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The "voice of the people" occasionally goes wrong when it speaks in French.

The Spanish are among the most charitable people on earth. Without a poor tax, Spanish communities of 50,000 self-supporters feed a pauper population of 5000 or more.

Six thousand acres of land opposite St. Louis, Mo., that only a few years ago was a marshy body of water called Big Lake was drained and reclaimed, and is now according to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, the banner cornfield of America, with a productivity of one hundred bushels to the acre.

The automobile will certainly bring about great changes among all sorts and conditions of men. The machine is but in its infancy now, it may be called a mere baby in comparison with what invention and progress will make it. In our rural districts it is a great curiosity now, but before many years have passed away a horse in these same districts will be a far greater curiosity than an automobile.

Croquet "as modernly played," to use the picturesque words of one of its most eminent practitioners, is undoubtedly a game of many and high merits, and just why the very mention of it is sufficient to make the average worldling smile with a contempt not the more kind because it tries to be tolerant is a question not easy to answer. As between golf and croquet, any disinterested observer—that is any observer who, without the help of experience in either, should try to compare them—would almost inevitably declare that croquet "had more to it" than golf, gave more opportunity for the display of intelligence and skill, developed more directly the joys of battle, and in a dozen other ways was the better game.

A remarkable work is being done by a young colored man in Chicago, and the racial of it may be an inspiration to others. Monroe F. Clark is his name, and he is a full-blooded negro, 23 years old. He went to Chicago from Kentucky in the world's fair year, with no money, but with a fairly good education for one of his meagre opportunities, and with good morals and ambition. He became a newsboy, and his attention to business and his thrift soon enabled him to buy a horse and wagon to use in his growing news business. Now he owns and uses eight carts and horses, and has a smart trap in which to drive around. He owns real estate in the city worth some thousands of dollars, and also 160 acres of land in Kentucky. Clark is also a philanthropist in a small way. Three years ago he established a home for his newsboys, now numbering 50, the great majority of them negroes. He couldn't bear, he says, to see the little fellows "going straight to the reformatory and to the penitentiary," so he renovated a rental barn, and provides their board, lodging, and recreation. He is ambitious now to build a good house for his boys. He has the money, and is only waiting to secure the right piece of ground. "It eats up a good deal of my profits," he says. "It costs me more to feed and clothe these boys and send them to school in winter than it would to hire them and let them shift for themselves. But I'm not very hungry for money—never was."

From His Point of View.
"I understand that there are some firms that give a young employe a raise of salary when he marries," she said.
"It is a strange fact," replied the cynical bachelor, "that there are men so constituted that they enjoy encouraging other men to get into trouble."

She Knew What That Meant.
Little Helen—Boo-hoo! I don't want to take that nasty, bitter stuff. Her Mamma—But how do you know it's nasty and bitter? You haven't tasted it. Little Helen—You said it would be good for me.—Stray Stories.

HOW WE LEARN.
Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth, Such as men give and take from day to day, Comes in the common walk of easy life, Blown by the careless wind, across our way.

Great truths are greatly won, not found by chance, Nor waited on the breath of summer dream; But grasped in the great struggle of the soul, Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

But in the day of conflict, fear and grief, When the strong hand of God, put forth in might, Flows up the subsoil of the stagnant heart, And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the light.

Wrung from the troubled spirit, in hard hours Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain, Truth springs like harvest from the well-plowed field, And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

THE IRON OF REMORSE.

A Story of the Indian Trail.
By Gwendolen Overton.

NEVER is it well to be too sure what you would do under given circumstances, until you have tried and found out. A course of action which you know to be absolutely foreign to every instinct within you—when you sit down to reason about it, after the manner of the age—may be the very one you will follow when there is no time for reason. If any one had told Mackworth that under fire he would be a coward, Mackworth would have knocked the informant down then and there, and have reflected upon the danger to his commission afterward.

Mackworth had been graduated, too, but being a right minded boy, he remembered that it was to Horatius that the melted image was made, and not to the fellow who built the bridge; so he very properly chose the cavalry, and heaven rewarded him by sending him straight to the frontier. And this was in the days when there was a frontier; when men endured discomforts that they sigh to know again, as none ever sigh for the luxuries of the past; when the Apache and the Chiricahua were in the land, and still struggling to be masters of it; and when a woman was truly a blessing of the gods, and might, even under disadvantages, have her pick of the department. But as there is no woman in all this, that is irrelevant.

Except after the manner of cadets—which is not to be taken seriously—Mackworth had not let women enter into his scheme of existence. His ideals were of another sort, just then. He was young and full of belief and things, and he thought that the way to win the approval of the War Department and the gratitude of his country was to avoid wire pulling, and to kill Indians. Therefore here he joined greatly when, after only six weeks of his thoroughly undesirable garrison, Chitto took the Chiricahuas on the warpath, and he was ordered out in the field. He had had his kit all rolled in a rubber poncho, and his mess-chest pretty well stocked for the whole of the six weeks. He believed that a soldier should be always in readiness. He believed so many things then—though, before long the bottom fell out of his universe, and he was filled with an enduring skepticism. And this was how it came about:

The first time he was under fire was when they were caught at rather a disadvantage among the pines in the Mogollons. The fight began about dusk and lasted well into the night. It may have been the result of some bugaboo stories of his babyhood, which had fostered an unconquerable fear of the dark; it may have been some lurking instinct, or it may have been just blue funk which overcame him. Anyway, he hid behind a bowlder, crouched and covered there, trembling so that his carbine fell from his hands.

And Morley, his captain, found him so. "What are you doing?" he demanded. He was an Irishman and a soldier of the old school, but he did not swear. Mackworth knew, from that, how bad it was. He scrambled up and babbled. "Get out of there," the captain said. He would have used a better tone to one of the troop curs. Mackworth felt for his carbine and got out, staggering, but no longer afraid, only ashamed—sickeningly ashamed—beyond all endurance. He tried hard to get himself killed after that. He walked up and down in front of his men, giving orders and smoking cigarettes, and doing his best to serve as a target. The captain watched him and began to understand. His frown relaxed. "You'd better get under cover," he suggested; "you are taking needless risks." Mackworth looked at him with wide, blank eyes, and did not answer. His face was not only white now, it was gray and set, like the face of a corpse.

Morley's heart softened. "It's only a baby, anyway," he said to himself, "and it is unhappy out of all proportion." And presently he went to him again. "Will you get under cover, Mackworth?" he insisted. "No," said the lieutenant, "I won't." The captain swore now, fierce oaths and loud. "I order you back under cover, sir." Mackworth glanced at him and went on smoking. Morley did not fancy his own position, arguing with a green boy, fully exposed to an invisible enemy. He knew that wasting officers is pretty, but is not war. "I shall order you to the rear under arrest, unless you get back there with the men immediately." Mackworth retired, with a look at his superior for which he should have been court-martialed. After that the scout went the way of most scouts, be-

ing a chase of the intangible, up mountain ranges, when you pulled your horse after you; down them, when he slid atop of you; across malpais and desert, from the level of the mesquite and the greasewood to that of the pine and the manzanita. Chitto's band was at the north, to the south, to the east and west; but when the troops got to the spot, after forced marching, there was nothing. It went on for two months; and all the while Mackworth's despondency grew. The weight of years was upon his yet barely squared shoulders, the troubles of a life-time were written upon his face. And it was a pitifully young face, despite the growth of yellow beard. He would not be comforted. He was silent and morose. He would not lift up his beautiful baritone in song, be the camp never so dull. Only his captain knew why, of course—and he didn't tell. Neither did he attempt consolation. He thought the remorse healthful, and he knew, besides, that in such cases a man has to work out his own conclusions and salvation. This is the way Mackworth eventually tried to work out his.

There came one day a runner from the hostiles—a fish-faced, straight-locked creature of sinews—who spoke through the White Mountain interpreter of the troops and said that his chief was ready to go back to the reservation, but that he must go upon his own terms. And the chief stipulated, moreover that one white man—alone and unguarded—should go to the hostile camp and discuss those terms. If a force attempted to come he would retreat with his braves and stay out all winter.

Morley made answer that he had no fear of the chief staying out all winter among the mountains when the agency was so comfortable, but that if he did the white man could stand it as long as could he. Moreover, he said that none of his soldiers had any intimation whatever of walking into a death-trap of the sort.

Then Mackworth spoke up. "I have," he said. "Get out," said the captain, incredulously. "I mean what I say," said Mackworth, "and I shall consider your permission to go the greatest and the only favor you can do me. Something may be effected by it, all."

"Your death, that's all; and a little preliminary torture."

The lieutenant shrugged his shoulders. "Shall you let me go?" he insisted. "Not by a long shot," said Mackworth. "I wish to go, Captain Morley." Morley considered, and he decided that it might not be wise to refuse. There was no knowing just what the set-faced boy might do. So they parleyed together for a time, then Mackworth mounted his horse and went. He did not expect to come back, and the officers and men did not expect to see him again. They watched him go off into the distance of the plain, toward the mountains, following the hostile, who swung on at the long, untrailing dog-trot.

After four hours they came to the mouth of a narrow canon. The runner had given no sign or sound, and the fixed look had not gone from Mackworth's face. Well within the canon the hostiles were in camp. They had hobbled their lean little ponies, the squaws were gathering wood, and the bucks were squatting upon the ground or playing monte with cards of painted hide, around a cow-skin spread under a cedar tree. Four of them rose and slouched forward. There was a prolonged scrutiny upon both sides.

The chief waited for Mackworth to begin; but the white man's instincts were good. He beat the sullenly silent redskin at his own game, and in the end the chief spoke. The runner displayed for the first time his understanding, and interpreted. Mackworth made answer with decision, offsetting his own terms. The bucks scowled, and the chief began to argue. The white man, with the unflinching eye would not compromise. "Tell him," Mackworth said, "that this is my will. If he will not do this, I go back to the soldiers and we follow you and kill you all, man and woman." The face of the chief grew black, a growl rose from the crowding bucks, and the watching squaws began to chatter in voices sweet as the tinkle of glass bells.

The chief stepped suddenly forward and caught the bride above the curb-shanks. Not so much as an eyelash to argue. The white man, with the unflinching eye would not compromise. "Tell him," Mackworth said, "that this is my will. If he will not do this, I go back to the soldiers and we follow you and kill you all, man and woman." The face of the chief grew black, a growl rose from the crowding bucks, and the watching squaws began to chatter in voices sweet as the tinkle of glass bells. The chief stepped suddenly forward and caught the bride above the curb-shanks. Not so much as an eyelash to argue. The white man, with the unflinching eye would not compromise. "Tell him," Mackworth said, "that this is my will. If he will not do this, I go back to the soldiers and we follow you and kill you all, man and woman." The face of the chief grew black, a growl rose from the crowding bucks, and the watching squaws began to chatter in voices sweet as the tinkle of glass bells.

with a shrill little chorus scream. But the chief flung away the carbine, with a force which made the horse back.

"He do same you say. He go back to reservation to-day. He say you wish to see me," said the interpreter. Mackworth turned deliberately and walked back toward the camp.

He reported his success and went to his tent. His look of stolid wretchedness was unchanged. Morley began to be nervous. He went to the tent himself and found the lieutenant writing a letter by lantern-light. It was not a normal opportunity to take for that, so the captain, being filled with misgivings, trumped up an errand and sent him off on it. Then he looked at the letter. It was to Mackworth's mother. Morley did not read it, but he guessed the whole thing in a flash. He took up Mackworth's carbine and slid it under the tent-flaps into the outer darkness. Also he broke the Colt's, which had been thrown down upon the bedding, and put the cartridges in his pocket. Then he replaced it in the holster, and going out picked up the carbine and hid it in the brush.

After the camp was all asleep and Morley snoring loudly across the tent, Mackworth groped under his pillow and brought out the revolver. He cocked it and waited a moment; then he placed the barrel well in his mouth and pulled the trigger once—and then again and again.

At first call for reveille Morley awoke. Mackworth was already up, and turning he studied his captain's face with the faintest and most unwilling of smiles twitching the corners of his mouth under the beard. It was the most natural and healthy look his face had worn in weeks.

"Well?" said Morley. "Well," answered Mackworth, "I should like my carbine and the loads of my Colt's, please." Morley's face broke into a broad grin. "Will you be good if I let you have them?" he asked. "I'll be good," promised the lieutenant.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Short Chats on Advertising.
The local weekly is the best medium for the local merchant. It is easier to write an "original" advertisement than a good one.

Local topics, deftly touched, are likely to gain regular readers for any advertising. The successful advertisers are known more by their method than by the amount they spend.

Don't be tedious in your advertising talk. Better leave a little to be said to-morrow than to be tiresome to-day. No one person in five thousand reads an advertisement twice. You must impress with the first reading or the effect will be the last.

The hardest thing in advertising is to write a plain, common sense, every-day talk. It seems easy to write this kind of an ad., but when one attempts to do it he soon learns how difficult it is. The advertiser must keep the fact in mind that it is very easy to fall out of the procession and get lost. Let any man retire to some place and keep his friends in ignorance of his whereabouts, and within three months they will have ceased to think of him or speak of him.

Advertising is a great deal like eating. You can not eat a very large meal and expect to go without eating again for the next week or ten days; neither can you advertise successfully by using a medium one issue and then dropping out of sight three or four issues.

Advertising is not a "gamble," nor is it a "speculation." There is no more risk in it than in "keeping store," or manufacturing plows or harrows, or clothes, or sending men on the road, or the thousand and one other things that every business man does for the furthering of his business.

Advertising is as recognized a branch of business as the buying or manufacturing of goods. When one neglects it, or mismanages it, he is as the man who buys injudiciously, or as one who manufactures unsalable wares. Just as the merchant studies his goods and learns where and how to buy to best advantage, so it is his duty if he would succeed to learn what advertising means and use printers' ink carefully.

How to Wait.
Our English proverb says that "Everything comes to him who waits;" but the French saying reads with additional words, "Everything comes to him who knows how to wait." And according to psychology, which is fast becoming an exact science, thanks to at least one American, Professor William James, of Harvard, this addition is most important. Common-sense should teach us that no matter how much we may desire a thing we will never attain it so long as we are reconciled to a rocking-chair philosophy of life and continue to sit in resigned expectancy. Whenever we sincerely wish to obtain an end we, unconsciously perhaps, bend our actions to the attainment of that result. In this connection our distinguished compatriot says: "Whatever determines attention determines action." It may be years before the wish is an accomplished fact, and we may be much occupied with other more pressing matter, nevertheless sooner or later it arrives. A perfectly honest retrospection of one's own life will be ample verification of this fact. The way to hasten the coming is to use all spare moments in wisely directing our thoughts and energy to the longed-for object.—Harper's Bazar.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.
Pear Meringue.
Divide the pears in halves, remove the cores and stems and steam them until tender; then put them in a baking dish, put a little preserved ginger into each pear, add a little lemon juice and sugar, and cover the top with a meringue made of the beaten whites of three eggs and three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Bake in a quick oven until a light brown.

Chocolate Gingerbread.
Mix in a large bowl one cupful of molasses, half a cupful of sour milk or cream, one teaspoonful of ginger; one of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of salt. Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in a teaspoonful of cold water; add this and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter to the mixture. Now stir in two cupfuls of sifted flour, and finally add two ounces of good powdered chocolate and one tablespoonful of butter, melted together. Pour the mixture into three well buttered deep tin plates, and bake in a moderately hot oven for about twenty minutes.

Boiling Starch.
"More starching is a failure from the starch being half cooked than from any other cause," said a capable housewife who was complimented on the perfection of the starched goods that came up from her laundry. "I make it a rule to have the starch boiled steadily an hour before it is strained. After this some of it is thinned to the proper condition for dresses, shirt waists and other pieces that require light starching." Starch that is not boiled enough will stick to the iron. If starch is not strained there will be uneven places in it. It is very little trouble to boil starch. It needs to be stirred a few times after it begins to boil. Stretch a triangular bag across a pail and pour the starch through it. It will nearly all soon drip through, and it requires very little squeezing. There is always some starch left in the strainer that cannot be used. It saves time to skin off the film that gathers over starch that has been boiled for a considerable length of time.

Nut and Apple Salads.
A salad suitable for the season is made of nuts, apples and celery. Cut the apples in thin slices, shell and boil the chestnuts fifteen minutes, or until soft; drain, and when cool cut the chestnuts and celery in slices. Moisten with a part of the dressing and put in a salad bowl, with the remainder of the dressing on top. Garnish with celery tips. The dressing is made by creaming one-fourth of a cupful of butter, seasoning it with one-half teaspoonful of mustard and one saltspoonful of paprika. Add the beaten yolks of two eggs and one-fourth of a cupful of vinegar, which must be hot. Cook this over boiling water until very thick, stirring often. Whip one-half pint of cream and add it to the cold dressing just before serving. A chicken and walnut salad is made by adding to an ordinary salad a couple of dozen English walnuts which have been parboiled and skinned. In boiling the nuts a slice of onion, a sprig of parsley and a little of the chicken liquor should be added to the water. When the skins have been removed add the nuts to the chicken salad, garnish with celery and cover with mayonnaise dressing.

Household Hints.
Breathing the fumes of turpentine or carbolic acid will relieve whooping cough. Green cucumber parings strewn around the kitchen and cupboards will put an end to roaches.

Rub acetic acid well into a slimy sponge and then rinse in several lots of warm water and it will be as good as new. Fresh eggs sink when put in water. Bad ones float. Those that are neither real fresh nor thoroughly bad act suspiciously.

Bits of silk or woolen cut into strips and sewed together hit or miss, or in solid colors, can be sent to the weavers to return as portieres or rugs. Mayonnaise made by stirring olive oil into the beaten yolks of eggs will never "turn" if the oil has been placed on ice for some time before using it.

The common moth will not approach red pepper, nor those shiny, silvery pests that frequent damp places, but the more irremediable fly flaps is not to be frightened by either.

Charcoal is a useful article about the house and can be used to great sanitary benefit. A piece of it should always be left in the ice-box, and in the pantry, as it will absorb all objectionable odors.

Keep a little package of absorbent cotton in one of the sideboard drawers. If oil, milk or cream is spilled on a woolen dress or coat a bit of the cotton instantly applied will remove all traces of the stains.

If whipped cream is wanted quickly, and no churn or egg beater is at hand, have the cream very cold, put in a cold glass fruit jar, with an airtight cover. Half fill the jar with the cream, fasten the cover tightly, and shake the jar vigorously.

Camphor, if applied thoroughly, will kill moths in carpets. The safest way to do is to take out the tacks, turn back and wash the baseboard in strong camphor water. Replace, saturate a towel with the solution, lay on the edge of the carpet and press with a very hot iron.

If a child needs nourishment, one of the simplest forms in which it can be taken is by the raw whites of eggs. These are nutritious and easily digested. The white is broken into a jar with what milk is desired and the two shaken thoroughly together. A pinch of salt may be added before drinking, if preferred.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Brooches For the Hair.
Brooches for holding up the straggling hairs at the back are growing more and more elaborate. A pretty one for evening wear is a five-petal flower form of opals surrounded by diamonds meeting in the centre, with one diamond of larger size. A tiny stem and bud, diamond incrustated, adds to the suggestion of flower form.

Queen Victoria's Usual Garb.
The Queen is simply attired in a black dress, not always of silk, and wears a widow's cap with small lappets at the back, her silver hair plainly brushed on either side her temples. Upon her fingers are plain memorial rings, and she invariably wears a bracelet having the portrait of her latest grandchild or great-grandchild placed in it as a memento. The Queen always has a handkerchief bordered with lace resting in her hands as they lie folded in her lap, the survival of an ancient fashion.

Honor to a French Woman.
In the list of the Chancellerie of the Legion of Honor appears the name of Juliette Dodu, the only woman who has been awarded the Cross of the Legion in 1870 Juliette Dodu was a telegraphic clerk at Pithiviers and on the Germans taking possession of that place during the Franco-German war a message was given to her to send to Prince Charles Frederick. Realizing that this meant disaster to a portion of the French Army, she tore up the message instead of sending it, and for this act was condemned to be shot. However, when the Prince arrived, she was released and complimented on her courage, for her daring act had saved a whole French Army Corps.

For Wet Weather Wear.
Dark blue and gray will be popular for mackintoshes, but drab is about the smartest color, after all. Perhaps this color is all right, and that, to most people's minds, settles the affair absolutely, though one must say that personal appearance and good taste should have at least equal weight with being up to the latest mode. This sac will never be improved upon for this garment. It is a good idea to have epaulettes on the shoulders, and a cape collar, from which the water runs off easily, but if the sac hangs out in a pleat at the back, it accomplishes this. Walking in the rain with the wet trickling off one's mackintosh and getting into one's boots, to say nothing of spoiling one's shirt, is an exceedingly tiresome process.

"Mother."
One of the first words that a baby says is mamma, or mother, and it is not strange, therefore, to find it one of the first and simplest words in every language. There is no word easier for a child to say than "ma," unless it be "pa." In Hebrew and Arabic mother is "em" and "am;" it is "mam" in Welsh and "moder" in Anglo-Saxon. In other languages it is slightly different, but near enough like our own word "mother" to make it an almost universal word, so that a child crying in any language could be understood in almost any other language. Here are a few of the names: Madr in Persian; Matr in Sanscrit; Moter in Greek; Mater in Latin; Madre in Spanish; Mere in French; Moder in Swedish; Moder in Danish; Moder in Dutch; Mutter in German; Mate in Russian; Mathair in Celtic.

How to Dress Your Hair.
All the latest hair-dressing shows that the Pompadour is to be the fashion for the winter season. To arrange the hair after this style, divide the front part into three pieces, combing the hair forward, and then turn it back to the crown of the head. The hair should be slightly waved.

For the new hats, and also for everyday occasions, have the hair coiled high on the head in a figure eight, with the top raised to be like a loop. The front in Pompadour, and at the back of the coil or twist put in a Pompadour comb to keep the twist above the crown of the head. This style of hair-dressing is suitable for women of from twenty to forty-five years of age.

Elderly women generally wear their hair high on the head, but below the crown. The front is parted and arranged in soft waves that are drawn down over the forehead, giving a more softened look.

For young girls there are two styles of hair-dressing. One way is to part the hair in front, to roll it at the sides, and to arrange it low in the neck at the back. This is particularly pretty for curly hair, as the knot at the back of the neck is very becoming.

Young girls also wear their hair in Pompadour with a bow on the top of the head, the ends braided and turned up, and tied at the nape of the neck with another bow of ribbon. Sometimes the very end of the braid is put up back and fastened under the bow on the top of the head. All these methods of dressing the hair are the best styles for the coming season.—Harper's Bazar.

Women as Practical Opticians.
Despite its apparent fitness as a profession for woman, who is credited with quick perception, dexterity and gentle touch—attributes necessary to success in this particular calling—optics is practically shunned by her. In the entire State of New York there are but two women opticians, and New York City does not boast one. The maximum number of women opticians in the United States does not exceed thirty.

Feminine Chit Chat.
A Louisiana woman supports herself by raising mint. Women are not permitted to be photographed in China. Of the 4000 employes of the Interior Department at Washington 1000 are women. The wife of the fourth Emperor of China invented silk weaving and was worshipped in consequence. There are fifty-six deaconess institutions in the world, comprising over 800 deaconesses and probationers. There are in Washington probably 3000 feminine employes in the departments, drawn from all parts of the land.

The landladies of Ann Harbor, Mich., and the girl students are making a fight against the tobacco smoke of the college boys. A woman in Bradford, England, has invented a marvelous machine for the removal of wool from skins with the aid of electricity. The clerk of the Supreme Court of South Dakota is Miss Jessie Fuller. North Dakota is one of the Northwestern States in which women have no votes.

Mrs. Ellen S. Mussey, who has obtained a high reputation as a practicing lawyer at Washington, is conducting the Washington College of Law, principally for women students. A Non-Sentimental Club, with the motto "Woman should not wear her heart on her sleeve," has been organized in Denver, Col. Its originator is Mrs. Cowles, formerly Superintendent of Public Instruction. Lady Londonderry, who is considered one of the most beautiful women in England, prefers pearls to all other gems, and seldom wears anything else except diamonds, and these are almost always combined with pearls. In the old Swedish university town of Upsala a special institution has been opened for educating young women as household help, lessons being given in cooking and other domestic labor, as well as nursing and sanitary science. Lady Roberts-Austen, the wife of Sir William Roberts-Austen, chemist and assayer at the Royal British Mint, has been appointed Chairman of the Womans Parish Council for the ensuing year. This is said to be the first time a woman has been elected to a similar position in England. Gleanings From the Shops. Wired satin ribbon bows for the hair in all colors with and without aigrettes. Many Spanish turbans having the brims overlaid with glittering paillettes. Many styles of bodice garnitures embellished with heavy appliques of silver spangles. White cashmere habit skirts showing many rows of machine stitching above the hem. Many large girdles showing jet and steel beadings, paillettes and variously colored jewels for winter wear. Entire gowns of plaited tissue materials in the brightest shades of red trimmed with black velvet and cream lace. Felt golf hats with gracefully curved brim and tam o'shanter crown surmounted by whole birds, quills or wings. Many novelties in quaint felms having extremely long ends tastefully trimmed with application of lace or plaitings. Many corded tafetas with rows of hemstitching or other open effects variously arranged for waists and entire gowns. Guimpe styles in dresses for young girls fashioned from the finest nainsook or organdie and elaborately trimmed with lace or embroidery. Many velvet, satin and silk stock collars fashioned with points either at the side or in the back trimmed with rich real lace in white or cream.—Dry Goods Economist.