I have heard you in the morning, Heard your whisper at my ear; Like a sleeping bird that singeth Or a low sweet wind that bringeth The summer blossoms here. I have listened for you, darling, I have waited for you, dear, Till my soul was faint with rapture and

Come once again and call me; Call me very clear and loud, As the thunder calls from heaven Through the listening summer even, In its solemn silver cloud. Call me upward to your dwelling, Tho' the river waves be swelling, And the valley dark with shador & shall answer you aloud.

I have waited long and lonely, Solonely, O my dear! My sad thoughts cling about you, I cannot live without you, I am coming to your calling I cannot linger here; When dawn is on the mountains I am com-

ing to you, dear.

I have done with time and sorrow, I am ready for you, dear; In your dumb and pallid sleeping, You could not hear my weeping, But I wept my soul away staying here. O, seraphs! hush your singing,

O, bells of heaven, cease ringing! O, waters of the river, moan no more; For my peace has come forever, I shall weep and wander never, I shall be alone and lonely nevermore. -Rose Terry Cooke, in Indpendent.

THE ROOM-MATES.

"How do you like it, Ginnie?" Miss Virginia Vane turned the white, fleecy pile over and over, examined every flounce, and critically viewed the color of | just set her up.

"Well, it will do," said she. "It's rather yellow, isn't it? And I wish you hadn't put quite so much starch in it." Flora Spencer looked disappointed.

"I had to dry it in Mrs. Perkins's back room," said she. "The week has been white. And you told me yourself that gars in Elm street?" you wanted it stiff."

"I dare say it will do," said Ginnie, indifferently.

Flora hesitated a moment. cents now-" she began.

get next week's pay."

fellow-workers in a great suit factory lace that cost eight dollars." down town, and, for greater economy, ginia did all the promises.

There are more partnerships than one conducted on the same principles in after the poor," declared she. "Let the

Virginia Vane was a beauty, with large, plection which she was already beginning to "improve."

Flora was pretty, in a dimpled, insignificant way; but, as Ginnie triumphantly observed, "No one would look twice at

Ginnie's failing was extravagant dress, to set off her charms; and if Flora had a weakness, it was charity toward those still poorer than herself.

She had, herself, washed and ironed with Lucifer." Ginnie's white Swiss dress, to be worn on a projected picnic, to earn a little money to help buy a straw hat for Widow Mulrooney's little girl to go to Sunday-school, and now Ginnie was falling back on the credit system.

Flora frowned and shook her head. "I have earned the money," said she, up.

"and you ought to pay me." "How can I pay what I haven't got?" rallied Ginnie. "Look here, Flora, I've a wreath of those lovely roses in Migg's window. Wouldn't it be pretty?"

"Those lovely roses," ironically retorted Flora, "cost a dollar a wreath!"

"But I must have something to wear. Only think, Flo, how beautiful it will be to spend a whole long day on the river, with music and dancing, and unlimited peaches and cream! No thought of sewing-machines and bias folds and yards of hideous material; no counting of pennies; no ringing of the discordant time-bell. Oh, how I do hate work!"

"It will be only for a day, Ginnie." for a week, a month, any length of time!" better do?" cried Ginnie, dancing merrily about the room. "And Will Ormand will be my partner-I'm almost sure of that-and Di took snuff, and then smiled again. Morris will be ready to burst with envy!" Flora was silent.

Ginnie glanced sidelong at her, thinking mischievously to herself:

"And some one else with be just a ht-the old man gave him a vivid word pic-tle jealous, I think, too. As if Will Or-ture of the late occurrence. plain little dowdy as Flora Spencer!" "Come, Flo," she uttered aloud-"do some,

proachfully. Ginnie glanged down at her pretty,

tapering fingers, with their pink, pointed "I would ruin my hands," said she. "I like to have aristocratic hands, if I

am only a working girl!" "Other people's hands don't signify, I suppose," drily remarked Flora.

Ginnie laughed.

—the long, cool sail on the blue, spark-nephew on the shoulder.

ers is but a quest ling water—the grove, the dancing, the i "Carry out your plan, my boy," said Madre (Cal.) Vista.

But she, poor child, would have to wear a simple blue gingham, freshened up by a few yards of new ribbon, and last year's hat, pressed over. She had no not to all." money to spare for gauds and frillings. The blessings of the poor, the incense of good works secretly done, were not

things that could be worn at a picnic. "I shouldn't wonder," thoughtfully observed Ginnie, as she walked down the street, side by side with Flora, "if Mr. Ormond proposed on Tuesday. sure.

"Do you think he loves you, Ginnie?" "Oh, I've an idea or two on the subject!" said the beauty, with a conscious toss of the head. "To-be-sure, a foreman in a suit factory isn't much; but in time he'll aspire to something better, I hateful suit factory just the same as don't doubt. And I'm tired of this ever. It's too bad!" drudging, penny-counting life! Beside,' Grover says he's got a rich, eccentric old somed rose .- Saturday Night. uncle, who can leave him a pot of money one of these days. There's that to be considered!"

"Dead men's shoes," quoted Flora. "You remember the proverb? 'It's ill

waiting for them!' ' "Proverbs are nonsense!" said Ginnie. "What are you going into this dismal little hole for, Flora?'

"I'm having a parasol repaired here," said Flora. "It won't detain us a mo-

Like a young Princess entering the dungeon of a subject, Virginia Vane descended two or three steps into a basement store, where a little old man in spectacles and a brown wig sat working at a faded cotton umbrella, and a small regiment of canes, parasols and umbrellas were set up in the window.

Flora noded pleasantly to him; he returned the greeting courteously.

"Its done, all but the button and elastic," said he in the nasal tone of a confirmed snuff-taker. "I'll have it here in a minute." "How is the poor woman on the floor

above?" asked Flora. "Better, a deal," said the umbrellamender. "That week in the country air

"And the sick baby?" The old man shook his head.

"Dead," said he. "I gave the mother the dollar you left. It helped to buy decent grave-clothes."

"Flora" cried Virginia, "you don't mean that you'er throwing away your rainy, so of course it couldn't look so hard-earned money on every nest of beg-Flora colored.

"I don't call it throwing it away," she

"And you're actually going to the pic-"If you could give me the twenty-five nic with that shabby old thing!" said Ginnie, disdainfully eying the repaired "But I can't!" sharply interrupted parasol, which the old man had now pro-Ginnie, Vane. "Do you think I am made duced. "Well, I only beg you'll be of money? You'll have to wait until I obliging enough to keep at a respectful distance from me? I shall carry one of Flora Spencer and Virginia Vane were maroon watered silk, trimed with white

Flora answered her nothing, but took rented the same room in a little by-street out her little chamois-leather purse to pay and boarded themselves, which means the seventy-five cents for repairs, and Virthat Flora did most of the work and Vir- ginia, determined to tease her, went laugh-

"It's all nonsense, Flo, you're running poor take care of themselves, say I."

"And while you are letting them take melting eyes of the softest brown, hair lit care of themselves, young lady," said with auburn-gold gleams, and a com- the old umbrella-mender, impressively, "they are starving to death."

Virginia tossed her head. "Let them starve," said she. "I don't think it would make much difference to anybody whether they lived or died." The umbrella-mender looked hard at

"Young lady," said he, in his quaint way, "you have a face like one of God's angels, but you talk like those that herd

"Come along, Flo," said Virginia, with a freezing glauce at the old man. "It may do very well for you to patronize this sort of thing, but I mean to spend all the money I want when I am

married to Will Ormond. The umbrella-mender looked quickly

"Ormond," said he-"Will Ormond! It is not a common name. Is this young woman engaged to William Ormond, of a mind to retrim my Gainsboro' hat with the Orient Suit Factory, in Penrogel street?"

Virginia colored to the roots of her hair. In her silly exultation she had allowed herself to speak most indiscreetly. "What business is it of yours?" she retorted, losing her presence of mind still further.

"Nothing," said the umbrella-mender. "Only he happens to be my nephew." Virginia escaped from the little store,

dragging amazed Flora after her. "I knew there was ill luck in that hideous hole, Flo," she gasped. "Do you think he spoke the truth? Or was it only "But one can live on the memory of it to frighten me? Oh, Flo! what had I

The old umbrella mender smiled, and looked after the retreating forms, and

When Willam Ormond came in as usual to sit half an hour in the back shop with his eccentric relative, Alexander Dowd (commonly called "Sandy"),

mond would ever look twice at such a "Two of 'em," said he-"one as pretty as any picture, the other just a healthhurry up with those dishes and come out gold. Will, lad, you're all the same as a wonderful little insect was first intro-"If you are in such a hurry, Ginnie, with the pink cheeks and the dark, our orange orchards, and without further you might help me," said Florence re- sparkling eyes, I should feel as if you care or attention they have multiplied Spencer, she's a girl in ten thousand-a cost done what, without them, could not God's own almoners!"

William Ormond listened silently. are hands in our factory. Virginia Vane

impromptu lunch furnished by the head he. "Why have you never spoken of it tome before? And if she says 'yes' to you, you'll have an angel to walk side by side with you all the days of your life. It's a lot that God sends to some men-

Flora Spencer became Will Ormond's wife after all, and nothing could persuade Virginia Vane that it was not all a deep plot on her room-mate's part-that visit

to the umbrella-mender's store. "She says she never dreamed Sandy Dowd was any relation to Will Ormond, or that Will could possible care There's be plenty of opportunities, I'm for her!" said the excited beauty, "but It rots leather and corrodes varnish, and of course I know better. She meant to by that very old umbrella man for a wedding present, and me toiling on in that

and she suddenly brightened up, "Alma cheeks like diamonds on a newly blos- Agriculturist.

His Grandpa Got Even.

"It is hard to fix the exact date when a man forgets that he ever was a boy, but it is usually about the time his oldest son's two boys get big enough to cut up and be sassy to their gran'ther. That was the time my grandfather forgot," said a man on the row the other evening to a Washington Post reporter. "My brother Lew and myself used to go to an uncle up in Bucks County where the old gentleman lived. He was nearly eighty, weighed over two hundred, walked heavily with a cane and was the crossest man I ever saw. His particular delight was in whacking us boys with his cane when we got within reach, and running us down to the neighbors.

"Them boys o' Lewis's air a leetle the wust, most wuthless cubs I ever seen,'

he would say.

"We had a pet coon. It was funnier than a cageful of monkeys. One day it got into the old gentleman's early vegetable garden and dug up some cucumber vines. He caught it by the chain and broke its back with his cane. We had to have revenge. It was a plain case of murder. That coon was in our eyes more of a human being and a good deal more of a Christian than he was. Gran'ther had a habit of going down to the meadow and sitting on the top rail of the fence to watch the men make hay. We sawed his pet rail half through and loosened the rider stakes. When he sat down the whole business gave away and he went over into a big briar patch. My aunt put in a half day picking splinters out of him. We were hustled off out of sight for a week while he spread over the town his version of our attempt

upon his life. "Every evening the old fellow would sit in the chimney nook, and sip a pint of hot rum and water. At 9 o'clock my aunt and uncle would each take a side and help him off to bed. He snored like distant thunder. If he were touched he would stop snoring for a half hour. Our room was on the same floor. One night I couldn't stand his terrible roofraising racket. So I got up, found # ball of twine, unrolled a hundred feet, it to the old gentleman's big toe, carrying the free end to my own room. Ther jumping into bed, when gran'ther snored I gave the string a tug and he would

stop. It was very funny. "I felt quite pleased at my invention. Gran'ther was an early riser. He woke up next morning about 5 o'clock and found the string tied to his toe. He got his cane and went on the trail. It led to my room, and the other end was knotted to my wrist.

"'Whack, whack, whack!" "I got at least a dozen good blows all over my eyes and body before I could wake and escape from the bedclothes and that hardwood cane. I was covered with black and blue welts for a week, and the old gentleman was happy for at least

Americans and Mustard.

"Have you ever noticed," inquired an observant young man with whom I was lunching the other day, "how few Americans eat mustard?"

I confessed a lack of study in that direction, and he continued: "In England mustard is the great national condiment. An Englishman will never eat beef, bacon, ham or steak without it, and many of them season mutton with it. An English tramp to whom you gave an unseasoned beef sandwich would stop and ask you for mustard before he commenced to deyour it. With Americans it is different. They never take mustard with beef, and rarely with anything else, unless it is very fat ham. Americans deluge their meat with hot Indian and other sauces, but they let mustard alone. My proof, say you. My proof is right here. Examine every mustard cruet in this restaurant and you will find that its contents might have been mixed ten years ago, for they look as old as Methuselah and smell twice as musty. I don't believe that there's a restaurant in this city that uses a pound of mustard a week."-Chicago Journal.

The Bug That Saved the Orange Trees The Australian ladybug has apparently about accomplished its mission in Sierra Madre, and is becoming very scarce here. soncy lass, but with a heart of It is less than three months ago that this son to me, but if you married that girl duced by placing colonies in a few of were dead and buried to me. But Flora and spread, and have at absolutely no ministering angel to the poor, one of have been accomplished with unlimited money and a vast amount of labor. And the trees are all healthy and flourishing, "Uncle," said he, "I think I recognize presenting a very different appearance to your description. These two girls live that formerly seen after the process of together in Apple Court, near here. They spraying with medicated washes. The large groves on the Baldwin and Chapis, as you say, a pecrless beauty; but I | man ranches are not entirely redeemed as "You do say such funny things, Flo," said she.

Spencer: and at the picnic next Tuesday I had planned to ask her to be my wife."

The umbrella-mender clapped his of many thousands of dollars to the owners is but a question of time .- Sierra

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

IMPURE AIR IN THE STABLES.

Now that horses will be stabled at night, or should be, the most perfect cleanliness should be observed. The floors, if of wood, should be frequently drenched with water, and then sprinkled with finely ground gypsum (plaster), by which the strong, pungent odor common to stables will be neutralized and absorbed. This strong odor of ammonia, which often pains the eyes and nostrils of a man, is exceedingly injurious to horses. what must be its effect on the eyes and draw me out and make me say what I lungs of the horses confined in it during did; and here she's living in her own whole nights? Foul air promotes glanhouse, with a perfect wardrobe given her | ders, farcy, blindness, influenza, pneumonia, heaves, all common diseases of horses; and the acrid manure in which horses are compelled to stand-causes not only this injurious vapor but rots the And the tears sparkled on the beauty's hoofs and irritates the skin .- American

NECESSITY FOR FERTILIZERS. The necessity for some kind of fertilizing additional to the barn manures is absolute, and the element of nitrogen is the most important of all. How to procure this is the most serious question that presents itself. It costs about seventeen cents per pound in its most available condition, and as it is furnished in the best artificial fertilizers. This cost is a heavy task upon the farmer, which is to be avoided if possible. A farmer should supply all his necessities from the farm as far as possible, and especially his plant food, and how he can supply this neces-sary nitrogen is one of the considerations that calls for all his knowledge and skill. It is a poor business to pay out \$15 or \$20 per acre in fertilizers to get twice as much in the crop, and it may be questioned very reasonably if it is not better to grow small crops, if it is unavoidable from the condition of the land, than to pay out so much money with all the risks of disappointment and loss by bad seasons. But if the needed nitrogen can be procured in another way than by purchase, or by the unprofitable feeding of cattle or sheep, the question is solved, and if it can be done by growing clover it is solved in a very easy manner .- New York Times.

VARIOUS BREEDS OF SHEEP. Having bred various breeds of sheep, Central Ohio, with the exception of a in flavor. which the neighbor says are perfect agents that influence flavor. sheep. I have tried crossing Southdowns pounds.

LEAKS ON THE FARM.

ings are not all that many farmers have same, the skill of the maker being fully to contend with. We see many farmers illustrated therein. buying high-priced implements, and wanted the next spring, and losing val- tect several distinct flavors in such a pairs, or, what is worse, going to the ing been produced at the hands of a store for new ones. Have a place or trade expert, no diversity of flavor due shelter for every machine, and when the to faulty manufacture is present, and the hired help or the owner himself is discrepancy can be laid entirely at the through using, put it in the place as- door of natural milk condition. I do use at any time than it is to stop the team | cow's milk as yielded from day to day. when busy to go to town to get them As nature thus controls flavor, and it is fixed and thereby cause a leak in the liable to frequently vary, we can thereof their stock. Then, you may see, on on the general quality, unless we compare riding through the country, delapidated the productions of different seasons of not able to repair them, but on inquiry while the proprietor is in town talking pol. conditions are better adapted to the proitics or sitting on the fence discussing neighborhood gossip with some one as the last two months mentioned. shiftless as himself. These are but a few of the leaks that might be mentioned, for pages might be filled in enumerating the things, both small and great, that keep the farmer plodding along, always for your winter larder. Sweet and nutty in debt and eternally growling about hard of taste when newly cured, it does not times .- Western Plowman.

TREATMENT OF MILCH COWS.

Nearly every dairy has its quotum of kicking cows, and every cow in the land, says George E. Newell in the American Agriculturist, is liable to switch her tail across a milker's face during fly time. The human irritation aroused thereby rebuts on the herd to its positive injury.

There are two classes of kicking cowe

those habitually inclined that way, like a balky horse, and those that only use their rear hoofs in an offensive man-

ner to resent fancied or real provocation. Nothing but the gentiest and kindest treatment should rule in the dairy; so, to cure a cow of this disagreeable habit. a brusque manner should be avoided. To milk an inveterate kicker, treat her as you would a heifer. Give her no chance whatever to use her heels. Put a broad strap around her hind legs over the gambrels, and, drawing them snugly together. buckle it tight. Place her in a stanchion next to the wall, and from a ring in the latter let a long strap depend, which, after passing around her right flank, draw taut to the stanchion braces near her head. The cow is then practically helpless so far as any vicious manifestations are concerned. Sit down quietly to milk her, and speak soothingly and reassuringly. If the cow struggles to free herself, calm her fears with a gentle pat of the hand and a persuasive tone of voice. Milk her in the same place and under the same restraint day after day, and in a few weeks or months she can be cured of kicking. The meekest cows sometimes temporarily contract the habit of kicking in defense of abuse from some senseless milker. Treat them impassionately and be perfectly indifferent to their tendency to be light heeled. In a very short time they will be permanently cured. If cows switch their caudal appendages in your face in an attempt to brush off flies, don't amputate the offending members, as some do, but affix to the side of the milking stool a short strip of tough wood, divided by a spring slit, after the manner of a strictured clothespin. Have the opening of the slit turned backward and into it; when sitting down to milk draw the brush of the cow's tail. Cow's tails should never be cut off, as it is a wicked brutal custom, depriving the animal of its means of self-defense against insects. Humanity and kindness go as far in making a dairy profitable as nutri-

MERITS OF CHEESE.

With a uniform grade of manufacture, what influences tend to produce variation in the flavor of cheese? Since I became a practical manufacturer, says a writer in the Prairie Farmer, this point has become more clear to me than formerly, hence I will attempt a lucid explanation. To begin with, milk is of the same nature the world over. That vicided from the pampas of Argentine, the bush plains of Australia or the green says a writer in Breeders' Gazette, a little moors of England, if subjected alike to experience on paper may be of use to the cheddar process, will make cheese of somebody. My experience has been in similar texture, although they may differ

few loads sent into Texas, to which I do | Flavor is a subtle thing. Primarily we not care to allude. I commenced with might say that it has its origin in the fine wools, and wishing to improve the secret recesses of plant-life, and as that stock, bought of the Vermont sheep plant-life varies, so the flavoring of milk called Spanish merinos. After engaging produced from it varies also. Taking in that fine class of sheep I was never rid this for granted, let us examine and comof the foot-rot until I got rid of the pare imported Swiss cheese, and cheese sheep. Afterward the Cotswold came made by the Swiss process in America. into vogue, and a little importation from They are both alike in texture, even to Canada made themselves very pompous the circular cavities scattered through for a year or two. They were big, fat the body at irregular intervals. Taste fellows, but in a year or two some of samples of each, however, and note the them began to dwindle, and after that radical difference in point of flavor. The they never could recover, and dwindled American cheese leaves a certain dry, down to nothing. I tried crossing them tasteless sensation on the palate, while with blackfaces and they did better. I the imported is much more pungent and shoulder capes are called Ursuline cloaks, have tried Southdowns, which seem to appetizing. I believe that goat's milk | and come in dark-colored camel's hair do well, and are an excellent mutton often enters into the composition of the sheep. Their wool is short and for latter, which may, in a measure account keeping fat easy there is nothing that ex- for some of the diversity. But the grass cels them. The Shropshire this season that grows in the high altitudes of the seems to fill the demand better than the Swiss cantons must necessarily be of a Southdowns, at least in this locality. A different quality from that grazed in the neighbor has French merinos and seems more humid low-lying regions of Wisto be well satisfied with them. A Shrop- consin or Ohio. Th's difference of feed shire ram happened to get into his flock, quality, combined with similar climatic and the result was a few half-breeds, conditions, and a long sea voyage are the

Now, take our American cheddar and Shropshires with a Hampshire ram cheese. You can go into the curingwith very satisfactory results. The room of any factory, and with a trier Shropshire lamb well treated will weigh bore a sample from every day's make out one hundred to one hundred and fifty of a week's manufacture. An expepounds at eight months old. A Shrop- rienced man is in charge, and he undershire fleece will weigh eight to ten stands how to make an even fine quality grade of cheese-a master of the art, in fact. Take these seven samples to the light and compare them. In hue, in The leaks in the roofs of the farm build texture, and in mellowness they are the

Taste of each sample carefully, retainwhen through using them for the season ing it on the palate long enough to let leaving them where last used, either in your judgement pass on the flavor. It furrow or in the stubblefield, until will not take a very expert judge to denable time in going to the shop for re- week's make of cheese. The cheese hav-Some will say that takes not mean a condition implying taint, for time. To be sure it does; but is it then milk is in a diseased state, but I not better to have tools that are fit to mean the normal quality of a healthy poeketbook? Again, many will keep fore conclude that exact uniformity in scrub stock and breed from year after this direction is impossible of attainment. year because the owners of the blooded The distinctions are so subtle, however, stock ask too high a price for the service that they have no bearing of importance buildings, and the owner will say he is the year. For example, take hay-made cheese of best quality. It lacks body and you will and that he will spend enough the flavor is flat, compared to that made money for whisky and tobacco to keep on June grass, and even more so when them in good repair. Another leak is placed against the production of August the hiring of cheap help, mere eye ser- and September. There is no part of the vants, and leaving them to the work, season in which climatic and grazing duction of rich, fine flavored cheese, than Farmers, mechanics and artisans, those

who esteem cheese as a daily article of diet, and who buy it in bulk for family use, select full cream, full-made stock, take on that sharp acidity so characteristic of six-months-old mid-summer-made stock. The little variations that nature makes in flavor can be got along very well with, if man makes no mistake in

When the artificial process is adjusted to a grade of perfect uniformity, cheese will have reached the high water mark of excellence in every particular.

American women get new dresses fif-

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN

1 2 1 1 1 3 m

"Sunshine yellow" is the latest. Enameled jewelry, which is now made

perfection, is as popular as ever. Irish poplins in light evening colors

will be worn for dressy occasions Mrs. J. Redding, editor of the Art Journal, is an expert bicycle rider.

Miss Olive Schreiner, the novelist, proposes to come to America next year. Mme. Marchesi, the famous teacher of

singing in Paris, has written her memoirs. There are 62,000 women in the United States interested in the cultivation of

The free public library at Concord, N. H., is to have a statue of the late Louis

An English lady has left \$50,000 to be devoted to photographing the stars, planets, and nebulæ A handkerchief in the possession of the

Czarina is said to have cost \$2500. It took seven years to make it. Queen Louise, of Denmark, the mother of the Princess of Wales, has just passed

her seventy-second birthday. Miss Toki Mardira, the daughter of one of the highest families in Japan, has de-

cided to take the veil in Munich. There is an impression that the social and matrimonial success of the American

girl in England has been curtailed. Cornell University has opened the new year with 1400 students in all, the num-

ber of women showing a relative increase. Passementerie and silk cord ornaments. although not new, are of greater importance at the present time than ever be-

For bonnets and bonnet trimmings, for wraps and parts of dresses, shot velvelts, both figured and plain, will be in

The fashion of women wearing the single eyeglass has been started in London. It is chiefly affected by theatrical Miss Wheeler, of Philadelphia, who is

engaged to Count Poppenhein, of Bavaria, is only eighteen years of age and very rich. Panels for dress skirts are in what are known as Tower Eiffel designs, very

point at the top. Newly imported costumes of very beautiful silky gray India cashmere are elegantly decorated with silk cord Escurial passementeries.

broad at the foot and tapering to nearly a

Miss Joanna Baker has been appointed to the chair of Greek at Simpson College, Indianola, Iowa. Her father occupied the position seventeen years ago. Shot velvets, figured and plain, and

shot moire ribbons, are likely to be much

used for parts of dresses and of wraps, and for bonnets and their trimmings. The velvet brocades introduced this season for dresses are very beautiful. In many instances these will be used for the front breadth only, in others for the

Long cloaks that drape the figure loosely and are finished with nearly round

It is predicted that black dresses will

be worn more this winter than they have of late, and some handsome models are shown, suitable for both young and elderly ladies. Green still remains a favorite color for dressy street costumes, and there are

many combinations of green with other colors, notably apricot, peach, Suede and copper red. Miss Ying, the daughter of the new Chinese Minister to this country, is a

blackest of hair and eyes and a creamy complexion. It is predicted that Miss Wanamaker, aughter of the Postmaster-General, will be a prominent belle in Washington this winter. Her good sense and winning

pretty girl of sixteen. She has the

manners are her charms. Lace hats and bonnets once reserved for mid-summer are now just the thing for half-season wear. Flowers or silver filigree or fine cut steel are the most stylish ornaments for them.

The insatiate demand for small presents in silver has met with a wonderous variety of patterns in the form of book marks and envelope openers, which sell from \$1 to \$5 a piece. The "reefer," in blue, mahogony or

Roman red cloth, will be a popular jacket for youthful wearers during the entire autumn, and like models in heavy cloaking goods are also made ready for winter Among the prettiest and neatest of

traveling garments are long wraps which completely envelope the person, in striped -usually gray and black. They are much on the Connemara or peasant cloak

A directory fiend is a woman who frequents drug stores and other public places where she can glance over a directory and at the same time pose gracefully for the admiration of strangers. Denver is this woman's more particular home.

The desire manifested by the fair sex for miniature paintings set as brooches amounts to almost a craze. These paintings are imported, and leading manufactures claim that they have difficulty in mounting them fast enough to supply the

A Contented People.

"The most contented people I saw in Europe," says an American traveler, "were the Austrians, and they are the most intelligent. They have more public libraries than any people in the world and they have a good Government -almost the same as a Republican Gov-ernment. They have a beautiful country and a delightful climate, and they look happy and contented."

The Diplomatic Maiden.

Doe't love me for my wealth or brains?"
He asked the maid with words intense.
To which she made this wise reply:

I love you, dearest, for your sense