

Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., Jan. 27, 1893.

AN EASTERN BEAUTY.

Then, on a sudden, came a maid
With tambourine to dance for us—
Allah! Allah! it was she,
The slave girl from the Bosporus
That Yussuf purchased recently.

Long narrow eyes, as black as black!
And melting, like the stars in June;
Tresses of night drawn smoothly back
From eyes like the crescent moon.
She passed an instant with bowed head,
Then, at a motion of her wrist
A veil of gossamer outspread,
And wrapt her in a silver mist.

Her tunic was of Tiflis green
Shot through with many a starry speck;
The zone that clasped it might have been
A collar for a perfect neck.

None of the twenty charms she lacked
Demanded for cygnet's grace;
Charm upon charm in her was packed
Like rose leaves in a costly vase.

Full in the lantern's colored light
She seemed a thing of paradise.
I knew not if I saw aright,
Or if my vision told me lies.

Those lanterns spread a cheating glare;
Such stains they threw from bough to vine,
As if the slave boys here and there
Had split a jar of brilliant wine.

And then the form of drowsy fall,
The burning aloes' heavy scent,
The night, the place, the hour—they all
Were full of subtle blandishment.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in Harper's.

A SOUTHERN GARNATION.

BY MIGNON VILLARS AND NORMAN ELLIOT.

"In a moment, Miss," he called to his waiting customer, putting a tumbled blonde head in the doorway adjoining his "dark room." The girl nodded, and, with quick movement, passed her hand over the moss rose at her warm brown throat.

It was a kindly June day in a little Kentucky village. A playful kitten climbed the three steps of the old photograph van and daintily washed its paws, then, gliding swiftly behind a bit of picture scenery, was lost to sight. Two minutes elapsed, and the girl moved restlessly. The sun shone full on her shapely head and brought out her figure, slender and graceful, despite the rustic cut of her white mull dress. The eyes, large and dark, were set in a slightly oval face, full of warm tints and changing expression. Occasionally she put her hand to the "cart-wheel" that perched on a mass of dark brown hair, and thrust out her scarlet under lip in momentary impatience. Catching sight now of her undeniable prettiness in the little mirror opposite, she smiled, showing two rows of even teeth. Then her glance rested on the various objects the tiny room contained. On a small table were some crude toilet contrivances for the benefit of the various "sitters." A hastily constructed counter, with glass top, held specimen of the artist's skill. Against the wall hung a shelf, which held a lamp, water bucket and developing tray. Her feminine eye noted a little heap of dust swept, manlike, into a corner, and half pityingly she said, "Pore thing."

At that moment the object of her commiseration entered the room. "I'm sorry I kept you waiting so long," he said; then, brusquely, "Sitting or standing?" And then for the first time becoming aware of the girl's loveliness, he started, with a photographer's quick note of beauty.

"Sittin', I think," she drawled in a slow, sweet voice, and I hope still be ez good ez Agatha Pricke's. I met her in the square and she showed me the ones ye tuk fur her."

Far better, I know," he briefly rejoined, tilting her pretty chin upward for position.

Half troubled by his admiring gaze she talked on quickly. "This ez fur the man I'm marryin' soon. Our folks pestered me to cum before our weddin', but he said arter, when we cud be tuk together. Will ye be here next week?" she queried.

"Is it then?" he asked, not heeding the question, "and if it is no offense, doode he live here in the county?"

"He's Morgan Barber. I reckon you'd hear of him," half proudly, half hesitatingly.

"Oh, yes; I saw him only this mornin'. He's good looking, sure enough," with a short half sigh. "Front face or profile?"

"Profile, I guess." Then, "He's gloomy like, but brave. It's owin' to my uncle's wish that I'm marryin' him. Ye likely know of Uncle Philetus Mann. I'm Myrtle Howard, his dead sister's child, and father wuz drowned in Blue Lick last Thanksgiving day."

"So you're o' the kin?" he queried sympathetically, mechanically working at his instrument.

"No other kin," she echoed sharply. "Kinfolks make lots of trouble, and I keer mighty little fur one," her color rising and with trembling voice.

A pause ensued, during which he placed her in the typically stiff attitude of the country picture taker, and a moment later announced that the impression was secured. His customer, however, kept her seat, and he, nothing loath, leaned on his instrument, gazing at her with a Yankee scrutiny, familiar yet unobtrusive.

In his own eccentric way he was more or less of a philosopher, with a good bit of cynicism intermixed. He was a Vermont, who from childhood had pushed his way unaided. Now, at the age of twenty-six, he presided over the little canvas-covered photographer's van, bought from his predecessor. He had one generous gift from nature, a face that smoothed many wrinkles in his wandering path. When business grew slack the van moved on to some neighboring village, drawn by his wonderful white horse.

"And what of yourself?" he asked after an interval, in which she had detailed some happenings in her eventful life.

The girl stood up, "Oh, I don't keer," recklessly. "I'd jest as lief be Mrs. ez Miss—and that reminds me I hev' axed yer name. Mr.——"

"Kilburne," he volunteered quickly; "Angus Kilburne."

"Waal, then, Angus—s'cuse me, Mr. Kilburne—I reckon ye air plumb tired

out with my talk, so I'll be goin'."

She looked at him archly. Kilburne flushed, and for a moment lost his ready speech. Then he found himself, to his surprise, asking the girl the direction to her home, supplementing it with an ardent request that he might, on the morrow, deliver the pictures personally. She hesitated an instant, then, smiling with flashing teeth, nodded a consent and was gone.

The old frame house that Myrtle Howard called home was covered with Virginia creeper and honeysuckle; deep masses of white lilacs tapped the front window-panes. Near the front gate the "horse rack" was incumbered by an old saddle and bridle and the blanket-pad, damp and dusty. On the fence glittered a row of bright tins, sunning before milking time. The old house dog, Hector, lay asleep on the grass, with his nose between his outstretched paws. At times he opened his eyes when the click of a distant reaping machine was borne more distinctly on the breeze.

It was the afternoon succeeding the day of her visit to the village, and Myrtle perched on the topmost bar of the pasture lot, called cheerily to the cows as they came up the ferry hill. At sight of Kilburne approaching her, she exclaimed: "Goodness gracious!" ye skeered me almost, an' d'ye know," looking down on him from her elevated perch. "I can't recollect when I wuz ever skeered afore, leas'tways not more'n once."

With an easy assurance, he climbed to a seat beside her. "Not even when you see a mouse?" he laughed, and showed his teeth, a trifle crowded, but white as polished ivory. He looked at the girl a little curiously and wondered wherein lay the charm that impelled him to walk two miles in the white dust and blistering sun to deliver her some pictures. Myrtle's appearance had not improved since the day before, for she had replaced her white mull dress by a tattered purple calico, while her head was hatless and hair disheveled. But in her eyes was an allurements, and on her red lips played a smile that was a challenge. "Tell me about the time you were skeered before."

"Oh, et warn't much," she made answer indifferently, as she descended and he aided her to let her down the bars, through which the cattle ambled; "et warn't much, only a mad dog bite. The man on the next place had a nigger-chaser that got the hydrophob." I got in his way, an' got bit fer doin' et—here, in my arm. They hed to burn it out, an' the hurt on it kinder skeered me fur 'bout five minutes."

"Let me see," said Kilburne, with quickened breath, "let me see just where." There was an imperiousness in his voice that the girl obeyed with a docility that would have filled her intimates with wonderment.

Dexterously she bared her arm, round and white, Kilburne caught it, and, drawing it up he kissed a mark below the elbow slowly and a little reverently. When he raised his eyes her mood had changed, and in a bantering tone that sobered him like magic, she asked:

"Well, how 'bout them pictures?"

"Mechanically he gave them to her and, despite himself, his hand trembled.

"They're very good," Myrtle gravely remarked, surveying them, her head a little to one side. "The moss rose tuk ez natural ez life. One o' them's fer Aunty, one fer the minister, one fer Agatha Pricke, one fer Morgan, an'——"

Her voice faltered. To Kilburne the mention of this acted as a spur. During his roving life his heart had remained untouched, and he had thought love an affliction from which he was exempt. But, as he looked at Myrtle, he knew, of a sudden, why he had followed her.

"See here," he broke out in wrath, "I don't like that Morgan Barber of yours. From what they tell me, he's a bad lot, and if you marry him he'll drag you down. Why, it ought to be stopped; it's a regular sacrifice, that's what it is, and——"

"Now, jest drop that, Kilburne," interrupted the girl, tersely. "Mr. Barber's a personal friend o' mine, specially when he's too fur away to give ye what ye ought ter hev fur slanderin' him."

"I don't care," the other continued, with dogged perseverance. "It's a shame. If you had a relative worth the powder and lead to blow 'em up, they'd stop it."

"Oh," with growing asperity. "Perhaps ye want to undertake it. Maybe ye want a dose of lead fer yer interference."

They stood face to face, and with angry eyes looked each other up and down. Then, something in the girl's proud attitude touched Kilburne. "Myrtle," he said softly, taking the small brown hand that trembled in his clasp.

Her eyes softened with the same rapidity that marked her rising anger. Gently she disengaged her hand and pointed down the stretch of dusty road. "Please go," she entreated softly, "but cum back to my weddin', Wednesday week. It hez ter be, thet's all, an' I want ye ther."

Sorrowfully, with lowered eyes, he went.

Down in the old orchard a brook rattled over the stones cheerily. Piles of snowy linen were bleaching on the soft grass, held down by tiny pebble stones. They were Myrtle's wedding linen and her mountain lover, Morgan Barber, whom she had married, was seated on the front, and was proven by the little van in town, closed and pathetically lacking the customary notice on the front, and was proven by the directness of his footsteps, and in them disregard of her command.

At length he raised his eyes, and, looking first at the old house, and then beyond, he discerned in the orchard a gleam of red, a scarlet ribbon in Myrtle's hair. Myrtle was seated with her back against a tree, her sunburnt hands resting loosely in her lap. Kilburne hastened to her, then involuntarily stopped. "I've come back," he began, and hesitated.

"So I see," she answered, composedly.

An awkward silence ensued, broken at length by the man, who bethought himself of the ruse he had in store. "I caught you in two attitudes that day," he volunteered, "and thought perhaps you'd care to see the other position. Do you?"

"Don't care if I do," a trifle suspiciously.

He produced another bundle of pictures, showing the girl, partly turned, and about to leave the van. Half smiling, half consoled, they disclosed a face singularly lovely that Myrtle was appraised instantly.

"Well, they're fine," she admitted, "an' do me proud fer a fact." Then, reproachfully, and with woman's van-

ty, "Why didn't you let me know afore, for I'd rather hev give these away than the others?"

He smiled. "I thought of it that day, but you sent me away so suddenly I didn't get a chance to tell you."

"Oh, wull," magnanimously, "we won't waste no more words on that. I certainly am sorry I didn't see 'em sooner. Mercy Dean was here the other day. 'I hear you got your picture took, Myrtle,' sez she. 'So I hev,' I allows, 'd'ye want one?' 'Why, of course; and when I fetched her the picture, she sorter scoffed, sayin' ez how it wuz yer good, but that you'd tilted my nose, and give my eyes a squint that warn't natural. She'd turn green sure 'nough, if she seed these."

"Myrtle," he began again, awkwardly plucking at his coat sleeve, "you told me you didn't want me here until your wedding, and I stuck it out till now. But I couldn't any longer, dear; I couldn't, honest."

"I know she admitted, in a kindly little voice, appeared at the downfall of his resistance.

"So I had to come," he went on bravely. "You know you don't love Barber, and maybe you don't love me, but I can make you do it, and wuz you to let me have the chance. Come away with me to-night. I haven't much beside the van, but I've got two arms, achin' to work for you. Won't you come?"

"I can't do et," she faltered slowly. "I give my promise."

"But listen," Kilburne urged. "We can be so happy, you and me, and we can go far, far away."

"No, no," covering her face with her hands. "Don't ask me. Et wud'n be right, an' I guess, arter all, we'll worry 'long some way. You'll forget me soon 'nough, I'll 'low. Only, don't ef ye kin help it, fur I'll not forget ye."

A moisture rarely seen there filled Myrtle's eyes.

Kilburne lost his head. "Sweetheart," he entreated, dropping on his knees, and bending over the half-reclining chair, "think a moment, What's life to us without our love?"

Myrtle felt his strong arms, the proximity of his face, and for a moment tasted the bliss of being loved. Then, at the thought of her promise and of to-morrow, her honor rose. Putting her hands on his breast, she pushed him back, and in doing so saw Morgan Barber part the bushes and leap across the brook toward them. At the thought of what awaited Kilburne, her strength deserted her, and for the first time in her life she lost consciousness.

Tenderly Kilburne bent above her, but a moment later was violently hurled away, and struggling to his feet, turned to meet the livid features of Barber, who had leaped himself into such a frenzy that he shivered, and at intervals moistened his lips, as though the dryness choked him. A full minute they glared at each other, without speaking. Then, slowly, with quivering hand, in which glittered a revolver, Barber pointed to a tree. "Git over that," he said, "git over that, an' be damned quick about it."

Kilburne smiled contemptuously, and did as he was bid, drawing himself at full height, with his fair head against the tree's trunk. "Horse thieves never give a quarter, I suppose?" was all he said.

Barber laughed hoarsely. "Wall I guess not," he replied. "Ye've got ter be a corpse fer her to see when she comes tu."

Kilburne turned his eyes on the girl lying so quietly unconscious. How sweet she was, he thought her face as peaceful as though in sleep, the scarlet ribbon peeping out, and the hair about her temples scarcely stirred. Through-out him, he was conscious of a deep love for her, that robbed the situation of its garishness.

A shot rang out, and Angus Kilburne took a step forward and fell, his face turned upward toward the sky. Barber turned a glance, tossed aside his weapon, ran to the brook. Filling his hat with water, he brought it back and bathed Myrtle's face. His efforts were successful, for her eyes unclosed.

After a moment she seemed to understand, and then convulsively, she caught his arm. "Wot'd ye do to him?" she demanded.

"I filled him full o' lead. He didn't harm ye, did he, blossom?"

She was on her feet. Roughly brushing him aside, she ran to the other. Quickly she tore aside his coat, and felt for the heart, which had ceased to beat. A spasm of despair swept through her, in which she was conscious of Barber bending over her and drawing her away.

"He didn't harm ye, did he, Blossom?" he repeated. Like a tigress she turned on him.

"Harm me!" she exclaimed, driving her nails into her palm. "Curse ye, Morgan Barber, he loved me, an' me only! D'ye hear? An' I loved him, an' him only!" Exhausted by her effort, she turned again to the corpse, bending over it carelessly and murmuring endearments to the heedless ears.

Barber leaped against a tree, his massive form torn by sobs. At that moment every good emotion, every worthy thought, it was as though Myrtle had never lived.

He heard her move in search of something. There was a click, familiar to his ears, but he did not turn. A shot, and he wheeled about with a half scream.

She had fallen on the dead man's outstretched arm, and, as Morgan looked, her body gave a last throes. Her eyes were open and her lips held the faint, majestic smile that death gives. Barber turned again and fled up the mountain path.

At the farmhouse old Hector still lay in his accustomed position, though obviously his rest was troubled. Myrtle's aunt, appearing, bent and stroked him. "Never mind them shots old boy," she said. "It's some one huntin' on the mount'ens, but why don't that girl come in? 'Pears she don't recollect to-morrow's her weddin' day."

Why didn't you let me know afore, for I'd rather hev give these away than the others?"

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COMPENSATION.

How many an acorn falls to die
For one that mak's a tree!
How many a heart must pass me by
For one that cleaves to me!

How many a suppliant wate of sound
Must still unheeded roll,
For one low utterance that found
An echo in my soul!

John B. Tabb, in the New Peterson for February.

Laws Governing the Relation of Newspapers to Subscribers.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to renew their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the post office to which they are directed they are responsible until they have settled their bill and ordered them discontinued.
4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former address, they are held responsible.
5. The Courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.
6. If subscribers pay in advance they are bound to give notice at the end of the time if they do not wish to continue taking it; otherwise the publisher is authorized to send it and the subscriber will be responsible until an express notice, with payment of all arrears, is sent to the publisher.

Cold Charity.

The Shivering Tramp at Last Finds a Sympathizing Woman.

"Could you give me something to eat, ma'am?" asked a tramp at a house on Lafayette avenue.

"No," answered the woman at the door curtly, "we've nothing for tramps."

"Thank you, ma'am," and he turned meekly away, drawing the skirt of a wretched coat about him to keep out the cold, blinding storm.

"I might give you some old clothes if you wait until I can pick them out," said the woman, moved by the appearance of the forlorn figure.

He waited outside with the thermometer near zero, waited a long time, and whistled "Annie Laurie" for company.

Then the woman of the house returned, opened the door a crack, and handed him out a linen duster and a straw hat.

"Thank you, ma'am," said the tramp gratefully; "there is just one thing more."

"We haven't any drinking water, the pipes are frozen," she interrupted. "No, ma'am; but if I might make so bold as to ask for an old fan. It would go so beautifully with this suit of clothes."

But she said that she drew the line at fans, and shut the door in his face.

Victoria's Last Resting Place.

When the Queen dies her mortal remains will rest in the gray granite sarcophagus with the late lamented Prince Albert's ashes. Underneath the arms of the arms of the Queen and Prince Albert, on the monument, is inscribed "Farewell, well-beloved. Here at last I will rest with thee. With thee in Christ I will rise again." The white marble recumbent statue of the Prince Consort is in the uniform of a Field Marshal, wearing the mantle of the Order of the Garter—this is on the right; the left side of the lid and the unoccupied space is where the Queen's body will be laid. Bronze angles with outstretched wings and flowing robes are at each corner of the tomb.

Frick to Be Tried This Week.

A Long List of Homestead Cases on the Docket in Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, January 21.—Next week's trial list for Criminal Court is replete with Homestead cases. All classes of indictment growing out of the great strike will be tried.

Jack Clifford is on the list, charged with murder, and he is followed by Henry C. Frick and others, also charged with murder. The remaining poison cases will also be disposed of.

Three Things.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Three things to admire—Intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness.

Three things to love—Courage, gentleness and affection.

Three things to hate—Cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three to delight in—Frankness, freedom and beauty.

Three things to wish for—Health, friends and cheerful spirit.

Three things to avoid—Idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

Three things to fight for—Honor, country and home.

Three things to govern—Temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to think about—Life, death and eternity.

A New Deal.

Mrs. Withers. "I am so glad, mother; I know John's going to do better. He must surely have been at the Reverend Sadsome's revival meeting last night."

Mother. "What's put that into your head?"

Mrs. Withers. "Why, after he came to bed he kept talking in his sleep about 'that last trump' and his 'miserable, worthless heart' so anxiously that I fairly cried for the poor fellow. I'm so glad, mother."

Teacher.—That is really nice in you Charlie. You have not been fighting with the other scholars to-day. How is it that you have got to be so good all at once?

Charlie.—It is because I've got a stiff neck.—Texas Sittings.

The first man to can tomatoes was the late Harrison W. Cooper, and they were sold at fifty cents per can. This was in 1848.

The World of Women.

All the Empire dresses which are belted have the skirt gathered full.

A pretty style of dressing for the home is the silk blouse waist, now fashionably worn over skirts that are more or less passe.

Some of the newest and most fashionable bonnets are scarcely larger than a saucer. They are worn without strings being fastened to the hair by plain or jeweled pins.

Slippers, laced with ribbon to imitate a sandal effect, are worn with Empire gowns. The gold toes and heels are also much worn, especially so on white or black satin slippers.

The new gold buckles, to be worn over the broad black velvet belts, are novel in design. They represent gold ribbon, about half an inch wide, twisted in and out to form a long oval shape.

The first thing we notice is the favorite purple veil. Every other fashionable woman has a veil over her black hat, and as far down the thoroughfare as one can see there are folds after folds of the purple veil.

Short waisted bodices are decidedly on the increase, and may be included in the list of house bodices, as they differ both in cut and style from those of past days being rarely made of the same material and color as the skirt.

Mrs. Hettie Green, so often quoted as "the richest woman in America," has celebrated the new year by securing control of the whole Texas Central Railroad system. By and by she will be known as "the female Jay Gould."

A favorite glove for evening wear is the pearl gray, though all the varieties of what are known as "mode" shades are worn, including deep shades of fawn and light deer tints. Tan colors still remain popular, though the gray and "mode" tints are newer.

For theatre wear and for calling, a pearl white glove of suede kid, fastened by four buttons, is considered the most "chic" glove of the hour. Where this is not chosen, a four buttoned suede glove, in tan, gray, or any of the fashionable tints, may be appropriately worn.

The fashionable coiffure, when it is not French, is distinctly early English in type. The front of the hair is parted and fluffed out on either side to look very broad, the fringe, which is reduced to a few light curls on the forehead, being parted as well, and the whole mass waved and twisted loosely in a coil at back of the neck.

Miss Sophonisba Breckinridge, daughter of the