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In England it is a crime for a marriage ceremony to be performed except between the hours of 8 A. M. and 12 M. A bill has been introduced in parliament making it lawful to solemnize marriage between 8 A. M. and 4 P. M.

A nurseryman of Union county, Pennsylvania, claims to be able to grow apples without cores. This theory is to bend the twig when the size of a small elder, and insert the top in the ground. When the top takes root sufficiently cut it off near the butt, and stake it up perpendicularly.

An inquisitive American in England asked a member of the Prince of Wales' household what the prince read. "Nothing," was the answer. The American was incredulous, but the Englishman went on to say that the prince never opened a book or a newspaper. Competent secretaries read everything that the prince should know and the result is re-ated to him in condensed form.

A white gorilla is on view at the Royal aquarium at Westminster, London. Whether the animal is a true specimen or a highly developed cross-breed is a question for the naturalists. Its height is about twenty-six inches and its age probably three or four years. The whole of its body and limbs, both arms and legs, are almost free from hair, and it has no tail. The animal is very gentle and affectionate, clasping its keeper around the neck and kissing him like a child. It drinks from a tumbler and has a most intelligent manner. It is housed in a large, handsome cage or chamber, with an entire glass front.

Captain Harry E. Rulon, of Philadelphia, late of the United States mint, has in his possession a shovel which for seven years was used for no other purpose than transferring the silver coin of the realm from a drying pan into boxes. By constant use of the implement about an inch and a half was worn from its blade, thus rendering it useless for raising precious metals. During the seven years of its use, according to a calculation made by the chief clerk, Captain Rulon, handled the almost fabulous sum of $382,000,000 with that shovel. The captain purchased it from the government for twenty-five cents, and is now using it in his coal bin.

It is reported that a young pike which was recently sent from Holland to Paris packed in ice showed signs of life on reaching its destination, and that notwithstanding it had been three days out of water, and frozen stiff, it was resuscitated, and is now swimming about in a tank in the Trocadero aquarium. Which goes to show, says *Harper's Weekly*, that the theory of Benjamin Franklin and others that animation may be suspended by freezing and restored by thawing at any time suiting the purposes of the operator—a theory heretofore supposed to have been whimsically conceived—may have something in it after all.

"Like many other public men," says the Philadelphia *Telegraph*, "John B. Gough made money easily and spent it freely. During his lifetime he earned hundreds of thousands of dollars, but his whole fortune is estimated at less than $75,000. He leaves a house and 200 acres of valuable ground about six miles from Worcester, Mass. This was his 'farm,' and here he rested during the breathing spells in his busy life. His library is one of the finest in the country. It is valued at $20,000, but it is doubtful whether it would bring that amount at public or private sale. Some of the books were highly prized by the great orator. Among them were original sketches by George Cruickshank, which he could have sold a year ago for several thousand dollars. Beside his farm and library Mr. Gough owned lands and mortgages which yielded him a small income.

"It was down in Virginia," says a veteran in the Lewiston *Journal*. "I was placed on guard over a barn and was taking it easy when a lieutenant came along, probably to see what his guard was doing. I ought to have saluted him, but I didn't. Soon I saw a large, nice-looking man coming toward me. He wore a nice uniform, and I noticed as he approached that he wore a lieutenant's straps. I wasn't going to pay any further attention to him, but when he came quite near to me I saw that there were two stars inside those straps. I jumped up and presented arms as quickly as I could, for I saw that it was Major General Hancock. 'Never mind that for me,' said he, with a wave of his hand. 'I don't care anything about it, but always do it for the little fellows.' He passed on. I suppose the lieutenant had reported me, and he came down to see about it."

WHAT THE EARTH THINKS.

I am threatened with a comet.
 With the all-absorbing sun;
Told that I shall slowly burn out,
 As my own fair moon has done;
Warned of coming conflagrations
 That will seize me unaware:
Can I fear annihilation,
 After what I daily bear?

Pelted constantly with hailstones,
 Fiercely shook by hurricanes,
Thrown by whirlwinds topsy-turvy,
 Nearly drowned by constant rains,
Growled at day and night by thunder,
 Pierced by lightning everywhere,
Nipped with frosts, until I scarcely
 Know if I am round or square.

Out all night in freezing weather,
 Under tropic suns all day,
Dug and struck with plows and shovels,
 Scratched with harrows every way.
Beaten down for streets and highways,
 Galloped over day and night,
With steam engines burned and scalded,
 Kept in a continual fright.

Deeper wounds than these I suffer—
 I am mined and bored and hit,
Torn by dynamite and powder,
 Blown to pieces bit by bit.
I've seen comets without number,
 And they always keep their sphere;
It is man that makes me tremble—
 Restless, curious man, I fear.

For I know some day or other
 He will find a stronger "force,"
Wondrous chemicals discover,
 And the end will be, of course,
I shall have my shattered remnants
 Blown away like any feather,
Yet I have one consolation—
 Probably we'll go together.

—*Lillie E. Barr, in Harper's Weekly.*

AN OPPORTUNE WITNESS.

"Well, I'm mighty glad to get home!" said Mr. Briscomb, emphatically.

And he climbed out of the buggy, with a beaming face, and hurried up the front walk; while the hired man, who had driven him home from the station, turned into the lane with a flourish and rattled down toward the barn.

Anybody might have been glad to get back to so cozy a home and to so unmistakable a welcome.

A big dog came bounding around the corner of the house to meet him, prancing around him excitedly and making frantic attempts to lick his face.

Mrs. Marks, the housekeeper—Mr. Briscomb was a hopeless bachelor—paused in her preparations for supper to smile and nod from the window; and two young persons, who were sitting on the front steps, jumped up hastily, took charge of Mr. Briscomb's satchel, and dragged a chair out on to the porch and pressed him into it.

These were Mr. Briscomb's boarders—Ruth Haines, who had come from the next county to teach the district school; and Horace Bennett, who was surveying for the new railroad and buying land therefor.

It was whispered that most of the surveying had been done in the neighborhood of the school-house, the children bearing witness to the fact that the young surveyor was a very frequent visitor, and that hardly a day passed that he was not on hand to walk home with the teacher.

"Well—" said Mr. Briscomb, removing his travel-stained hat and wiping his forehead.

And he stopped short, and appeared to fall into a reverie.

His companions were silent. They were not quite sure which would be the more appropriate—sympathy or congratulation.

Mr Briscomb had been to a point several miles distant, to receive the money left him by a brother who had died six months ago—the six months having been consumed by a slow and sure system of probating.

"He was worth more than anybody thought," said Mr. Briscomb at last, abruptly. "He left Martha and the boys more than they can ever use up if they try; and he left me six thousand dollars."

The surveyor and the little school-teacher looked at each other breathlessly.

To them, working hard for their modest earnings, and more than appreciating the value of money, it seemed an overwhelming amount.

"I've got it right here," Mr. Briscomb continued, tapping his breast pocket, "and it's worried me all the way home. You see, I don't know what in the name of goodness to do with it."

"That's the last thing that would trouble me," said Horace, briskly; and Ruth laughed, as she always did at Horace's sallies.

"There's the bank," Mr. Briscomb went on, musingly, "but I'm afraid of banks. And there's the railroads; I suppose I might take stock in some of them. But I ain't partial to railroads, either. I guess I'd better keep it by me till I've looked around a little," he concluded, rubbing his chin disturbedly.

"Where will you keep it?" said Ruth, wonderingly.

"Well, I've been thinking about that," Mr. Briscomb responded, looking at the porch floor with contracted brows. "I thought of the back of the old settee, and the inside of the straw tick, and the clock case; but I've come to the conclusion that they be the first places anybody'd look. Finally I thought of the very thing. There's a loose board up in the floor of my room—the northwest corner—just room for a box under it. I can put my trunk over it, and there it is. Nobody'd think of going there."

"Nobody but me," said Horace cheerfully. "I should know exactly where to go."

At which Ruth laughed again, and Mr. Briscomb smiled absently.

He was very fond of his boarders; he often wondered how he could have thought the old house cheerful before they came, and what he should do when they were gone.

"I'd better get it off my mind," he said, rising, "I'll go and do it now."

And he went into the wide hall and up the stairs.

"He ought to invest it at once," said Horace, disapprovingly. "He'll always be uneasy while he has it on his hands."

"I am afraid so," said Ruth, looking after him regretfully.

And then the conversation drifted to less practical subjects than that of Mr. Briscomb's money, and was carried on in a rather lower tone.

It was of Mr. Briscomb's money that Ruth was thinking, however, as she sat in her window that night, looking down the sleeping road and listening to the chirp of a belated cricket.

She had heard a slight jarring sound from the next room—her host's; and her thoughts had flown immediately to the loose board and Mr. Briscomb's inheritance.

She sat motionless, with startled face listening intently.

A soft step crept down the stairs—she heard it plainly; and the front door opened with a creak.

Ruth felt her heart beating fast and her hands trembling; but she arose to her feet and leaned far out of the window, straining her eyes.

A tall form stepped softly to the ground and made its way through the yard with a careful stealthy movement.

But at sight of it, Ruth gave a sigh of relief and laughed softly to herself.

She stood watching the proceedings of the ghostly figure until it turned and came toward the house—until the front door closed softly, and the stairs creaked under an ascending tread.

Curiosity, perplexity and amazement had filled her face in turn, to be followed by regretful pity.

"Poor man!" she said to herself compassionately. "It will worry him into his grave, at this rate."

* * * * * *

School closed, a week or so later, for one of those untimely vacations which district school committees are fond of decreeing; and the surveyor drove Ruth to the station—she was to go home for the holidays.

These two had come to an understanding. Ruth wore a ring on the proper finger, and all their conversation of late had been upon one subject—which was, upon how little a young couple of extremely modest wants could safely start out together.

They had not yet succeeded in bringing the probable amount within the narrow limits of Horace's salary, although their feats in this direction had been marvelous; but they had not dreamed of losing courage.

"I shall begin cutting rags for carpets as soon as I get home," said Ruth, cheerfully, as the train came rumbling in. "Dear me! what will mother say?"

She shook her handkerchief from the window as the train moved off, and leaned forward to catch Horace's parting words:

"I'll be here to meet you, of course."

With that assurance still in her ears, it was no wonder that, when she stepped off the train, two weeks later, and looked around with an eager smile, the sight of the deserted little station should have filled her with something like dread.

Nobody was in sight except the station-master, and he was tipped back in a chair against the baggage-room door, half asleep.

Ruth walked to the edge of the platform, and looked anxiously up and down the road. There was a cloud of dust in the distance, and she watched it with a lightened heart.

But the wagon which lumbered up slowly and stopped before her was not Mr. Briscomb's, nor was the tall young countryman who stepped out awkwardly, the person she had hoped to see. She recognized him as a neighbor of Mr. Briscomb, and her fears returned.

"Going down to Briscomb's, ain't you?" said the young man, hesitatingly. "Want to ride? I can take you down as well as not."

Ruth climbed into the wagon silently. Why had Horace not come? Something must be wrong.

"Heard about that surveyor fellow?" her companion observed, as they drove away, and he looked at her sympathetically.

"About what" said Ruth, clutching the edge of her high seat, tremblingly.

"It was the day after school let out," said the young man, obviously divided between pity for her distress and his enjoyment of telling a startling story. "Briscomb went to mill that day, and the surveyor (Bennett) he went out to Crawford; he said he wanted to telegraph to the railroad company about something or other. Well, when Briscomb got back—you know he had a lot of money willed to him lately?—well, he got to thinking about that money, and he went to see if it was all right. He kept it up in his room, under the floor, with a trunk over it. Well, the money was gone! The trunk was just as he'd left it, but the money wasn't there."

He paused to note the effect of this announcement, and stared at his companion in astonishment.

For there was something like amusement in her face.

"Well," she said, calmly. "What did he do?"

"He told the neighbors about it. If you'll believe it, he hadn't thought of suspecting anybody of taking it; he always was so good-natured. He thought it must have been rats that carried it off. But we thought right away of that surveyor, and when we found out that Briscomb had been simple enough to tell him where he kept it, we was pretty sure it was him that took it. So we went out to Crawford—two or three of us—and got out a warrant and arrested him. We didn't expect to find the money on him, of course; and it wasn't. But there ain't a doubt but what he's got it somewhere. Anyhow, he's having his trial now, out to Crawford, and the chances are all against him. We do things up quick out this way," he concluded, with an air of satisfaction.

Truly, this little school-teacher was a strange person. The amusement had died out of her face, and a profound indignation had filled it.

She grasped his arm eagerly.

"He did not take it!" she said, scornfully. "I know where it is this minute. You must drive me out to Crawford immediately!"

She snatched the whip from its socket as she spoke and touched the horses lightly.

* * * * * *

The Crawford court-house was filled to overflowing. The trial, coming as it did into the midst of the sleepy summer days, when excitements were few, had proved a great attraction.

It was an exceptional trial, too. The plaintiff had been unwilling to prosecute, and had seemed troubled ever since at having been led into doing so. The prisoner was the most honest-looking of young men, and behaved remarkably, as an innocent person would have done, and the evidence against him was very slight, and purely circumstantial. But in spite of these confusing facts, the vast majority believed in his guilt, though rather against their wills—he was such a frank looking fellow.

Mr. Briscomb was sitting with downcast eyes and a troubled expression. Horace sat, with his head in his hand, looking weary and hopeless, and the plaintiff's counsel was demanding of the jury, for the twentieth time, why, if the prisoner had not taken the money, he had come to Crawford upon the day of the robbery upon an obviously trumped up errand? Clearly, he had come to place the money in safe hands; his accomplice was probably in their midst.

The door opened suddenly and forcibly, and a young girl, with a flushed and eager face, came hastily in. At the sight of her, Horace raised his head, and his face brightened.

She gave him a swift smile, unmindful of the astonished observers, and made her way to Mr. Briscomb's side.

"You buried it yourself, under the locust-tree!" she cried, grasping his coat-front, and shaking him a little in her eagerness. "I saw you. You were walking in your sleep, of course; but I didn't know it then. You came down, the night you came home with it, and dug a place under the locust tree and put it in!"

Poor Mr. Briscomb stared at her in bewilderment; the spectators looked at each other, and whistled softly; the plaintiff's counsel looked disgusted.

There was a solemn pause, which the plaintiff's counsel broke by demanding, testily, that the evidence of "this person" be taken in the proper way.

But nobody seemed to hear him.

"I used to," said Mr. Briscomb at last, slowly—"I used to walk in my sleep every night regular, and do queer enough things. But I did think I'd got over it."

Somebody in a corner of the room clapped a timid pair of hands, and the next instant the room resounded with the cheers of a delighted crowd.

How a committee of three was appointed by the judge to go and prove the young lady's remarkable statement; how that committee returned in triumph, and presented Mr. Briscomb with a small box of deceitfully-modest appearance, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the spectators; how, for a confused period, everybody appeared to be congratulating everybody else; and how Mr. Briscomb drove home in state, with the surveyor and little school-teacher on either side of him, and relief and happiness beaming from his good-humored face—these were the chief topics in Crawford for a week, after which Mr. Briscomb's money was forgotten.

But Horace and Ruth had substantial reasons for remembering it.

It was Mr. Briscomb's money that smoothed the way to their marriage, a few months later, and that built the snug little house they called home.—*Emma A. Opper.*

The Alligators Were to Blame.

"I noticed some cattle here in Jacksonville, and thought that, aside from their leanness and diminutive size, there was something else peculiar about them, and studied for some time, until I suddenly discovered there were some of them minus tails; others looked as though they had about half of that useful appendage cut off. In a country where mosquitoes are as plentiful as they must be here I should think it no less than downright cruelty for people to treat the poor creatures in this shameless manner."

My remarks were greeted with a roar of laughter.

"Bless your heart, my young friend, the people don't do that; it's the alligators."

"Alligators!" said I, astonished.

"Yes, the alligators."

"How can that be?"

"Oh, they grab them when they are feeding in the water."

"And bite off their tails, I suppose?"

"Yes, they do. You see they creep up so quietly that the cattle do not notice their approach, and the first thing the animal is aware of is a jerk in the rear. He tries to get away, but it is of no use; the harder he pulls the tighter the alligator holds on, until the appendage gives way, and the conqueror swims off happy."

"Highly interesting sight, I should think."

"Well, rather, as the question of ownership is often highly disputed, though I never saw a case yet in which the cattle came off victorious."—*The Present.*

AN ALARMED HUMORIST.

BILL NYE STRICKEN WITH THE FEAR OF HYDROPHOBIA.

The Feasibility of Living Without Dogs—Tapering off on the Prevalent Canine Fancy.

I take occasion at this time to ask the American people as one man, what are we to do to prevent the spread of the most insidious and disagreeable disease known as hydrophobia? When a fellow-being has to be smothered, as was the case the other day right here in our fair land, a land where tyrant foot hath never trod nor bigot forced a chain, we look anxiously into each other's faces and inquire, what shall we do?

Shall we go to France at a great expense and fill our systems full of dog virus and then return to our glorious land, where we may fork over that virus to posterity and thus mix up French hydrophobia with the navy-blue blood of free-born American citizens?

I wot not.

If I knew that would be my last wot I would not change it. That is just wot it would be.

But again.

What shall we do to avoid getting impregnated with the American dog and then saturating our system with the alien dog of Paris?

It is a serious matter, and if we do not want to play the "Desdemona" act we must take some timely precautions. What must those precautions be?

Did it ever occur to the average-thinking mind that we might squeeze along for weeks without a dog? Whole families have existed for years after being deprived of dogs. Look at the wealthy of our land. They go on comfortably through life and die at last with the unanimous consent of their heirs dogless.

Then why can not the poor gradually taper off on dogs? They ought not to stop all of a sudden, but they could leave off a dog at a time until at last they overcame the pernicious habit.

I saw a man in St. Paul last week who was once poor and so owned seven variegated dogs. He was confirmed in that habit. But he summoned all his will power at last and said he would shake off these dogs and become a man. He did so, and to-day he owns a city lot in St. Paul, and seems to be the picture of health.

The trouble about maintaining a dog is that he may go on for years in a quiet, gentlemanly way, winning the regard of all who know him, and then all of a sudden he may hydrophobe in the most violent manner. Not only that, but he may do so while we have company. He may also bite our twins or the twins of our warmest friends. He may bite us now and we may laugh at it, but in five years from now, while we are delivering a humorous lecture, we may burst forth into the audience and bite a beautiful young lady in the parquet or on the ear.

It is a solemn thing to think of, fellow-citizens, and I appeal to those who may read this, as a man who may not live to see a satisfactory political reform—I appeal to you to refrain from the dog. He is purely ornamental. We may love a good dog, but we ought to love our children more. It would be a very, very noble and expensive dog that I would agree to feed with my only son.

I know that we gradually become attached to a good dog, but some day he may become attached to us, and what can be sadder than the sight of a leading citizen drawing a reluctant mad dog down the street by main strength and a portion of his pantaloons? (I mean his own, not the dog's pants. ☞ This joke will appear in book form. The book will be very readable, and there will be another joke in it also. oed ti.)

I have said a good deal about the dog, pro and con, and am not a rabid dog abolitionist, for no one loves to have his clear-cut features licked by the warm, wet tongue of a noble dog any more than I do, but rather than see hydrophobia become a national characteristic or a leading industry here, I would forego the dog.

Perhaps all men are that way, however. When they get a little forehanded they forget that they were once poor, and owned dogs. If so, I do not wish to be unfair. I want to be just, and I believe I am. Let us yield up our dogs and take the affection that we would otherwise bestow on them on some human being. I have tried it, and it works well. There are thousands of people in the world of both sexes who are pining and starving for the love and money that we daily shower on the dog.

If the dog would be kind enough to refrain from introducing his justly celebrated virus into the person of those only who kiss him on the cold, moist nose, it would be all right; but when a dog goes mad he is very impulsive, and he may bestow himself on an obscure man. So I feel a little nervous myself.—*Bill Nye, in Boston Globe.*

The Prisoner.

I sit and watch the rain drops fall,
 I gaze out at the dull gray skies,
I only see the rain clouds' pall,
 Or watch the ghostly mists that rise.
I do not turn my head to see
 The narrow room that holds me here;
I watch the rain and long to be
 Far from my prison room so drear.

Why, laughter waits for me out there,
 And hearty clasp of loving hands,
And merry songs and faces fair—
 Could I but break my prison bands.
But here I pine, as one in ban,
 Forbidden by the fates to roam,
Until that laggard tailor man
 Shall send my only trousers home.

—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

In Germany dogs are to be carefully trained at the various garrisons and sent out with sentinels placed at isolated posts, in order to guard against surprise.

TO A DANDELION.

Little mimic of the sun,
 Hiding in the fragrant grass,
Have you any kisses won
 From the pretty maids who pass?
When the sun slips down the west
Some fair girl shall come in quest
 Of the secret which you lock
In your tiny golden breast;
 You shall hear an airy knock,
 And a question, What o'clock?

At the very verge of night,
 When the summer twilight's breath
Makes you dizzy with delight,
 Dance in happiness to death;
When the peaceful moon shall peep
Down from the star-lit skies that weep
 Tears of sweet, delicious dew,
Tender, gracious eyes shall keep
 Quiet company with you,
'Neath the heaven's cover blue.

Ah, you dainty, snowy ghost,
 See what bliss your wisdom brings!
Tell me, pray, what angels boast
 Such a zephyr for their wings?
Just because the hour you tell
She repays your magic well!—
 Wafts you off to paradise;
Sounds for you a gentle knell;
 Lights your journey with her eyes;
 Would that I were half so wise!

—*Frank D. Sherman.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Teacher—"What is the hottest place in the United States?" Pupil—"A hornet's nest."

"What is you name, little girl?" "Minnie." "Minnie what?" "'Minnie Don't' mamma calls me."

A bank cashier seldom goes off until he is loaded, and then he makes the report.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A sermon always seems short to the woman who wears a new bonnet to church for the first time.—*New York Journal.*

Which causes the most young men to attend meeting—the bell of the church or the belle of the village?—*Goodall's Sun.*

"There's plenty of room at the top," is the motto of the hotel-clerk, who always takes great delight in skying a guest.—*Puck.*

An actor, unlike other men, can sometimes build up a most excellent reputation out of a very bad character.—*Boston Transcript.*

Old jokes may raise a laugh at times, but
 writers who are sage
Make new ones, for they know that jokes are
 always bad-in-age.
—*Boston Courier.*

In ancient Rome a bundle of staves was an emblem of authority. Nowadays nothing short of a whole barrel will help a man into a place of power.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Here Johnny, what do you mean by taking Willie's cake away from him? Didn't you have a piece for yourself?" "Yes, but you told me I always ought to take my little brother's part."—*Palmer Journal.*

"And now, my dear brethren, what shall I say now?" thundered the long-winded minister. "Amen!" came in sepulchral tones from the absent-minded deacon in the back of the church.—*Rambler.*

A father was very much annoyed by the foolish questions of his little son. "Johnny, you are a great source of annoyance to me." "What's the matter, pa?" "You ask so many foolish questions. I wasn't a big donkey when I was of your age." No, pa, but you've grown a heap since."

They tell in Louisville of a citizen of that town who went to New York recently and lived at one of the most expensive hotels there. He stayed four days and asked for his bill. "Fifty-one dollars," said the clerk. "Guess again," said the Kentuckian. "You haven't sized my pile yet. I've more money than that."—*Boston Post.*

THE STYLE.

Dear madam, excuse me I pray,
Your hair is all going astray,
It badly wants combing behind,
And it's waving about in the wind.

She answers in scorn, I declare,
With a sneering and top-luffy air,
And says, with a lemonade smile,
"I am just in the height of the style."
—*Boston Budget.*

Cardinals.

According to an exchange, the pope appoints a cardinal in a consistory, the chief ceremony being the delivery of the scarlet hat, with the words: Esto Cardinalis, "Be a cardinal," and the dignitary so created is thereafter presumed to be a brother of the chief pontiff. At first the cardinal's hat had three scarlet knots, fringes or tassels on each side; these were increased to five, while archbishops had four of purple color, and bishops three, of green material. During the last two centuries, however, bishops have worn four green ones, and prelates, abbots and prothonotaries three of purple or black. Their dress consists of a red soutane, or cassock, with a cincture with a tassels of gold, red caps and stockings, a rochet and a large cloak, with an ermine cappa in winter. Every cardinal has his chaplain, who wears a purple soutane and cincture, a surplice and stole-like scarf, with which he supports his master's miter when not actually worn. When the pope officiates, or in a procession, the cardinals wear white damask mitres, red shoes, and if bishops, a cope; if priests, a chasuble; if deacons, a dalmatic. In times of penance the color of their robes is velvet; and on a few particular days, rose instead of red. Their dress of state when not engaged in sacred functions consists of a large purple mantle called the crocia; on less important occasions, of a mantelet, or short cloak, through which they put their arms, and worn over the rochet, while over this is a mozzetta, or tippet, showing only the chain of a pectoral cross.