GRAY HAIR.

THERE ARE MANY FAKES ON THE MARKET, and perhaps you have been imposed upon; therefore we do not expect you to pay for this preparation until you have used it. We will gladly give further information and the best city references on request.

When the coloring matter in the hair ceases to flow the hair fades and turns gray. There are many objections to dyeing the hair. There is only one thing to restore the color.

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TRADE MARK.

Is a harmless preparation for restoring gray or faded hair to its original color in from nine to fourteen days. It is not sticky or greasy, does not contain sugar of lead, sulphur or any poisonous ingredients. It is pure as water and does not stain the skin or scalp. We know what the restorer can do, otherwise we would not say PAY FOR IT AFTER USING.

Goldman's European Hair Parlors,

385 Wabasha Street, St. Paul. Near the Postoffice.

Manufacturers, Jobbers and Retailers of

HUMAN HAIR GOODS--FINE WIGS.

We manufacture everything and can therefore say

Your Money Back if Not Satisfied.

Bret Harte's New . . . Stories of California.

"From Sand Hill to Pine" is the title of a volume of new short stories by Bret Harte. It is from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The stories posessess the charm that is characteristic of all this author's work. As a sample of the stories, take that of "A Treasure of the Redwoods."

One day a prospector, who was not specially well trained, wandered in the woods in a dilatory search and came upon a cabin. He wanted a prospecting pan, so he borrowed one from the daughter of the eccentric old man who lived in the little clearing, a girl whose big sunbonnet hid her face. The pan was old, patched and leaky, and he found nothing. A few days later a note and a box came to the camp for him, brought by "Mammy," the negro housekeeper at Katinka Jallinger's home. The note told an elaborate story of how the borrowed pan, the owner's bread pan, had had flakes of gold in it, after all, concealed beneath the loose patch in the bottom. Katinka's note also explained that "dad" was away. "Dad" objected to gold mining and quoted Scripture to prove that it was wrong.

Excited by the news that he had been prospecting in a likely place, Jack Fleming hurried back to the place near the Jallinger house. Thither came Katinka, prettily dressed, and this time he saw that she was a very pretty girl. The prospector's pan revealed nothing valuable, even when Tinka herself washed for ore. The pool became still presently, for two young people were interested in each other.

There was a moment of silence. The drone of a bumble-bee near by seemed to make the silence swim drowsily in their ears; far off they heard the faint beat of a woodpecker. The suggestion of their kneeling figures in this magic mirror was vague, unreasoning, yet for the moment none the less irresistible. His arm instinctively crept around her little waist as he whispered—he scarce knew what he said—"Perhaps here is the treasure I am seeking."

The girl laughed, released herself, and sprang up; the pan sank ingloriously to the bottom of the pool, where Fleming had to grope for it, assisted by Tinka, who rolled up her sleeve to her elbow. For a minute or two they washed gravely, but with no better success than attended his own individual efforts. The result in the bottom of the pan was the same. Fleming laughed.

"You see," he said, gayly, "the Mammon of unrighteousness is not for me—at least, so near your father's tabernacle."

"That makes no difference now," said the girl, quickly, "for dad is goin' to move, anyway, farther up the mountains. He says it's gettin' too crowded for him here—when the last settler took up a section three miles off."

"And are you going, too?" asked the young man, earnestly.

Tinka nodded her brown head. Fleming heaved a genuine sigh. "Well, I'll try my hand here a little while longer. I'll put up a notice of claim; I don't suppose your father would object. You know he couldn't legally."

"I reckon ye might do it ef ye wanted—ef ye was that keen on gettin' gold!" said Tinka, looking away. There was something in the girl's tone which this budding lover resented. He had become sensitive.

"Oh, well," he said, "I see that it might make unpleasantness with your father. I only thought," he went on, with tenderer tentativeness, "that it would be pleasant to work here near you."

"Ye'd be only wastin' yer time," she said, darkly.

Fleming rose gravely. "Perhaps you're right," he answered, sadly, and a little bitterly, "and I'll got at once."

He walked to the spring and gathered up his tools. "Thank you again for your kindness, and good-by."

He held out his hand, which she took passively, and he moved away.

But he had not gone far before she called him. He turned to find her still standing where he had left her, her little hands clinched at her side and her widely opened eyes staring at him. Suddenly she ran at him, and, catching the lapels of his coat in both hands, held him rigidly fast.

"No! no! ye shan't go—ye mustn't go!" she said, with hysterical intensity. "I want to tell ye something! Listen!—you—you—Mr. Fleming! I've been a wicked, wicked girl! I've told lies to dad—to mammy—to you! I've borne false witness—I'm worse than Sapphira—I've acted a big lie. Oh, Mr. Fleming, I've made you come back here for nothing! Ye didn't find no gold the other day. There wasn't any. It was all me! I—I salted that pan!"

"Salted it!" echoed Fleming, in amazement.

"Yes, 'salted it,'" she faltered; "that's what dad says they call it—what those wicked sons of Mammon do to their claims to sell them. I—put gold in the pan myself; it wasn't there before."

"But why?" gasped Fleming.

She stoped. Then suddenly the fountains in the deep of her blue eyes were broken up; she burst into a sob and buried her head in her hands and her hands on his shoulder. "Because—because"—she sobbed against him—"I wanted you to come back!"

He folded her in his hands. He kissed her lovingly, forgivingly, gratefully, tearfully, smilingly—and paused; then he kiss-her sympathetically, understandingly, apologetically, explanatorily, in lieu of other conversation. Then, becoming coherent, he asked:

"But where did you get the gold?"

"Oh," she said, between fitful and despairing sobs, "somewhere!—I don't know—out of the old Run—long ago—when I was little! I didn't never dare say anything to dad—he'd have been crazy mad at his own daughter diggin'—and I never cared nor thought a single bit about it until I saw you."

"And you have never been there since?"

"Never."

"Nor anybody else?"

"No."

Suddenly she threw back her head; her ship hat fell back from her face, rosy with a dawning inspiration! "Oh, say, Jack!—you don't think that—after all this time—there might—" She did not finish the sentence, but, grasping his hand, cried, "Come!"

She caught up the pan, he seized the shovel and pick, and they raced like boy and girl down the hill. When within a few hundred feet of the house she turned at right angles into the clearing and saying "Don't be skeered; dad's away," ran boldly on, still holding his hand, along the little valley. At its farther extremity they came to the "Run," a half-dried watercourse whose rocky sides were marked by the erosion of winter torrents. It was apparently as wild and secluded as the forest spring. "Nobody ever came here," said the girl, hurriedly, "after dad sunk the well at the house."

One or two pools still remained in the Run from the last season's flow, water enough to wash out several pans of dirt.

Selecting a spot where the white quartz was visible, Fleming attacked the bank with the pick. After one or two blows it began to yield and crumble away at his feet. He washed out a panful perfunctorily, more intent on the girl than his work; she, eager, alert and breathless, had changed places with him and become the anxious prospector! But the result was the same. He threw away the pan with a laugh, to take her little hand! But she whispered, "Try again."

He attacked the bank once more with such energy that a great part of it caved and fell, filling the pan and even burying the shovel in the debris. He unearthed the latter while Tinka was struggling to get out the pan.

"The mean thing is stuck and won't move," she said, pettishly. "I think it's broken now, too, just like ours."

Fleming came laughingly forward, and, putting one arm around the girl's waist, attempted to assist her with the other. The pan was immovable, and, indeed, seemed to be broken and bent. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation and began hurriedly to brush away the dirt and throw the soil out of the pan.

In another moment he had revealed a fragment of decomposed quartz, like discolored honeycombed cheese, half filling the pan. But on its side, where the pick had struck it glancingly, there was a yellow streak like a ray of sunshine! And as he strove to lift it he felt in that unmistakable omnipoteny of weight that it was seamed and celled with gold.

* * *

The news of Mr. Fleming's engagement, two weeks later, to the daughter of the recluse religious hunter who had made a big strike at Lone Run, excited some skeptical discussion, even among the honest congratulations of his partners.

"That's a mighty queer story how Jack got that girl sweet on him just by borrowin' a prospectin' pan of her," said Faulkner, between the whiffs of his pipe under the trees. "You and me might have borrowed a hundred prospectin' pans and never got even a drink thrown in. Then to think of that old preachin' coon-hunter hevin' to give in and pass his strike over to his daughter's feller, just because he had scruples about gold diggin' himself. He'd hev booted you and me outer his ranch first."

"Lord, ye ain't takin' no stock in that hogwash?" responded the other. "Why, everybody knows old man Jallinger pretended to be sick o' miners and m'nin' camps, and couldn't bear to hev 'em near him, only jest because he himself was all the while secretly prospectin' the whole lode and didn't want no interlopers. It was only when Fleming nipped in by gettin' hold o' the girl that Jallinger knew the secret was out, and that's the way he bought him off. Why, Jack wasn't no miner—never was—ye could see that. He never struck anything. The only treasure he found in the woods was Tinka Jallinger!"

BOOKS of the HOUR.

"The Burden of Christopher."

"The Burden of Christopher," by Florence Converse. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

This story should be read by every thinking person. The heart interest is intense and humanity is sounded to its depths. It's moral must be left to the reader. The story commences at the home of Christopher Kenyon, manufacturer of shoes, in the village of Kenyon. The Kenyons have been at the head of the factories for generations, and the name has always been a synonym for honor and trustworthiness, albeit there have been some hard and close men among them. Christopher has taken his place at the helm at his father's death, and now after six years we find him with a flourishing business, but unsatisfied ideas.

His old college instructor of economics, Prof. Gillespie, the professor's daughter Agnes and the rector of the village, Philip Star, who are visiting him at this time influence him to commence an experiment that has been in his own mind and heart in embryo for many years. Christopher, while a practical business man, is also a poet and dreamer. The old professor is, of course, a theorist, and his daughter Agnes, while holding some of her father's views, has lived nearer to the people of the world than he, and knows more of their ills and sufferings. The young rector, Starr, is a man of the highest ideals, and in his contact with the people of a factory town has had a chance to become familiar with their conditions and the shortcomings thereof.

The influence of these three persons on Christopher at this time colors his future life and actions. He knows that his factory people are little better off than slaves under the methods in vogue, and while his factory is a model of good conditions and management he hopes to raise them to a higher social and educational plane. Feeling that at the present time they are not equal to co-operative methods he places his factories on a profit-sharing basis, with short hours and full recognition of organized labor. During the inauguration of his experiment he sees much of Agnes. Her strong personality and ideas are his greatest inspiration. As is natural he loves and marries her.

Ten years pass by, and Christopher's experiment seems to be a success. His people are happy, and their village is a model one. They still have good hours and good pay, but Christopher himself has been paying the price of it. His load has been a heavy one. Many disturbing elements have entered into conditions of late years. Leather trusts have formed and several years of business depression, in addition to the keen competition of rival factories, operated on the old lines of starvation and grind, and always the demand for a cheaper product, have caused Christopher to place his own and his wife's fortune in the business, hoping for better times. As a last resort he makes use of funds placed in his hands as a trust for minor orphans. A strike in one of the rival factories, precipitated by an effort to unionize the help, is the last straw and leaves nothing but ruin ahead.

The outcome is as interesting as the events leading up to it.

In so short an article much of interest must be omitted, but no one will regret reading this book. It especially commends itself in these times of labor experiments and labor troubles.

"Colombia and Venezuela."

"The Colombian and Venezuelan Republics," by William L. Scruggs. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

The author of this work was formerly envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to these republics, and in his official capacity had exceptional opportunities for studying these countries and their people. He describes their climatic conditions; and many of the places which have been considered unhealthy by those who are ignorant of the facts, he finds the reverse. His experience of twenty-five years has led him to know exactly those localities which are to be avoided by strangers. The magnificent mountain scenery of the Magdalena valley and the gorgeous tropical scenery and luxuriant vegetable life are described at length. The great difficulties of transportation are dwelt upon; and he points out the need of better conditions, which would lead to the development of the magnificent resources of the countries. The volume contains chapters on the agricultural products of Venezuela, on the Guayana boundary question, the Isthmus of Panama and Panama canal projects, the rights and duties of foreign residents in South America, the Monroe doctrine, the Venezuelan arbitration award of 1899, etc. The book should be invaluable to a person intending to travel or settle in South or Central America, for it contains much practical advice upon the best methods of dealing with the native population, and the best parts of the country in which to settle.

"Last of the Flatboats."

"The Last of the Flatboats," a story of the Mississippi river, by George Cary Eggleston. Lothrop Publishing company, Boston.

This is the story of the adventures of five young "Hoosiers" who take about the last of the Western river flatboats down the Mississippi to New Orleans. They start from the town of Vevay, on the Ohio, and have plenty of adventure. But the book is more than a story of adventure; it is a perfect storehouse of facts, not only about the Mississippi and "its interesting family of rivers," but of the possibilities, productions, and incentives which America yields and of which active, earnest, and ambitious American boys may profitably avail themselves.

Mr. Eggleston evidently writes from close and careful knowledge. He has not only dealt picturesquely with our wonderful Western river system, but he has covered a field, geographically, which no boy's story has yet attempted. The five boys take the "Last of the Flatboats," as they call their craft, well laden with consignments of farm produce, through the bends and rapids, the dangers and delights of the great river, with "moving accidents by flood and field," and a vast development in self-reliance, intelligence, and self-helpfulness in the boyish owners who make the voyage. The interest in the book is heightened when it is hinted that the original of "Ed"—the most brainy boy of the party—was the author's elder brother, Dr. Edward Eggleston, of "Hoosier Schoolmaster" fame. The illustrations are by Charlotte Harding, and have faithfully caught the sentiment, adventure, and local color of the story.

"Mickey Finn," by Ernest Jarrold. Illustrations by Ike Morgan. Paper, 231 pages; 12mo. Jamieson-Higgins company, Chicago.

Mickey Finn and Cooney Island are exploited in a series of humorous sketches, some of which are ludicrous in the extreme. Of special interest at this time is the story of the census enumerator's experience with Mickey's garrulous mother, while "the wooden-legged Shanghai" and "the rooster" are pictures of domestic sensations that must have thrilled Cooney Island to the extreme. A chapter of history, the north pole, and a lesson in georgaphy are amusing, if not really instructive, and there are in all thirty sketches in this volume. The illustrations are excellent.

BOOK NOTES.

The Riverside Press, Cambridge, has just issued another edition of E. W. Howe's romance, "The Story of a Country Town," one of the most popular of the old Ticknor paper series. The new edition is also in paper. Howe, a newspaper man, has told the incidents of life in a country town so well that the atmosphere seems to cling to the pages of the book.

ON OUR BOOK TABLE.

From the publishers:

Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston—"The Last of the Flatboats," by George Cary Eggleston, $1.50.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston—"The Columbian and Venezuelan Republics," by William L. Scruggs.

Jameson-Higgins Co., Chicago—"Sunbeams," by George W. Peck.

Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York—"Four Years Nine," by Bart Mynderse.

From the St. Paul Book and Stationery company:

D. Appleton & Co., New York—"The Seafarers," by John Bloudelle Burton, $1; "Bird Studies With a Camera," by Frank M. Chapman, $1.75.

McClure, Phillips & Co., New York—"The American Salad Book," by Maximilian De Loup, $1; "Dwight L. Moody," by Henry Drummond, $1; "The Green Flag, and Other Stories of War and Sport," by A. Conan Doyle, $1.50.

Don't Get Your Supper Before You Start.

Soo Line Atlantic Limited, leaving Minneapolis and St. Paul every evening for the East, serves supper a la carte.

Make Lazy Liver Lively

You know very well how you feel when your liver don't act. Bile collects in the blood, bowels become constipated and your whole system is poisoned. A lazy liver is an invitation for a thousand pains and aches to come and dwell with you. Your life becomes one long measure of irritability and despondency and bad feeling.

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WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Act directly, and in a peculiarly happy manner on the liver and bowels, cleansing, purifying, revitalizing every portion of the liver, driving all the bile from the blood, as is soon shown by increased appetite for food, power to digest it, and strength to throw off the waste. Beware of imitations! 10c., 25c. All druggists.

Best for the Bowels

418

HERE ARE SEVEN DIFFERENT WAYS OF WEARING RIBBONS---WHICH BECOMES YOU BEST?

Severe effect, to be worn with an ordinary shirt waist, a ring slipped over the ends of a stock speared with stickpin at the throat, ends brought easily to the waist with knot or ring, and around the waist, tied in back with a stubby, flat bow.

A bow which may be worn with a severely plain shirt waist or to complete a fancy gown. The ends of a stock are drawn tightly to the bust line, pinned, and a bow tied. The ends may be worn short or reaching a trifle below the waist. Also two colors of ribbon tied together make a pretty effect.

To be worn with a shirt waist, as well as with more elaborate bodices. A stock, with two small loops at the throat. The ends are tied in four-loop bow, with pendent ends. A small knot on each end makes this a very pleasing and fluffy effect.

Stock with the ends drawn to the shoulder, pinned. A bow tied, the ends of which are tied individually into small bowknots. A more dressy effect, suitable for afternoon dresses. Also very charming for carriage wear, when the ends should be left much longer.

The ends of a stock are drawn to the shoulder and pinned, a three-loop bow tied, and the ends drawn diagonally to the waist and pinned. One end, drawn around the waist, meets the other and a bow is tied. This is suitable only for simple dresses made with the design of ribbon ornaments.

A "pulley" stock, made with two rings, the ends drawn one to either shoulder, pinned, and a bow tied, the end of which is pendent on one side and drawn tight around the arm on the other. An elaborate arrangement of ribbon, which requires six yards of four-inch ribbon in one piece.

—New York Herald.

Shorter end of stock drawn to left shoulder and pinned; the other under the right arm from the back; a ring slipped on and temporarily pinned in front; passed back, same side, to waist, around waist twice, drawn up through ring, under left arm and over shoulder, to form a bow with the other end; one end of bow carried across the arm to knot, and drawn back to bow.

Amelia Rives' Life Ending in Gloom.

RICHMOND, Va., June 16.—A beautiful wreck of her former self, Amelie Rives, Princess Troubetzkoi, is now a voluntary prisoner at the home of her father, Col. Albert Rives, Castle Hill, Albemarle county. It seems as though the final chapter of a short but romantic life is being written, and that any day may witness its close.

Many months have passed since this gifted young lady returned to her father's home from the gayeties of life in Paris and the great cities of her own country, with her health ruined and her nervous system totally unstrung. Her coming was an event in Albemarle county, and from far and near the friends of the family gathered to see her. But she would receive no one. She shut herself in her own room, and refused to hold communication even with the members of her own family. To this day she has kept up her self-imposed solitude, and not until the shadows of night have fallen and all the household is wrapped in slumber does she venture forth. Then, draped all in white, like a returned spirit, haunted by the memory of deeds done on earth, she wanders back and forth through the wide halls and up and down the winding staircase of the old-fashioned mansion until the dim light in the east heralds the beginning of another day.

PREPARING ANOTHER BOOK.

How her time is spent within the confines of her own room no one knows except the trusty colored woman who carries all her meals and attends to her wants. It is known, however, that she writes at intervals, and this has given rise to the report that she is preparing another book, which may create a sensation in the world like that produced by her first venture, "The Quick or the Dead."

Twice a month her husband, Prince Troubetzkoi, now a resident of Washington, comes down and sees her, and spends a few days at Castle Hill. Sometimes she consents to see him for a short time, and sometimes she does not. The life of the young princess, now evidently near its end, is more remarkable than many which have been woven by the skilled pens of writers of fiction. She was born and raised among the azure-topped mountains of the Blue Ridge, and grew up with a large share of beauty, for which her family on both sides has long been noted. At eighteen years of age there was no lovelier girl in Virginia. Her petite, rounded, graceful figure, soft blue eyes and crown of golden hair, made her the belle of the country. But even at that early age, the eccentricities, now so marked, began to display themselves. She went in for literary work, and produced a number of short pieces of no especial merit, until her sensational and somewhat risque book, "The Quick or the Dead," was written.

"THE QUICK OR THE DEAD."

Her father, Col. Albert L. Rives, a distinguished engineer, was in France at the time, being connected with the Panama canal work, and the young authoress submitted her manuscript to one of her relatives, a learned professor in the University of Virginia. He strongly advised her not to publish it without her father's permission. She refused to accept his advice. The book proved an instant success, although it provoked a storm of criticism, and the young woman's name was enrolled among the rising authors of the day. She was overwhelmed with requests for stories from magazine and other publishers, and in a few years following the appearance of her book wrote for the Atlantic Monthly, Harper's and Lippincott's, among her more celebrated efforts being "Herod and Marianne," "Virginia of Virginia," "The Witness of the Sun," "The Farrier Lass o' Piping Pepworth," "Athewold," "According to St. John" and others. None, however, attracted the attention accorded her first work.

HER FIRST MARRIAGE.

The beautiful home of the captivating young authoress was the mecca of scores of young men of the state, and her offers of marriage were many. In the first bloom of youth she married John Armstrong Chanler, a man considerably her senior, of grave, dignified demeanor, and her opposite in almost every respect. Their married life was an unhappy one, and, while the ties were not legally severed for years, yet they only lived together as husband and wife for a short time. He is now in an insane asylum in New York state. While on a tour of Italy some years ago Amelia Rives Chanler, as she called herself, met Prince Troubetzkoi, a Corsican. It seems to have been a case of love at first sight, and not long after the legal chains that bound Amelia Rives and John Armstrong Chanler and which had united them but slightly were severed by due process of law. Incompatibility of temperament was the ground on which the divorce was granted. The wedding of the authoress to the prince, which took place in Paris, was a brilliant one, and their honeymoon was spent beneath the bright skies of his native land and among the gay whirl of foreign cities.

The eccentricity of the princess, however, was growing apace, until it unfitted her for the world and culminated, as has been related, in practically burying her alive in the once happy home of her girlhood days. The prince is a painter of renown, and his Washington studio is a fashionable one. He has painted the portrait of the queen of England and of other crowned heads of Europe. The Princess Troubetzkoi is said to have amassed several hundred thousand dollars by her literary labors, and will not want for temporal comforts the remainder of her life.

FASHION NOTES.

The Chicago club women took so many trunkfuls of clothes with them to the great club pow-wow at Milwaukee last week that iron coupling pin of the baggage car broke and the special train was delayed two hours. There were 750 trunks and each trunk had an excess weight tag. Three trunks to each woman was the average. Mrs. J. M. Flower, of the Chicago Woman's club, announced to the women who shared her car: "Well, I didn't break the coupling pin, for I only brought a dress suit case."

* * *

Roses are largely in evidence in millinerial decorations. Abroad the fancy is running riot for the wearing of absolutely monstrous, but nevertheless very beautiful roses that certainly would never have grown on any bush that had not the strength of the oak to support their splendid porportions.

One rose of the accepted correct size is sufficient, with the addition of a little foliage and a band of ribbons, to trim an entire hat. The newest roses, in fact, are about eight or ten inches in diameter, while the immense number of their petals and the general luxuriance of their outline make one hesitate to hazard a guess as to their probable circumference.

* * *

The new flowered muslins are charming for young girls, the effect in the coloring and pattern closely resembling hand painting. These are made up with quaint lace trimmed fichus and worn with a drooping trimmed lace-like straw hat faced with folds of colored chiffon. The skirts are variously trimmed with lace insertion and made up over fine lawn and chiffon underskirts, one over the other, trimmed with narrow ruffles and ruches of ribbon.

* * *

Duck lawn, or galatea, makes most serviceable suits for the surf. It is light in weight, sheds the water, even as does the proverbial duck's back, and can be bought in the most charming colors and combinations of colors. Scarlet duck lawn trimmed with wide white braid, pale blue trimmed with either black or white stripes of old rose and pink, with touches of black, white or dark blue, would make attractive surf costumes for the woman who sees no necessity of making herself look unsightly, even if she is taking sea baths solely and simply for her health.

* * *

Belt buckles vary in size from two to four inches, and the oval seems to be the favorite shape. Enameled buckles are the latest cry of fashion, and their exquisite coloring and brilliant polish make them most desirable additions to a modish toilet. They are usually of filigree, and the designs show tiny birds, horses, deer and other fancies from the animal kingdom, or one may have flowers so perfect in form and tint that they almost seem to grow. At the back of the belt a snake may be worn, whose enamel scales and emerald eyes might startle one into believing it real; or lizards, toads and turtles may cling apparently to the waist.

* * *

Fichus, which depend for their grace upon the manner of draping, are the height of the mode and are especially adapted to youthful figures, giving that broadening touch at the shoulders which is so essentially becoming. These fichus may be in Marie Antoinette style, or a la Montespan, or a la Pompadour, or, in fact, so arranged as the individual fancy thinks best. The newest are exquisitely hand embroidered on the finest lawn or cambric, faintly butter-colored, and some are shaped in a rounded piece without any frills, ready for placing on the shoulders and knotting in front. As a natural accompaniment short elbow sleeves appear on the newest foulards and muslins, with full elbow ruffles. These are far more likely to be worn by good dressers than the much-talked-of and written-about sleeve of the fifties, which is rather quaint than pretty, though there is a charm about it for tea gowns and wrappers.

* * *

An attractive automobile gown is of green mohair trimmed with white gimp, which outlines the lower edge of the skirt and runs down on either side of the front, giving a panel effect. With this is worn a little box coat with a deep scalloped collar outlined, as well as the edge of the jacket, with the gimp. There are two little pockets on the left side of the coat. With it was worn the other day a pretty little sky blue blouse.

"A chronic case of catarrh has been entirely cured for me by taking 'Orangeine' as directed."

Child Freedom.

With a show of pride a mother, who could afford to buy any amount of elegance and luxury for her children, displayed a dozen garments each for her five-year-old son and her three-year-old daughter that were to form the staple of their summer wardrobe. They were alike in cut and form, differing only in material and color. A loose, comfortable, inviting sort of garment it was, such as a child could run, jump, kick or climb in to his heart's content. Attired in it there would be no need of the tiresome injunction, "Don't tear or soil your clothes."

Practically, it is nothing but a sack-like garment with sleeves that reach to the elbows and trouser legs that come just below the knees. No over or underclothes are intended to be worn with it on hot days. There is nothing to bind nor in any way to fret the mind or body. Linen, denim, gingham or any sort of strong, cool material may be used, and if desired the severity of style may be modified by a white pique collar and bands of the same in the sleeves. By all means there should be a pocket; one can easily be sewed on the breast and it will afford endless comfort and pleasure to the possessor, says the New York Press. One of the beauties of this article of dress is that it is equally within the reach of the poor and the rich, and another is that it is as desirable for little girls as for their brothers.

"For the beach or for the country it is the finest thing ever invented," says an enthusiastic mother, who tried it last year for her four children, and is going to repeat the experiment this season. "I don't know what I shall do when my children get too large to wear them. I was afraid my seven-year-old daughter would have to give up her overalls, as she calls them, this summer, but she begged to have another season of fun in them, so I am going to turn her loose in them again."

This is only one of the departures that have been made in the last few years in favor of children's comfort in preference to mere appearance. More plain, sensible clothes go into the trunks that are packed for vacation days, and less trimmed and be-ruffled finery that is too good to play in.

And mothers no longer are afraid to have their darlings go barefoot. They have learned that there are curative properties in the earth that make it desirable for the little feet to come in contact with it. The virtues of the sun bath are acknowledged, and the complexion bugbear is done away with. When mamma was a little girl she had to wear a sunbonnet or a big hat to keep from tanning her pretty face; but her little daughter is permitted to get as brown as the sun will paint her, sturdiness being appreciated more than delicacy in these days.

The coolest and most comfortable kind of summer headgear for children, when they must wear any, is the little round hats of lawn or linen that can easily be laundered when soiled or crumpled.

"Freedom" for growing children is the watchword in the vocabulary of the modern mother. The child must not be hampered or restricted by dress or other artificialities. As soon as he can toddle he is encouraged to run about and indulge his animal spirts. Even the wee thing, unable to stand upon his wabbling legs, is put out of doors on the turf or warm sand, little burdened with clothing, and permitted to kick his heels joyously and stretch his arms widely in the instinctive pursuit of health and strength. If there is a suspicion of dampness in the ground he is put on a rug or blanket.

The reform in the method of dressing children has the sanction of physicians, but on one point they lift a warning voice. In this changeable climate woolen garments should always be at hand, even in midsummer, to supplement the thin and scanty clothing so appropriate for hot weather. Children are more susceptible to climatic changes than their elders, and should be protected most sedulously against them.

There is as much menace to health in being chilled by insufficient clothing as by being weakened by overmuch. Especially on or near the seacoast the changes come abruptly, and the single cotton garment that was sufficient one hour may have to give way the next to warm woolen suits and stout shoes and stockings.

Training was a word formerly applied almost exclusively to children, but nowadays one hears nearly as much about the training of mothers as of their offspring. Not only are there mothers' clubs and mothers' congresses, but there is a large and growing literature on the duties, methods, etc., of mothers. Although there is doubtless some danger of material indigestion from overcramming of facts and theories and a possibility that mothers may be too busy learning about their duties to their offspring to perform them properly, yet there are unmistakable gains for children in the efforts that mothers are making to get a more intelligent and sympathetic understanding of the needs of their little ones. Because rocking babies has gone out of fashion it does not follow that mothers are deficient in sentiment. Mother love is just as strong when it obeys the doctor's diction not to rock the baby because it is bad for the little brain, as when it yields to the impulse to quiet the little one by the easy task of swaying the cradle backwards and forwards, or to take it up and walk back and forth until the mother is weary and the child has discovered what it can achieve by tyranny.

One of the results of modern child study and mother training that is much in evidence is the notebook wherein the mother puts down daily every item concerning the physical, mental and ethical development of her baby. At the meeting of a club of mothers devoted to this cult not long ago baby books were produced to be read for the common weal and instruction, but so voluminous was the first book and so interesting did the reader deem each recorded fact that no one else got a chance to show the peculiarities and remarkable development of her own darling, whose record was the most wonderful thing in the world.

The trouble with these baby notebooks is that every other one seems so tame and dull in comparison with her own that no mother can be persuaded to bestow any attention upon the record of any baby except her Donald or Dorothy, so that they cannot be said to have a wide circulation. To supply this difficulty a body of women sociologists who, having no children of their own, are without bias in their opinions, make these books the basis for study, analysis and deduction, whereby they are constructing theories, reaching conclusions in regard to the development of the individual and the human race. The publication of these statistics stimulates the desire on the part of mothers to prove new facts through the unique experiences of their children. Consequently baby notebooks multiply indefinitely, for no mother's child is as any other child in the universe.

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