

# Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., Oct. 19, 1894.

## ONLY A DREAM.

From an Unknown Exchange.  
I was dhramin' last night, Dennis, dhramin',  
I dhramin' that two cool barons died;  
They died in the midst of their schamin',  
An' dhramin' a wan for them cried.  
I dhramin' that they went to that farland,  
From which no mortal ever returned;  
They went to be crowned with a garland,  
Or in brimstone and fire be burned.

They traveled on shoulder to shoulder  
To the beautiful haven of rest.  
The younger one riding the oldest;  
To be no dismayed at the test;  
That after all heavenly justice  
Was only a matter of term.  
That God, like the State, could be purchased,  
An' so they need have no alarm.

St. Peter, declinin' to meet them,  
A messenger sent to the twin,  
Informin' them hell was their station  
If entrance therein they could gain,  
They piteously begged an' entreated  
When told of their horrible fate,  
"On earth we were coddled an' feted,  
Oh, sir, won't the Lord arbitrate?"

The messenger shook his head slowly  
"There's nothing to arbitrate here,  
The rule of Almighty are just ones,  
The punishment is too severe."  
His every decision is final;  
He never revises one, and so  
If you wish to receive arbitration,  
You had better apply down below."

The messenger silently left them,  
And they, giving way to despair,  
Set out for the kingdom of Satan  
An' tremblin' down the stair;  
An' then, after some hesitation,  
Knocked on the great iron door  
That guarded the kingdom of Satan,  
Wherein they must dwell e'ermore.

The door swung back on its hinges,  
A voice asked, "Who be so bold?"  
One answered, "King of the dead."  
My name, sir, you are well told."  
"Ah, yes! and whom has thou with thee?"  
His face seemed familiar, indeed."  
"Why that's my brother-in-law,  
To name, I think, there's no need."

"We both served thee well, while on earth, sir,  
But now of thy troubles we're tired;  
And ask for a place in thy kingdom  
Where we may rest our weary heads;  
A place where there's no Knights of Labor  
And hungry mouths to be fed."  
The devil eyed them steadily,  
And said with a toss of his head:

"Ye shall not abide in my kingdom,  
Your presence would bring it disgrace;  
Ye've each left a record behind you  
Eternally cannot efface.  
My subjects are men of some honor,  
If I take you they're sure to rebel;  
Besides, I myself have been thinkin'  
Ye'd want to be boss in hell."

They cried, "If you give us admission  
We're willing to serve you for ever,  
But the devil, filled with suspicion,  
An' looked with disgust at the pair,  
He turned with a laugh and a nod,  
And toddled off just as he came—  
Wid that I awoke, Dennis, dear,  
An' found it was only a dream."

## TWO WAYS.

BY FRANCIS BACON PAYNE.

Douglas Ellis came in quietly with his latch-key just as the tall clock was striking eleven. He stood still a moment in the dimly lighted hall. A faint odor of roses reached him from a vase that held a cluster on the table. There were always flowers in the house. The palms at the foot of the stairs were as carefully arranged as the violets would be in Louise's dress. The colors of the draperies were as carefully chosen as one of her dinner gowns.

Ellis sighed as he stepped over to the table and laid down his hat and coat. "It would never do not to have flowers," he murmured.

He pushed aside the heavy portiere that hung in the parlor door, and stood still there, too, as though he were looking at something new. The room was lighted by the smouldering wood in the open fireplace and the pink glow from under the shade of an old silver lamp on the table. It was full of a soft radiance of color and charm that suggested Louise.

He sat down in front of the fire, and piled up the two or three pieces that remained. They gave a poor little blaze for a moment, and then went out. That was discouraging, so he lit a cigarette and threw himself down on the sofa.

"I wonder how Louise will take it," he said, half aloud. "I am glad I have decided pretty much what to do before I tell her. I am afraid she will be for giving everything up; but that is entirely out of the question. Women always go to such extremes. I wish they were more reasonable. I wonder what Louise would have done in my place to-day? What a dandy day it's been anyway!" He threw his cigarette into the pile of wood ashes, and then carefully lit another.

Ellis had been feeling the hard times for some months, but he had a sanguine temperament. And when other men had been running their mills on half time and less, he had kept his running to their full capacity, looking for a quick return of more prosperous days, when from his accumulated stock he could speedily supply the demand that they would bring, and under sell his more cautious rivals.

So long as his credit continued good, "hard times" was but an empty phrase to him. But his diminished sales had been followed by imperceptible collections, and at last his paper had been refused at every bank where he was known. To-day the crash had come. For the first time in their history the Lennox Mills had shut down.

"I thought I heard you come in, stanzas," he was waiting for you upstairs in the sitting-room. But you did not come, so I came down. You are so late to-night."

It was Louise who had come in softly, and stood before him in a loose white gown that she held closely to her with one hand, and in the other was a folded copy of one of the evening papers.

"I was coming up, dear, in a moment," Ellis said, jumping up. "I staid down here to think about something I had to tell you. I am afraid it will worry you, but you mustn't let it, you know, for—"

"You won't have to tell me, Douglas, for I know all about it. Didn't you know it was in the evening paper's? I have been waiting for you all this time. I thought you would never come. Oh, I am so sorry—so sorry—"

And Louise put her arms around his neck and cried out loud. "My goodness!" he said. "I forgot all about the papers. Why, of course it must have been in all of them. Bother them! There! I don't cry; it will be all right."

But at the tone of his voice Louise was quiet. He did not understand her tears. She had not cried because of the news she had read, but because of the relief she felt to have him home after her anxious hours of waiting for him.

"Why didn't you tell me all you were going through, Douglas. It has been such a shock. I could have helped you, with sympathy at least, even if my advice would not have been very valuable."

Her voice was steady now, and that made her feel at ease with herself and with him. They sat down together on the sofa.

Then Douglas went over the situation at the mills, and explained everything to Louise that she did not understand. That was considerable for Louise had never bothered her head about business. She learned a great deal more during her talk with him than he realized. Her mind was always open to receive a new impression, and if the impression was one of interest to her it was sure to grow and develop into thoughts, and generally into action, if she was given the opportunity.

She had led a simple happy protected life always. Her marriage had been the logical outcome of her bringing up. Her mother died when she was twelve years old, and she and her father had lived together for ten years. Then she had married, and two years later her father died, leaving her quite alone. Her troubles so far had been natural and healthy. Her nature had not been called upon to assert itself beyond obeying her natural inclinations, which were free and right, and she had been as happy as she knew how.

"It is going to be so hard for the mill hands, Douglas. I don't see how it is possible for poor people to economize. We are really better off than they are, for there is something we can do, and so often doing something is the greatest help and the greatest good that can come to us, especially when we are in this kind of trouble. It won't take me long to have everything ready and give up the house. Of course we must do it at once. If father had not left it in trust for the children how easily we could sell it! I wonder what we can do? Do you know at all?"—she looked at him hesitatingly a moment—"how much we will have to live up to?" For some reason she felt shy about asking him these questions. They had never occurred to her before. The large check he deposited for her every month more than covered any expenses she might have.

"We'll have plenty to live upon, Louise. Things can't last long this way with me. In a couple of weeks we may be running again. It would never do in the world to give up the house. It would look dreadfully, in the first place, and in the second place, where could we go? Taking another around the corner just like it would not help us much, would it? And I don't see what else we could do."

Louise's heart seemed to grow quite cold as he was talking to her. How inconsistent what he was saying to her now seemed with what he had explained about the mills and the business only a little while before! What did he mean? She looked at him wonderingly.

"But the expense of this is tremendous," she said. "We could live so much more carefully in a little place—where could we go? Taking another around the corner just like it would not help us much, would it? And I don't see what else we could do."

"You don't understand, dear, that a man can always get money. Why, it is nothing to borrow an income for a while when your own is tied up."

"Do you mean that you would borrow the money from anyone that you give to me for expenses?" she said.

"Well, I may not have to," Douglas said. "I can't give up on account of this, though, Louise, and you must not think about it any more. Wait and see. We'll talk about it again. You are tired to-night, and so am I. It's late, and time to go to bed. It has been a pretty tough day."

"I don't feel a bit tired," said Louise getting up and walking over to the lamp which she put out with a little snap by pulling the tassel at the side. "I am only trying to understand but I don't seem to succeed very well. Perhaps to-morrow will be better for both of us. It has been a hard day, hasn't it, Douglas?" She did not want to forget how much harder it had been for him than for her, and she leaned lightly against him as they went up the stairs together. "I am glad the children are so young; they may never know," she went on. "Things will surely be all right again before they are old enough to understand, won't they dear? I am so anxious to help to make them right. I would give up anything, everything, rather than go on when it is wrong. You must be sure to remember that."

He stooped at the head of the landing and kissed her good-night. "It won't be necessary, so don't worry any more," he said.

But that did not comfort her. She went into her room with a great new weight on her heart and in her mind. It was the first time that any serious question had come up between her husband and herself, and the first time that they had materially disagreed. It opened up a new vista of life to her. That, in conjunction with what she had read in the papers that evening, and pondered over alone by herself until she had had her not very satisfactory talk with him, made her feel, as she slowly undressed, that her girlhood was over. She wished for a moment that she had known what was coming to her. She would have planned her day so differently. One thing, she

would have staid longer at the Lawrence's reception. She was enjoying herself so much, but she hurried home so as not to be late for dinner. She might have had her tea with the children, instead of sitting through the long dinner by herself, with all of the evening papers hidden in her lap, so that the servants would not see them. Those were little things, after all, but still she thought of them. Her hands were so cold that she could not do her hair, so she left it hanging, long and wavy down her back. It was early in the morning when she finally fell asleep.

Louise learned a great deal during the months that followed. Some of her experiences she knew were good for her; others were not. She began to wonder over things that never occurred to her before, and to lie awake late at night thinking them out. Her daily life was a continual battle with herself, and one in which after the first, her heart and her understanding had no sympathy. She was surprised to find how strong she was, and that nothing affected her health, for she was making a great call upon her physical endurance.

There were many days when she gave up the struggle, not because she was a coward, but because she saw the effect her useless efforts to change things had upon her. Her bright spirit and her feelings about people and things were changing. She hoped that something either better or worse would happen, but nothing happened.

Matters went on about the same with Douglas. The mills did not open again, though he told her each week that they surely would. She kept up the house very much as usual. She had three servants, fewer than she had ever had before, but no one realized that. She economized as well as she could, and as much as Douglas would let her. After the first few months she stopped going to him for money; she waited for him to come to her. She knew that he did not have it of his own, so she decided to let that miserable month unspeakably; there was always the doubt about being able to pay her bills, the wondering of what Douglas would do and say, and the same hopeless pitiful appeal to him to make some other arrangements of living.

Just at this time some friends of his came over from England. He was trying to urge upon Louise the importance of entertaining them. They had been to dinner, and Louise did her best to have everything pleasant and like the old days. She had spent the afternoon arranging one of her last winter dinner gowns so that it might look quite up to the prevailing fashion. She had not had much experience in sewings, and for the first time in her life was conscious of an ill-fitting back.

It was at the dinner table that Douglas proposed giving a reception for them. Louise was enthusiastic over the idea, and just for a brief moment she acted as she used to feel. It was such a luxury to be the cordial hostess once more. So the day was settled upon for the tea.

After the Hollands left, Louise thought of speaking to Douglas about the inadvisability of entertaining them further, under all the circumstances, but she realized it was too late, and let the matter drop. She felt tired and soon went up stairs. Lately she had been sleeping in the spare room on the same floor with the nursery, for she had developed a nervous feeling about the children and liked to be near them. Sometimes she would beget the little Midge from Jeanne, and take her to sleep with her. That privilege was against the rules of the well-ordered nursery, but Louise thought the rules counted for little in comparison with the present needs of her heart.

And how different it made her life to wake up in the morning with the little soft face nestled against hers! The children occupied her thoughts more than ever now. Her happy moments were with them, and her sad moments, too. She was haunted sometimes, when she was depressed, by the idea that something might happen to her, and that Millicent would grow up and feel as she did. An inheritance of care was not what she wanted to leave to her children.

She got up and dressed quickly decided to talk to Douglas before he went down to bed. But while she reached the breakfast table, instead of being able to speak of what was on her mind, she had to arrange about the tea for the Hollands, and disengage Douglas from having some expensive professional musicians to play.

The day came and the house was crowded. Every one was glad to see it thrown open again. Louise tried to forget that it was all against her will and her conscience. She wondered if she looked as far away to the many faces that crowded around her as they did to her. Once she caught sight of herself in the glass, and saw her flushed excited face. She was looking well; that reassured her, and the fragrance from the violets in her dress that some one had sent her was like a breath from a happy world and she was gay in spite of herself.

But it did not last long; for when every one had gone, and she went up stairs, the mail she found on her writing desk brought back all the old thoughts. Why had she tried to be happy? She gathered the letters up and went down stairs to the library. Douglas looked up at her from the evening paper a moment, and then for a much longer moment his eyes rested on the bundle of papers in her hand.

"Have you come to talk about the people this afternoon, or the bills," he asked.

"I had almost forgotten about the people; and don't think I have come to ask you about money for these. I know you haven't got it just now. But I do want to ask you if you will not talk over with me some means of ending this—arranging things, I mean, so that there will be no end of having

these bills any more, and then there need not be this miserable worry about trying to pay them."

"Arrange so as not to have any bills, Louise? Who ever heard of such a thing? The person who can do that had better get a patent on it. His fortune is made."

"I do not see what will become of us"—she hesitated a moment—what will become of me, Douglas, if we do this sort of thing. You are so used to having very large sums of money pass through your hands that these seem trivial to you. I suppose they are to a way. But I don't seem to be able to help the effect it has upon me—the worry of it, the deceit of it, for it is deceit to pretend to have what we have not, and the effort about it all.

You don't know how changed I am. I don't seem to have any natural feelings any more. Everything is hushed in my heart. You do not notice it, and Douglas, it is just as much for your good that I want to give it up. How can you get on your feet again if we do not begin by saving something. It won't take so very long, and then we can come back and enjoy it all so much more and be happy again. I have been thinking about a house in the country—a little bit of a place that won't be any care. I'm sure I could find one. We could live there so economically, and rent this house. We could get a big rent for it, you know. What do you say, Douglas?"

He had been walking up and down the length of the rug in front of the fire place, and Louise was still leaning on the back of a chair. She could talk better standing.

Douglas had not recovered his expression of annoyance while she had been talking to him. She had watched him closely, and had been disappointed that he had not once met her eyes. "I think you make a great deal out of nothing, Louise. It would be foolish to give up the house. It would look very badly. People would talk and wonder, and look upon us with pity, perhaps. I couldn't stand it."

You never would be happy in a little bit of a house in a little bit of a place in the country. It would be folly to undertake it. I shall soon, in a few days have things fixed in a fine style. I am sure of a big sum of money this week—"

Louise's eyes flashed, and she said, pluckily, "You told me that three months ago, and you have given me nothing—nothing—"

"But I am going to, my dear, as soon as I get it myself."

Three months ago. It seemed so little to him, but it had been a long time for her.

"Now make your plans for the summer, little girl," he continued, brightly coming up to her and putting his hand on her shoulder, "and I will see that everything is ready, and you shan't be bothered by all these little things any more. You mustn't let them bother you. There is no good in it at all."

Louise drew away from him. If what he said were true, she felt she would have cried one whole day on his shoulder. But she knew it was not true. She saw that she could gain nothing with him, and that she must stand by herself, without him.

Suddenly she grew cold. She wanted to laugh, but she could not. It was a comfort to feel she would not be able to cry again. She could employ her time better now than by wasting it in tears. She had a great deal to do. How foolish she had been to cry so often in the night through these long months! They were over now. She started for the door. Something seemed to blind her; her face was getting hotter and hotter; the words were struggling to come out.

"Douglas," she said—her voice sounded to her as though she was screaming—"I do not know what you mean by speaking to me as though I were nothing but a child. You did not used to. You must think I have changed very suddenly. But I have not changed. I cannot discuss these matters with you any more. Please let me pass. I wish to go—up stairs—to the children—"

She threw her head back as though to catch her breath, and Douglas, wondering and amazed at the strange tones of her voice and the white look in her face, moved to one side, and she passed before him out of the room.

Louise lay awake late that night. She had gained a great courage. She realized how wavering she had been the past months, and how much she had given up of what she thought was right.

In some ways it had seemed her only duty to do as Douglas said, because she had no clearly defined alternative to offer. She did not see that she had had any duties lately that seemed to her exactly right. There was a general confusion about them in her mind. But to-night it was all changed. There would be no more discussions. She closed her eyes a moment when she thought of that. The time had come for her to act. She would go and find the little house in the country, and move down with the children and Jeanne. Then she fell asleep.

The next few days were very busy. Louise was possessed of a gladness of heart and lightness of spirit that could not be equalled by the May sunshine. How nice it was to find in her dull heavy-hearted self some one entirely new! She was afraid something would happen to ruin this new experience.

After two or three days' search she found the house she wanted—a quaint little place an hour from the city, and right on the road-side, but with an apple orchard at the back in full blossom, and a broad porch covered with vines. The rooms inside were small and low, but there were enough of them to make her family comfortable.

There was such sweetness in the spring blossoms and the soft air, and such peace and quiet in the green fields and the trees, that Louise felt like a different woman. If some of the peace that was so genuine, and the freshness and light that were so pure, could come into her life and Douglas's life, for even a short time, it would be all that she

could ask. It was that thought that decided her to take the house, as she stood leaning against the side of the porch, with the light of the afternoon sun falling at her feet.

Douglas had gone out of town to attend to some business, and had been away from home for two or three days. When he returned he found the outside doors closed. This was unusual, for it was early in the afternoon. When he went into the house there was an unmistakable air of everything being shut up. There was no one around; he called, but received no answer. A sickening feeling came over him, and he went into the darkened parlor and sat down. He suddenly wished, as he sat down, he had done differently the last few months. Louise had gone. Certainly the house never looked this way when she was in it. Could it be? He got up, and went out into the hall and up the long flight of stairs, two at a time. The rooms were all empty and bare. Louise had gone. The children had gone. The servants had gone.

He went down again, slowly this time, feeling for each step. As he reached the hall he heard a door close, and started like a child.

"Is that you, Mr. Ellis?"

"Yes, Catharine, it is."

"I have a letter for you here, sir."

She had come up to him, trying not to look at him, and handed him the letter. He went into the parlor, and pulled up the shade, and opened it. His face was white, and his hands were trembling, but no one was there to see.

"My dear Douglas [I read],—The night that I last talked with you I decided to take this step. I hope that you will forgive me, and try to understand. We could not go on as we were, and renting the house and coming to the country seemed the only thing to do. The circumstances have not seemed very clear at any time, and nothing has seemed right. That is what has made it hard for both of us. I think down in this little place that everything will be different."

"The children enjoy playing out so much, and Jeanne has proved herself an excellent cook. The house is an old-fashioned little place. I put the hammock out under the trees this afternoon, and I am very anxious to have you see how it all looks."

"The expenses are so small here, and everything so natural and simple, that it makes me happy just to live."

"There is a rose-tree almost as tall as Millicent in the garden. It will soon be in bloom."

"I hope you will return by Saturday."

"Yours, Louise."

As Douglas folded the letter and put it back, a scrap of paper fell on the floor. He picked it up, and saw it was the time table.

He held his watch a moment to calculate the time, and then went quietly out of the house.

The Cure of Cancer an Easy Matter.

In the WATCHMAN of September 7th, appeared the following squib:—Cancer killed 24 year old Eugene Wenzel, at Howard, on Thursday.

The announcement of the young man's death was evidently read some days later, by Mr. J. P. Correll, publisher and printer of the Easton Sentinel, which paper the WATCHMAN numbers among its best exchanges, for we received a letter from Mr. Correll, under date of Sept. 15th, in which he enclosed a clipping which we recognize to be from the Sentinel. Under the caption "A gratifying result" it goes on to tell of the successful work of a local cancer specialist as follows:

Mr. R. H. Steward, the cancer specialist, of Siegfried's Bridge, last Monday removed a cancer from the nose of Mrs. Samuel Hahn of South Easton. The cancer which he had treated thirteen days before was of many years growth. Some years ago an attempt was made to remove it by a surgical operation, with the knife, but it proved a failure. Recently the cancer had grown quite large and was very painful and annoying. Mrs. Hahn is an old lady, eighty-six years of age. She is very much pleased at the result of Mr. Steward's treatment and finds words hardly adequate to express her thankfulness. She is now entirely cured, and without pain.

Mr. Steward is at the Swan hotel in Easton each Tuesday, for the treatment of people who are afflicted with cancer, angiooma or similar growths. The operation is guaranteed to be painless and at the same time a cure is certain.

The letter which enclosed the clipping deplors the fact that any one should have to die from an external cancer and it seems that Mr. Steward has justified the faith the publisher of the Sentinel has in him, for that paper published the above notice, not as an advertisement, but simply to let people know where a man could be found who could cure cancer if they suffered from it. Mr. Correll's interest in the matter seems very unselfish and solely for the sake of the public. He suggested that any one in this community might be treated by the specialist at slight cost and feels that a cure will certainly be effected.

If any of our readers are or have friends who are troubled with the malignant growth it might be well for them to take the advice given, for there could be no unpleasant result at least.

ATTRACTIVE ROUTE.—The attention of our patrons is called to the improved facilities for travel offered by the Central Railroad of Penn'a. Passengers for New York city and Philadelphia taking the 8:30 P. M., train from Belleville can board the buffet sleeping car at Mill Hall which reaches Philadelphia at 7:12 A. M., and New York at 9:30 A. M. Our service is unsurpassed in point of comfort and convenience and is sure to win its way to favor with the travelling public.

The Salvation Army has taken up "living pictures" as a means to an end. In Chicago they are presenting a series of their work, called "Hell in a Cottage" then follows one in which the "army" goes to the rescue, after which is seen the happy home in which the drunkard reformed. The audience applauds each picture wildly.

For and About Women.

Harriet Hosmer, though a resident of Rome for many years, is still a good American she has recently given her native land a valuable gift—her cast of the clasped hands of Robert Browning and his wife, which she has made in 1893. The Art Institute of Chicago is the recipient of this work, for which Miss Hosmer once refused an offer of \$5,000. St. Louis, where she studied anatomy in preparation for her career, has long owned her statue of Beatrice Cenci, besides several minor works, including a statue of Thomas H. Benton.

To be without at least two little odd neck arrangements this winter will be to argue that you do not know the correct thing. As they are so simply made no one need feel that they cannot afford the luxury of the new fad. Buy a band of fur, stock height put a little head on either side with a cluster of violets or blueets and your work is done. If you desire something a little more elaborate, gather the fur into a fullness on either side and set the flowers as sentinels alongside the soft puff thus formed. It doesn't cost much, either in time or money, to possess all the little up-to-date trifles, and they add so much to a woman's dress that to be without them is really a piece of unforgivable negligence.

The only woman trainer of race horses in this country, Mrs. Chalmers, has five sons who are either trainers or jockeys. And she has taught them all they know about horses and racing.

A touseau recently finished included one traveling dress, which, with its accessories, may do duty as four distinct gowns; the wedding gown, constructed so that it may meet ballroom requirements, if necessary; a black silk with accompaniments which may transform the gown into somber church apparel or a carriage or reception dress, a simple rose-colored India silk for the theater or dinner party, and a pretty tea gown for the boudoir. The travel gown is of dark-green cloth, just heavy enough to give the idea of durability and richness. The skirt is seven gored, and perfectly plain. A jaunty light-fitting cap, fastened over to the left side by four handsome green enameled, filigree buttons, forms the waist, and a vest of dark green plaid silk completes the costume. As it thus appears, the dress is suitable for all ordinary cool weather. For the stormy and windy days, the big comfortable golf cape is added. This is fashioned of the same material, reaches down over the dress, is lined with dark green plaid silk. The deep hood is also lined with the same, and two straps of plaid hold the cape in place. For the hotel dinner, the more conspicuous drive or the unexpected, the plaid silk vest of the suit gives way to a dainty front of pale blue crepe and silk, collar high and finished with a ruffled edge, and with a broad bow of gold embroidery on white cloth, either of which completely transform the gown. Then for warm days, when the golf cape is thrown aside and even the jaunty coat is a trifle too heavy, there is the picturesque bow waist of dark green plaid, the dark belt and its silver buckles, and the costume is still appropriate and complete. All these accessories which will provide for any emergency the bride will carry in her own hand valise.

The wedding gown is at once elaborate and yet simple. The elaborate effect lies in the material. This is of ivory-colored oriental crepe, and was one of the purchases made in the Turkish booth at the World's Fair. The crepe is crinkled in effect and is satin striped. The skirt is slightly draped, tucked up here and there with ivory satin ribbons, demi-train, and simply finished about the bottom with knotted festoons of white chiffon. The same idea is carried out in the finish of the gigot sleeves, and also about the bottom of the bodice. The bodice is constructed with the high collar and complete. All these accessories which will provide for any emergency the bride will carry in her own hand valise.

The simple fall cape, of but few pretensions, worn with the hat walking costume, is very smart. It consists of three round tailor-made capes, of cloth, trimmed with the flat, stitched bands that figure so prominently on the tailor gowns. These bands are at the edge, or else form a zig-zag trimming. They are of the bright cloth shades—green, tan, blue, et al. They have a turned-down velvet collar to match. These capes are very short, and deserve no more imposing name than that of collet.