

DISCIPLINED.

With earnest pleading when we seek To know God's perfect teaching...

We would be grateful for each rich Each dear and heaven-sent blessing...

We would choose Wisdom as the best Of every earthly treasure...

We would be His, and His alone; Ah! here the heart has fainting...

THE MAN IN BLACK AND HIS MIS-TAKE.

A Little Romance That Was Quite Out of the Ordinary.

Reginald Van Swellum muttered: "Confound it!"

He moved his head so far to the right in his effort to get a glimpse of the face behind the paper novel that it craned into the bonnet of the woman in the seat next him on that side...

He craned his neck in an endeavor to see over the top of the paper volume. But it was in vain.

Then a great hulking Italian got right in the middle of the aisle and completely shut off his view. Van Swellum was inwardly calling down vengeance on his stupid head when the train swung around the curve and the man toppled over. There was a slight feminine scream. Van Swellum jumped from his place and picked "A Fatal Love" from beneath a forgotten seat...

Beneath the wavy brown hair he found a broad, white forehead, delicate brown lashes, clear blue eyes, a straight, well-cut nose, full rounded cheeks, pink with health, and a mouth—when Van Swellum saw it parted in a smile he fell back in his seat and muttered: "Thank you, my clumsy Italian friend!"

The novel hid the face from view again, and he stared blankly at the blue binding and lost himself in thought.

"Plagued pretty. Knew there was something behind that book worth looking at. I'd like to meet her. I wonder where she lives and who she is. Nothing like her in our set. Now if mother would pick out something like that for me, I would be willing. But Angelica Billions; ugh! Well, money and beauty never do go hand in hand. What a mouth! I really think she smiled at me when—"

"Te-a-n!" he said to himself.

"Van Swellum started."

"Fourteen!" he inquired of the crusty individual next him. That personage nodded stolidly at him in reply. He jumped from his seat, dashed through the car and was just in time to force his way through the closing gates.

He threaded his way down the crowded stairs and started up Sixth avenue. Suddenly he halted; then he smiled and plunged on among the crowd. Right ahead was the pink shirt, and the next hat, the brown hair and a hand holding the blue backed novel.

"She must live around here," thought the now excited Van Swellum. "If she does, I'll find where; and if I find where—adieu! to all thoughts of Angelica Billions. Mother'll kick, but what's a mother's kicking to a son's happiness."

He stopped. She had turned into a small shop. He would wait until she came out. He walked very slowly, until he found that he was getting dangerously near the store. She might discover him. He wheeled about and walked slowly back, frequently glancing about to see that she did not escape him. Ten minutes and she had not come out. Could she have seen him and escaped by a back door? He would find out. He turned and walked rapidly up the avenue by the shop; he looked in the window and gasped. It was a shock to Reginald Van Swellum. She had removed her hat and was seated on a high stool at a cashier's desk. He glanced at the sign above the door and read: "The Ruination Dyeing Company." Then he muttered "Confound it!" and hurried away.

Any one acquainted with New York genealogy will appreciate Reginald Van Swellum's thoughts and his position. There is no older nor prouder family on all Manhattan Island than the Van Swellums. Three of the name were members of the Governor's

Council in the early days of New Amsterdam. They had possessed many fine cabbage patches on the outskirts of the settlement which still remain in the hold of the family. Twenty-story buildings rear their heads where once the good Van Swellums dug, hoed and weeded when not busy with affairs of state. Reginald Van Swellum was not the brainiest of his line, a fact of which he was perfectly aware. In consequence of this knowledge he wisely refrained from entering any business or profession, not wishing to imperil the fruits of his ancestors' industry.

He was not energetic and not being energetic, did not care for society. It bored him. It was easier to read about it, comfortably settled in an easy chair before a bright, cozy fire, with a fragrant pipe in his mouth. His mother was a widow, who lived a quiet life between her old house on lower Fifth avenue and her comfortable place up on the Hudson. To have her son safely and properly settled was her sole care. She had chosen for him Angelica Billions. To be sure, Miss Billions' family on her father's side was not all that could be desired, but then there was money, and that covers a multitude of sins. The only drawback to the match was Reginald. But doubtless he, too, would have succumbed if it had not been for the clumsy Italian on the elevated train who discovered to him a more charming prospect in life.

Van Swellum's sensibilities were shocked by the ideal's connection with the Ruination Dyeing Company. He felt that his blood called on him to forget, and for the next few weeks he busied himself with the work of forgetting as he had never busied himself at anything before. He would fix his favorite arm-chair before the fireplace in which the logs crackled right merrily and with a pipe in his mouth would endeavor to lose himself in some stirring novel. By and by the book falls from his hand and he is gazing absently into the cloud of gray smoke curling up from the bowl.

What is that in the depths of the thick whirling cloud? A blue curtain. Van Swellum leans forward and gazes intently. Black letters are forming there. Now they stand out clearly and boldly—A Fatal Love. A smile of content spreads over his countenance, for now the blue veil is lifting and a sweet face beams on him from the gray cloud. He starts. The smile departs. Over the fair face with its crown of rich hair more letters are forming. He reads: "The Ruination Dyeing Company."

One day he gave up forgetting. "George!" he called. His man appeared at the door.

"Put that new grey spring suit in a bag for me. No. Just the trousers. They'll do."

George looked surprised.

"You'd better let me attend to what you want, sir. I can help you."

"I wish you could, my dear man; but you can't."

A few minutes later he was hurrying along Sixth avenue. He came to a halt in front of the shop and looked in. She was behind the desk. He hesitated a moment; then entered resolutely and threw his bag upon the counter. She hurried to wait on him and, as their eyes met, started. She recognized him and blushed. Van Swellum blushed, too, to the roots of his hair. It had just occurred to him that she would remember him. She recovered herself and said pleasantly: "What can we do for you?"

He silently fumbled the bag and finally succeeded in opening it.

"I want 'em dyed," he stammered.

"What color?" she asked, drawing a pencil from behind her ear and preparing to make a note.

"Well—er—hanged if I know. What's a good color?"

The thin little young man with a crooked nose, who had been moving some cases about the store, stopped his work and grinned at him.

The sight of him roused Van Swellum.

"Make 'em black," he exclaimed.

"Of course I want 'em black."

With that he turned the contents of the bag on the counter and rushed away.

All thoughts of Angelica Billions were shattered: all deference for his mother's wishes gone. Of course she would object. But who could help it? It was late. Suppose that grinning idiot was making love to her there in the shop every day. He would not stand it! To the winds with the Van Swellums and the Van Swellum blood! He was a man, and for once was going to have his own way.

Four days later he called and got his trousers, all black and shrunken into shapelessness. But what did it care? He was composed now and determined.

"It seems to me," he said, as he leaned over the counter, "that we have met before."

She smiled divinely, and replied, "Yes. And ain't it queer we've met again?"

"The 'ain't' jarred on Van Swellum's nerves, but he cast it aside as a small matter. He could cure that very quickly."

"Yes," he replied, leaning further over the counter. He blushed and whispered: "Perhaps it was fate."

A beautiful red suffused her cheeks, and Van Swellum decided that he had gone far enough for the present, and departed, gaily swinging his bag and feeling well content with the world and himself.

On the next day he left the gray coat at the shop to have it dyed black. A brown golf suit, his light check trousers, his tennis flannels, his old and new covert coat, his driving coat, two pairs of light striped trousers, his riding breeches and two suits of tweed, imported from England, followed in rapid succession to the vats. They were sacrificed on the altar of his love, he said gaily to himself. His man George was aghast at the devastation, and vainly remonstrated. He was promptly rebuffed and received no ex-

planation of the strange havoc his master was making in his wardrobe. He would have reported the young man's unaccountable conduct with his own suspicion that he was mentally unbalanced to Mrs. Van Swellum, but she had gone to the country a month back. Van Swellum had promised to follow her in a week, but instead kept staying on in town until now the summer was well advanced.

May flew by; June came and went; July opened. At length one day Van Swellum stood in the middle of his dressing room gazing about him at the sartorial delinquents which George had laid out for his inspection. He smiled.

"I guess," he said aloud, "I'll have to bring this business to a close. People'll think I'm in mourning, if this keeps on. Only one dyeable garment left. That delightful brown and red plaid that Cutem just sent over last month I'll try to-day and perhaps I can save it, if she says 'Yes.' Oh, my! What a howdie it'll make! I guess we'll go abroad for a while."

He chuckled softly.

"And my friend, the grinning idiot, that handles cases. Well, I guess he'll outgrow his grief."

He folded the last dyeable garment in the bag and started away on his errand. There was no one in the store, for it was late in the afternoon. She greeted him cordially as usual, as he laid his burden on the counter and slowly opened it.

"I have something I want to tell you," she said with a little blush and a little gush.

"And I," he said firmly, leaning his elbows on the counter, resting his chin in his hands and gazing at her, "have something I want to tell you."

"But," she began, naively, "you have been so good to us this summer; you have brought us so much trade; business, you know, was very dull before you came, and you have helped us—"

"Helped you!" exclaimed Van Swellum. "Nothing has delighted me more, Miss—er—er—"

He hesitated for he did not know her name.

"Well, you have," she replied, her eyes lighting with gratitude. "And Jim and me are very thankful. You see, you were our first customer, and I tell you we didn't take in much money when we started the Ruination Dyeing Company after our marriage—"

"Married!" gasped Van Swellum, straightening up.

"Why, didn't you know Jim and me were married?" she cried. "Oh, Jim, Jim, come here!"

Van Swellum turned in time to see the thin little young man enter the store from the rear room.

"Have 'em dyed black!" he cried, tumbling the contents of his bag on the counter. "I'll send for 'em."

With that he rushed wildly from the shop.

Not long after he stood again in the middle of his room, the wrecks of his wardrobe about him.

"Black," he said, slowly puffing at his pipe. "Everything black—mourning—mourning. The grinning idiot—confound him. Did he know—did she know? Confound it! It's good they don't know my name. To think that such a beauty would take to such a whizzer-snapper of a specimen!"

Van Swellum laughed ironically.

"George!" he cried.

The man appeared at the door.

"George," said Van Swellum, solemnly, "I'm an ass. Don't you think I'm an ass?"

"I don't know, sir," replied George, stammering confusedly.

"Well, I am," said Van Swellum, emphatically.

"If you insist, sir," replied George, stolidly.

Van Swellum was lost in thought for a moment.

"George," he said, suddenly. "The Paris sails to-morrow. Go quick, now and telephone for passages for you and myself!"

The man hesitated. "About clothes, sir," he said.

"I'll go over in mourning," said Van Swellum, smiling. And when George had withdrawn he added suddenly: "And the Billions are in London. Confound it, it's fate!"—New York Sun.

The Making of Vists.

Don't visit slight acquaintances for a longer period than a month—if you do, however, do not complain of the food.

When you visit relatives, be generous. Do not insist on their returning the visit.

If a servant purloin your watch do not complain to your hostess. Take one of hers you stand a chance of getting the better of the bargain.

Don't gossip about your hostess until you have concluded your visit. Do not get so interested in her private correspondence as to become preoccupied unless you are quite sure she will not return quite unexcitedly.

Do not spank her children for her, or offer to lighten her sorrows by poisoning any of her canines and felines.

While a guest does not borrow anything but money. You would have to return anything else.

Be blithesome and cheerful. In a word act as though you were entirely at home, which is equivalent to saying do not act as you do when you are at home.

Siberia is a Big Place.

A graphic idea of the immense size of Siberia may be gleaned from the following comparison: All of the States, kingdoms and principalities, empires, etc., of Europe (except Russia) and all the United States, including Alaska, could be placed side by side in Siberia and yet but little more than cover that immense country.

—The Sultan of Turkey always eats alone, except for the servants in attendance. He uses only a spoon or his fingers.

Holmes Found Galty.

The Jury Quickly Reached a Verdict of Murder in the First Degree—Application for a New Trial.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 3.—It only required one ballot last night for the jury to convict H. H. Holmes, alias Howard Mudgett, of murder in the first degree for the killing of Benjamin F. Pitzel.

The jury retired at 5:40 o'clock in the afternoon, and though their verdict was unanimously reached on the first ballot, they thought it befitting the gravity of the occasion to pause before returning to court. Consequently they ate their supper and were back in court at 10 minutes before 9 o'clock. When the verdict was announced Holmes stood, erect in the dock, his pallor only seeming to grow a little deeper than usual.

He made a great exhibition of nerve as the words that may send him to the gallows were pronounced. His shrunk-on form never trembled, and his lips betrayed no quiver. His counsel, Mr. Rotan, immediately made a motion for a new trial, based upon the insufficiency of the evidence that Pitzel had been murdered, and Judge Arnold fixed November 18 as the date for hearing arguments upon the motion.

District Attorney Graham opened the proceedings yesterday by his address for the prosecution, and Mr. Rotan followed for the defense. Judge Arnold's charge to the jury was an explicit statement of the evidence, but rather leaned to the side of the prosecution. If Judge Arnold refuses a new trial the case will probably be carried to the Supreme court. After being taken back to jail Holmes made a statement in which he said that he was innocent, and that while lack of time and money to prepare his case had brought about this temporary defeat of justice, he was sure of being vindicated in the end. He claimed that he had told the truth when he admitted that the body found was really that of Pitzel, and that he had arranged the corpse so as to suggest accident, in order that his family might get the insurance money.

Holmes is suspected of having murdered 28 persons to defraud insurance companies of the amounts of the policies upon their lives. Besides the murder of Benjamin F. Pitzel, he is alleged to have killed Alice and Minnie Pitzel and Howard Pitzel, children of Benjamin; Julia A. Connor, her daughter; Pearl Connor; Emeline C. Cigrand, his stenographer; Robert E. Phelps, who, according to Holmes's story, married Miss Cigrand; Emily Van Tassel, Nana Williams and Minnie R. Williams. Besides these 11 who have been identified, there are traces of 12 more men, women and children who have never seen alive after they had entered the dens which Holmes kept in various cities in this country and Canada.

Unwelcome Guests.

A Highly Conventional Social Visit by a Party of Indians.

Some years ago three men were camping in the Sierra Nevada mountains, killing deer, fishing and cooking delicious food. One day it happened that one of them had twisted his ankle, and the others went hunting without him. As he could not move about he was naturally somewhat bored, and after reading a while in the shade of a tree he fell asleep. Thus he tells what followed.

"I woke up with a start and the feeling that something was about to happen. Something had happened. Fifteen Indians sat in a half circle about me, waiting for me to stir.

They had fixed upon me their 15 pairs of black, beady eyes, and not one of them moved a muscle. All of them had guns, and, what was more important, each had presumably two sound legs, whereas I was handicapped by my lameness.

I looked at them, and they continued looking at me. A lightning express of speculation ran through my head. I remembered that the deputy sheriff of the nearest settlement had lately shot an Indian by accident and that the tribe had sworn to have his scalp. Did I look like the deputy sheriff? Was it my scalp they wanted?

Their eyes never wandered, but mine did, for I could not help glancing at my gun, at least 15 feet away, and at the spot where a big Indian sat composedly on my cartridges. Finally one buck made a remark.

"Fishhook," said he.

"No," said I. "No fishhook."

Silence again for 15 minutes. Then another indicated by a glance a piece of venison hung up in a tree and grunted his approval of it. I nodded, and he rose, solemnly took it down and laid it on the ground beside him.

A little, boyish fellow, with eyes more restless than those of the others, removed his gaze from me to a greasy piece of red flannel beside me, with which one of our men had been cleaning his gun. I took it up and held it out to him, and he accepted it with outward composure and, I have no doubt, inward rapture. Then we had another period of silent reflection, and they rose, staked solemnly away to their horses tethered in a neighboring grove and rode off. They had made me a highly conventional social visit.

A Mutual Compliment.

Neighbor—I called to say that you must keep your dog from barking; he won't hold our baby sleep.

Householder—I'm glad you called. I wanted to say that if you don't keep your baby from crying, I shall have to enter a complaint. It annoys my dog awfully.

The Only Explanation.

Chollie—Youah daughtah has consented to maw me an—er—I'd like to know if there is any insanity in youah family?

Old Gentleman (emphatically)—There must be?

Perfectly True.

Summer Boarder—I thought you said you had no flies or mosquitoes on the farm.

Farmer (promptly)—We ain't got any on the farm. We keep 'em all in the house.

"Coal Oil Johnny" in Luck.

A Bank Into Which he Pitched a Pile of Money Returns It to Him When He Needs It.

John Steele, known as "Coal Oil Johnny" 30 years ago, is just now a plan, sober, steady business man, working under the direction of his son, who is the railroad ticket and freight agent at Ashland, Neb. Steele fell into sudden wealth as the adopted son of the widow McClintock when he inherited her oil-producing lands in Venango county, in March 1862. That was just about the time of the early boom in petroleum and Steele found that he had more money on his hands than he knew what to do with. He married the daughter of one of his workmen, who taught him to sign his name, and then he came to Philadelphia with his pockets stuffed with money. The life of prodigality and uncontrolled dissipation into which he plunged was so wild as to be almost beyond belief. He ordered champagne, not by the bottle, but by the basket. He gave a \$50,000 diamond to a negro minstrel for singing a song that pleased him. He frequently bought carriages and the teams attached when he wished to ride a few blocks, and then presented them to the drivers.

On one occasion he wagered a bottle of wine that he would spend, actually paying out "for fun," and not giving away, \$10,000 a day for 60 days, and won the bottle. At another time he received a large sum of money from the rentals of the farm when he was on the street and quite drunk. It was in bank notes, he always required 14 checks being objects of suspicion with him, and when he had stuffed it into his pockets they bulged out like those of an ukehin after a raid on an apple orchard. His coat could not set well on him, padded with money as he was, and he was disgusted.

Just then he caught sight of a bank, and, rushing into it with the airy formality of "Here, take care of this damned stuff for me. It's a nuisance," dumped the whole pile before the receiving teller, and went away, ere that functionary could take breath or gather his wits sufficiently to give any evidence of the deposit. And when "Coal Oil Johnny," as John Steele was by this time known, tried, in a brief spasm of sobriety, to remember where he had left all that money, he was quite unable to do so. And, he decided, to hunt it up would involve more trouble than it was worth. Its loss did not worry him at all.

But that act was his salvation. After he had squandered all his money he went to work driving the Girard house in Philadelphia to and from the depot, and afterward went back to Oil creek, where he worked as a freight handler for \$25 a month. His wife raised enough money by the sale of her jewelry to take them to Ashland, Neb., where they struggled along for several years, until the directors of the Philadelphia bank into which Steele had thrown the money years ago heard of his plight. After they had satisfied themselves of his identity, they forwarded him the money, which is said to amount to \$80,000, and with it Steele has bought a farm of 700 acres.

Lincoln and Gov. Tod.

The Letter Explained Why He Spelled His Name With One D.

There are numerous anecdotes connected with Lincoln which seem to have caught something of grace from that connection and which can well be reproduced in this place.

One concerns his meeting with Governor Tod, of Ohio. Mr. Lincoln said to him one time:

"I never could understand how you came to spell your name with only one d. Now, I married a Todd, and she spells her name with two ds, and I believe she knows how to spell. What is your authority for using only one?"

"Well," drawled Governor Tod, "my authority for it is in part the fact that God spells His name with only one d, and it seems I should be satisfied if He is."

Lincoln often told this story and it amused him immensely. Some men have declared the whole incident was a matter of his own creation and that the talented Ohioan had never made the excellent reply accredited to him. Whether or not that is the case, the fact remains that the conception always seemed vastly entertaining to Lincoln.

The Right Thing at Last.

Ex-Governor Roberts, of Texas, is a queer character. Recently he was called upon to deliver an address to the inmates of the State penitentiary. The Governor consented, and after reviewing his audience a few minutes, began:

"Gentlemen—"

"But no," he hesitated, "you're not gentlemen or you would not be here."

"Fellow-citizens, then—"

"No, you're not citizens, either."

The governor grew impatient for want of something to say.

"Well," he began again, "it doesn't matter what you are. I'm glad to see so many of you here."—New York Journal.

The Cow Was a Kind Beast.

Section foremen are required to send in a report, giving details of all accidents to cattle and the disposition of the remains. Not long ago the superintendent of a local road received a report of the killing of a cow, but nothing was said about the disposition of the remains, and he dictated the following note to the foreman:

Dear Sir—Your report gives no particulars about the disposition of the Morse cow killed."

The section foreman sent back the following answer:

Dear Sir—The disposition of the Morse cow was very kind.

Miss Anthony Still Active.

Miss Susan B. Anthony, says the Boston Herald, authorizes the announcement that, although 76 years of age, she does not propose to retire from activity in the cause with which her name is identified. Like her venerable co-laborer and contemporary, Julia Work Howe, she will continue in the harness. Long life yet to these choice specimens of earnest womanhood!

For and About Women.

It is no longer considered good taste to flaunt the corpse of one of God's sweetest and most useful creatures on one's bonnet. How can a Christian woman be cruel enough to decorate herself with the dear blithesome birds, which have almost been exterminated simply to please the vanity of the fair sex. Thank goodness the people of refinement and taste neither wear black birds or egrets and even the most fashionable milliners in New York acknowledge the rapidly increasing use of ostrich tips and plumes which do not mean the life of a bird.

Mrs. Charles Green, of Baltimore, is having built at Old Orchard, Me., a "Seaside Rest" for missionaries of all churches, when recruiting from their labors. They will be expected to pay 75 cents a day for lodging, with every comfort and luxury. Their meals will be free. The place is being beautifully fitted up, and will probably be dedicated early in June next year.

Bread as the staff of life is a familiar enough idea, but bread as a means of beauty has never received enough consideration. It is a subject which the persistent and consistent speaker after good looks will study. Observation and physiological research will show her that fine wheat bread means a pasty or even a rough complexion, that pimples follow in the wake of hot bread, and that smooth, rosy skins belong to those who eat a coarse, whole-grain cold bread. For the latter are best for the digestion, and good complexions accompany only good digestion.

A woman's dress waists these days is like a salad. It doesn't matter much about the basis of either, just so the dressing is good. Any clever woman can have a pretty waist, if she uses her eyes and observes how easily a plain dress is transformed into a party gown by the addition of a collarette. The new collarettes have long tabs on the shoulders, and either tabs or points in front. These are made of lace insertion, of ribbon, or of passementerie and are edged with wide lace gathered very full. Sometimes the lace is draped up to the shoulders to resemble a bow knot, but the long sloping effect on the shoulder is preferable.

If Paris fashions are to be adopted the long fur boa will not be seen this winter. Monster fur collars and short boas with many dangling tails have taken their place. The collar is made of comfortable-looking affairs and may be turned up so high about the head that they strongly resemble a hood. Russian collars of fur forming broad revers are seen on many of the most exclusive coats, and high Madici collars are also popular.

Necklets of fur four inches deep are much in fashion. They are fastened in front with a little animal's head and two or three tails and finish at the back with a large velvet bow.

The treader belt is the very newest thing about the waist of the autumn girl. It is made of a square of bandana or tartan plaid silk doubled and folded bias to about the width of four inches; this is clasped with a fancy buckle either in front or at the side, and the pointed ends are left to droop in the skirt; the bias band readily adapts itself to the waist and covers the intersection of the waist band. A Windsor tie, knotted in a large bow or a four-in-hand, accompanies the belt, which is an effective adjunct to a dress.

Mats for pictures are wider than ever. Gray and a dull parchment yellow are the correct thing. In pictures of well-known places, cathedrals, buildings, etc. this parchment is most attractive; the frame in such cases is usually of black wood.

The most noticeable feature of the new bodice is the coat effect, which is given by an added basque from six to twelve inches deep, which falls below a very narrow belt. It is usually cut somewhat circular in shape, so the edge hangs in fluted folds, or plaited in full box plaits at the back. Another fancy is a basque at the back only, having the hips and front quite plain. And still more welcome revivals of fashion are the pointed waists and princess gowns, which are so becoming to stout figures. Louis XVI coats of velvet and flowered silk are to be worn with black satin and velvet, flowered in soft rose colors, are made coat fashion, with a short fluted basque close to the neck in front and trimmed with white feathers and lace.

For outside wear the fashionable girl still clings to lacy, fluffy things about her neck. One of the most stylish girls I have seen this fall wore a black gown with a luring neck ruche of stiff, but fine black net. It stood out eight inches, up around her face and head and out over her shoulders. There was a smart bow at the back of the neck and a pink rose on one shoulder. Her hat was black, with ostrich feathers and pink flowers underneath next the hair.

Such wraps as the above are being worn until the cold weather drives us to something warmer, but all the indications point to the fact that this is to be a fur season. Dresses are trimmed with it, hats wraps, even lace collarettes. An early autumn dress has its fur trimming put on in a very sensible way. The skin is not cut up into little edges that have no warmth in them, and are a waste of heat-giving clothing, but is placed on the shoulder, whole, to protect the upper arm. The lower edge is slashed to resemble tails that suggest the passementerie points worn on sleeves nowadays.

But it is a pity to put fur on before Thanksgiving, for there is plenty of time to wear it after that, and one can get too much of even so good a thing as fur.

Long coats for traveling or bad weather wear have deep rippling capes attached and usually pointed hoods in addition, though these last are a matter of personal taste.