

"DEEP IN THY HEART."

Deep in thy heart I know thou knowest My heart still goes where'er thou goest; How'er thou thinkest thou'rt alone, My heart still flies to meet thine own.

My lips still murmur forth their love— My life still shows it—nor let's hid More than the sun above! —Reuben B. Davenport, in Belford.

MARTHA DREWES PARLOR.

BY J. L. HARBOR.

A pretty little farm-house, painted a snowy white, with blinds of vivid green, stood just outside the small New England village of Waterford. The house was quite new. The shingles on its roof were still yellow and resinous. It had a trim, smart look pleasing to the eye. A small, old house, painted a dark brown, stood back a few yards from the pretty white house.

Mr. and Mrs. Jared Drewe had moved from the old house into the new one. They had begun housekeeping as a young married couple in the old house, and they had lived in it twenty-five years. The new house was the culmination of the hopes and plans of many years. True, Drewe had never liked the old house. It had no "conveniences." The new house had a well right in the kitchen, a big pantry, plenty of closets and a parlor. The old house had had none of these things.

"I begin to feel as though I was somebody," Mrs. Drewe said at the breakfast-table on the morning of the fifth day after they had moved into the new house.

"Do, eh?" replied Mr. Drewe. "You wimmen are great for puttin' on style. I ain't never felt no partic'lar need of a parlor. A common settin'-room 's good enough for me, or even the kitchen."

"I don't mind settin' in a nice, clean kitchen myself," replied his wife, "but I don't want all my company to have to set there—specially the minister and his wife. I've felt the need of a parlor a many a time, if you 'aint."

"Well, you've got one now." "Yes, when I git it furnished."

"Oh, I reckon you'll want to fill it full of all sorts of flub-dubbery—womankind."

"I'm going to have things nice, anyhow. Land knows, I've waited long enough for 'em."

"What you call 'nice'?" "Well, I'm going to have a real Brussels carpet, for one thing, and a marble-top table and a plush sofa and lace curtains and nice chairs."

"Shucks!" Mr. Drewe said, contemptuously, but he did not offer any objection to this extravagant outlay of long and carefully hoarded funds. He knew, moreover, that most of this splendor would be purchased out of his wife's own savings. She was a wise woman and had a purse of her own.

"Ketch me having to run to Jared or to any other man ev'ry time I want a little monee," she had said, in the beginning of their pilgrimage as man and wife. "No, sir; my savings shall be my own."

Adhering tenaciously to this resolve and ever keeping in mind a time to come when she should have a new house, Mrs. Drewe had money enough to furnish the house as she pleased.

But his wife's second proposition aroused a spirit of decided antagonism in Jared Drewe.

"I want to have the parlor papered some time next week."

"Papered?" Mr. Drewe looked up quickly, surprise and opposition depicted on every line of his face.

"Yes, papered," replied Mrs. Drewe. "You s'pose I'm going to have bare white walls when ev'rybody else has theirs papered!"

"We'd all bare walls in the old house."

"I don't care if we did, we kept thinkin' and thinkin' we'd build ev'ry year, and it didn't seem worth while to do any paperin' or fixin' up; but if you reckon I'm goin' to live the rest o' my day in bare white-walled rooms you're mistaken."

She spoke decisively, for she saw unusual depths of opposition in her husband's large, unshaven face with its square, firm jaw and chin indicative of great firmness of purpose. Her own face wore a resolute, emphatic expression. She was a plucky little woman. Her husband had a secret pride in what he called her "grit," although he would have died before he would have confessed it.

"I don't see why on earth you object so to a little wall-paper, Jared."

"I despise wall-paper," he said, with something like childish perverseness.

Mrs. Drewe sat back stiffly in her chair, resolute and defiant. Her black eyes shone as she said:

"There's no sense in your actin' so, Jared Sparks. I'm goin' to have that parlor papered."

"You do, and I'll never set foot in it as long as I live and breathe the breath of life!"

"Fiddlesticks!" "I never will, Marthy."

"What nonsense!" "I never will!"

He rose from the table as he spoke, took his hat from a nail in the small entry near the kitchen door and went out to the barn, his every movement seeming to accentuate his resolve.

Mrs. Drewe did not refer to the matter again; but a week from that day, when Mr. Drewe returned home after a day spent in the city five miles distant, he met John Hays, the village paper-hanger, coming from the house with an empty paste-bucket and a roll of two of paper under his arm.

Stepping into the little front entry, he glanced toward the parlor at the right. The door was open, and he saw his wife standing in the center of the room, looking with pleased eyes at the four walls around her covered with gorgeous gilt paper of the most pronounced patterns.

She assumed an air of ignorance of any previous discussion of the subject, and asked cheerily:

"Well, Jared, how do you like it?"

Isn't it lovely? I think it's just beautiful."

"You remember what I said, Marthy Drewe?" "Well?"

"I'm goin' to stick to it." "Now, Jared, I—"

"I'll—never—set—foot—in—that—room—long—as—I—live—and—breathe—and—keep—my—senses! Never!"

He pronounced each word slowly and with marked emphasis. Then he turned and went out to the barn.

"He'll get over it," Mrs. Drewe said, hopefully, to herself, but in her secret soul she feared he would not.

He made no reference to the matter at the supper table. He even talked cheerfully and pleasantly of the events of his visit to the city.

The Brussels carpet, the plush sofa, the lace curtains and the marble top table of Martha Drewe's visions and dreams became splendid realities during the next week. She called her husband to note the general effect when everything was in place. He came to the open door and looked in.

"Come in an' set down in this new patent rocker and see how easy it rocks," she said.

"No, thank ye," he said, curtly. "I never expect to set in it."

She tried to laugh lightly, as she said:

"Pshaw, Jared! Don't be so silly!" He turned and walked away in silence.

The minister and his wife came out from the village to call, the next day. Mrs. Drewe ushered them into the gorgeous parlor, her heart swelling with pride. Jared came to the door with an old wooden chair from the kitchen, plumped it down flat and hard on the oil cloth of the entry floor, and sat there during the entire call.

"You never ever come in to shake hands with 'em," Marthy said, afterward.

"I know it." "What you s'pose they'll think?" "Dunno what."

"If that's the way you're goin' to act ev'ry time anybody calls here, I'd thank you to keep out o' sight altogether."

"I reckon I want to see folks much as you do."

"I've a notion to go and have ev'ry room in the house papered," she said, hotly.

"Then I'll take up my abode in the tavern," she replied, calmly.

"The Drewes always was a stubborn set, but I vum I didn't s'pose Jared could be so pig-headed," she said when he had left the room.

She had many callers during the next few weeks. The fame of her gorgeous parlor brought her friends and acquaintances to behold its splendors.

Jared sat at the door on the old wooden chair during nearly all of these calls. He was careful not to let even the toe of his boot enter the despised room.

The sharp eyes of some of Mrs. Drewe's callers soon noticed Jared's peculiar conduct; their keen noses scented domestic discord.

"What's the matter of Jared?" asked Sarah May, Mrs. Drewe's sister, a few weeks after the papering and furnishing of the parlor.

"Nothing that I know of," replied Marthy. "What makes you ask?"

"Didn't he want you to buy your parlor things?" "He didn't care. Whatever put that idea into your head, Sally?"

"They say he won't set in one of the parlor chairs, nor even step into the room."

"Who says so?" "Oh, it's common talk. I've been asked about it more'n once."

Mrs. Drewe went home greatly distressed and humiliated. She was a sensitive little woman, notwithstanding her "grit," and she could not endure the thought of having her domestic affairs made a subject of common gossip. She was rigidly truthful, too, and she was forced to admit to her sister that she and her husband had had a disagreement. She felt hotly rebellious toward Jared as she entered the pretty little new house in which she had expected to be so happy. Jared was lying on the lounge in his shirt-sleeves and stockings feet, reading the weekly paper.

"Well," said Marthy, while untying her bonnet-strings, "it's got out."

"What's got out?" "But you sayin' you'd never set foot in the parlor."

"I can't help it if it has," he said imperturbably.

"Can't help it!" she cried, hotly; "you can help it any minnit, Jared Drewe!"

"How?" "Why, by simply giving up your mulishness and coming into the parlor next time we have company."

"Humph!" said Jared, and resumed the reading of his paper. Marthy raged inwardly.

So many of her plans were thwarted by Jared's "mulishness."

She had the deserved reputation of being a very "sociable" woman, and she had planned to have "a sight of company" in the new house. She had often pictured to herself the tea-parties and the dinner-parties she should give. She had even planned a grand housewarming, with a supper that should surpass anything of the kind ever given in that neighborhood. It was hard to have all these fair dreams coming to naught.

"For I can't invite com'ny with Jared actin' so. He'd have to be in the parlor some," she said to herself, often with hot tears in her eyes.

The summer days waned into those of autumn, and the autumn days gave place to the winds and snows of late November, and still the feet of Jared Drewe had never crossed the threshold of his own parlor and Marthy had suffered untold mortification on his account.

They were sitting alone in rather gloomy silence at the close of a dark and stormy day in late November. She had never been confined to her bed a day in her life and a slight indisposition usually made her irritable. She felt that it would be in some degree a disconsol-

for her to be ill. It was with as much pride as gratitude that she remembered that neither she nor Jared had ever needed the services of a physician.

But she looked ill enough to need one now. There were great black hollows under her dull eyes, her cheeks were flushed, her lips dry, and she crept about slowly and languidly.

"Better let me go for the doctor, Marthy," Jared had said several times. "I b'lieve you're sicker 'n you reckon you air."

"I've an idee I'll be better in the morning. I'm goin' to take a dose of them bitters that helped me so when I was kind o' run down in the summer. Wish you'd get 'em for me."

"Where are they?" he asked, rising from his chair, the paper he had been reading still in his hand.

"Oh, there 'in the—the—set down, Jared, I'll get up and get 'em myself."

She was lying on the lounge at the time and she sat up painfully and slowly, while he hastened to say:

"No, no, Marthy; lay still. I'll get 'em. Where are they?" "They're in that little corner closet in the parlor, Jared."

He stared blankly at her for a moment, his face crimsoning; he took a step forward and then dropped back heavily into his chair and held the paper up before his face in silence.

His wife rose without a word and feebly walked across the floor, breathing heavily and keeping herself from falling by leaning on tables and chairs. Jared watched her furtively while pretending to read. There was a visible twitching of the corners of his mouth, and his teeth, set close together, showed between his parted lips. The hand that held the paper trembled, but he sat still.

His wife slowly groped her way across the hall. He held the parlor door open. He heard the door of the little closet swing back, creaking slightly on its hinges. Then he heard Marthy fall.

He ran to the open door of the parlor. She was lying at full length, face downward, on the floor.

"Marthy! Marthy!" he cried; but he stopped short, with his toes on the parlor threshold, his stubborn, inflexible will loth to bend or break even to give aid to the wife he truly loved.

"Marthy! O, Marthy!" he called, stretching his arms far into the room toward her. "Lordy, Marthy, come here, and I'll do everything I kin for you. Roll over; if you can't walk, Marthy!"

He dropped to his knees, bent his great body forward and tried to reach her, but failed by several feet. There was a ludicrous side to it all.

"Marthy!" he fairly shrieked.

She neither moved nor spoke, but suddenly she gave a pitiful groan.

"Good Lord! What an old fool I be!" cried Jared, suddenly leaning back and striking his breast with his clenched fists. "A fool an' a beast to let the best wife any man ever had suffer a second, when I might help her! The Lord forgive me!"

He bounded to her side as he spoke, and took her limp and unconscious form up in his arms, saying, as he did so:

"It'll be a judgment on me if she dies. The best wife in the world! Marthy! Marthy, dear! What ails ye?"

He seldom called her "dear." He did so now with great tenderness and gentleness.

"Marthy, can't ye open your eyes! See, dear; I'm in the parlor. I'll come in to it right along now. The paperin' reely sets it off. I've thought so from the fast, but I was too cussed stubborn to say so. Oh, Marthy! What is the matter?" For she did not even open her eyes.

It was seven weeks before she left the bedroom to which he carried her. He had been one of the tenderest and most patient of nurses, but the word "parlor" had never passed either his lips or hers during all that time.

She had thought much about it, however, but not with pride or pleasure, because she had no hope that Jared would ever enter it now, and the wall-paper could not be removed.

He carried her out tenderly and gently the first time she left her room.

"Want me to carry ye into the parlor, Marthy?" he asked, after he had her in his arms. "It's sunny and bright in there. I've got a good fire in the stove and the—the—wall-paper shines beautifully."

She looked up with shining eyes and the first flush there had been in her cheeks for many weeks.

"If you would carry me in and lay me on the sofa awhile, Jared."

"Why—I—I—Oh, Jared! What does it mean? I thought you—Oh, Jared!" for as he carried her out into the dining-room and through the sitting-room to the hall she saw that all the once bare and cold and staring white walls were covered with more expensive and beautiful paper than she herself would have bought.

There was a warm, red and black carpet on the hall floor, a new carpet for the sitting-room, new and pretty chairs and tables here and there, and a mirror in a gilt frame between the two front-parlor windows that reached nearly from the floor to the ceiling. When she caught a reflection of their faces in the shining glass, she saw in both a kinder, gentler, tenderer look than either had worn for years.—New York Ledger.

Protection for Naval Gunners.

A new system of protection for gunners in exposed places on men-of-war in action is to be adopted by the navy department. Experiments are now being made looking to the attainment of that object, and the best result obtained thus far is from a wire webbing made of intertwinng spirals remarkably flexible and strong. It resembles somewhat the old-fashioned chain armor of the crusades, and curtains of this material will be used to protect gunners behind shields from fragments of exploding shells. The resisting quality of this network will be equal, it is confidently believed, to that of a solid plate of steel an inch thick.—Chicago Times.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

CROSSING OF CORN.

All farmers are aware that different varieties of corn will mix, and it is called, and some attention is usually paid in planting to prevent it where it would unfavorably affect a choice variety. This crossing, wherever it occurs, is caused by the fertilization of the pistils, the silk, of one variety by the pollen distributed from the tassels of another.

At the Kansas station for three seasons past careful experiments have been made in the artificial pollination of corn. In 1888, forty-one varieties were used; sixty-six attempts at cross fertilization were made, of which thirty-nine were successful. As a practical summary of the results, it is said that the numerous crosses of maize by artificial pollination were mostly successful, the different races, as dent, flint, soft, sweet and pop corn, with apparently equal resistance.

The effects of the crossing are in comparatively few cases (mostly sweet varieties) visible the first year. The second year (the second generation) shows generally ears more or less completely blended, often exactly intermediate between the two parental types; more rarely the grains of a single ear are unlike each other, and each may resemble closely or remotely either parent. The product of the third year is generally true to the seed planted; by selecting diverse grains from any ear or from different years, ears are obtained with grains usually like those planted. Any desired form of a "cross" can therefore apparently be perpetuated.

In view of the above it is possible to effect desired points of improvement in varieties by crossing, and fixing or perfecting by subsequent selection. The experiments the past season were much reduced in value by reason of serious drouth. Favorable seasons will doubtless furnish more favorable or at least more conclusive results in the efforts to improve varieties.

RATIONAL CORN CULTURE.

The necessity for frequent stirring of the soil in a cornfield is paramount for itself alone. If no weed ever appeared there would still be need for frequent cultivation. A few years ago I left ten rows through a cornfield uncultivated, while the rest of the field was cultivated every week until the tassels appeared. The weeds in those ten rows were pulled by hand, and there were very few, for the ground was a sod deeply plowed, and harrowed thoroughly up to the time the corn was planted. The stalks in the ten rows were more than three feet shorter than those in the rest of the field, and there was scarcely a single ear that was filled out to the end. The rest of the field, which was a few square yards over two acres, yielded one hundred and ninety-eight bushels of shelled corn, estimating two bushels of ears for one of grain. The corn was husked by the bushel and measured twice, so that no mistake was made in the measure. The ten rows made up exactly one-fifth of an acre (thirty-two rods), and gave only eleven and a half bushels of corn. Everything else being equal, the difference, being over forty bushels to the acre, was clearly due to the absence of cultivation, the ground being baked and dry the greater part of the time. Since then I left one strip on the side of a field, measuring exactly an acre, without either cultivation or weeding, and it yielded fourteen bushels of poor corn, the rest of the field yielding forty-two bushels of grain to the acre. In 1889 I had an eight-acre field that yielded enough to completely fill a five-hundred-bushel crib, equal to over thirty bushels of shelled corn per acre, on a very poor old field that was newly broken up, and without manure, but was cultivated eight times, while my half of a rented four-acre field, worked only twice, amounted to one wagon load of ears, equal to twenty bushels of grain, and this small field was much better soil than the old field.

My practice for many years has been to work the corn once a week, beginning on Monday when the weather was suitable, and continue the working as long as a horse can get through the rows without breaking the stalks—and this is usually until the ears begin to hang out in the rows—and the cultivation has always been on the surface. Some years ago a heavy rain washed a slope on one of my fields very badly, and exposed a fine network of roots for several square rods, which completely filled the soil. Several of the plants were washed loose, and could be taken up with the roots. The roots of many plants were eight feet long, spreading over nearly three rows each way, and they lay very near the surface. In places roots were abundant at a depth of two inches, and very few were as deep down as the land had been plowed. More recent examinations, made purposely, have convinced me that this is the habit of the corn plant to send out its roots near the surface. It may be that surface manuring with fertilizers tends to such a habit of root growth, but soluble fertilizers quickly diffuse themselves through the soil, and it may be that the desire for the sun's heat, which corn so much needs, brings these roots to the surface.

It is clear that a plant having such a superficial root growth should not be plowed, but requires only surface cultivation; for the breaking of the roots must necessarily check the growth of the plants. I had once a plain demonstration of this fact. A field of Evergreen sweet corn was partly plowed, contrary to my instructions, by a willful hired man, who laughed at my shallow cultivation of the rest of the field. He plowed it deeply and ridged up the rows until I discovered and stopped him. The weather was hot. The corn wilted at once and never grew afterward. Not one ear was gathered from the plowed rows, while the rest of the field averaged over eleven thousand ears per acre, counted for the market. To break the feeding roots of a plant is clearly to stop its feeding, and to turn all the power of growth to repair the damage and make new roots; at a time, too, when all the strength of the plants is required to form

the blossom or the grain. Something has been said of the usefulness of root-pruning corn. It is equivalent to drawing a cow's teeth when she is busy turning good grass into milk and butter, and equally prevents the gathering of nutriment. It is practiced for this special purpose in fruit culture, for checking the growth of trees to reduce the amount of new wood, and it has the same effect upon the corn which we want to hasten to maturity as soon as possible, and to aid in every way in enabling it to gather food and increase its product.

For this reason the cultivation of corn should be early and often, and as late as may be possible, and always on the surface, merely keeping the soil loose and mellow, and absorbent of moisture and the heat of the sun. It helps, too, very much to apply fifty pounds per acre of some active soluble fertilizer immediately after the working of the soil at intervals through the summer, especially when the blossoms, the tassel, and the silk are about to appear, and when the grain is about to form after the impregnation of the silk. These are periods in the life of a plant when extra feeding will greatly assist in the performance of these reproductive functions upon which full ears, and sound grain, and early maturity depend.—American Agriculturist.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Every rod of useless fence is a useless tax. The younger the weed the more easily killed.

Rye makes a good pasture—better than timothy.

Commercial manures are best for potatoes. Thoroughly clean, air and whitewash your stables.

Manure well if you want a good crop of lawn grass. Fewer acres and better culture should be the motto.

The value of manure depends on what it is made from.

Have a system of rotation in the garden, as elsewhere. Begin to cultivate corn as soon as you can follow the rows.

Only the finest manure should be used on the asparagus bed. Plowing in green crops is the cheapest method of manuring.

The best prepared soil is the most favorable for germination. Whenever the sheep comes to the barn give them water and food.

Put in a succession of crops of green peas; the same of green corn. Old strawberry plants seldom produce as large berries as do young ones.

Sawdust diminishes the efficiency of stable manure—but only so far as it dilutes it. The greatest potato yield at the Michigan Station was with seed planted one inch deep.

Farm products that excel in quality and have an attractive appearance never have to hunt a market. It would do no harm, but likely destroy vermin and microbes, to fumigate your stable with sulphur.

Cabbages ought to be cultivated often and stimulated with fertilizers if the soil is not sufficiently manured. Many coniferous plants are increased by cuttings on a large scale, especially retinosporas, arbor-vitae, and the like.

Cuttings of plants which root with difficulty are sometimes grafted, with good effect, upon those which root easily. The rhubarb plant may be increased by divisions. Professor Bailey says that each division must contain at least one bud on the crown.

Produce something out of season, make it attractive and delicious, and see how quick it will sell and how soon there will be a call for more.

The soil for beets should be plowed from twelve to fifteen inches deep, and as much of the best root grown beneath the surface as possible. Gluten meal is a very excellent feed. It is the corn meal with the starch taken out of it, and consequently has a better feeding rate than the corn meal itself.

The black walnut is designed to cut an important figure on the farm in the near future. It can be made as profitable as the apple tree wherever it will thrive. Leaf mold is a natural fertilizer for all trees and shrubs, and wood flowers, or any plants that like a shaded place. It is also very useful as an addition to potting soil.

Freshly laid sod is much more likely to succeed if covered with about an inch of fine soil. This will save it even in a dry time, when otherwise it would fall to get a good start.

It is true, much of the breed goes in at the mouth, but to know the best kind of a mouth to put it in is the rub, and necessitates a full knowledge of the herd book and score card.

Paris considers milk pure when it contains one pound of butter and four ounces of solids per quart, says an English journal, but such proportions seem irregular to dairymen here.

The advantage of hatching guineas under common hens is, that properly managed, they are usually more gentle than if the guinea hens are allowed to hatch them out and raise them.

While old hens usually lay larger eggs than pullets the shape of the egg has little or nothing to do with the life germ, and if the broad end is smooth and the egg is properly fertilized it will hatch.

The duration of a raspberry plantation depends upon the variety cultivated as well as upon the nature of the soil and care given the plants. Ten to fourteen years is about the average under good culture.

A good time to apply fertilizers to asparagus is just when we cease to cut the shoots. This causes a luxuriant growth of the plants during summer and autumn and this, in turn, gives thick fat shoots the next season.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Nowadays skirts are extremely plain. Turquoise jewelry continues fashionable.

There is a federation of women's clubs. The new gauze parasols have gilt frames.

The fashionable flower is to be the carnation. Coats with deep broad tabs are extensively worn.

Emeralds have been very little in demand of late years. The long Louis Quatorze coats have made poplins again popular.

Swell modistes fit their skirts to the customer while she is seated. Substitute teachers in New York schools are to receive \$1.25 a day.

Black hats are trimmed effectively with butterfly bows and purple thistles. The trailing dip of the modern walking dress has been pulled up out of the dirt.

Black handkerchiefs, embroidered in silver and colored threads, are decidedly new.

An apartment house for women, soon to be built in New York City, will cost \$400,000. The New York State Hospitals for the Insane utilize the services of women physicians.

Susan B. Anthony can speak louder and longer than half the male speakers in the country. Mrs. George W. Childs's china is worth \$50,000, and she is the possessor of a service of gold.

Mme. Patti has an insatiable appetite for stewed prunes, which she eats for her complexion. Miss Kate Marsden, an English girl, has gone to Yakutsk, Siberia, to study leprosy among the natives.

Miss Ethel Mackenzie, daughter of Sir Morell Mackenzie, is the London correspondent of a Chicago daily. The first women's trade union in Belgium has just been formed by female tobacco workers at Antwerp.

Ann Eliza, the nineteenth wife of Brigham Young, is now the wife of Representative Denning, of Michigan. Paris fashions are extraordinary this season. At a distance women look like an animated pagoda or moving Oriental bazar.

On Irish railways women are much employed as booking clerks, and in Dublin tickets are given almost entirely by women. Young lady teachers are in such demand for wives in Dakota that it is extremely difficult to keep enough on hand to run the schools.

A bride in fashionable life has recently started the idea of having the wedding ring inlaid with enamel, in the midst of which appears a motto or posy.

An economical way to trim a dress with a black lace flounce is to buy the lace made for gowns and to cut it up into the width desired, then hem the edge. Lace through which ribbon may be run is very pretty treated in this way.

The newest pattern in India silk is palm leaves, which takes the place of the flowers and figures of the last few seasons. The backgrounds are of some very dark color or black, strewn with these leaves, four or five inches long. Bouquets are very original this year in London society, but are not more admirable on that account. Triangular and pointed ferns are concealed under a heavy mass of flowers and are more potent as weapons than as additional charms.

White chamois skin gloves are to be worn for outing purposes. These are not expensive in the first place, and then if directions are followed they can be washed successfully. For shopping wear the natural color chamois glove is very comfortable.

Black silk henrietta cloth makes a beautiful summer dress for an elderly lady. An all-silk grenadine made up over black satin is also a most suitable gown. The coat or blouse may be relieved by a vest or double ruffle of some bright-colored silk.

Ladies who wear thin dresses will be glad to know that the prettiest and most comfortable underskirt in the world is called the princess petticoat. It is, of course, modeled as its name suggests and should be made of black or white China silk with a few ruffles on the hem.