. should begin an agitation for laws which will curb or destroy the innumerable advertising whereby multitudes are robbed of both money and life by sharks who ought to be in prison as aiders and abettors of the killing of their fellowmen.—By MRS. MARTHA ALLEN.

The Oldest Rose-bush.

So far as is known, the oldest rose-bush in the world is the one on the cathedral wall at Hildesheim, Germany. It can be traced back with certainty to the eleventh century, when the cathedral records show that it was an item of expense to the curators of the ancient edifice. The main trunk of the bush is twenty inches through, and the branches spread over the wall to a height of twenty-five feet.

Though the oldest, this is by no means the largest rose-bush in Germany, however. The largest one in that country, and the only one in all Europe, is the one in the Wehrle Garden in Freiburg. This runs up to a height of one hundred and fifteen feet. The stock is wild rose, and the graft, made thirty years ago, a tea-rose of the Chromatale variety. There is an enormous Banksia rose at the Castle of Chillon, on Lake Geneva, that is better known to tourists than either of these, though, as a matter of fact, it is exceeded in size by the one of the same variety in the Marine Gardens of Toulon. This one spreads over a space eighty feet wide and fifteen feet high and has as many as fifty thousand of its flowers in bloom at once.

References.

When you engage a servant, especially in a position of trust, you demand references. You are not content to just read these references and take them for what they say. You enquire into their genuineness. When you give your health into the care of a medicine should you not exercise equal care? Anybody can make cures for a medicine. But proof is a different matter. The closest scrutiny of the claims of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is invited. Does it cure dyspepsia, "stomach trouble," weak heart, sluggish liver, worn out nerves? Does it enrich and purify the blood and make new life by making new blood? Hundreds of thousands of people testify that it does. Look up the testimony and decide whether you can afford to be sick with such a remedy within reach.

—Isn't it awful? According to the papers there just seems to be one revolution after another.

"Yes. That's the way the world goes round."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

If none would hear, a lie would lack a Hand; It needs both Tongue and Ear to make a Scandal.

Paris has revived the lace ruffles and frills of the Georgian period. This means that this quaint and dainty fashion will be seen very shortly in this country.

Conspicuous among the new lace accessories of this period are the frills that fall over the hand.

Another striking development of the frill is seen on the boulevards of the French capital.

It is a black satin ribbon folded around the neck, the ends tied in a chic bow beneath the chin.

From this falls a full frill of white cambric or lace in the form of the jabot.

In the lace frills falling over the knuckles is sounded the return of the long, tight sleeve.

Sleeves are of lace or are tucked, but are always tight-fitting and made of the one material.

Long chains of ornate style are high in favor with the spring tailor-made. Nearly all the smart models have a breast pocket into which to tuck the end of the chain, and to it may be attached the watch, change purse or small vanity case of the sort that only lately reached this side of the water. After all, it matters little whether or not anything is attached to the end of the decorative loggnette chain as its apparent purpose is hidden in the pocket. There is no end to different varieties expressed in the combinations of these little affairs. Many have several different semi-precious stones mounted in odd shapes, and these are more conservative in pearl decoration.

"Clocked" hosiery, such as was worn years ago, has become the newest fad for smartly dressed girls. All the stockings for day wear show this embroidery by the side, sometimes in self colors, but more often in one contrasting. Red or white on black is beyond doubt the best.

This form of decoration has already displaced openwork for the carefully dressed woman. It has finally been decided that lace effects are not good for the street, but that they should be reserved for the house and evening wear. Therefore, elaborate as is the hosiery for dress use, it is very plain for street wear.

Severity in out of doors dress has led to adopting an entirely different quality of hosiery for that time. Girls who can afford to, wear silk stockings always, but they have now at least three different qualities. When walking, the thin transparent. When at home, kind is given up, though plain, kind is given up.

This is now reserved for the house in the morning, or when paying visits in a motor in the afternoon.

The newest trimmings in millinery emphasize the use of plumes. Such plumes! The word conjures up an infinite variety of styles of which our mothers and grandmothers knew nothing, and fair women of today can be doubly grateful for the efforts of milliners.

Garlands of plumes are used on broad, low hats. They are spotted and flecked with color, and some are made of layers of different shades, giving a wonderfully iridescent effect.

On velvet turbans the use of a single plume attached at the front, and extending toward the back in a slanting line, is quite evident. This line for the plume is used on large hats as well. And speaking of the wide flat shapes leads us to the introduction of ostrich feathers to edge the brim. Two successful Paris milliners have done this with great effect.

Large pores frequently disfigure an otherwise pretty skin, and when once enlarged, it is generally a difficult matter to close them.

If possible, go to a skin specialist for massage. If not possible, try bathing the face night and morning for ten minutes in hot water, the temperature of which is constantly increased till it is as hot as can be borne.

Then quickly change to cold water, partly dry the face and pour alcohol in a wet Turkish washcloth and rub over the face and let it dry without wiping. To keep the face smooth take frequent baths.

Dainty frocks of finely striped black and white mousseline de soie, over satin of some more festive coloring, finished at the neck and sleeves with a narrow bias gold of satin the same color and having a round collar of embroidery and under sleeves of embroidered net or lace, are adorned with tiny groups of flat satin buttons, either black or the color of the underdress. Others, of checked or figured mousseline de soie, have a fichu arrangement tucked into a high pleated belting.

Eye-strain frequently acts, says a writer on medical topics, by exhausting the nervous system of the patient, and hence through the medium of brain and spinal cord often has a profound and far-reaching effect on the functions of the various organs of the body and on the general nutrition of the patient.

An important thing to bear in mind is that, while eye-strain often manifests itself by pain or discomfort in the eye itself, this is not always the case.

In many cases the eye-strain is accompanied by no pain or discomfort in the eye, but by symptoms altogether outside of the eye itself, and these are the cases which often escape the notice of the practitioner unless his attention has been specially directed to the subject.

Of all the reflex symptoms of eye-strain, the most frequent is headache, and yet very many cases of ocular headache go on suffering for years without the true cause being suspected. Ocular headache is usually absent in the morning. If the patient has had a good night's sleep he awakens up free from headache. It begins itself by pain or discomfort in the eye, and increases in intensity as the day goes on.

Pineapple Sherbet.—Open a can of pineapple and drain the syrup; add to it one pound of sugar and boil for five minutes. Grated pineapple is better for this purpose than that which is sliced, but if the former is not at hand chop the slices as fine as possible. When the syrup is cold—if less than one quart, add water to make up the quantity—add it to the fruit and freeze. When nearly frozen stir in the whites of two eggs beaten to a meringue with two tablespoonsful of powdered sugar, cover and finish the freezing and let it stand for two hours before serving.