

Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Jan. 26, 1894.

THE EGRET'S PLUME.

The following poem was taken from "Our Dumb Animals," an excellent paper published by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and was written by C. F. Orne who noticed in church, a number of Christian women wearing egret's on their bonnets and hats.

Note.—The little tufts of feathers are taken from the egret, or smaller herons. The herons have to be killed to obtain the plumes which grow at the breeding season. The birds are ruthlessly shot while endeavoring to protect their nests of young.

I ate in the house of our Father,
When His people were gathered all,
And I looked on a fair young mother,
With her children sweet and small.

Her eyes were so full of her loving,
On those infant faces bent,
That I knew her heart to the utmost
Was trimmed with a deep content.

My heart was rejoicing with her,
That her's were life's dearest ties;
That love's softest and sweetest music
From her lips might fly rise.

One small head lay on her shoulder;
An arm was round her thrown;
In that touch of tender caressing
What a world of love was shown!

The voice of the preacher rose softened,
As he uttered "O sweet words low
That the Savior spoke of the children
In Galilee, long ago.

I lifted my eyes in gladness—
But ah! through the vaulted room
A mist blotted out the glory:
The light shut down in gloom.

I saw, in its fragile beauty,
That fair young mother spread,
The delicate spray of feathers
Torn from the Egret's head.

And my heart was away at the seaside,
Where the heartless hunters go,
When the mother bird's crown of beauty
Becomes her crown of woe.

For through the whole year only
When her mother-love is her doom,
Does the Egret bear for her nestlings
Her fatal, fairy plume.

The ruthless hunters covet
The lovely waving crest,
And they strike at the heart of the mother,
Through her children in the nest.

For her mother love impels her
To defend with her life her young;
The lovely crest is torn from her head,
And her body to earth is flung.

Where the ruthless robbers have thrown her,
She hears, in her wild despair,
Her nestlings vainly calling
For their mother's food and care.

They are slowly, slowly starving;
And their death-moan's bitter pain
Is borne to the savage hunters,
Who smile as they count their gain.

Before me the mists grew darker;
A shuddering shook the air;
The mournful wail of the music
Was the murdered Egret's prayer.

How could I hear the Christ-voice—
"Little children, come unto me"—
When those sobbing wails of anguish
Came up from the lauds by the sea?

Think of your own little children
In starvation's fearful doom!
Oh, women, oh, mothers! and never
Wear the murdered Egret's plume!

JANET'S VICTORY.

The sun fell in a mellow flood of beauty upon the new carpet of the guest chamber. The creamy curtains were pulled back, so no chance was left the sun for doing less than its whole duty. A great bouquet of autumn grasses and fluff golden rod rested in a pretty vase.

A new chamber set and it will be nice, and Mrs. Mayler half closed her eyes and took in the supposed effect. Then for the twentieth time, perhaps, she went over the same road, calculating how much her chickens and turkeys would bring.

And if they are as fat as I think, I will lay by enough for Christmas presents all around and subscribe for that journal, too, and with a light heart and smiling countenance she hurried downstairs. Baby was busy with his blocks, so she went into the kitchen to prepare the little supper—just herself and Jed and little Boy Blue—and a quietly happy family it had ever been. If it was hard sometimes to bear and forbear, they tried for love's sweet sake. And if Janet was the oftenest to yield neither seemed to notice it. Only a look at her bright, loving face and one might guess she was very well accustomed to forgetting No. 1 also together, and he was a man, just an easy-going half-blind man, that was all.

After supper the poultry was all shut up in their houses for to-morrow's sale, and after an almost sad good-by Janet the next morning saw part of her hard summer's work roll away over the hill to market. It was Tuesday.

And about Friday Baby and I will go to town and invest our money, and she laughed almost like a child as she teased the baby up.

Papa's coming, baby mine, and down to the gate she carried her boy for his delightful ride up to the barn with papa.

How did they sell, Jed? Fat, where they? she asked when the wagon stopped at the barn.

Fat as butter and got highest price.

Cash? and she patted old Pride on his velvety nose.

Yes, and he led the horses into their stalls.

Supper piping hot, she called back over her shoulder, as she went to the house.

Supper passed pleasantly, Jed relating all the news from town and she listening and feeling baby, going on frequent journeys into the little bottomless month after stray crusts or other forbidden matter which happened too near.

And now let me have it, Jed, all in my hand, and see if it's worth the constant care and work I've endured, and she set the boy on his knee.

What, Janet? and he looked at her absently.

My money, and still her hand was outstretched.

Why, wife, I paid for the binding twine with it.

You did! And you said last spring. Do your best and reap the proceeds. And her eyes flashed indignantly.

Why, I didn't suppose you had any use for it, and you are reaping the pro-

ceeds when the debts are paid, and he tried to look natural.

But that was mine, earned by putting in over hours and extra days, and she could not hide a sob.

Oh, well, never mind. What's mine's yours and yours mine, and he put baby down without his evening romp and went out with the milk pail.

And Janet hurried into the dim sitting room and had a good cry—good, because it relieved her over wrought feelings. He must have noticed her swollen eyes, for after an attempt to talk over his paper, he went to bed.

Days passed on and months too, until little Boy Blue was a little man of three. During that time Janet had been a patient wife to a good husband but she was wiser, and that little lesson learned a year previously she had never forgotten, and she determined, for the sake of her independence, for the sake of their future wedded life, and for his sake too, never to be put upon again. She had discarded her idea of raising poultry, but she had a nice fat steer which was to be sold with the rest of the car load soon.

When baby was still a little sleeping bundle, Jed had brought into the kitchen a tiny calf. It was a raw, bitter cold day, and the little thing was almost dead when discovered.

Might as well kill it, and done with it, Jed suggested.

Oh, no, let it live, if it can, Janet pleaded.

Well, fuss with it if you want to, and you can have whatever it amounts to, and so it was settled.

It was days before it could stand alone, but by and by it began to get interested, it seemed, in its own life, and grew and waxed strong. Its legs were very short, but stubby and firm. It had always been a source of amusement between the two, to see Janet's sister overtake and then slowly outstrip Jed's of the same age. But it was now considered in prime condition, and was to go with the rest to Chicago. Janet said nothing, but felt a great deal. So when the returns came she waited for him to give her share. But no word was said, so she reminded him of it.

Oh, stuff and nonsense! he replied, almost angrily. If we must keep an account between us, I think it's a pity. If I have it or you have it, what odds?

But you always have it, she replied quietly.

But I am the man, and it's my place—

Not to cut me down to asking for what is my own. You gave me the calf, and would have killed it but for me.

Who fed it? he asked.

If it's half and half as you say, I fed it, and six of the other thirteen that you say are yours.

But it's nonsense your acting so, Ain't you comfortable?

Perhaps. But it is not that. It's a question of right. Have I not as good judgment as you? and her face was very pale.

Well, of course, you'll have the last word, but I have the money and you haven't—and he failed in his attempt to smile naturally as he turned to go.

Wait, wait! and so you claim you have a right to sell my property and keep my money, and she looked at him haughtily.

I say it's ours. If you need a new dress or anything, say so, and he slammed the door.

She did not sob this time, she was thoroughly indignant and proceeded to carry out her plan. Jed went to town the next day again, which favored her plan.

As soon as he was gone she took baby and walked a mile to see a man who had long wanted to buy a two-year-old colt of theirs. At one time Jed had almost accepted the offer, next thought better of it, and would not let the colt go. She found little trouble in closing the bargain, he supposing Jed had sent her. Her only fear had been from his inability to pay cash. But he handed her the money and she told him he might take his property directly.

So when Jed came home at night he found an empty stall. He hurried into the house. His step sent the blood a little faster, that was all.

Where is Popsy, Jen? His stall is empty.

I sold him to Mr. Forrest.

Sold him! Sold my colt?

Ours, you mean. I thought best to let him go, and what difference does it make? It's all in the family.

Difference! I would not have sold him for seventy dollars! I want you to understand I am able to run my own affairs, he cried.

Quite likely you are. But you insist that my affairs are yours and so, of course, yours are mine. I knew where I could put that sum to good advantage, so I let our colt go, and she sat down to rock baby to sleep, while Jed stood as if dumb.

There's no use talking, Jed Mayler, Janet went on with determination, I never was used to having no money whatever to call my own, and I am too proud to beg.

No one asked you to, he answered doggedly.

Let me carry the purse one month and see if you don't call it begging, came back with emphasis.

I will not be a hen-pecked husband, and he gave the cat a smart slap which sent it out of the rocking chair and out of peaceful slumber at one and the same time.

Nor I a dependent begging groveling wife, and she left the room while Jed stood as she left him for many minutes. This was getting to be pretty serious, Janet standing in opposition to him, and he lord and master! He'd show her—he'd out her down to head and heels, he'd—and just then his eyes fell on Dandy, his five-year-old colt. It had come out of the county fair with flying colors (blue ribbons of course).

What if she should sell him! Back over their married life he went, and

with a long drawn sigh he remembered Janet's capabilities of carrying out whatever she deemed necessary. Then he began to walk up and down, while Janet, in the next room, tried to ascertain the fierceness of the storm by the heaviness of his tread. Suddenly it ceased. He poked his head in through the doorway.

Well, what do you want?

I did not speak, Janet answered innocently.

No, what do you expect me to do, to lift you out of pauperism? and his voice was mocking and stern.

Surely, your business capabilities can suggest some plan, she answered.

None he continued mockingly.

Then I can. I will either hire out to you as cook, nurse, washerwoman, chambermaid, housekeeper, waiter, gardener, seamstress and bottle washer, or else I will go halves in the proceeds of our united efforts, and carry some money as long as you carry any, and spend when and where my judgment deems best; and more, if I by extra work try to raise money for extra luxuries, that money is to be mine.

His scorn turned to anger as she finished. As long as I am a husband, I am the head of the family and master, and he stalked out of the house in a furious rage.

I wonder if I have lost, Janet moaned, as she sank down helplessly. But I will not yield. I'll try once more, and so feverishly she brought down her trunk, dragged it down, rather, and set it in a conspicuous place. Then she slowly went through the process of packing but she did not commence until time for Jed to come in after the milk pail.

He saw her busily at work, and his heart sank within him. But he went out again, to Janet's dismay. He could not endure it long, however.

What are you doing, Jen? and he panted on his make-believe errand.

Packing.

For what?

Going home to see mother, and she looked so unconscious of his presence as she tossed some spools to little Boy Blue, he was thoroughly disarmed.

Say, Jen, I surrender.

On what terms?

Equal shares, and you your extras.

Very well. Here are six dollars. I took out of the money just what my steer and the chickens would have amounted to, and I had this more.

No, keep it, he answered, generously—but, say, what did the colt bring?

Ab, but that is a secret, and she laughed gaily. Ask his owner.

Don't, Jen—don't be so selfish—you don't seem like my little old Janet, at all, and he pulled her to him.

I'm not. I'm Mrs. Janet Mayler, partner and equal sharer in the firm of Mayler and—and his big palm stopped further speech. But he took it away to kiss the lips that once had been so hardily won, and then to toss little astonished Mayler, Jr., up and up, to come down safely again upon papa's shoulder for a dizzy ride around the disorderly sitting-room.

After supper, while Jen was busy washing dishes, Jed was in the sitting-room, rocking baby to sleep. He never could sing but just the first strains of Sweet By-and-By, but he would go over these with untiring zest, never even halting long enough to let his voice fall, until sometimes, out of very agony, Janet would plant her foot where she knew the period belonged. But to-night she listened with sweet content. She knew he was won completely, for he never attempted his own song unless very peaceful with all the world. And as she thought over her little attacks and skirmishes she felt well repaid, and from her heart went up a prayer for strength to be a woman—fearless and independent where right was concerned and a mother worthy such a dear little boy.

—Farm, Field and Fireside.

Known to Fame.

Oliver Schreiner as She—An Acquaintance's Pen Picture.

Considering her repute we know very little of Oliver Schreiner, the author of "The Story of an African Farm," and more recently of "Dreams." And one hears even less about her personality. Perhaps this is due to the fact that living most of her time at Cape Town, she is out of reach of the literary paragrapher. A few weeks ago an acquaintance of mine traveled with Miss Schreiner on a voyage extending over some ten days, and he was permitted to become very well acquainted with the author. From him I learn that she is a most charming womanly woman. Her figure below the average height, her eyes are dark and capable of storm as well as love. Her voice is buoyant and clear; her face as open as a child's and as swift in its responsive expression of light and shade, yet marked by reserves of strength and will force. One finds in her none of the marks of literary pedantry. You will watch in vain for any of the heavy-footed movements of George Eliot. She meets you more than half way in conversation. She draws you out to your best and truest, and is ready to join you whether upon the ground of woman's world, the pleasures of England, or the deep things of Buddha, but you must not rashly refer to her own writings, especially to her "African Farm." Children most of all she loves.

Her family is intellectual divided. Her brother was recently elected Attorney General at Cape Town, and at this dignity to her brother Miss Schreiner was elected. He is an ardent temperance advocate and an aggressive Christian. Likewise is the author's married sister, Mrs. Lewis. The father of the Schreiners was an old German missionary in Cape Colony, and stands revealed, to a certain extent, in the old German of "The Story of an African Farm." The mother was of Scottish descent, and is now in the Roman Catholic convent in the Colony. Others in the family are Christian propagandists.

—Read the WATCHMAN.

A Lion on Horseback.

How the Two Animals Are Trained for the Performance.

Hagenbeck's trained animals attracted a great deal of attention at the World's Fair. One of the most striking performances was the riding of a horse by the lion, Prince. The horse died while the Fair was going on, and the manager of the show has been telling a New York paper how another horse was trained to the work:

One who has never given the matter a thought has little idea of the undertaking of teaching a horse and a lion to perform the equestrian act. As a rule this is begun when both horse and lion are very young. They are kept close to each other and in time become very much attached to each other, so that the feat is not, at that early age of the animals, a very remarkable one. When Prince's horse died in Chicago it brought up a problem of an entirely different nature. The first thing to be done was to get a horse. It took me three days to find one that looked anything like the one that had died. I finally found one, and had him carefully examined by a veterinary surgeon to ascertain if his temperament was one we could depend upon. It was, and then we began the work.

Prince knew his business all right, but the horse knew nothing. We began by taking him into the cage or half an hour at a time, and leading him around the circle. Then days were spent in teaching him to obey the whip and to understand the German language, for all of our trainers are Teutons. There came days in which the big boar hound that accompanied the lion was taken into the ring with the horse, and finally the horse and the hound were stabled together until they became thoroughly acquainted. They were fed at the same table, and every effort that we could summon was directed toward teaching the horse and the dog to be friends.

Finally one day we strapped a padded saddle on the horse's back and got the boar hound to mount. He sat in the saddle about a second. Up went the horse's heels, and the hound was thrown against the side of the cage. But this did not discourage the trainers; they kept at it until they got the horse so that he would permit the hound to ride.

Then came the next step. We had made for the purpose a padded lion's skin, which we drew over the body of the hound, except the head. For days the horse and the poor hound, which was swathed in the padded lion's skin, were kept together until the horse got used to the changed appearance of the dog. Then the skin of the head of the lion was put on the hound, and the hound and the horse were taken into the ring together. The poor horse did not understand this at first, and made a lot of trouble, but finally permitted the hound, in disguise, to mount his back and take a ride.

A week was spent at this, until the horse knew his business thoroughly. Then came the most ticklish part of the whole business, that of bringing the horse and the lion into the same cage. For a week or more the horse had been stabled where he could see the lion. We took the horse in one morning, and then, after putting him through his paces, let the lion, Prince, in. The big beast came up the incline leading to the cage with that long swing so well known to observers of animals. He evidently did not recognize a difference in the horse, and mounted his pedestal, ready to begin the act. At the crack of the whip he leaped on the horse's back, and off they went.

Several circuits had been made when, for some reason, no one knows what, the lion sat down on his haunches and emitted one of those terrific roars that startle everybody. That settled it. For the next ten minutes pandemonium reigned, and I did not know but it would be a case of Killikenny cats, with trainer, keeper, dog horse and lion, instead of felines. The lion was thrown against the cage; he resented it and made a spring for the horse. The trainer grabbed an iron rod and the keeper a whip, and it was only after a sharp struggle that the lion was subdued, and it took a much longer time to quiet the horse.

For days we could do nothing with the horse, but finally the Fair was closed and the animals were brought to New York. For the last week the training has been going on, and we have now the horse and lion in good working order.

Heaviest in 20 Years.

Northern California Has Been Enjoying a Real Snow Storm.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 20.—The worst snow storm for 20 years is reported from the northern part of the State. At Redding, the snow is drifting badly causing a number of accidents. The river is rising rapidly and the low lying country is threatened with inundation. At Sissons, the official snow fall for the last 24 hours is 48 inches. All north bound trains are blocked.

A furious snow storm is raging in the mountains northwest of Sacramento, on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad. All the snow plows are at work in the mountains, and the available men are at work shoveling snow.

Wellesley's President Dead.

Miss Helen A. Shafer, Head of the College, Succumbs to Pneumonia.

WELLESLEY, Mass., Jan. 20.—Helen A. Shafer, president of Wellesley College, died today after a brief illness, of pneumonia. She was stricken down about a week ago.

Miss Shafer succeeded Miss Alice Freeman when she resigned the presidency of Wellesley a few years ago. Miss Shafer was born in Newark, N. J., though she left that city with her family while yet a mere child and made her home in the West.

How to Clean Smoke.

A Plan Hit Upon in Birmingham—Carbon Washed Out.

The directors of the Birmingham mint have adopted a practicable method of remedying a long endured nuisance. The thick black volumes of smoke proceeding from the high chimney stack of the local mint have long been a serious annoyance to the district, and the shopkeepers in particular have suffered to no inconsiderable extent from the same source of trouble. The mint company has suffered largely as anyone in the vicinity, and has had, on many occasions, to answer the complaints of the health inspectors and to pay heavy penalties incident to the proceedings that have from time to time been taken.

Recently a gentleman who owns a large joinery establishment at Newbury, Berkshire, expressed his willingness to wash the smoke of an original process of his own. The invention, which he has introduced at the mint, has met with the entire approval of the directors of the company and has also given satisfaction to the health authorities of the city. An opportunity was afforded a representative of the *Gazette* of inspecting this extraordinary arrangement of making black into white.

First for the smoke is drawn from the stack by a powerful fan, and it is then forced through a revolving cylinder into a tank filled with water. Perforated beaters are affixed to the back of the cylinder, and these drop into the water and scrub the smoke, which is put back into the chimney in the form of a perfectly pure vapor. The solid carbon which is washed from the smoke is brought out at the bottom of the tank all bubbling and boiling over to all appearances a black foaming froth.

The arrangement of the apparatus allows an inspection of the washing process, and of the vapor, which, after the cleansing has been performed in the tank below is perfectly white and odorless, and is thrown through the chimney into the air as steam. It is an interesting fact that the black extract is admirably adapted for use in the composition of paint and printing while the ammoniated water remaining after the process of washing possesses the properties of a powerful disinfectant.

What Eyes Indicate.

Character to Be Judged From Your Neighbor's Oculi.

The long, almond-shaped eye with thick eyelids covering nearly half the pupil, when taken in connection with the full brow, is indicative of genius, and is often found in artists, literary and scientific men. It is the eye of talent, or impossibility.

The large, open, transparent eye, of whatever color, is indicative of elegance, of taste, refinement, of wit of intelligence. Weakly marked eyebrows indicate a feeble constitution and a tendency to melancholia.

Deep sunken eyes are selfish, while eyes in which the whole iris shows indicate erraticism if not lunacy.

Round eyes are indicative of innocence; strongly protuberant eyes of weakness of both mind and body.

Eyes small and close together typify cunning, while those far apart an open indicate frankness. The normal distance between the eyes is the width of one eye; a distance greater or less than this intensifies the character supposed to be symbolized.

Sharp angles, turning down at the corners of the eyes are seen in persons of acute judgment and penetration. Well opened steady eyes belong to the sincere, and wide staring eyes to the impertinent.

Gray eyes are supposed to be the strongest, blue the weakest, while large eyes are most subject to the defect known as near-sightedness.—*New York Weekly*.

Mexico 400 Years Ago.

Relics Picked Up and Ruins Still Standing of a Former Civilization.

Everywhere about the valleys of New Mexico, invariably upon eminences, and usually high, flat-topped mesas or table hills, are the ruins of houses of the ancient semi-civilized Indian population that lived there and tilled the soil before the coming of the Spaniards, four centuries ago.

The numbers of this old population can be only vaguely inferred by the numerous cobblestone foundations of their houses, still well defined above the surface of the ground, and by the debris of the fallen walls which constitute hillocks, grassgrown and intermixed with countless fragments of pottery.

This pottery when turned up by the spade is found to be handsome and varied in color and as fresh of tint as it could have been when the village was destroyed or abandoned, and every tradition of its existence lost in prehistoric past.

Genuine Diamonds.

Two Remarkable Finds, One in Wisconsin and the Other in South Carolina.

Special Agent Komitz, of the Geological Survey, has made a report concerning two diamonds finds. He says: "In October, 1893, a small boy near Oregon, Wis., picked up a small semi-transparent pebble. The stone was taken to Prof. William H. Hobbs, of the University of Wisconsin, at Madison, and it was found to be a genuine diamond. It was sent to New York for further investigation and proved to be an elongated dodecahedral crystal weighing 8.75 carats. Its color is slightly grayish green.

Quite recently a diamond was found near the Kings Mountains, North Carolina, which weighs 3 carats. It is of a light canary color, and has a remarkably brilliant surface."

—We cannot afford to slight any friendship no matter how humble.

For and About Women.

Miss Alice Goodall is the only woman editor in India. She conducts the business of the *Sinla Guardian*.

Black sashes of velvet or satin ribbon will be in favor next summer. Fastened in a point in front with a silver buckle they will give a jaunty finish to the plainest costume.

An extremely pretty evening ornament for the hair of a brunette consists of a narrow band of silver, which almost encircles the head, ornamented with two little silver wings perched up exactly a little to either side of the parting in front.

In speaking of hop sacking, the material that was such a favorite last season. We are advised against its use for tailor gowns, as it stretches so that a perfect fit is almost impossible. A pretty affair in this goods that was not intended to be so severely tailored, was of dahlia color, with a plain full skirt and a jacket with an open front over white chiffon. The big revers were piped with two folds, one of black and the other of white satin, and a sash of black satin ribbon slipped under the vest front and ended in a bunch of loops and long ends in the back.

Speaking of jackets the most exclusive women are ordering theirs without the umbrella skirts, as this pretty style had been imitated so largely in the cheap ready-made coats that it was no longer desirable for the haut ton. The drooping sleeve will, however, continue to be worn, and overskirts, the bugbear of the economical buyer, have come to stay.

A couple of bright cretonne cushions will give a cosy air to a room of plain furnishings. In a pretty chamber a deft-handed girl has a rocker upholstered in bright red and dull brown, and a box which holds her hats, covered by the same, does duty for an occasional seat. Her table is covered with a turkey red cloth and holds a number of books. It is one of the prettiest rooms imaginable, and yet the whole furniture would not amount to the price of an enameled desk for a more expensive apartment.

The natural wood umbrella handle has had its day. Round handles of wood, about five inches long, ornamented with fine carving and capped with gold or silver, are the latest styles.

Mrs. Caroline H. Dallas tells the *Springfield Republican* that when she first went to Webster, over 40 years ago, Daniel Webster said to her: "Remember you may have what political opinions you please, but the woman who expresses them is damned."

The New York women all affect black for church wear and in a walk down the avenue Sunday the best dressed are mostly attired in the double breasted "rock coat" with plain skirt to match of black serge, hopsacking or diagonal. The coat fits like wax, has small revers self faced and full skirt. A small white lace chemistie shows between the lapels, and the throat band is of crimson or turquoise blue velvet. This plain costume is considered chic.

The hats are usually of black felt bound on the edge and turned up in front with a pair of Valkyrie wings and a bright velvet rosette. Small bonnets are also worn by young ladies as well as older matrons.

Another handsome costume was a skirt of black moire with a velvet coat, with a fall of white lace front and a crush collar of rose pink. The bonnet was a mere "scraps," but an impossible "scraps" for any but a Parisian milliner to make, being a bit of jet, a piece of white lace, a black rose and a jet aigrette, but quite perfect in its ensemble.

The violet is the favorite flower this season. The American beauty rose, which was so popular among the fashionable last winter, has taken a back seat, and violets in the forms of bouquets and immense hand and corsage bouquets are now in greater demand. Very large bouquets of violets are the particular fancy. It is not unusual for a florist to receive an order for a cluster of 500 violets, which means a bill of from \$15 to \$20 against the purchaser. Nearly every young lady one meets has a large bunch of the double light violets now preferred to the single dark blossoms, tied with a half inch wide mauve satin ribbon, and tucked either in the revers of the coat, or high on the bust, or pinned to the muff.

Light gloves are much worn for church. Pearl color with black or self-color stitching is affected, but red pigee gloves, with large buttons, are also worn. I see fewer tan and yellow kid, four-button length, than suede or musquetaire. Black gloves are much liked also, however.

The parlor of a tasteful young woman