

ONE OF THE HAPPY FELLERS.

I don't complain When the Lord sends rain— When the tanks in the sky run over; For the rain, you know, Makes the corn blades grow, An' gives a lift to the clover.

THE STORY OF A MISUNDERSTANDING.

The world is full of misunderstandings. Now, a misunderstanding is an awkward thing—the sort of thing that sometimes makes shipwreck of lives that otherwise would sail smoothly enough into the haven where they would be.

This is a story of a misunderstanding. * * * * *

The very first time he saw her she said to herself: "Now, there's the girl I should like to marry."

She was just his sort, but it was the old story of the attraction of opposites, a story as old as the hills. He was big, she was small; he was dark, she was fair; and he was quiet, she was lively; and so on, and so on, and so on.

He would have liked to take her in those great strong arms of his and tell her so, but such a course of action was out of the question, for she was engaged to his old chum, Phil Marsden.

Now Phil Marsden was the sort of man that lady novelists describe as "one of Fortune's favorites." In plain English, he was good-looking, well-off, a thorough sportsman, a good hand at all games, and popular with men and women alike. A lucky mortal all round, but it never occurred to Bob to envy his friend until he saw Gwen Warrington. Then a new, strange feeling stirred in Bob's honest heart.

Well, one summer the officers of Bob's regiment took it into their heads to give a ball. It was a final flare-up before the—th moved into fresh quarters, and they spared neither trouble nor expense to make it a success. At this ball Bob was introduced to the future Mrs. Phil Marsden, and they danced a good deal together. Bob had a splendid swing, and Gwen was the lightest waltzer in the room, so they went like clockwork.

Gwen gave Bob more waltzes than she gave Phil, but the latter did not seem to mind, and that of course, was rather a queer state of things, Bob noticed it, which was remarkable, for in an ordinary way his perceptions were just as blunt as are most men's.

"I say, Miss Warrington," he observed tentatively, as he and Gwen went out together yet once again, "it's awfully good of old Phil to let you give me as many dances. Shows he isn't selfish any way, doesn't it?"

Gwen shrugged her shoulders, and a change came over her expressive face; a change that Bob did not quite like to see.

"Selfish!" she echoed. "Oh! Phil is never selfish where I am concerned, I can assure you, Mr. Helmsleigh. He has no desire to keep me all to himself."

There was no obvious answer to this speech, and so Bob said nothing. As a matter of fact, the situation was just a little bit beyond him.

He thought of Gwen's words afterwards, though, and of the faintly bitter tone in which they were uttered, but he did not venture to broach the subject again. It was ticklish ground.

He saw nothing more of either Phil or Gwen until the autumn, and then he ran into them at the house of a mutual friend, where he had gone for a week's shooting. This time the idea that all was not right between the lovers struck him more forcibly than before. They were apparently on good terms with one another, and they never disagreed, but Phil had lost his old genial spirits and become moody and discontented. He was always either in the clouds, or swearing at his lack. Gwen had changed too. Her manner had grown tired and listless, and there was a wistful wondering look in her eyes that hurt Bob to see.

Poor old Bob! He could tell that something was wrong, but he could not make out what it was, though he puzzled that honest head of his until he thought he was going to have brain fever. The new look in Gwen's eyes haunted him. It was always in his thoughts in the daytime, and it kept him awake at night. He felt impelled to do something—but what? That was the question.

by herself in the library, crying over the fire, and that was the climax. He never could bear to see a woman in tears, and when it came to the woman he loved, why—

"Miss Warrington," he said, hurriedly, "Miss Warrington you are in trouble of some sort. Will you tell me what it is?" Then as she did not answer at once, his hand fell heavily on her shoulder, and he added, "For God's sake, don't cry."

Gwen checked her sobs with an effort, and raised her tear dimmed eyes to his face.

"Oh! Mr. Helmsleigh," she exclaimed, "I am in great trouble, and—and you are so good and kind. If only you could help me."

"Give me a chance," Bob returned, shortly. "I'm a stupid sort of a chap. I know; no good at all talk. But if there's anything in the world I can do for you, I'll do it. Do you believe me?"

"Oh, yes," answered Gwen, putting out her hand to him with an impulsive gesture, while the tears brimmed over afresh.

Bob took the trembling little hand, and held it in a strong, close clasp; a clasp that seemed to carry help and comfort with it.

"That's right," he said. "Now, let me hear all about it. But don't cry— for pity's sake don't cry like that. You'll send me mad if you do. Come, dry your eyes."

"It's about Phil," Gwen went on, mopping her eyes obediently. "Of course, it's about Phil. Oh, Mr. Helmsleigh, you have known Phil so much longer than I have, and you must understand him better. Can you tell me why he is—so queer with me?"

This was somewhat of a riddle. Bob ran his fingers through his short dark hair and drew a deep breath.

"Don't you know?" he asked. Gwen shook her head, "No."

"Well, I'm blessed if I do," said Bob. Gwen went on in a low, hurried tone.

"Phil has never been to me what other girl's lovers are to them; but I don't know why, I only wish I did. He seemed fond enough of me before we were engaged, but now—well, of course the whole thing is a miserable failure, and it gets worse. It isn't that Phil is unkind to me; he is as kind, and good, and patient as a man could be. He considers me before himself; there is nothing he wouldn't do for me, but—but—he doesn't love me. That is the root of the whole matter."

Her voice broke with a pathetic little quiver that went straight to Bob's heart. He looked down at the childish forlorn figure, half lost in the big leather chair, and felt a wild impulse to take it in his arms. But he restrained the impulse somehow.

"Well," he said, as quietly as he could "it is a riddle, isn't it? I wish I could help you to read it. Old Phil must be a lunatic—nothing less than a lunatic."

"No," Gwen answered, sadly, "he is not a lunatic—far from it—but there is something I don't understand." She looked up at Bob again, and laid her hand lightly on his arm. Such a pretty little hand. It looked like a snowflake on his rough coat sleeve.

"Will you do something for me?" she asked; "I know I can trust you, and you are Phil's oldest friend; but you must say if you mind very much."

Bob turned his head away, for he dared not meet her eyes just then. But he took hold of her hand and squeezed it hard.

"Anything," he said. "Then," Gwen went on, "try to find out from Phil what it is that has come between us, and if I can do anything to put it right, I have tried, and failed. But you may succeed. Will you try it?"

"Yes," said Bob, just as he would have said it if she had asked him to go to the other end of the world for her.

That same evening he broached the subject to Phil. It was rather a big fence to tackle, but he shut his eyes and rode hard at it, going straight to the point in his blustering, honest way.

Phil hesitated a little at first, but in the end he told the truth.

"You see, old chap," he said, "it's like this. The whole affair is a ghastly mistake all through. I never proposed to Gwen at all."

Bob gave a great start. "You never proposed to her at all?" he echoed. "Then how, in Heaven's name, did you get engaged?"

"Well," said Phil, addressing himself to the fire, "it happened in this way. You remember Charley Thompson, the—th? Well, I was staying down in Devonshire with him last summer, and there I met Gwen. She took my fancy awfully at first, and I seemed to take hers; so we started a flirtation, and that worked all right until her sister Lily appeared on the scene. When I was here—Lily, I mean—I was done for. She's—she's different from other girls, somehow. Well I soon made up my mind to ask her to marry me, but I was a bit shy about it, and, like a fool, before speaking to her I thought I would try and find out from Gwen if there was a chance for me. I mentioned it to her one evening, and tried to ask her to put in a good word for me; but I must have made an awful idiot of myself, for to my horror, she thought I was proposing to tell her, and before I knew where I was she had accepted me. It was all up with me then. I felt queer, I can tell you, Bob; and when I found she had really cared for me all the time when I thought she was only playing me at my own game, I hadn't the pluck to her the mistake had made. I was a coward, I know, but literally could not do it. I just let things slide, and trusted to luck to get me out of the scrape. You see the result. Luck deserted me for once, and here I am—stranded. I've behaved like a fool and a scoundrel all round,

and the worst of it is no one is satisfied. I am miserable, so is Gwen, and so is Lily—and all through a misunderstanding. Is there anything I can do to put things straight, old chap? Without behaving more like a scoundrel than ever, I mean. What would you do in my place?"

Bob thrust his hands deep in his pockets and nodded his head with great gravity.

"Tell the truth," he answered, tersely; "it's the only thing you can do, and you ought to have done it long ago. Jove! it's a tight fit, though."

Phil fairly groaned.

"If I thought Gwen had given up caring for me I'd tell her fast enough," he rejoined; "but I don't think she has, and—and how can I tell her! No, hang it all! I can't shall have to see the thing through now, whatever comes."

Bob was silent for a moment or two, blinking solemnly at the fire.

"Tell you what it is," he said at last, "Miss Warrington has plenty of pluck, and she's as straight as they make 'em. You ought to be straight with her, Phil. It seems to me that the more she cares for you the more right she has to know the truth. I may be wrong—I'm a stupid sort of a chap, I know—but that's the way I look at it."

Good old Bob! His honest heart and simple mind had led him straight to a truth that wiser men had often missed.

The story is quite an old one now. It all happened last year, and Phil and Lily are going to be married next month.

And the others? Well, it was only one day last week that Bob said suddenly to Gwen:—

"I say, do you remember what happened a year ago to day?"

And Gwen flushed a little as she answered:—

"Yes, of course I do. I was in trouble, and I asked you to help me—and you did."

"And I did," said Bob, and then he put his hand over hers as it lay idly on the arm of her chair. "Tell you what it is," he went on, looking at her with all his honest heart in his honest eyes, "I wish you would let me go on helping you; through life, I mean. I'm not much good at talking, but I know what I mean, and I'll always do my best for you. Will you try me? Will you—Gwen?"

And Gwen said, "I will."—London Truth.

The Spice Habit.

Barroom Nibbling Almost as Bad a Practice as Barroom Tippling.

New York Herald.

"It is not the liquor itself which excessive drinkers consume that causes all the woes they suffer," said a physician who is also a man of the world, in a cafe overlooking "Herald" square. "In many cases the liquor habit is accompanied by another, almost equally pernicious, which I call the spice habit. It is as insidious and almost as hurtful as the other. It arises from the custom which of American drinkers have established of nibbling at cloves, peppercorn, allspice, bits of cinnamon, scraps of lemon peel, calamus or other pungent condiments after swallowing their beverage."

"In every well ordered barroom nowadays is to be found a tray containing some or all of the spices I have named, and from it three men out of five who take drinks in one place will select a bit of this or that condiment after finishing their tipple. These nuisances are taken in a majority of cases either to remove the taste of the liquor from the drinker's mouth or the odor of it from his breath, but so common has the practice become that in many instances it is as much a habit as the drinking itself."

The evils of it are severe and varied. Cloves are a powerful irritant to the stomach, and not infrequently they remain in it unassimilated, serving as a nucleus for the crystallizations of alkaline properties, until finally they gather a coating which gives them the appearance of globules of glass. Peppercorns, which many drinkers eat between sips, have a highly debilitating effect upon the system; cinnamon depresses the action of the heart, and calamus, or sweet flag root, has a bad effect upon the liver.

"The spice habit—and many drinking men are such slaves to it that they carry cloves or other condiments in their pockets to nibble at in their working hours—is scarcely less injurious to its victims than alcohol. It is an evil, more moreover, which proprietors of saloons are largely responsible for increasing."

A LIVING WITNESS.—"I was troubled for a long time by a disagreeable itching sensation, and breaking out all over my body. I suffered terribly at night and could not sleep. I thought some times I should loose my mind. I took medicine of several physicians but nothing I could take did me any good. I had almost given up hope of a cure when I was advised by an old friend to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I purchased a bottle and had not taken half dozen doses before there was a change for the better. I continued with Hood's Sarsaparilla and to day I am as sound a man as I ever was in my life. Considering my age every one is surprised at my good health and I am a living witness to the merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla."

Henry Herchelroth, Mt. Joy, Pa.

"Beg your pardon, sir, but you seem to be staring at me in a strange fashion. Do you see anything about me that is familiar to you?"

"Yes, sir, my umbrella."

Noble Kate Marsden.

Great Work Inaugurated Among the Suffering Lepers of Siberia—Ends her Untold Harshships—Risked Her Life in a Thousand Ways Among the Russian Criminals That She Might Alleviate Their Misery.

The sublime unselfishness of Kate Marsden is the nearest approach to divinity which the world has ever witnessed, says the Chicago Herald.

We first hear of Kate Marsden as a nurse who through her great sympathy, endeared herself to all she came in contact with. She became so interested in what she had read and heard of the horrible sufferings of the lepers, and was so thoroughly imbued with the idea that it was her duty to do all she could for them that any thought of sacrifice on her part never suggested itself to her.

Her mind once made up, she solicited an interview with Queen Victoria, which was granted. The Queen was so pleased with her and was so in favor of her project that she in turn interested the Princess of Wales, who immediately wrote her sister, the Empress of Russia, who responded at once, expressing great pleasure that she could be of any use and doing everything in her power to assist. It was owing to her efforts that Miss Marsden secured written recommendations to all the authorities and officers of the country. She left England for Siberia the latter part of 1890. When she reached St. Petersburg the Empress of Russia gave her a reception, and upon leaving presented her with a large sum of money to be used at her discretion.

What the local authorities failed to accomplish in six or six years she effected in a year and a half. There is a tone of sensationalism that runs through Kennan's experiences in Siberia, making one a little doubtful in regard to the hardships endured. The element of truth which predominates in all that Kate Marsden had to say of dangers passed through leaves no room for doubt that what she suffered far surpassed anything experienced by him. She left Moscow for Siberia the first of February, 1891, her objective point being Jakutsk, the extreme province of Eastern Siberia. She left the train at Slatoust, and from there had to travel by sledge. She wore a peculiar costume of furs, flannels and boots, and was so thoroughly wrapped up as to be most uncomfortably comfortable. She was on these sledges for months, traveling thousands of miles. And then for a long time she used the tarantulas wagons. The trip seemed so much longer on account of the miserable roads, the wretched post stations and different places where they were obliged to put up for the night. She stopped at the different capitals in order to rest as well as to gain the assistance of the Governors, churchmen and other influential persons and, through the recommendations which the Empress of Russia had given her, she was enabled to organize several collection committees and was assured of substantial assistance.

She reached Jakutsk in June, where official notice of her intended visit had preceded her. It is to Jakutsk that the Russian Government banishes the most dangerous criminals and it was here she found so many lepers compelled to live in the forests among such horrible surroundings as to occasion extreme suffering. The inhabitants refuse to have anything to do with the lepers, as they believe the disease is not only contagious but a direct curse of the devil. But why should that frighten some of the hardened criminals who infest this region, and who have left neglected no work allotted them by their stanic majesty, passes comprehension. Nothing had been done to alleviate their suffering or to assist them in any way before Miss Marsden's visit.

The poor creatures in the Baltic regions of Russia, in Palestine and Turkey have been more fortunate in that efforts have been made to make them less miserable while life lasted. It was these countries that Miss Marsden visited in order to find the best possible method to pursue in the work to be carried on in Jakutsk. When she left Jakutsk to visit the lepers in that vicinity she was accompanied by fifteen men, comprising farmers, soldiers and State officers. They took with them thirty horses and covered 1800 miles before they made the rounds. The inhabitants of the districts had to cut a path through the dense forests and marshes which had never been visited by a European, and this was done for nearly one thousand miles. The dangers and hardships of this unprecedented ride were of no inconsiderable nature that Miss Marsden carefully prepared official reports and affidavits in regard to them. The wildness of the Jakutic horses, the heat and dampness of the climate, the fear of insects, bears forest fires and storms, made up a series of adventures never before endured by a woman. She consulted with the officials, who accompanied her, in regard to the best location for her future colony, which should comprise cottages, hospitals, etc., and was so enthusiastic in all that she did as to awaken the greatest confidence wherever she went.

The lepers had lost all confidence in mankind owing to the unsuccessful attempts made by the local governments of Eastern Siberia to alleviate their condition. The only assistance they had was given them by one of the men from the village who visited their locality once or twice a week. He never dared come 'neath the hovels in which they lived, packed in to overflowing, all ages, different sexes and in an atmosphere reeking with filth, and sometimes rendered more terrible than others on account of the dead bodies, which the living had been too weak to remove. This messenger made his presence known by loud cries, which sometimes were answered immediately, but oftener were not heard for a long time. He usually brought the most unwholesome food and clothes that were too ragged and dirty for use. Some of them had a cow, which they shared the "jurts" or hovel with them

and was the means of saving them from starvation while waiting for these supplies. Of course, the messenger never saw the lepers, but left what he had brought at the appointed place, and then these weak and suffering creatures crawled, often on their hands and knees, back and forth till they had secured it all.

Kate Marsden, after a short rest in which she was not by any means idle, as she arranged the plans for the different buildings and adopted measures for organization, started on her return trip in August. Of course, the journey from Jakutsk to Moscow was as difficult to make as the one from Moscow to Jakutsk, but with indomitable courage so characteristic of the woman she bore the hardships of the return trip. The receptions she met with at different places on the road were most gratifying. She conferred with the different committees and everywhere large donations were made for her work. In St. Petersburg and Moscow she worked for four months with a zeal and an energy that were simply inspiring, producing splendid results. She had large sums of money given her; the Empress donating 3000 rubles and the heir-apparent 5000. She persuaded the mother superior of one of the convents to send to Jakutsk in May five nuns who were willing to nurse the lepers. She interested the doctors and organized a society for the investigation of this dreadful disease. She met the aristocracy and awakened a desire in them to contribute for the benefit of the sufferers; in short, she accomplished what she had deemed impossible even in her wildest expectations. When she reached England she received the hearty approval of Queen Victoria in a letter recommending her efforts and the work which she had accomplished and wished to accomplish. This was the means of awakening a wider interest in her work throughout England and her numerous contributions came to her from all sides.

It is a matter of congratulation and gratitude on the part of the American people to know that their country, barring isolated instances, is free from this terrible scourge, significantly called by the Russians "the curse of the devil." In certain parts of Minnesota there are a few cases of leprosy, which have been confined to Norwegian immigrants. It has not been ascertained to what if any degree the disease is contagious. A contributor to the Fortnightly Review is of the opinion that the disease is extremely contagious, and wherever it makes its appearance the patient should be strictly isolated. Dr. Rohe, an authority on the subject, says that there are but three cases of leprosy in Maryland.

Some years ago Mrs. Ourblanc, whose father came from the southern part of France, developed leprosy. She died, leaving four sons and two daughters, the first, second and fourth sons and a daughter became lepers. They had all lived with their mother. A nephew who lived in the neighborhood of a young woman not related in any way to the family but who had nursed the mother became leper. The same fate befell a young man who had often slept with the fourth son.

There is as yet no known remedy for this terrible pest, and it is a mystery how contagion will attack one member of the family and leave the others only to appear in the next generation or sometimes later.

To Much Discount on a Blue Chip.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

Low Dockstader, the burr-cock gambler which is worth repeating. Two gamblers who had been in business for a long time and grown rich, decided to dissolve partnership, one because he desired to reform and the other for the reason that he thought he could find wider and better fields in the work. The one who desired to give up his wicked life became known to the Christian people, and he was installed in the fold of the church. The old partner went west with his paraphernalia and flourished.

At the end of the year he came back to the old town to visit his former partner. It was Sunday night when he arrived, so he went directly to the church and took an aisle seat in the back part. Soon the organ began to play some lively music and two men walked down the aisle bearing silver plates. One of them was the reformed gambler. As the pennies and nickles began to drop into the plate the prosperous gambler rummaged in his pockets for some change, and when his old partner passed him he dropped a blue chip into the plate. The reformed man looked up quickly and recognized his partner. The blue chip in the plate made him nervous. He didn't like to pick it out for fear some one would think he was taking money from the plate, so he shook the silver receptacle to work it under, but the chip being lighter than the coin it always came to the top. As he reached the rail with his hand to the congregation he quickly lifted up the chip and dropped a silver dollar in its stead. It was neatly done, but the preacher had observed it, and as he walked over to accept alms he said softly:—

"Deacon, a blue chip-calls for five."

—To a Philadelphia reporter who asked J. S. Coxy the other day if he intended to run for the presidency the common-welder replied: "I have got something bigger to attend to now, the feeding of millions on millions of starving men." And then in a little while he went into the elegant dining room of the Hotel Bellevue and attended to the feeding of one of the millions, who bears the name of J. S. Coxy.

—When a man is in earnest on the subject of curing his sick-headaches let him ask C. M. Parrish the leading druggist of the city, for Ramon's Tonic Liver Pills (and Pellets). There is no other remedy like it on the market. It is not a single medicine, but a course of treatment based on the formula of a famous physician. It is a positive specific for all forms of biliousness, disordered liver, sour stomach, etc. Sample free.

For and About Women.

The new presiding officer of Harvard annex, that is to say, the dean of Radcliffe college, is to be Miss Agnes Irwin, a Philadelphia with high reputation as a teacher. Miss Irwin will have charge chiefly of the social side of the college life, and will look after most of the details and assume many of the responsibilities which have hitherto been part of the work of the members of the corporation. Miss Irwin is about 60, and a principal of a well-known school.

The blouse and blazer craze has already begun.

A pretty summer gown lately exhibited was of china lawn of very fine quality, with two tiny ruffles on the skirt. These ruffles were edged with lace and the lace was headed by tiny baby ribbon in abishte green. The bodice had bretelles of ribbon and epaulettes of lace, with, of course, a sash of the ribbon to finish the waist, for no summer frock is complete without a sash.

A third beauty was a peppermint striped lawn, with a yoke in three points outlined in beading, through which black satin baby ribbon was drawn. A black satin sash out lined the waist and on the sleeves were rows of beading, with the ribbon run through. The skirt had two tiny knife-platings.

Miss Frances Willard announces in London that owing to the financial stress in the United States she returns to the National Women's Christian Temperance Union her last two years' salary as president, that organization.

A lovely afternoon gown was of blue India silk dotted in white. The skirt was quite plain, but the bodice made up for this plainness by a riot of velvet ribbon and lace that was bewitching. The neck was cut round and finished by a narrow velvet plating. From this was a fall of exquisite lace that reached the waist line back and front and spreading over the double puffed sleeves. These sleeves had a ruffle of lace that was put on at the elbow, being held there by a butterfly bow of the velvet ribbon. A sash ending in a close rosette in front, with two long ends reaching to the bottom of the skirt, completed the pretty toilette.

Frequently it happens that the eyebrows and lashes become pale, depleted or a little stiff hairs that, though colorless are not honestly white appearing. Vaseline rubbed night and morning onto the lids and brows will restore the hairs to their normal hue and vitality.

Black lace insertions are in great use this season in inch and two inch widths, laid flatly on the dress fabric, and not inserted as formerly.

That girl never looks cool who doesn't know how to dress herself for the summer days, says the Ladies Home Journal. A hot-looking wool frock or the stuffily-starched cotton one, both of them, not only look warm, but they feel warm, so to the girl who is forced to wear a woolen gown during the summer, who believes that she cannot indulge in some pretty cottons that will not need to visit the laundry, I am going to suggest that after the wool skirt has been freshened up and remodeled, mended and bound, that she take a little money and invest it in one or two shirt waists. If she feels she can only get one, then she buys a dark silk, blue or black, with possibly a little figure upon it in white. If she feels that she can afford more, then there are innumerable cotton ones that may be gotten at very reasonable prices, but these, of course, will have the added expense of the laundry, for they cannot stand being worn many times without being laundered. The dark blue silk blouse, made with large sleeves, turned-over collar, so that the throat has an opportunity to be cool, may be worn with almost any colored skirt. If, in addition to this, my girl can get a plain black surah waist, then I would suggest that she trim the collar and cuffs of it with narrow bands of the coarse black lace, which is so much in vogue. It is not expensive, and does not claim to be anything more than it really is.

Possessed of the shirt waists and the freshened skirt, there will be worn the ribbon or folded belt, of which one grows less tired than of the leather one, and I want to remind you that, to look tidy, your skirt must not sag in the back down from under your belt. To prevent this, place two hooks one on each side of the pocket hole, on the belt of the skirt; then have the eyes to correspond on the inside of the belt proper, and fasten these so that the belt will draw the skirt into position. In the silk blouse have a thin lining, but in the cotton ones I do not think any necessary, as for them you will, of course, use the zephyr or better quality gingham, which is sufficiently thick not to need an inner lining. Do not attempt to wear white linen collars and cuffs with your silk blouse unless you can afford to have them always immaculate. They certainly give a very attractive look to any costume, but they soil very easily and the expense of laundering them is apt to be great. White belongings, not absolutely clean, are distressing.

If I were to be asked what was the most popular fabric, judging from the number wearing it, I should say that it was black and white checked silk. Never have I seen so many and yet so thoroughly contrasting frocks all made from the same material. One had a collar of cerise satin, a draped jacket of lace caught by a butterfly bow of the bright color. The overskirt, draped high on one side, has an immense bow to correspond. Another seen has bands of cream lace insertion on the bodice and three to correspond around the bottom of the draped skirt. A green satin stock and sash added a bit of French prettiness to the rather somber combination.

A third, fashioned on a different plan altogether, has a bodice of pale heliotrope silk, covered with accordian-plaited black chiffon. A dainty trimming of narrow heliotrope velvet ribbon covered with black insertion outlined the seams of the skirt.