

## THE AFTERGLOW.

The weary day has reached its end at last:  
Rich sunset tints to darkness slowly turn:  
Now night descends o'er all, while flitting past  
The dainty fire-fly's signals brightly burn.  
Shrill pipe the cricket and the katydid,  
The swallow sweeps in dusky circles slow,  
The whippoorwill calls, in the woodland hid;  
Suddenly gleams the west in crimson-lo!  
There comes the afterglow.  
Love's weary day is done, and fades in pain:  
Tho' love has fled, 'tis better to forget;  
Letters and broken pledges yet remain,  
Sorrow, remorse and every late regret.  
Darkness is o'er my life; yet when at eve,  
As twilight gathers and the shadows grow,  
Fond thoughts of her, my love of yore, I weave;  
My heart beats strangely quick again, for lo!  
It is Love's afterglow.  
—Lindsay Flavel Mines.

## IN THE FACE OF DEATH.

BY T. S. F. ORDWAY.

"The horse is mine, and you nor any other man shan't ride him without I say so!"  
"And I say the horse is mine, and I'll ride him without asking your leave, or anybody else's."  
The two men faced each other with lowering brows and defiant looks, when a small, quiet looking man limped forward and interposed.  
"Come, now, drop this foolishness! If I hear another word about that mustang I'll shoot him, and end the fuss. I'm captain of this outfit, and as long as I am there's got to be peace in the family!"  
There was a ring of authority in his voice, and a flash in his blue eyes that showed him to be a natural commander, and one not to be trifled with. The two angry men stood sullenly silent, while he went on more genially.  
"Come, shake hands and call it a draw; at any rate till we get out of here. I can't have the two best men in the outfit quarreling! You can't either of you ride the horse now, anyway, and from the way things look, it's a mighty slim chance whether you ever will. If you're spoiling for a fight, those redskins out yonder will accommodate you, at the drop of a hat! Come, drop it, I say, and shake hands like men!"  
But the two belligerents looked scowlingly at each other and then at Clay. His influence was too great to permit of a continuance of the quarrel in his presence, but instead of shaking hands they turned and strode sulkily away.  
They had trapped, hunted, starved, revealed, dug dog and fought Indians together for years. Each had more than once risked his life for the other, in the same matter of fact way in which he would have handed him his pouch of tobacco.  
When Sam Finch had been stricken by smallpox in a Crow village, and all the Indians who were not yet attacked had fled in terrified haste, Tom Collins had stayed, and for six long weeks waged his solitary fight with death—his only companions the snarling coyotes and the heavy winged buzzards, his only rest the few brief moments he could snatch when the raging delirium of his patient was overcome by bodily exhaustion; till at last the sick man crept feebly back to life, and could be taken by his devoted nurse to where more efficient, though not tenderer, care and help could be given.  
And now these two were as bitter in feud as they had been close in friendship. The question at issue was the ownership of a grand black stallion that had been lassoed while leading his wild herd on the plains between the Mogollones and the Colorado Chiquita. His neck had first been encircled by Collins' lasso, but the tough hide of the lariat had been gnawed by a coyote, so that it broke when the wild horse plunged. Before he could thunder away, the lasso of Finch held him.  
"My horse!" said Finch.  
"I stopped him," said Collins.  
"He'd have got away without me, for your lasso broke," cried Finch; and so the quarrel began. At first they spoke laughingly, then angrily, till things were said on both sides that neither man thought he could ever forgive. Meantime the black, which had been broken to saddle in one day's rough riding, was used by none of the prospecting party.  
As the disputants strode away Clay muttered to himself:  
"Queer what fools men will make of themselves! The idea of those two men quarreling about a horse, when the chances are a thousand to one that their scalps will both be fluttering at the end of Apache lances within 24 hours!"  
The sun was about an hour high, and the wide, level mesa glowed and quivered in the heat. North, south, east, west, wherever Clay looked, he saw the cordon of Apaches. Some sat their ponies like bronze statues, some were stretched on the ground asleep, some galloped down the little canon for water, but all waited quietly for the time when their grim allies, heat, thirst and exhaustion, should deliver the prospectors into their hands.  
These were a party of twelve strong men who had started from Taos three weeks earlier under the guidance of John Burt, who came in from no one

know where, sorely wounded, and protesting that he had rediscovered the famous, long lost Canon de Oro of the "Valley of Death" in Arizona. He brought with him a nugget of gold as large as a baby's hand to bear out his story; he told how he had barely eluded the Apaches, after they had killed all his friends; he swore that the Canon de Oro literally shone with gold; and the upshot was this prospecting expedition under the leadership of Clay.  
Two days before this Jub's band of Apaches, out on the warpath, had attacked Clay's party with an overwhelming force. Burt and three others had fallen at the first fire, and the rest, fighting desperately, had at last succeeded in taking refuge on a mound about a hundred feet long by fifty feet wide, rising some ten feet from the plain.  
Irregular lines of stone walls, jutting from the ground, and hollow pits, where the roofs of the lower chambers had fallen in, showed it to be the ruin of one of the "pueblos," once so common all through that country. It furnished a position impregnable to the dashes of the undisciplined Indians, who had at last settled down to starve the defenders out. The whites had food enough for several days, but no water. This the Indians could procure from a little branch of the Colorado Chiquita, which ran about five miles away, but the besieged had no such recourse.  
One of their number, Aleck Pike, wounded in the first day's fight, was already delirious from his wounds and from thirst, and the rest were suffering greatly; for the two day's siege and loss of rest, joined to the burning sun, which aggravated their thirst, was telling fearfully upon them.  
"Sweet prospect, this, for a man with a wife and two kids waiting for him in Taos!" said Clay to himself.  
"Well, Sallie, you're a plainsman's daughter, and you know what kind of a life mine was before you married me—and I wish you'd been home so that I could have kissed you good-bye before I started. But I've been in worse places than this before now, and saved my scalp, and please God, I may see you and the kids yet before the redskins get me."  
He limped over to where the men were standing, and spoke aloud to them.  
"Well, boys, something's got to be done. Those fellows out there seem to have taken root. We can hold out a couple of days longer, maybe, but after that we'll be past praying for. We've got to do something, and do it quick. Anybody got anything to propose?"  
"Only thing I see," said one of the men, "is to make a dash and cut our way through, if we can."  
"Yes, if we can, but—we can't. Those fellows out there are too many for us."  
"Well, anyhow, I'd rather go under with a bullet through me than stay here and die, like a trapped ki-yote!"  
"So'd I, but there's Aleck," pointing to the sick man; "we can't take him with us, and it won't do to leave him behind."  
"No use of the rest of us staying here to die, when it won't do him any good."  
"That may be, but we promised to stick together, and I'm going to do my share of it."  
"Cap," spoke up Collins, "how far are we from Fort Merritt?"  
"About sixty miles."  
"And what way?"  
"Due north, as far as I can make it. Why?"  
"Well, I was thinking mebbe one of us might slip through the redskins yonder, and get to the fort and let the troops know how we're fixed. Cap'n Kirby wouldn't ask anything better than a chance for a slap at old Juh."  
"Hum! yes; but I don't think anyone could get through."  
"There's no telling where lightning might strike; and a fellow might as well die there as here."  
Clay hesitated. "What do you say, men?" he asked, presently.  
"There ain't no show to get through," said one.  
"We might as well try it; we can't do any worse," another protested.  
"We'd better stick together—we're snowed under, anyhow," still another said.  
"Well," said Clay, "if it's our only chance, will any one here try?"  
"I will!" said Collins and Finch, in the same breath, both springing to their feet.  
"I spoke first," growled Collins.  
"I'm the lightest weight, cap," said Finch, eagerly.  
"Sh!" said Clay, gravely, "let's see. The moon will be down by 9 o'clock, and that black stallion ought to carry a man to the fort by sun-up. Kirby'll not wait a minute when he hears what's up, and the troops ought to get here by the middle of to-morrow night, anyhow; we can hold out till then, I think. It's our only chance; guess you'd better try it."  
"Which one of us?" asked Finch.  
"Collins, I reckon; he spoke first."  
"Just my luck!" growled Finch, angrily, as he turned away, while Collins smiled triumphantly.  
One would have thought, from the aspect of the two men, that the prize won or lost had been some great satisfaction, instead of merely the desperate chance of saving the lives of others, at the risk of his own.  
In one of the hollows of the mound, screened from the sight of the Indians, Collins began, an hour before the moon went down, his preparations for his ride. As each ounce of weight would tell in the struggle for life which lay before him, everything not absolutely essential was discarded.  
A lariat, looped around the horse's lower jaw, and a saddle blanket strapped tightly on the back, formed the steed's outfit. Pantaloons, light moccasins, and a handkerchief around

the head to keep his long hair from blowing into his eyes, made up the rider's toilet.  
"If I get to the fort I can get a jacket and hat from the soldiers; if I can't get there, there'll be less for old Juh to tote," were Collins' reflections.  
Into his pocket he slipped a Derringer, saying, "I don't take any chances on being taken alive."  
Strips of blankets were tied deftly around the horse's feet, that no chinks of hoof on stone might warn the keen eyed besiegers of his passage; and when the moon was fairly set, Collins led his stallion down the slope of the mound, vaulted upon his back, and saying quietly to Clay, "If the troops ain't here by an hour after moonset, to-morrow night, you may know I am gone under," strolled slowly away in the darkness.  
Those left behind waited, listening, with anxious hearts, to hear the tumult which should announce that their messenger's flight had been discovered.  
Five minutes passed—ten minutes—twenty minutes; Clay had just drawn a long sigh of relief, and was turning away with the remark, "I reckon he's safe by this time," when a flash caught his eye out on the plain. Another and another succeeded; and the report of rifles came to their ears.  
"They've seen him! They're after him!" exclaimed Finch; but vainly did the beleaguered watchers listen and strain their eyes for further indications as to the fate of their courier.  
Would he outstrip his pursuers? Had he escaped or was he already dead, or a pinioned prisoner, helpless to aid them? These were questions which no one on the mound could answer.  
The night dragged by, and another day of thirst and suffering dawned. A feeble groan from Pike, the wounded man, drew Finch's attention. He walked back to where poor Aleck lay, and awkwardly, but tenderly, adjusted his head in an easier position. As he stood looking down upon him he thought of another sick man who once lay delirious in a Crow lodge, and loathsome from head to foot with festering disease.  
He remembered, too, who it was that had nursed that sick man through that time of horror, who had stayed by him and watched over him as tenderly as a mother over her child, even when the stoical Indians had fled appalled—who, when the grip of death was broken, had painfully carried him for weary miles upon mile till help was reached; and then, laying down his helpless burden at the post-surgeon's feet, had fallen, senseless, in the middle of the parade ground.  
"And I have quarreled with this man—this brother—about a horse!" thought Finch. "Bah! All the horses from the Rio Grande to the Columbia weren't worth one hair on Tom Collins' head! Oh! what a fool—that a fool I've been! Can I ever make it up to Tom for the wrong I've done him?"  
The day, with ever-increasing misery, wore away. With mouths too parched for talk the men lay watching at their posts. Aleck had died at noon. Save now and then a plaintive neigh from the thirsty horses, or a distant whoop of derision from the expectant Apaches, scarcely a sound broke the wretched monotony on the mound.  
Clay sat and watched the red sun sink behind the distant range. "I, nor none of us, will ever see another sunset," he murmured to himself, "unless Tom got through, and perhaps not even then."  
Gradually the darkness descended and night gathered about them; but still, grimly at their places, the frontiersmen lay, well nigh hopeless now, but none the less determined to die fighting to the bitter end.  
But what clear, sweet sound was that which suddenly broke on the dull, oppressive stillness of the dry night air? It was—and what a shout rose from these parched throats!—it was a bugle call. Hark! It sounded: "Open order, fours!"  
"Draw sabers!"  
"Trot! Gallop! Charge!"  
Then came flash on flash, and loud hurrahs, blending with wild, fierce yells and the rumble of charging cavalry. Soon a dark form of a horseman detached itself from the surrounding obscurity and dashed up to the foot of the mound. An anxious voice called out: "Hello! All safe?"  
"All safe, thank God!" said Clay, reverently.  
"Show a light, then!"  
In a moment a fire of dry sagebrush shot up and the light glistened on the bronzed faces and the panting horses of Kirby's troop of dragoons. But in the middle of the group, on a black charger, reeled a swaying figure, supported by a trooper on each side. On his bare breast was a crimson streak.  
Rushing down the slope of the mound, Finch reached his side.  
"Tom, are you hurt?"  
"Killed, I reckon, pard!" he said, faintly, "the redskins have got me this time. Ease me down."  
They lifted him down tenderly from the horse and laid him on a blanket on the ground.  
"Sam," he whispered.  
"Yes, old pard; what is it?"  
Finch's arm went tenderly under the dying man's head.  
Sam—the mustang's—yours. Don't—hold it—agin me—that I said—I'd ride him. How dark it is. Say—say—good—"  
The handclasp loosened, the head fell back, and the quarrel between Sam Finch and Tom Collins, as to who owned the mustang, was over forever.

## A VEGETABLE PYTHON.

### The Wild Fig Vine Binds Big Trees With Bands as of Iron.

Woe betide the forest giant when he falls into the clutches of the clusia or fig. Its seeds being provided with a pulp, which is very pleasant to the taste of a great number of birds, are carried from tree to tree and deposited on the branches. Here it germinates, the leafy stem rising upward and the roots flowing as it were, down the trunk until they reach the soil. At first these aerial roots are soft and delicate, with apparently no more power for evil than so many streams of pitch, which they resemble in their slowly flowing motion downward. Here and there they branch, especially if an obstruction is met with, when the stream either changes its course or divides to right and left.

Meanwhile leafy branches have been developed, which push themselves through the canopy above and get into the light, where their growth is enormously accelerated. As this takes place the roots have generally reached the ground and begun to draw sustenance from below to strengthen the whole plant. Then comes a wonderful development. The hitherto soft aerial roots begin to harden and spread wider and wider, throwing out side branches which flow into and amalgamate with each other until the whole tree trunk is bound in a series of irregular living hoops.

The strangler is now ready for its deadly work. The forest giant, like all exogens, must have room to increase in girth, and here he is bound by cords which are stronger than iron bands. Like an athlete, he tries to expand and burst his fetters, and if they were rigid he might succeed. The bark bulges between every interlacing—bulges out, and even tries to overrip, but the monster has taken every precaution against this by making its bands very numerous and wide.

As the tree becomes weaker its leaves begin to fall, and this gives more room for its foe. Soon the strangler expands itself into a great bush almost as large as the mass of branches and foliage it has effaced. If we look carefully around us we see examples of entire obliteration—a clusia or fig, standing on its reticulated hollow pillar, with only a heap of brown humus at its base to show what has become of the trunk which once stood up in all its majesty on that spot.

## A Remarkable Pulpit.

The Mechlin Cathedral pulpit is regarded as the second finest in the world, the finest having been done by the same artist for the cathedral in Brussels. The writer, who has seen both, while admitting points of superiority in that of Brussels, prefers this, which is in the cathedral at Mechlin. It is made of oak and the figures of Christ and the women are life size. The sounding board is formed by oak leaves twined with those of a grapevine. The stem of the latter rises naturally from the ground at the entrance to the pulpit, which is apparently hewn out of a rock. The preacher stands under the shadow of the leaves, the cross at his right hand. Below him and in front of the pulpit, forming a part of the base, is a horse which has thrown its rider. It looks as though some impious horseman had approached Calvary heedlessly and had been hurled to destruction over a precipice. The explanation of the design is not given by the guide at the cathedral nor in any book, so visitors and regular worshippers are at liberty to interpret it to please themselves.

## Alliance of Gas and Electricity.

The alliance between gas and electricity is already assuming large proportions in the aspect of one as a means of motive power for the production of the other, says Industries and Iron. A curious and somewhat unexpected application of electricity as an assistant to gas in its turn is afforded by the patent recently taken out by the Societe Hermes, of Stockholm, for simultaneously lighting ranges of gas burners by the electric current. In addition to its application to the ordinary fishtail burner, the system is specially adapted for the ignition of the Auer incandescent light. It has received a practical exemplification at Leipzig, but as its working appears to involve a great number of separate batteries whenever any considerable distance is to be covered, it does not seem probable that the system will attain any considerable practical value.

## Elephants Block a Train.

A railway train on the Darjeeling line in India was recently stopped by an unusual obstacle—a herd of wild elephants. The beasts would not stir from the rails, disdaining to be frightened by the whistle, and the driver was obliged to back the train out of their way. When at last they left the passage free, and the train ran swiftly past, one of the biggest elephants tore after it, trying to charge the carriages.

## Walking Backward.

Walking backward is the latest pedestrian feat for a wager. A young Belgian recently walked from Antwerp, Belgium, to Brussels in two days, going backward the whole time. Practice made him progress as rapidly as by the ordinary mode of walking, but he was obliged to wear special shoes, with a kind of heel underneath the toe.

## Two Farmers and a Wildcat.

"Nate" Bowen and W. O. Curtis, farmers, living just over the State line in Pennsylvania, eight miles from Deposit, N. Y., had an exciting adventure with a wildcat. Bowen is a good shot and in the winter does a good deal of hunting. Two wildcats were seen by him one day recently, and he succeeded in killing the female, the male getting away, the dogs running it into its den, a cave in a ledge of rocks. Bowen set a fox trap and found it smashed the next morning with plenty of yellow hair and blood on it, showing that the beast had had a struggle to get free. With Curtis he next set a bear trap, the jaws of which were strong enough to cut the cat's legs off almost. Going to the place the next morning early they missed the trap, and investigation showed that the cat had dragged it far back into the darkest corner of its cave.

Neither of Bowen's hounds could be coaxed to go down into the hole. Curtis, armed with a shotgun, said "he'd be blown" if he was going to give up the fight like that, and he let himself down into the cave. All he could see were two big gleaming eyes in the darkness. With as good an aim as possible he fired at the eyes. He was greeted by a savage snarl and a rattling of the trap as the animal retreated further back into the den. He climbed out in a hurry. Bowen then said he would "tackle the varmint," and he went down into the cave armed with a self-acting revolver. He was creeping toward the back part of the cave when he heard the screech of the cat and the jingling of the trap as the wounded beast flew at him. He fired, and luckily the shot took effect, the cat falling dead at his feet. The animal weighed nearly fifty pounds, and was one of the largest that had been seen in Northern Pennsylvania for years. There is a bounty of \$2 on wild cats, and the skin is worth a few dollars. This is the season of the year when they are most hungry and savage, and Bowen ran a great risk in killing the cat as he did.

## Easter Island.

Far away in the Pacific Ocean lies a lonely volcanic island, which is called Easter Island, from the fact that it was discovered on Easter day, 1722, by a navigator named Roggerven, a Dutch Admiral. Its real name is Rapa-Nui, and its Polynesian inhabitants are fast dying out. Comparatively few explorers have visited it, and, contrary to the joyous spring name it has, is a deserted place.

What makes Easter Island of interest are the numbers of curious colossal stone heads and busts, called Moai, which abound there, evidently the work of the natives hundreds of years ago. A few of these are erect, but many have fallen.

The legend says that King Tukuahu settled in Rapa-Nui and retired into a cave where he carved and cut all the gigantic heads, which removed themselves to their present position on the island.

When he became old, he did not die, but was turned into a butterfly, which is called in that country by his name.

Tukuahu used to search for eggs in the nests of the sea birds, and when he lost his human form the chief, who wished to succeed him, agreed to search for a certain number of eggs, and the first to collect them was appointed King. It seems singular that eggs without any special significance should have been so important on Easter Island.

## New Way to Make Glass Pipe.

A new method of manufacturing glass pipe has been discovered which promises to revolutionize that industry. It has hitherto been found impossible to mold large glass tubes of any great length, because the glass would cool while running into the mold, and the structure of the tube was not homogeneous. The new method consists of using a mold with a movable piston. The piston is just enough smaller than the outer shell of the mold to allow for the thickness of the tube to be made. The piston is placed at the bottom of the mold, and as the molten glass is poured in the piston is forced upward by hydraulic pressure. Pipes are made by this process in sections six feet long and are used for sewers and water pipes.

## The Man That Eats Dog.

An unusual case came before the courts of Pittsburg the other day when Sherman Zimmerly was arrested on the charge of stealing, killing and eating a 7 months old bull pup, the property of a neighbor. Zimmerly readily admitted that he and his wife had killed and eaten eighteen dogs in the last few months and said that bull pup enticed breaded made a delicious dish, while large wooly dogs they esteemed far superior to pork. He denied, however, that he had killed the pup in question and offered to prove it by showing the dog meat which he had salted down at home. Zimmerly is known to the whole neighborhood as "the man that eats dog."

## Hoar Frost Glass.

A new sort of ornamental glass is now made in Paris by B. M. Bay, which he calls by the name of hoar frost glass, "verre givre," from the pattern upon it, which resembles the feathery forms traced by frost on the inside of windows in cold weather. The process of making the glass is simple.

## Ohio's Daniel Boone.

What Daniel Boone was to Kentucky Isaac Williams was to Ohio—a pioneer, a great Indian fighter, a forerunner of civilization. His fame is not so widespread as Boone's, but in Ohio, where he is known, his memory is very respectfully regarded. His wife, Rebecca, was a great pioneer, too, and lies buried alongside of her husband under a great oak on a knoll overlooking the Ohio River, near Williamstown. She had a sentiment about where her grave should be that was akin to R. L. Stevenson's. She declined the hospitalities of the Williamstown Cemetery, and chose to be buried on the hillside where she still lies, for she said, "I don't want to be crowded, and I don't want to be jostled on the day of Resurrection."

Mr. James Creelman, war correspondent, who has been exploring Ohio in search of material for a historical novel which he is engaged in writing, went to see the graves of Rebecca and Isaac the other day. He reports that the bones of the pioneers are likely to be moved soon to Marietta, and reburied near Commodore Whipple and other eighteenth century celebrities. At Marietta the Williamses will get a monument, which, of course, they deserve. All the same, sentimental people will prefer to think of them as still resting on the hill of Rebecca's choice, and calmly counting on an unjust resurrection.

## A Cat-and-Pigeon Fight.

It is not often that a cat with its fighting propensities is worsted in a battle with pigeons, especially as the latter are known for their timidity, but Freddie Gearhart, of Lock Haven, Penn., has a member of the feline tribe that is somewhat sadder and wiser than it was a few days ago. On Friday morning Freddie, as is his daily custom, threw the feed for his pet pigeon in the stable. His pigeon, with a number of other pigeons in the neighborhood, began picking up the feed. Suddenly a pet cat, nearly grown, of the owner of the pigeon, ran into the stable and pounced on his master's bird, taking it by the back of the neck. Immediately there was a scuffle. Instead of the other pigeons flying away from the intruder, they attacked the cat, picking at it with their bills and striking it vigorous blows with their wings. Fur and feathers flew for a few seconds, but the cat soon realized that it was overpowered and beat a hasty retreat up the garden walk. When it arrived at the house it made a jump for the window sill, but in its exhausted condition it miscalculated the distance and fell through the open door to the cellar below. The pet pigeon was not seriously injured.

## Photography in the Harom.

The modern Turk has in a quiet way, grown prodigiously fond of photography, said a lady who acts as the manageress of one of the greatest photographic establishments in London. I was recently in the employment of a relation at Constantinople, and I had the honor of photographing some fifty of the wives and daughters of the present Sultan. These ladies are very ordinary ones indeed, for the most part, to what your imagination might picture, and all of them are dressed in the latest Parisian fashions, that is, for photographic purposes. All the same, one or two of the Sultan's daughters are very beautiful girls, and have been taught and educated by Miss Mumford and other English governesses. They showed the most childish delight in being photographed.

I may say here that photography is acting as a social force in Turkey, for a young man who wishes to take to himself a wife need no longer trust absolutely to the report of his female friends alone, as he once had to do, for the photograph of the lady is now shown to him. And the women, too, can now, without violating the strict Turkish law in such matters, send their photographs about in order to create an impression.

## Beating the Slot Machine.

A New York newsboy has succeeded in beating the penny-in-the-slot machine. By mistake he took a Dutch Guiana cent from a customer. He was disgusted; it was worth a great deal less than a cent. As a matter of fact, these Dutch cents run about 400 to our American silver dollar. He tried it in a penny-slot chewing gum machine. It worked like a real United States cent. He told all his comrades; and there was a large investment in Dutch cents. One money changer did a rattling business and made a profit. The boys could not afford to buy a dollar's worth at a time, so he sold the coins at the rate of three for a cent. The astounding number of Dutch cents found in the boxes of the machines most patronized by the newsboys led to a discovery of the traffic in the coins. But there is no help for it. If the machines are willing to trade with the boys and lose three-quarters of a cent on every deal, the proprietor must discharge the machine. He cannot punish the boys.

## Cloth of Down of Fowl.

A new kind of cloth is being made in Lyons from the down of hens, ducks and geese. Seven hundred and fifty grains of feathers make rather more than a square yard of light and very warm water proof cloth.