

SILVER SEAS.

Oh, moon, afloat in the Wind-tossed skies
A fairy bark from an unknown shore;
Hiding thy light while the storm-rack flies—
While the darkness deepens and tempests

The white mists quiver, they break and shiver The winds go softly over the trees:
And I see thee hurrying forward ever!
Sailing down through the silver seas!

Oh, ship, afloat on the wandering wave! The heavens are black and the night

dark;
The stars are sleeping—no light to save
The weary, storm-driven, laboring bark!
Yet the winds are shifting, the shadows lifting
The dawn comes floating down on the breeze Onward, now, with the calm waves drifting, Sailing down through the silver seas!

Oh, soul, afloat on life's stormy tide!
The winds are high and the night is long.
Where is thy helper? Who shall guide?
The tempests beat, and thy foes are strong.
Heart, cease thine aching! The clonds are breaking—
See, through the darkness, the dawn of peace!
On to the shore where the day is breaking,
Sailing down through the silver seas!

THE BRIERS IN BUD.

BY MARTHA MCCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

A glamor of gold and green lay over the whole earth; new leaves dancing out in the level early sunshine dripped dew and sweet odors upon all below. Robins in full song made vocal the budded hedge rows. From the matted honevsuckle arch above the garden gate a mocking-bird sang clear, all his notes as sweet, as the big vine's rain of blossom. Pinky, pendulous, the lavish clusters made all the morning a-faint with perfume. They had opened as by magic in the dewy stirless night. But yesterday you might have searched the vine tangle through with-

out finding one blooming spray.

Miss Austin looked up to them with shining eyes. "I thought you would blossom for my birthday," she said holding up her face to shake into it great lucent drops of dew. After a backward glance to make sure she was unobserved, she drew down a great blossomy arm of the vine and kissed softly its pink tips. For a half-minute she fingered the stem irresolute, then let it sway lightly upward, saying:
"No, I'll not break you—not even for vanity. You would look well at my throat, but what is that beside going away from light and sunshine!"

No wonder Miss Austin talked to her birds and flowers. She lived in her big whity gray house alone, save back his ring, his token, then walked for her deaf old aunt and her small black maidservant. Her nearest most smiling, to face her world. Bred neighbor was a mile away, and hardly to the nicest sense of honorable good clean threshold. That is, in the ordinary course of events. Now for three months one particular person had been coming at will.

So often, indeed, at such odd and of pardon. unusual times, that the noise of hoofs at the outer gate did not surprise Miss faith in the beloved against all earth Austin. She had stepped inside the or heaven, or even himself. Whoso greenery. The straight walks, beset either hand with tall lilacs, mock orange, rose-briers, flowering almond, crape myrtle, now in spans of fine shadow, a little later to be robed in rainbows. In one angle of them strawberries held up thick white blossom clusters amid bush leaves gray with dew. In another the asparagus bed showed its multitude of fleshy purplepink stalks, peeping up amid crisp

green lettuce and scarlet radish roots. The owner and mistress fitted well into her background. Youth was past but the charm of gracious maturity lay in her clear uplitted glance, about her softly smiling mouth. Tenderest rose bloomed still in the smooth cheek ; even the revealing of early sunshine could show no wrinkle of the brow, though it glinted white upon the thick threaded silver of rippling hair above

With her clean print gown daintily upheld in one hand, she turned to greet the approaching horseman, who ful, lek butter 'oon't melt in er mouf?' started ever so little at sight of her thus framed in wreathen bloom. Notwithstanding, he called out gayly:

"Good morning, Miss Catherine! See what I have brought you for your breakfast!" holding up as he spoke, a nice string of silver perch. So you did go fishing last

"Of course I did; am on the way home now. Equally, of course I thought of you when we came to di-

vide the spoils." "Good boy; he does not lack reverence for his elders, though he is too delicate to remind me that this is my birthday, knowing that I ought to be sensitive on the score of age.'

"Indeed I knew nothing of the sort. Why did you not tell me earlier that you were 'April's lady'? Then I might have properly honored the

day."
"Oh, it was not worth while. birthday ceases to be an occasion. when one can look back at thirty-five

of them.' "Yours must always be an occasion

-to me. The last words came barely above the breath. If Miss Austin heard them she made no sign. Instead she called, clear and soft, "Milly!"

In answer a black girl darted out of the unseen region back of the house, took the fish from the horseman's hand, crying out, "Lordy, Marse Joe, whar did you cotched dem big shiners?" then ran away chuckling over

the weight and beauty of her prize. For a minute Joe Armstrong looked straight ahead of him, as though something of vital import lay just betwixt horse's ears. Then his gaze dropped to Miss Austin's face and rested, as he said, with a quick red wavering through his young tanned cheek, "Please, may I come back to-night if

"Why, certainly! When am I not alone except for you? And when did you ever fail to find a welcome?" Miss Austin said, raising her eyes full for.

to his, but dropping them after the briefest gaze. Spite of herself her color deepened too. It was worse than ridiculous, this embarassment before a stripling, who doubtless meant nothing more than to pass an empty hour in telling over his youthful exuberant hopes to a sympethetic listener. Movall my garden blooms I will requite you as you deserve. Mary Carroll, I am sure, loves flowers; she hersetf is

so flower-like. "Perhaps; I have not studied her tastes," young Armstrong said, sitting straighter in the saddle, his eyes shadowed with a half frown.

Miss Austin looked up at him curiously, then said : "I thought you were very good friends. I scarcely know her, though once I knew her mother very well indeed."

The words were quietly spoken, but something in them told the young fellow not to question what lay under the broken friendship. Iastead he looked full into Miss Austin's face, urged his horse close beside the gate, bent across it, caught her slim hand in his own, and said, holding it fast; "Good-bye till to-night Miss Catherine. Please try to think of me; between now and then, not as a child to be teased and humored, but a man who knows his own-mind," stopping a little before the last word, as though wishing, yet

not daring to say something warmer. As he galloped away, Miss Austin looked after him with a curious flutter of pulses, that lasted through breakfast and well into the morning, deepening the color in her cheeks, making the lids droop heavily over her clear eyes, checking the old, old songs that most days welled perpetually over un-

thinking lips.

Presently she sat down by the big fireplace, where a hickory log slowly smouldered despite the warmth and glow outside. It was just there the crises of her life had come, upon a birth. day, too, as full of growth, and shining as this one. She remembered it all so well-herself tresh, rosy as the morning, in a pink gown, with flowers on her young breast, mirrored in her big mantel-glass above the fire; with opposite her a tall dark figure whose face was white and set, whose blue lips said, as the hand held out to her a broken golden coin, "Allow me, Miss Austin, thus to decline the doubtful honor of being longer one of your betrothed lovers.'

That was the end. She had sought away with head upheld, dry-eyed, ala visitor a month crossed the wide faith, the imputation seemed to her so monstrous, so intolerable, as to estop all further speech. No matter what lay under it-what wrong, treachery, deceit-it was equally beyond excuse

For love meant to her perfect trust, garden, and was looking with pure de-light at its lusty thrift, its springing been consumed in the lightning of her luminous scorn, yet won for him, lover, a tenderer devotion. If his love left room for doubt, for jealous instinct, then it was not love to live with, to die for. Unfaltering she let it go, the while she had more than a suspicion of the lips whose false speaking had

wrought her such woe. It all came back to her as sharply vivid as the lilting birds outside; so vividly, indeed, that a woman passing in through the outer door brought with her no sense of surprise, albeit it was years and years since she had crossed the Austin threshold.

She was tall, sharp-faced, with care worn blue eyes, and wispy sad colored hair. Black Milly, who had ushered her in, set a big splint rocker exactly facing her mistress's chair, put the new comer into it, stirred the fire to a feeble blaze, then went away with wide eyes, muttering to herself: "Weeell, suh! I wonder whut fotch ole Mis' Carroll here, talkin' so hate-

After this civil greeting, the two women sat silently fronting each other. Mrs. Carroll's eyes went restlessly about the room, yet ever and anon fell turtively upon the face opposite, as though seeking to scan and measure its every charm. After a little she took a dainty parcel from the reticule at her wrist, tossed it into the other's lap, and said, looking quite away as she spoke: "See, Catherine! I ain't forgot what day it is. Thirty-four ain't you, though I am sure you don't look it.

"Thirty-six," Miss Austin corrected unfolding as she spoke a filmy handkerchief, with her inititials delicately wrought in one corner. She spread it wide over her two palms, and said inclining her head : "This must be May's Thank her for it, please, and work.

tell her it is most beautiful. "Oh' it's nothin'-nothin' to speak of," the other said, eagerly; "but I'm glad you take it friendly. I've thought of you a heap lately, and somehow it seemed to me I couldn't just let things

be any longer." Miss Austin smiled oddly. "We never quarrelled," she said, fixing her

eyes full upon her visitor. "No, no! Why should we? was just a falling away from each other-us that used to be so near. I married, and had my family to think of.

"I did not marry." Miss Austin sup-plemented, still with that curious smile.

The other hurried on, "Just because you wouldn't; everybody knows that. You could pick and choose mongst the best the country offers. I used to believe you were engaged to that rich young Clark; indeed I told Dr. Bemis so the last time I ever saw him."

A second Miss Austin's heart stood still, her frame grew rigid, her breath came hard. Then she drew a little further away, and said, indifferently: "That was-while he was-attentive to your sister-the one May is named

other woman's mouth. She said, pace the morning through. huskily: "Yes, you know he tended her She came down from it t through that long spell of fever. She fairly worshipped him. She never held up her head after he went off so sudden. When we heard, in the fall, how he had gone to fight yellow fever, ing a step within the vine covert, she and died just at the end, she lay down said, with a shadowy smile: "When and died too-died of a broken heart."

"I envy people whose hearts can break," Miss Austin said, clutching one hand hard about the other wrist. A cold shuddering faintness possessed her. All her wish was to creep away from light, from speech, from prying eyes, and lie dumb before this late knowledge of what had spoiled her life. All along she had expected this sometime friend. Now she was amazed to find herself so shaken by this turning of belief into knowledge.

Under and through the pain of it ran wonder over this late frankness. What had Mrs. Carroll to gain by it? She was of the women who mask in vulnerable selfishness with shallow easy-flowing tears. Confession, repentance, reparation, were to her unmeaning words. Her life was boundthings, regardless whose right was con-

travened. She looked at Miss Austin with streaming eyes. "Don't say you envy hearts that can break, Catherine. Think of my poor May. She's her Aunt May all over. I live in constant dread that she'll go the same way. That's why I'm so anxious to make friende with you. It would do her a world of good just to come about you; she thinks you are such a grand woman-so brave and strong and beautiful -that's her very word. Do let me send her up now and then. I am sure you have heaps of young company."

In spite of her pain, Miss Austin smiled a little at the eager mother's transparent scheming. Evidently word had somehow gone to the Carroll household that Joe Armstrong fairly haunted the Austin place. And in all the countryside there was none so eligible as he-so tall and straight, of such good blood, good manners, good brains, good fortune. Six months back, when first he came to live with his infirm grandfather, May Carroll's flower face had for a brief space chained his vagrant fancy. Before the affair got beyond sighs and sentiment, chance threw him in Catherine Aus-

tin's way. That ought to have made no di ference in Joe's wooing. There could be no thought of aught save good camaraderie betwixt him and a woman older by ten years. But somehow, seeing her daily, by sun and moon and star shine. hearing her quaint merry speech, her low deliscious laughter, the charm of her ripened beauty stole through and possessed him, till beside it May, for all her spring tide freshness, seemed crudely pale and faint.

Rejoicing, he said to himself that he was tree-free as air. No word had ever crossed his lips that by any means could be twisted into serious suit for her love. And even as he so told himself there flashed through him a hot consciousness that he was thrice condemned by such insistence. Betwixt him and Miss Austin the girl's name was seldom spoken. Always it fell from Catherine's lips as one having power over his fate. That of course set him off into greater rebellion against his earlier charmer. Miss Austin could in no way have hit upon a surer means of making absolute her own domain.

Certainly that was far from her purpose. She had the womanliest love of love. And despite her years she was in many things as simple hearted as a child. It was her frank delight in companionship, her subtly intelligent sympathies, that made her most dangerous to the young fellow, whose manhood shelforgot in her joy in his humanity. When at last she could not choose bu see love looking out from his eyes, a spectre would have been no more unvelcome.

Always, that is, until now, when she had learned in the same hour the wrong that had left her a desolate soul, the bitter revenge she might take for it, she was noble beyond the common, mild, tender, pitiful of heart, yet by just so much more did a raging joy possess her at the knowledge that she had but to smile, to speak one little word, and sackcloth and ashes would be the enemy's portion.

Love and lover had been slain. Sweet youth wasted to long loveless years by this woman's lie told in the dark with the seeming verity of intimate friendship. Now all came gray and ghostly, clamoring for vengeance. than human. In the lightning of wrath she saw, too, the revelation's purpose. It was to bring back that dead man to her heart, her memory; crowd away with his image the living lover, coveted as he had been. A mouth grew hard. She said, slowly, dropping each word plummetwise: "I have few visitors of any sort.

Not one, I am sure, with whom your daughter has anything in common. Mrs. Carroll got up trembling all over. "Then—you—won't let—her come!" she wailed. "As pretty—as good a child as ever-and all I've got alive. I thought you were a good woman, Catherine Austin-too good to rob a poor young thing of all the

Miss Austin lifted her head proudly saying: "We will not discuss that, if you please. I respect your daughter's feelings, even if you do not. If, for any reason, she wishes to see me, tell her to come when she chooses; she will be welcome. She has never harmed me."

sweetheart she ever cared for."

"Nor ever will, poor angel," her mother said, sobbing and sighing herself out of sight.

Miss Austin looked after her with a spasm of disgust. Then got up slowly laid the peace-offering on the fire, watched it flame away to white ashes,

She came down from it to the early dinner with her mind firmly made up. She would marry young Armstrong, and live happy ever after, let the gossips gabble as they might. Of course it would be the talk of the country—a more than nine days' wonder-when she, who had held twenty wooers so aloof, let herself be won by one at first blush so impossible. They would not know—the wise gossips—her secret springs of action. For her own sake, no less than her daughter's, Mrs. Carroll must hold her peace. No other would ever guess that all her heart was not won by this gallant young lover.

As to him, she had no ghost of scru ple. If he loved her already, in spite of her best efforts at disenchantment, could he fail to worship her when she bent heart and soul to charming him? No doubt she would grow into love for him-a tender, pensive, half maternal sentiment, southing, restful beyond words. Indeed, she could not choose but love him, her vengeance, love him to her heart's core, with fire and force, ed solely by the narrow round—her that all his silken suppleness, his own. For them she would do, dare all youth, strength, courage, could never have hoped to win.

In such mood roof and walls oppressed her. She went slowly through the garden, across the meadow ploughland, on to the woods, all belaced with small new leaves. Below the gray-green boughs, hawthorn dogwood stood bridal, all in white; Judas trees flaunted their purply sprays; swamp-maples upthrust stark gray stems, some of all their length with knobs and tassels of blood red fringe. Down on the face of earth, fern fronds uncoiled slowly from out brown woolly balls; wind flowers stood bravely up to the light; here, there, the harebell rung faery chimes i' the wind; sturdy white flax opened wide its pale blue eye; flower deluce upraised to sunshine

a heart as golden as its ray. Slowly, slowly, with bent head, with lagging foot, Miss Austin went through it, and on to the bluff at whose foot the creek ran, narrow, swift, sparkling down to the mill stream a mile away. As she walked, all insensibly the sole of the sweet spring-time stole in and calmed her own. By the time she was snug in a sunny moss-cushioned niche of rock, the fever, the fret, had vanished quite away. She could look at her purpose with sane, understanding

So viewed, it did not seem utterly bad. Only she must be wholly honest with this brave young lover. Must let him see clearly that her spring was past, that he must do battle for her love with that most dangerous of rivals a memory. Somehow, at thought of that, her heart gave a great pitiful leap. They two were so far apart-he standing, free and fearless at the beginning of young manhood; she looking back across half her life to a broken trothplight, an unmarked grave.

Down at the water's edge a voice be gan singing, clear and strong, that floated up, the snatch of an old ballad.

"The brier's in bud, And the sun going down." Listening, Miss Austin smiled through a mist of tears. She knew, oh! so well, the song, the singer, Joe Aamstrong catching minnows for another night's sport. Evidently if he had not a mind at ease, apprehension was not strong enough to take the edge from ordidnary pursuits. The knowledge, the sound of his singing, made her heart strangely light. Somehow the song seemed the voice of his youth crying aloud, in vouth's delight,

for life and love and length of days. "She'd a rose in her bonnet, And oh! she looked sweet And oh! she looked sweet As the little pink flower That grows in the wheat."

His hearer caught breath sharply over the words. Do what she would they brought to her the image of a flower faced young creature, slim as a lily stalk, with drooping, dusky-lashed violet eyes, tender, fresh-hearted, innocent-as innocent quite as the poor young thing in pink who had smiled at herself in the glass just ere the blow fell that shattered her youth for all time. Surely that was the proper mate for the tall young fellow carrolling over and over,

"The lit-tle pink flow er That grows in the wheat,"

not this other with early ashes alike on head and heart.

Here, face to face with sun and sky and spring-time, with laughing water and whispering leaves, vengeance seemed poor and tawdry, heart-break the shadow of a dream. Clearer than all came the knowledge that to take love, giving less than love, is of all robberies worst. Better, a hundred To refrain, she must be more or less times better, the bitter root of denial, whence a little later there shall, may be, spring into flower the rare bloom, contentment, not the deadly night shade, strife.

Young Armstrong came at nightfall to find his lost love sitting silent, black red burned in her cheek, her robed, with clasped hands, looking out intently into the starlit dusk. He made to sit at her feet, but she motioned him away, saying: "Sit there where I can see you, but not close. feel smothered to-night."

"Are you ill?" he asked, anxiously. She shook her head. "In body, no It is only that an old wound has been touched to-day, and has not done throb-

He bent solicitously across, and took her hand betwixt his own-the slim ringless hand he hoped soon to claim. She let it lie in his warm clasp, dropped her head against the chair's high back and told him all her story. Very simply, very briefly, very clearly keeping back only the name of her

His was a fine soul, full of the subtle sympathies of silence. He asked neither why nor wherefore of the tale, the telling. Most like he understood the woman's impulse, to save him a bad half hour in retrospect, whatever the pain to herself. But he would not be gainsaid, speech was imperative, he woman to her hubby.

A swift whiteness settled about the went to her own chamber, there to but loved her the more for this constant tenderness, this keeping faith

with unfaith. Very softly he raised the hand he held, laid it against his cheek, and said, looking full into her eyes, "Life owes you a recompense, 'April's lady,'

will you let it be my heart?" She got up unsteadily, without a a word, leaned far out into the night, letting her eyes range all the southern sky. Beneath it far and dim, there flickered a point of light, the window where May Carroll sat watching her heart break piecemeal. Young Armstrong, leaning out beside her, let his gaze follow hers to the dusky luminance athwart which, now and again, a shadow fell.

Feeling his heart leap at the sight, she said, softly: "We have been cruel -cruel. If your heart is truly mine, henceforth I devote it to good works, the chiefest of which is faith.'

Young Armstrong drew a hard breath, straightened himself, and said, turning upon his heel, "If you insist strictly upon that, I should be there, not here, so I wish you good-night."

Miss Austin let him go in silence, the silence of tears.—Harper's Bazar.

Azorean Traditions.

on the Islands.

Stories Told of Columbus and His Adventures

On Cervo, one of the most northern of the Azorean Islands, is an interesting freak of nature—a formation high upon the lava cliff-representing a mounted horseman pointing toward the west. A cherished tradition among the Azoreans to-day is that Columbus, quite discouraged by the difficulties in his voyage of discovery, was about to return to Spain when a severe storm

Seeing the horseman on the cliff with his right arm pointing westward, he regarded it as a good omen, and so he continued his voyage until it resulted in the discovery of America. On his return voyage, authentic history assures us that Columbus, in his caraval, the Nina, was driven by another severe storm under the lee of Santa

drove his vessel toward this island.

Maria, the most Southern of the Azorean Islands. During this terrible storm Columbus and his crew made a vow that if they were saved they would, on reaching land, walk barefoot and bareheaded to offer thanksgiving at the nearest

shrine. Accordingly, on entering the harbor of Santa Maria on the 17th of February, 1493, Columbus sent one half of the ship's company on shore, headed by

their priest to tulfill the vow.

The Governor of Santa Maria, however claimed to be suspicious of the strangelooking procession, fearful in fact, that they might be pirates, and thereupon ordered the whole band to be ar-

rested. Meanwhile a high sea and a strong wind had arisen and the Nina was obliged to slip anchor. She is supposed to have reached San Miguel and to have been unable to find shelter there. At any rate she returned to Santa Maria. Here Columbus held a parley with the Governor on shipboard, and exhibiting his commissions be was able at last to

The tradition goes in the Azores however, that the Governor of Santa Maria had previously received secret orders from his sovereign, the King of Portugal, to seize upon the person of Columbus should he by any chance land on the island, and to send him a prisoner to Lisbon, to be punished for transferring the services and discoveries to the soverign of Spain; and that the far-seeing navigator suspected treachery and declined to trust himself on shore. -E. E. Brown.

Stammering.

Many cures have been recommended for stammering; here is one so simple that even should it fail little is lost by trying it. If you are a victim of this annoying malady, go into a room where you will be quiet and alone, get some book that will interest but not excite you and sit down and read two hours aloud to yourself, keeping your teeth to gether. Do this every two or three days or once a week if very tiresome, always taking care to read slowly and distinctly, moving the lips but not the teeth. Then, when conversing with others, try to speak as slowly and distinctly

"I tried this remedy," said a sufferer, "not having much faith in it, I must confess, but willing to do almost anything to cure myself of such an annoying difficulty. I read for two hours aloud with my teeth together. The first result was to make my tongue and jaws ache-that is, while I was reading-and the next to make me teel as if something had loosened my talking apparatus, for I could speak with less difficulty immediately. The change was so great that every one who knew me remarked it. I repeated this remedy every five or six days for a month, and then at longer in-

tervals until cured. When to Water Horses.

We clip the following timely advice from the Sportsman, and recommend it to the attention of our farmer friends and all owners of horses :

I wonder how many farmers think of watering their horses before feeding in the morning, or how much they lose by not doing it. The horse comes from work at night, gets a drink, then is fed mostly dry grain, eats hay part of the night, and in the morning another dry feed, and by this time is very dry himself, so that when he reaches the water he fills his stomach so full that the undigested food is forced out of the stomach and is a damage, rather than a benefit

Now, friends, try watering your horse before feeding in the morning, thus slaking his thirst and at the same time washing his stomach ready to receive treacherous friend, the motive that the morning feed, when being properly had led to the treachery's uncovering. | moistened with saliva, it will remain until thoroughly digested.

Your horse can do more work on less feed and will be healthy much longer; besides humanity demands his thoughtful care.

- Man is devoted to his hobby;

For and About Women

Toques are to be one important feaure of the autumn millinery. This is welcome news to the average woman who has wern a toque in the past, but this year before she rejoices let her behold a new toque which has just reached town from across the water. It is perfectly fiat, made of velvet and worn very far back upon the head. A standing frill of lace and two spears of grass, wheat or jet are its sole decoration. piece of velvet fits around the knot of hair at the back in a manner to indicate that holding the hair in place is what the bonnet was made for. Really the only excuse for its existence is that at the theatre it would tend to make the man who sat behind it happy.

The newest volume of the Census Report contains some curious facts and figures. We all knew that woman is not only the fairer and better sex, but, also, so far as England is concerned, the more numerous sex; but probably most of us did not expect to find that there were 1,100,000 widows in this country, against less than half that number of widowers.

White stockings are on sale in Broadway. These are two kinds. One sells at \$4 a pair and the other at 25 cents. The fashionable pays her money and takes her choice. The milk-white and cream-white hosiery is far too dainty to wear out of doors.

SWEEPING IN AND SWEEPING OUT. Wife-"Did you notice, dear, at the

party last evening how grandly our daughter Clara swept into the room Husband (with a grunt)—"O, Yes! Clara can sweep into the room grandly chough, but when it comes to sweeping out the room she isn't there.'

Under the heading. "A Room in Denim," a writer in the "Upholsterer" says: Denim comes in red as well as blue this season, and both colors are of a good tone. As it is lighter on the wrong side, but still a pleasing color many of the cushions are made up with the wrong side of the goods for the bottom half, but the cushions are much handsomer with both sides alike and both ornamented. The decorative pattern chosen is generally outlined in narrow white linen braids or cotton cords. Very handsome screens are mounted with denims; the two outer panels of blue, red forming the central one, while arabesques of white cord run over all

three. Denim makes good portieres, tor it shakes off the dust and can be easily washed; in the portiere a broad design is used, a satisfactory one being a Greek border done with an inch wide Hercules braid in white, and the lower edges finished off with white ball

Even chairs are beginning to be upholstered with denim a dark red especially giving a fine tone to cherry. A dining room has been done in denims, and the carrying out of all color effects was pleasing when taken in conjunction with the cosy, "liveable" look which it is now the style as far as possible to give to all rooms.

The wall paper was of a broad, bold pattern in white and blue, the mantels were of cherry, the frieze of blue enameled wood, the chandeliers and cornice poles a dull silver and the pictures simple etchings and engravings in narrow

white frames and wide white margins. At each doorway hung a portiere of the same shade, with the Greek border in broad, white braid; over the plain white shades were draped lambrequins of the blue without ornament. All the cherry chairs were upholstered in the darker side of the blue, table cover was in the same shade, with Greek border in white: the divan had cushions of both red and blue, across one corner was artistically swung a hammock, in which great cushions of the demin rested, while a three-paneled screen in red and blue with the Greek pattern in white stood

in a corner framed in cherry. In one window stood a round Japanese jardiniere in blue and white porcelain, and here and there on the wall was fastened an old Dutch tile with its wonderful harmony of blue shades.

The winter bonnets are of small close shapes, with crowns that touch the head and add nothing to the size there-

Velvet crowns are of delightful metallic colors wrought in silk stitches that may be very rich and glowing or in dark tones to suit the most refined taste.

Among the trimmings for bonnets, and for round hats also, are wide black velvet ribbons edged with white duchesse lace, and to these are added the accordion pleatings of black satin-antique with borders of jet or colored spangles.

The so called gold bonnets, with crowns of bullion embroidery, are very effective with pleated brims of brown velvet trimmed with parrots' wings standing out from choux of white chiffon edged with gold picot loops. White satin ribbon strings two inches wide start from the back, and are tied under the chin in a stiff bow.

Charming capotes of jetted net have for their trimming a scarf of the glossy satin antique in ruby, Jacqueminot, or

Cut steel and jet together are very effective, and are fashionably combined

for winter bonnets. Velvet roses with each petal standing out separately are almost the only flowers shown for winter bonnets.

Silver embroidery is in charmingly delicate taste of velvets on very light colors for evening and dress bonnets.

Miss Dudley, an English bicyclist, holds the record for long-distance-riding by women. She made the distance of 100 miles between Hitchin and Lincoln, in little more than seven hours, or at an average speed of nearly 14 miles an hour. This, too, in regulation petti-coats, not the new style of trousers.

One may wear anything from a 50-cent muslin to a \$50 gauze, provided it is pretty and stylishly made.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.