

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

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MIDDLEBURGH, PA., JAN. 25, 1890.

A London journalist is proving himself a wise father. He is educating his son to be a cook, as he finds that the culinary art pays better than the learned professions.

In 1842 what is now known as "influenza" was known then as "Tyler's grip." Tyler was President of the United States, and just after he vetoed the "United States Bank bill" this epidemic swept over the country and was called "Tyler's grip."

The total eclipse of the sun recently was observed by the United States scientific expedition at St. Paul de Loanda, west coast of Africa. Seventy pictures were taken before and forty after totality. The sky was clear during the first part of the eclipse, but afterward obscured. The observations were considered to be fairly successful.

The religious superstitious notions against destroying life, animal or insect, in India, is said to be obstructive to the efforts to rid that country of animals and reptiles which destroy human lives, and hence the Government makes little headway in ridding the country of them. Four-footed beasts and reptiles destroyed 25,000 human beings and 55,000 head of cattle last year.

What a nice large old country Russia is, to be sure, observes the Chicago Herald. A recent ukase condemns telephones as "dangerous to the State." But it is only in bleeding Poland that the order for their suppression is to be enforced. In Warsaw the police have been directed to remove them from all restaurants, coffee houses, liquor saloons and other places of public resort. Whenever any fellow wants to find out how free America is, let him study the vagaries of Russian tyranny.

Stanley's work in Africa is of high value the more one hears of it. It appears that among the things he has settled are these: The Congo traced from the sea to its head; discovery of the watershed of the Nile and the Congo systems; almost absolute proof that Lake Victoria is the largest body of fresh water in the world, and that the ancient "Mountains of the Moon" have their equivalent name in the modern Ruwenzori, the highest peak of which he estimates to be 18,000 feet in altitude and which is entirely snow-capped to 1200 feet.

France sees in the awarding of concessions to build railways in Egypt to German contractors an additional proof of the combination of the Powers interested against her waning influence there. Its roads will not pay, and the New York Telegram thinks it is not expected that they will; but the German Government must protect the interests of the shareholders, and thus another nation will gain a foothold in the land of the Pharaohs. Whether this persistent extension of its influence abroad is a wise policy for Germany to pursue the future alone can decide, but it is certainly a costly one, and the opposition in the Reichstag view it with no favorable eyes.

The phenomenal growth of the West—its cities of our country can not be better illustrated than by a statement which appeared recently in the Chicago papers. They say that a lady of sixty-eight years recently died in that city whose mother was attacked and torn to pieces by a pack of wolves, near the spot which is now the corner of Twenty-sixth and State streets, in that city. It was fifty years ago that this unfortunate lady, who lived in what was then the outskirts of Chicago, was going homeward late one afternoon, after a shopping expedition in the village. She was overtaken by a blizzard and sat down at this spot to wait until its fury should have been spent. Suddenly she was attacked by wolves, with the dreadful results above recorded.

The first grain elevator in St. Petersburg has been officially opened and blessed by the clergy. So much has been written about the necessity of grain elevators in Russia that this beginning is considered an important event—in fact, so important that the Minister of Communications and members of Senators and high officials were present at the ceremony, and to fewer than three extra and special trains were run from town to the new port, where the elevator is situated, for the convenience of the 200 or 300 persons invited. This elevator is on a large scale, capable of dealing with 60,000,000 pounds of corn during the navigable season of the Neva. It will be a great boon to the grain shippers, as hitherto there has only been a small floating elevator at Cronstadt, belonging to the English shipowners, Messrs. Wilson

THE GREATER GRIEF.

The greater grief is still to know
That though the never sunrise burn
The sunrise past will not allow;
That morn, with roses all abrew,
Must lose its dew in noontide's glow.

Shall love ne'er stay, but ever grow
Into a past, and ever show
Through chaplets fresh to souls that yearn
The greater grief?

O sweet the song in moonrise glow!
The lingering till the moon hangs low;
The first faint signs by which we learn
The night to day begins to turn,
Ah, these were sweet, did we ne'er know
The greater grief!

—H. T. Sudduth, in Harper's Weekly.

ONE SUBSCRIBER.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Phoebe Mumford came down to breakfast one morning in very low spirits. There seemed no doubt that the mortgage would be foreclosed at last. Her father's mind failed more and more. Everything was forlorn and wretched. She had been gazing at a rose-colored picture of the past to which distance lent enchantment. She saw her buxom, comfortable, loving mother; her young aunts, who petted her; a kind though grave father; a lover—Billy Barton—who adored her, and went away to sea and had not been heard of since. There was a little misunderstanding that she was too proud to explain. Now how gray and dull was life! The dear mother gone, and though doubtless she watched over her daughter, human eyes cannot see these loving angels. The aunts married; one in California, one in Colorado, one in Canada, with families of their own. The father changed, since the terrible illness that followed his wife's sudden death, to a trembling, querulous shadow, who required all her love and tenderness by finding fault with her for having been born a girl.

A son never would have made the feeble old man so comfortable, waited on him so patiently, spared him so much. The "bound girl," little Hannah Jane, from the poor-house, was bright and tractable, but there was still much to do; all woman's work, though; nothing that could keep the heavy mortgage from foreclosing, or the man who farmed what land there was left "on shares" from cheating them unmercifully; nothing that brought money in.

Phoebe felt that, and it pained her more than the thought that her thirtieth birthday was close at hand, though no woman ever lived who did not shrink from that thought with a shiver of horror.

Wiping the tears away, Miss Phoebe left the table and took up the newspaper—a big New York paper full of politics, which she read to her father every day, and which was almost his only pleasure. She glanced down the column of deaths and marriages, and saw there no name that she knew. She read an account of the appearance of the sea serpent at the shore near a certain hotel, and of a frightful murder that made her blood run cold. She read the wise words of the weather prophet, who predicted a rising barometer, and glanced over the advertisements. "Spunkin's electric collar button, warranted to cure everything," offered testimonials from Kings and warriors, and tempted her to go down and buy one for pa—or would, had she had the money to throw away on a cruel imposture.

DOBSIS & CO., ON RECEIPT OF TEN cents and a stamped and directed envelope, will send to any lady or gentleman directions how to make a fortune at their own homes.

She was not much impressed by this magnificent offer. But here was something.

WANTED IN OUR OFFICE, A LADY of education and refinement, a good talker, who has read a great deal. Salary fifty dollars per week. Apply at once in person. Church member preferred.

COZZEN & CO.,
No. — street.

"Dear me!" cried Phoebe to herself, "fifty dollars a week! I think I am refined. I certainly have had a good education. I read everything I can get to read. I am a church member. If I could get the place I could go to business regularly, like a man. Give me part of the fifty dollars a week, save the place, perhaps, and certainly buy the electric collar button."

Visions of her father restored to health and vigorous old age; of the mortgage paid off; of herself kneeling at her father's feet while his hands rested on her head and said, "My daughter, I no longer regret that God never gave me a son, since He sent me you," rushed through her mind. She slipped from the big horse-hair covered arm-chair, and, kneeling before it, hid her face in its great limpled back, and with her handkerchief to her eyes, prayed to be helped. And when she arose it seemed to her that a strong, unseen hand led her; that there could be nothing to fear or dread; nothing before her but success.

She gave her father his breakfast with many smiles, and fairly laughed when he said, "Now, if you were a boy you could just go along with me to the polls and vote for Puffingham. I want that man to be elected; he's got the right views about property. But you're a girl, poor thing—a girl."

Little he knew what was in her mind. She read the political articles through and had just time to catch the train, giving Hannah Jane directions for the dinner.

"If I get the place old Mrs. Williams must come and live here," she said to herself, as she walked. "I'd feel perfectly safe then; and she'd be glad to have the spare room and her board."

A fresh color was on her cheek, and a bright sparkle in her eye as she stepped into the car. She wore her very best things—precious and well saved—but she must look her best. And she did; for hope is as great a beautifier as fresh bonnet strings, and when reaching No. — street she climbed the long and rather dirty stairs until she reached the office of Cozzen & Co., with a hopeful heart.

The door of the room stood open. The opposite roofs were visible through the unshaded windows. Some girls stood at a table folding pamphlets; others sat at another directing envelopes. Behind a barricade of walnut-desk and iron railing sat a portly gentleman, bland, and wearing a good deal of white hair, from which a pair of round, black eyes, and a very round nose, blackened at the nostrils with snuff, peered out and gave him the appearance of one of those puddles which bellies of years ago were fond of carrying about with them.

Another lady, with downcast eyes, was gliding from the room; and another woman, with rather a coarse manner, tossed her head in indignation as she pushed past the first.

"Poor things! they have applied for the place and have not got it," said Phoebe; but she could not feel sorry.

The portly gentleman arose behind his railings as she looked toward him and bowed.

"Walk in," he said.

Phoebe also bowed politely. "Your advertisement"—she faltered.

"Yes, yes," said the gentleman, "I understand. We have had throngs of ladies here. H'm! Sit down."

"I do not know what your position is, sir," said Phoebe, feeling very brave—almost like the son her father had always wished for, she thought; "but I can do my best. I have an education. I am a church member. I read a good deal. I think I can talk a little on a subject I understand. And amongst so many books"—she glanced at the shelves—"I certainly should find the employment congenial; only I must go out of town every night."

"That would be very easy," said the gentleman. "You could arrange your hours to suit yourself. You are exactly the person we want. I see in your face that expression I look for in vain in so many faces—intelligence." The gentleman gave a little leap on his chair and spread his hands abroad. "Vivacity!" He repeated the action. "And with a fine personal appearance. You are the very woman we need. I speak in a purely business way. We must think of these things. You suit us."

Could it be? Could it be? Phoebe trembled with joy. Fifty dollars a week—her dreams realized—her father happy! Meanwhile the gentleman arose from his seat.

"This," said he, taking a thick volume from a shelf, "is the volume."

Phoebe looked at it with a happy smile, and waited for more.

"Have you ever taken subscriptions?" asked the gentleman.

"No," said Phoebe; "but I—"

"Ah, yes, you will be very successful, I am sure," said the gentleman. "We give you a list of streets, numbers, names of residents. You call with the book, ask to see Mrs. So and So or Mr. So and So; send up your name; your card is preferable. You rise when the person enters, say: 'How do you do, Mrs. So and So?' I feel that you would be interested in this work, and called to show it to you." You then talk in such a manner that the person subscribes for the book. On receiving the money, we give you the percentage. You see?"

"Yes," said poor Phoebe, who, under the revulsion of feeling, was on the verge of a fainting fit. "Yes, it is like the man with 'Dosen's Family Medicine,' and the other books, who come to our home sometimes. But you give fifty dollars a week!"

"Fifty, dear madam!" cried the man, laughing, and rubbing his hands gayly. "At ten cents on each book, you can easily get a hundred subscribers a day—six hundred a week; sixty dollars for the six days' work. With your mesmeric power—I see it in your eyes—you will make more."

Poor Phoebe began to feel better. It would be terrible work; not at all what she supposed; but—anything, anything for father and the homestead!

"This is a specimen copy," said the gentleman. "You buy this little book for your names. It has a pencil attached; twenty-five cents. And you leave one dollar deposit for the book."

"Is that necessary?" asked Phoebe.

"Well, we exact it of all," said the amiable Mr. Cozzen. "Want would you have? We can't make exceptions; we should offend others."

Phoebe paid the dollar and a quarter, took the book, and walked away, glancing at the outline of her "beat," which was far up town.

The book was a collection of receipts, advice to youth, selections from Bryant's poems, and fun from old jest books.

Poor Phoebe! she hoped against hope, as the street cars took her up-town, and still cherished much more of that comforting emotion than could have been expected, when her feet touched the red hot flagstones of Fifty-seventh street, and the tall residences stared down at her with half their doors closed with those wooden barriers, they say to all who look, "Family gone to Europe." But yet there were steps that might be climbed, and Miss Mumford climbed them patiently.

She saw a sweet, old lady, who beamed on her and said:

"We've such a large library now we can't really add to it. There's not room in the house for another book."

She saw a sarcastic lady who said:

"Greatly obliged for the attention. It is a wonderful book—wonderful, but I couldn't understand it. I have to read lighter things. My brain, you know, won't bear too much."

She saw a contented young lady, who simply shook her head and ran for a footman to "show this person out."

Then she saw a grandpapa, with a dyed moustache and an eye-glass, who was gallant and offensive. Then she received many "not at homes" from angry servants, who knew her errand well, and felt that they had been troubled to open the door unnecessarily. After many long, hot, wasted hours she found that her next number was a drug store and entered it, thankful for its cool shadow.

She was hot, thirsty, wretched. She longed for a glass of the ice-cold soda-water, but had only a little change, which must serve for fares, in her pocket.

She stood before the counter and repeated her little story—her talk about the book. The druggist smiled as he glanced at the volume.

"I would not half such drash in mine house," he said. "You waste your dime mit a book like dis."

"It seems worthless to me," said poor Phoebe, sighing.

"You get dook in, like some oder beoples, mit dem rascals," said the German. "You look dired, madame, and not vell. Go home and rest—I advise you as a doctor."

A customer, who had been looking at her, threw down the price of a tooth-brush he had bought, and seizing his purchase, followed Phoebe out of the door.

"Let me see your book, madam," he said. "Very nice; I'll subscribe. Give me your book. I'll write my name and residence."

He did so. Phoebe thanked him, and tried to read it, but the letters danced before her eyes. Her head was so hot, so heavy, she must go back to Mr. Cozzen's, get her dollar, give in her subscription, tell him that she had failed. She would feel better after she had rested, she thought—better. How kind that man had been. But he subscribed for her book—she knew it well—out of sheer pity; as one gives alms to a beggar.

She was in Mr. Cozzen's office again. He looked at her out of his bush of white hair. His black eyes and black nose more poodle like than before.

She had wasted her day, risked sunstroke, failed in her effort, and crushed her hopes. What did he care, if he had one subscription more? A book agent was almost sure to get one, and hundreds toiled over the earth every day with the same results.

"Very foolish to give it up so," he declared. "The first day never counts. I have ladies on my list making a hundred dollars a week who got no subscribers on the first day, and— Oh, your dollar! Yes, yes! And here is your percentage—ten cents. But you ought not to despair when you have secured the name of Captain Barton on your list. Well, goodbye."

She was gone, threading the streets that led to the ferry. The boat first; then the train. Was that the train coming? What a roar! How black it was! She staggered, but she did not fall to the ground. Some one caught her in his arms.

Out of darkness, out of rest, out of strange communion with her mother in another world, Phoebe floated back to life again. A woman sat beside her and fanned her.

"She's all right now," said a voice of the family-doctor order. "Only faintness; not sunstroke."

Then peace again; and waking, much better.

"My poor father!" she sighed. "He must be so terrified! Some one has been so kind; but let me get to my father at once."

"All in good time," said the motherly woman at her side.

"Your father won't be anxious, Phoebe," said a man, and her only subscriber stepped where she could see him.

"I found your name and address in your little note-book. I went and told him you'd be home to-morrow. You don't remember me, Phoebe?"

Phoebe smoothed her dress and sat up on the chintz couch and looked at the speaker.

"You subscribed for my book," she said.

"But before that," said the man. "Before I had a beard, and went away to sea with no hopes of being Captain. Don't you know Billy Barton, Phoebe?"

"Oh!" cried Phoebe. "Is it you?"

"I thought I knew you," said Captain Barton. "I followed you, wondering if I dared speak; and you looked so ill. So I was there when you fainted."

He took her hand, and held it, and lifted it to his lips before he put it down.

"The same sweet girl," he said, softly.

"Good-night. Peggy will take good care of you. Every one who falls sick at this hotel knows Peggy."

By next morning Phoebe was well again, but Captain Barton insisted on seeing her home.

"What did pa say?" she asked. "Are you sure he was not worried?"

"He said," replied the Captain, with a smile, "that girls are never to be depended on, and that if he had had a son he never would have cut up such pranks."

Phoebe felt the tears rise to her eyes.

The old gentleman is very much broken," said Captain Barton. "He does want a son as well as daughter; don't you think so, Phoebe?"

When he said that, he looked like the Billy Barton of the long-gone times.

A few months afterward he asked the same question, adding:

"Won't I do?"

And so it came to pass that Phoebe, instead of ending her life as a solitary spinster, married a man who loved her truly. The mortgage was paid off the old place, and the farm was no longer managed on shares. And the old gentleman, what with freedom from care, and luxurious living, grew stronger and brighter in every way; much fonder of his daughter, too, as in the olden time. So that one day, when Phoebe Barton came down to breakfast, and sat waiting for those other two, and thinking of the day with which this story begins, she laughed softly to herself, and declared: "And I'm really the happiest woman in the world to-day, I believe, after all."—*The Ledger.*

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMINE READERS.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Near Eastalingo, a small station on the Georgia Pacific Railroad, Miss Betty Emmons was walking along the track when she discovered that the spikes had been drawn and a rail removed. Just as she made the discovery Miss Emmons heard the roar of an approaching passenger train, which was running at high speed. She knew the train would be wrecked if she did not stop it, and she did not hesitate an instant. She wore a red flannel petticoat, and hastily tearing it off, ran toward the approaching train, waving the garment across the track. The engineer saw the signal in time to stop the train. When the passengers learned of their narrow escape and Miss Emmons' coolness they at once made up a handsome purse and presented it to her.—*New York Telegram.*

TATTOOED GIRLS.

In Algeria every girl born of native parents is tattooed on her forehead between the eyebrows and just on the root of the nose with a cross formed of several straight lines of small stars running close together. These tattoo marks are a dark blue color. Algerian women are also considerably tattooed on the backs of their hands and their forearms and chests, as well as on their shoulders, their wrists being especially adorned with drawings representing bracelets and flowers strung together. As a rule, women are the operators, and it is principally on children between the ages of seven and eight that they have to exercise their art. They use sometimes a needle, but more frequently a Barbary fig tree thorn. They employ kohl as a coloring substance. It is a kind of fine powder made from sulphur of antimony, which is also in great request by the Algerian women for the purposes of face painting.—*Voice.*

HOW TO ESCAPE PNEUMONIA.

Just how the fashionable woman who appears night after night in the Metropolitan Opera House clad in a tulle dress, kid gloves and slippers and a pearl necklace manages to escape pneumonia must ever remain a problem to vex and bother the doctor and philosopher. These lovely creatures are certainly endowed with great endurance, whatever may be said of their sense. Perhaps, as Carlyle said, "Vanity is warmer than down and pride rivals the robe of ermine." But to get at facts I put the question to a pretty little creature who never read a line of the sage. "I don't feel cold at all," she said, "in evening dress. Just before dressing I bathe my neck, arms and shoulders in glycerine and rose water, and after drying with a coarse towel I have my maid rub me down with alcohol. I don't need this at all, but I do it to please papa. I think, however, it is a good idea, for my flesh never gets goosey, and this is my second season, and I haven't had a cold yet. Then I always wear a very warm wrap in the carriage, and when I get home I take a warm bath and go to bed."—*New York World.*

TERMS USED BY DRESSMAKERS.

Some of the phrases used in dressmaking are perfect Greek to the unknowing, so I add a short list of the words and their meanings. An apron is any sort of a draped skirt front; a tablier is a flat undraped skirt front; a full back means a straight back to the skirt gathered in two or more rows at the top; a panel is a straight piece for the front or sides, set in between a trimming of some kind to convey the idea of an inlay; a Spanish flounce is one reaching from the knees down, and gathered to form an erect ruffle. Knife pleats are very narrow side pleats, and accordion pleats are still narrower and pressed into shape by machinery; kilt pleats are those turned one way, and box pleats have a fold to the right side and one to the left; double and triple box pleats have two or three folds on either side; a "kilt" means a skirt entirely of kilt pleats. A "drop" skirt is one of the dress material made up independent of the lining, and then hung or dropped over it from the same belt. A border is any trimming put on the edge or just above it. Armure silk has a bird's eye or draper weave; faille Francaise has a soft cord, moire has water waves over its surface; tricotine is sometimes called armure rural from its lines of bird's eye weaving; sarah has almost invisible cords and is very soft.—*Home Journal.*

HAIR ORNAMENTS.

The old-fashioned hair necklace and bracelets, with which we are so familiar and which are plaited in flat strands and fastened with a gold clasp, can be made for \$10, and certainly this is a pretty ornament to wear as a souvenir of a lost relative or friend. Another design, either for necklace or bracelet, is of three narrow bands, clasped with gold at regular intervals, and a cross of hair of different color, with the ends tipped with gold, may be attached to the necklace, making an ornament that would adorn any neck.

Rings made like serpents, with a gold head and tail and fiery jeweled eyes, are popular, while narrow braids of gold, with hair plaited and inlaid, protected by an outer covering of gold, with two hands closely clasped, astonish us when we find they really can unclasp and reveal the hair beneath. These rings can be made for \$4, \$5 and \$6, and any design that is suggested can be executed in a short space of time.

A pair of sleeve buttons, with the hair resembling a puff and kept in place by a fine twisted gold wire, is an attractive design, and a scarf pin and a watch chain complete this set, which is a pretty and durable present for a man to receive. Charms can be made in great varieties— hearts, anchors, crosses, harps and various other designs—at a small cost.

The process of working the hair is braiding it on small pieces of metal, about seven inches long, and then it

goes through a process by fire before coming to us in its ornamental state. —*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

DWELLINGS FOR WORKINGWOMEN.

Among new ideas for the good womanhood is the English one of "dies' chambers," or dwellings for workingwomen. The first building was opened a few weeks ago in London. It is five stories high, divided into flats two, three and four rooms, each provided with a cooking stove. The rent ranges from \$2 to \$3 a week. Attendance can be had, and there are, of course, kitchen and dining hall for those who prefer to have no cooking done in their rooms. The rooms are exceedingly pretty and convenient, fitted with cupboards, warders, and so forth. Each occupant will furnish her own apartment, where two friends live together it is very easy to get together pretty and comfortable household appointments. This is a prospect that this English idea will be imitated in New York by ladies connected with the Woman's Exchange. At the last annual meeting, recently held at Mrs. Henry Villard's home, the most interesting event was the report of Miss Candace Wheeler embodying the proposition that the Woman's Hotel project, which many wealthy men and women have been pushing for two years, be combined with the present Exchange and that a large building be erected for their joint occupancy. The idea would be to use the lower floor for the Exchange and the upper ones for apartments for women. Since the exchange was started it has paid out a million dollars to needy women for their household work, besides training hundreds of women to be self-supporting. It is believed to know nothing about using their brains in profitable industry. It proposed to make a grand exhibit of women's work at the World's Fair, which will illustrate the progress made by women in art and industry from the earliest time up to 1892.—*New York Herald.*

ILL-DRESSED BOSTON WOMEN.

It is feared that Boston women never claim the title of being well dressed. Do what the few may wish to aspire to the favorable verdict, there is always the ordinary, uncorrected hygienic majority to counteract it. It would be laughable were it not pathetic, to note the shortcomings in this one direction of the average Boston woman. She has a much opportunity, as many more are dressing well as women elsewhere, but she invariably fails in producing the effect which strikes the observer in New York. Regard the throngs of women who daily pass up and down Boylston street, for instance, and point out to you can, who become their clothes, who carry themselves with grace and elegance. Nearly all have been to fashionable tailors, who have done what is within their power to give chic, style; but the Boston woman is stubborn. She will not permit her preconceived notions to be displaced by the newest fashions; she will not wear a corset; she will wear a hygienic waist, if she wants to; she won't wear her hair except so, because her gymnasium teacher tells her to bring all the muscles into play when she walks. Beside this, she is in haste. She can take life easily and gracefully when sixty different calls are being made on her time and brains all at once. The art of wearing her clothes well is unknown to her. She puts them on, she does not make her toilet. She would be guilty of "sprinkling" her hair, would this usual Boston woman consider it worth her while to take a hand mirror to see if the angle of her hair corresponded with the angles of her profile and her black hair. It is these little omissions, this forgetfulness of details, which renders two-thirds of our women, though critical, observers.—*Boston Herald.*

FASHION NOTES.

Very large Directorate mails are carried both in Paris and London.

Sleeves are set in well up on the shoulders, and colors are straight and moderately high.

Portia fans of white ostrich feathers with flower centres and jeweled handles are very fashionable.

The identity of dresses is lost in the unprecedented amount of passementerie and embroidery used nowadays.

There are pretty and stylish waists with short back, very long fronts, sleeves made of a series of capes.

The latest Parisian novelty in purses has a small purse inserted in the main wherein women can carry their tickets and small coins.

Stylish sets of embroidery on vests may now be obtained, all ready for use. They comprise a long Louis XV. cuff, revers, collar and pockets.

Elegant little dress bonnets from Paris are made of black velvet trimmed with shaded velvet leaves. The effect of deep vari-colored foliage is exceedingly rich.

Would-be English fashionables wear waterproofs and storm coats. They wear a Leeds check flannel suit with coachman's cape or short jacket to carry an umbrella.

Heavy red leather gloves with white buttons are the correct style for walking or riding or driving. They must be big that the wearer may double her hands without discomfort.

A house toilet of economy as chic may be made with a "puff" skirt of white alpaca and a French collar of fine white cashmere with small shoulder pieces and full sleeves.

Mantles are varied in form; some as wide as those worn fifty years ago, the days our great-grandmothers wore, wholesome shrinking from exaggeration keeps in check the bazarier of fashion.

White satin slippers accompany the gloves, tan-colored or gray slippers worn with gloves of the same color. Colored dresses have slippers made of "silk" fabric, with stockings to match.