Days in the Saddle.

Adventures with a Troop of Cavalry After Indians.

Soon after the close of the Civil War a number of troops of the Fourth Cavalry were sent out to the different posts on the Rio Grande. Their principal business was to watch Indians, who would cross over from Mexico to steal horses. The Indians seldom destroyed ranches; that would not be good business. The men living on the ranches, if not driven off or killed, would in the course of time gather up another bunch of horses for the Indians to steal. Our troop and one other were sent to Camp Verde, Texas, which was one of the frontier posts then; about all the country west of it was still out of doors. We began hunting Indians as soon as we had got here. There were a good many settlers east of us and several small towns. Kerrville and Banders were the nearest ones. They are probably larger towns now.

The citizens were continually losing horses and we were kept busy hunting them. The greatest drawback to our finding them was due to the fact that these men did not report their losses soon enough, and about the time we would be told of it the Indians would be safe in Mexico. There was an arrangement now under which we could follow Indians to Mexico, and the Mexican troops could follow them across to our side of the line if they wanted to do so. They ran them over to us, then quit, while we have often followed them 150 miles into Mexico. I have been as far down as that after them myself while in the Fourth Cavalry. We had no such arrangement when we first went across, and had there been any civil government in Mexico our presence over there would have been the cause of an extended diplomatic correspondence between Mexico and Washington to explain what we were doing over there, but at this time there was no civil government in Mexico, or rather there were two so-called governments. Gen. Juarez was at the head of one, the Emperor Maximilian had the other, and they were too busy just now trying to keep out of each other's way to pay any attention to us.

An old gentleman who had a ranch near Kerrville lost a bunch of horses and told us about it. We followed up the Indians, and crossing the Rio Grande a few hours after them, ran into their camp at night when they thought they were safe at home. We got back all the horses, the Indians making their escape on foot, all except a few that came in contact with our pistol balls; they stayed where they were.

These Indians were Lipans and Kickapoos. They had originally belonged in Texas, but had emigrated to Mexico and would now come over on foot, then ride back on stolen horses, sell them to the Mexicans and come and get more. We returned the horses to where they belonged and a short time after Mr. Crawford, their owner, paid us another visit. He had found us more Indians, but they had not taken his horses this time. He had been west of this hunting up his cattle and had seen a bunch of Indians, how many he did not know; but he had not stopped long enough to count them.

About a dozen of us under command of our First Lieutenant, a Brevet Major, were sent out with Crawford to help him count those Indians. He led us up through Bandera Pass, a few miles south of the post, then turned west. Had he kept on west far enough we would not have needed him for a guide. Edwards county was not very well known, and he had been all over it lately. After going west a while he turned north again and late in the afternoon we rode past a chain of hills. They were off to our right, and I noticed when passing one of them what looked like a small cave up in the side of the hill, twenty feet above its base. Crawford saw it, and riding over got off his horse and examined the ground. There certainly could not be Indians in that cave, I thought; not more than a dozen, anyhow. It was about two feet wide and fairly that high at the entrance. After looking at the ground or rocks that lay on the ground rather, Crawford climbed up to the cave. The Major had stopped the column, and now called out:

"What have you got there, Mr. Crawford?"

"I think there is a b'ar in that cave, sir."

"Let him stay in there then, and come on. I want to make camp as soon as I can now."

Crawford mounted and came over to us, and the major asked him if he had meant to crawl into that cave after a bear.

"No, sir; not all the way in. I only wanted to find out if he was thar or not."

"Well, if he had been there, you would have found it out pretty —— quick."

I nearly choked myself trying to keep from laughing. I rode just behind the Major, and if Crawford was to laugh. This Mr. Crawford was a curiosity. He was about 60 years old and rode with his stirrups so short that his knees were shoved half way up to his chin, and in riding he leaned forward in the saddle something as English hunters are represented in newspaper cuts as doing, but to the hounds riding as he did. I could not, at least.

We were taught to ride with stirrup straps long enough to allow our legs to extend their full length and to sit erect in the saddle. Had we leaned forward, as he did, an officer's saber across our backs would have straightened us up. Crawford carried a Henry rifle on the saddle in front of him and lugged around two Colt's pistols day and night. He slept with them on. We had to do that ourselves at times, but unless I was told to keep mine on it came off promptly when I lay down. I could get it quickly enough if I needed it.

He had been an Indian fighter all his life, or said he had, and as he found us no Indians this trip, and never made another one with us I will have to take his word for it, but from what I saw of him afterward, if I were an Indian he would be the man I should want to follow me. I would not expect to have to fight him oftener than twice a day.

We went into camp more than half a mile beyond the cave, and as soon as our horses were staked out I went to Crawford and asked him if he would go and examine that cave with me. No, he did not care to walk that far.

"It is only half a mile," I said.

"Yes, but it is another half mile back, and I ain't used to walking. You may go down and get that bear if you want him."

"I want him, of course, if he is there."

"Oh, he is there all right. I saw his tracks there."

I went to the major and asked permission to hunt the bear.

"Yes," he told me, "hunt him, but don't crawl into that cave after him, as Mr. Crawford was going to do."

I had no idea of doing that. I did not want the bear quite so badly as that, and I don't think that Crawford had ever meant to crawl into it, either. He was not exactly a fool.

On my way to the cave I began to study plans to get him out of it if he was in it, without going in and dragging him out. I first thought to climb up there, then give him a shot or two in the cave, but I dismissed that plan. I might kill him if I did and would not know it. I was not going in to see. According to some authorities on bears, it takes a man and a gun half a day to kill one. Sometimes it does. I have followed one with a rifle a half day, then did not kill him. I don't know that I ever wounded him, though I shot at him often enough. But again I have killed one in less than two minutes with a pistol. It depends a good deal on where you hit the bear how many shots it takes to kill him.

I got down in front of the cave and examined the ground for bear signs, but found none. The ground, what little there was of it that was not covered with loose rocks, was hard yellow clay—an ox team passing over it would hardly leave a sign.

Gathering up a lot of dry brush, weeds and leaves I piled them in front of the cave, set them on fire, and going off a few feet to one side waited for the bear or bears to come out. I had a Spencer carbine and a Colt's pistol, and I though that I could stop all the bears that might be in there. The wind drove the smoke right into the cave, the fire burned out, but no bear made his appearance. There would be no danger in going into that cave now, and I tried it, but as there was too much smoke in it I had to crawl out. I went back to camp and Crawford wanted to know if I had seen the bear.

"No, sir, there is none there, nor has there been any lately."

"Oh, yes, there has been;" he had [illegible]

"You could not see a sign there with a [illegible]. The ground is too hard."

"There might be plenty of signs there that an old hunter could see, and you could not. You have not been in this country long."

"Yes, I know; but we have men in this troop that have been, some of them twenty years out on the frontier. I myself have been pretty well over the Northwest, and have hunted with Sioux Indians. They know something about signs, don't they? We are not all tenderfeet, if we were born and raised in the big cities."

"Yes, maybe so, but there has been a b'ar up thar."

"Well, as the Major told you, we will let him stay up there. I can't find him."

We started again early next morning to hunt those Indians of Crawford's, and soon after breaking camp it began to rain and kept on raining all forenoon. The Major went into camp as soon as he could find grass and wood. We did not need to look for water. We had all we wanted of that and some more.

The timber here was cypress, and there was a lot of blocks of it that had been cut to make shingles out of which had been left; Indians had probably interrupted the shingle making before it had got well started. That had been some years ago, "before the war," probably, to use Crawford's favorite expression when giving the date of his numerous fights with Indians. We tried to start a cook fire with these blocks but they were wet and would not burn, only smoke.

I got a liberal dose of this smoke, and a small dose of cypress smoke is a cure. Then I hunted up something that would burn more and smoke less, and found a lot of dead cedars, but it took hard work to get wood off them, the branches had to be broken off. We had no axe; we never carried one on a pack mule then, and there is hardly anything that can be carried on him that is needed oftener. When I had anything to do with the pack trains in after years I always carried at least one axe in a leather sling and a spade. While riding through the rain today we were continually passing small bunches of cattle. They belonged to ranches away east of us and had wandered out here.

Nearly every cow had a different brand, some had none at all. They were still tame, and would let a man ride close enough to examine them, but further west could be found thousands of them that we could not get within a mile of; they had been born wild. Crawford would examine every bunch we passed; he wanted to see if any of them had his brand on, he said. This was what had brought him and us here; he had seen no Indians, but wanted a cavalry escort so that he could come out here and look up his and his neighbors' cows.

These men would not think of coming out here alone. If they did they would have no trouble in seeing all the Indians they wanted.

I noticed the Major watching Crawford while he was engaged in taking the census of these cows, and I knew that if Crawford did not find Indians in a day or two he would hear from the Major. The Major had risen from the ranks and could swear not only like the proverbial trooper, but like half a dozen of them. He dare not curse an enlisted man, and never did; he would stand a chance of being court-martialed if he had, or else have to give the man he had cursed an apology in front of his troop. It was given to me by another officer in the presence of the Colonel once, after I har reported this officer for cursing me. But the Major could curse a teamster or citizen guide, and he often did, and I expected Crawford to get the full benefit of the Major's experience in the fine art of cursing before he was a week older. When in camp Crawford kept down among us. He would not go near the Major unless he was called, and we kept him busy blowing about the Indians that he had killed. I had found out from him that he had been in the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, Lee's army, and I had been in the Army of the Potomac at the same time, so I got him started telling about the time that "we uns had fit you uns," and we put in some hours fighting the War of the Rebellion over again.

The weather had cleared up this afternoon and gave the ground a chance to dry. I had been thinking that I would have to sleep tonight seated on my saddle with my back to a tree; I often had to sleep that way. We carried no bed blanket; we were not allowed to put one on a horse; I would not put it on anyhow; I never carried anything on him I could do without; I did not want to make a pack mule out of him, then ride him. It had been good weather when we left the post and no one had an overcoat along with him. I had a rubber coat, though few were worn then.

Soon after dark tonight we were gathered around the fire and Crawford was giving us an extended account of the Indians he had killed "before the war"—he had not got to the ones he had killed after the break-up yet. When he was about in the middle of this interesting nararative the sentry on post outside of the horses fired a shot. We picked up our carbines and ran out to form a line out beyond the fire. Crawford had followed me with his rifle and I thought he had fallen in line until I heard a noise behind me as I stood in line in my place on the left. Looking around I saw Crawford down on his knees here among the horses, with his hands pressed together; he was busy praying.

I wanted to tell him to postpone that prayer and fall in here and shoot a few more Indians, but I was not in command. There was a sergeant here who ranked me, and had I begun to give orders he would soon let me know that he was the boss. The Major had not got out here yet. He had been outside of camp somewhere when the shot was fired, and came running out now and almost fell over Crawford. What he said to Crawford need not be repeated here. His remarks would have to be principally in dashes if they were recorded. None of them could be mistaken for a prayer, though.

We satisfied ourselves that there were no Indians out here now, nor had there been any here lately. The sentry had fired at a bunch of cows without challenging, as he had been told to do; it was dark, and he did not know what they were. We went back to the fire and tried to get some more Indian stories from Crawford, but I had hurt his feelings on the way in by telling him that we generally fought our Indians without the aid of a chaplain. He went to bed now.

This happened to be his last night with us. Had he remained, I don't suppose he would have given us any more Indian stories. His failure tonight to get out to where he could slaughter them, after both he and we had been told that there were plenty of them here, had put a large discount on the stories he had given us already.

Next morning the Major gave no orders to saddle up. He seemed to be going to make a permanent camp here. But calling Crawford up, he told him to go out and find those Indians or their trail or be shot. That was the gist of his remarks.

Crawford started to find the trail. Whether he found it or not I don't know; he never came back to tell us that. He found a trail though, a trail that led straight home, then took it. The Major waited until noon, then started us home.—Correspondence in Forest and Stream.

Too Much Anglo-American Brotherhood

By G. K. Chesterton.

WHEN modern England and modern America touch and influence each other is it the right England and the right America that touch? It is the best meaning of the one nation that is meeting the best meaning of the other?

Doubtless America has really good matter to teach England; but does she teach it? Doubtless America has much to learn from England; but is it learned?

England is too snobbish and oligarchical; but is American influence even tending to make it less snobbish or less oligarchical? America is too cheap and vulgar; but does English influence, where there is English influence, even tend to make it less cheap and vulgar?

Is it not unfortunately the fact that the very thing that modern America admires in us is our aristocracy, that the very thing that we admire in America is her mere pertness and "push?"

English praise is not a force recalling America to her primal republican ideal. American praise is not a force recalling us to Merry England. We are not even flattering each other's powers; we are encouraging each other's weaknesses. America finds it convenient to be a little less republican; that is, a little less American. England finds it convenient to be a little less chivalrous; that is, a little less English. This simultaneous falling away they choose to call a falling together.

Americans on whom Benjamin Franklin would have turned his back embrace Englishmen whom Dr. Johnson would have kicked down stairs; and behold the wounds of an old war are healed! But neither people learns anything—except, perhaps, slang. England certainly does not learn democracy. The Americanized English nobleman does not become an inch less of a nobleman; he only becomes rather less of a gentleman.

Lord Lansdowne at a Fourth of July festivity said that the mention of that date now involved no bitterness. This is quite true. The fourth of July has lost all its venom; and the simple reason is that it has lost all its meaning. What the Fourth of July originally meant we have no space here to inquire; it meant a great many things.

But one of the things it certainly meant was this, that there ought to be no such person as "Lord" Lansdowne in the world.

What Japanese Loans Are Based On

By Thomas F. Millard.

THE loans that have been issued are based upon two things, the resources of the country, upon which is founded the ability of the government to pay, and the security offered for regular payment of the interest. The two foreign loans already placed have their interest secured by the customs receipts and the tobacco monopoly, both assets liable to fluctuation. But on their face bankers in London and New York have apparently thought them sufficient guarantee for the amount of interest involved, the security for the principal being the national credit. Would they have been accepted as a guarantee, however, for ten times the amount? Most certainly not. Therefore, had 10 times the amount had been offered, instead of it all being taken, none would have been taken at all. Again, it must be remembered that banks have not been the real takers of these loans. The bulk of the money has come from individual Englishmen and Americans, who in view of reputable banking firms underwriting the loans, accepted them as a good investment at the market price, which nets about eight percent. It is amusing to see the turn which the pro-Japanese propaganda, both east and west, has given the acceptance of these two loans in England and America. It is everywhere in Japan hailed by the propaganda as evidence that the British and American governments are backing the Japanese government in the war, and that these two wealthy countries stand ready to continue to provide the funds. It is hardly necessary to point out the error of this belief. People in America and England invest in the Japanese loans just as they do in Galveston municipal bonds, on purely business principles. As long as they think the security is good they will continue to invest, but the moment they begin to suspect the security offered they will not have them at all except at a discount which compensates them for the risk taken. The Japanese statesmen who are financing the war undoubtedly know this, but the masses of the people are encouraged to entertain some very elusive hopes and expectations.—From "The Financial Prospects of Japan."

What Children Say

By Agnes Repplier.

THERE is no more cheering proof of our robust national humor than the gradual elimination from print of infantine witticisms and repartees. They can never be eliminated from conversation, because in conversation we have always the parent to reckon with, and the parent's standard of humor differs materially from our own. It is the parental privilege to repeat with pride those artless remarks which make the life of the nursery, and which do not imply, as we might ignorantly suppose, any vital deficiency in the intellect of the child. Anxious friends, hearing them, wonder now and then why the father does not consult a specialist, and make sure that his child is not feeble of mind. But there is no need for this concern. The chances are that what the child really said wasn't half so bad as the thing we hear repeated. It is the editing of such speeches which gives them their alarming fatuity.

At least they are becoming more infrequent in print, and for what we do not receive let us be truly grateful. Perhaps it is because English people see less of their children than we do, and hear them less, that they are so ready to read about them in the said pages of Punch. Punch rings true. I mean we are mournfully sure that the things it tells really happened—that there was a live child who, being put to bed on a steamer, said: "This isn't a bed. It is a chest of drawers." The anecdote has that chastened humor which Mr. Howells has taught us to recognize as the pride of the veritist, and the affliction of the light-minded reader. The suppression of such a jest adds materially to the gayety of life.—Life.

Large Families Desirable

By A. S. Williamson.

IT IS dangerous to deduce certain conclusions from isolated examples. Statistics covering years, based on millions of observations, are often worthless. This is true in the observation of inanimate things, and to a far greater degree bears on the statistics of such a complex organization as a man, and still more on the complex structure of society. But even allowing the comparative worthlessness of statistics in this matter, it is a matter of personal observation and of general knowledge that from the class of cultured parents come the best children, and that from the class of ignorant and vicious parents come the criminals and vicious. In view of this, are only the ignorant to produce children and the cultured to spend their time in literary, artistic, and scientific pursuits? This is the question which Mr. Roosevelt would like to see answered by the best people raising children—and by the best people is not meant the fashionable or rich exclusively, but those who by their superior intelligence and well-nourished bodies can produce children endowed from birth with intelligence and strength. Of this class of children we cannot have too many. The cultured will never overrun the world, while the vicious may and, but for the laws of nature, would. These will always be in the majority. It is too much to be hoped for that a great proportion of the world's population will ever be cultured, but we can raise the proportion of good to bad by having the cultured leave children in such numbers that the good will increase. By this means, and not by the repression of the bad, will we attain this desirable condition of relatively general culture.—Harper's Weekly.

Women in Prisons.

In the District of Columbia women constitute 17 percent of the prisoners; in Massachusetts and Rhode Island 14 percent; in New York 13; in Louisiana 12; in Virginia 11; in New Jersey 10; in Pennsylvania and Maryland 9; in Connecticut 8; in Alabama, New Hampshire, Ohio and South Carolina 7; in Florida, Maine, Mississippi, New Mexico and Tennessee 6; in Georgia, Illinois, Indianan, Kentucky, Michigan, Missouri, North Carolina and West Virginia 5; in Arkansas and Delaware 4; in California, Minnesota, North Dakota, Texas and Vermont 3; in Colorado, Iowa, Montana, Nebraska and Utah 2; in Arizona, Kansas, Nevada and South Dakota 1; in Washington, four-fifths of one percent; in Oregon and Wisconsin, two-fifths of 1 percent; in Wyoming and Idaho none.—Woman's Journal.

Latest Footwear.

Devotees of style, when they can afford it, have slippers and hosiery to match every gown, yet one may be well and suitably shod without going into this extreme.

A pair of white satin or kid slippers with white stockings, are essential for all who would be considered well dressed, and these may be worn with any light evening gown even though it be colored.

It is the part of economy to have a pair of bronze suede or kid slippers, with stockings to match. These may be worn at any time when black is not sufficiently dressy, and white is too much so. With afternoon dresses, for instance, or half evening gowns, bronze is pretty and the best of style.

For the street, if economy is to be considered, a pair of varnished or patent leather shoes is best for afternoon.

For morning regulation calfskin prevails, and low shoes will undoubtedly be worn all winter. There is a slight demand for pumps for the street during cold weather, but this lowest cut shoe will practically go into retirement from the street until next spring.

With these four varieties and a pretty pair of easy house slippers for comfort, the feminine foot is prepared for pretty nearly every occasion.

Fur Coats in All Lengths.

All fur coats are not short, however.
There are half-length coats.
There are three-quarter length coats.
There are coats of full length.

A redingoat of broadtail is an edition de luxe in the three-quarter length. It is double breasted in the slightly diagonal fashion from the left side of the square neck to the centre front at the lower edge of the garment. Both fronts are cut in the same fashion which makes a full length graduated lapel on each side, should the coat ever be worn open and turned back. It is not likely it will, however, as it looks too well buttoned down from the left of its square neck, with white kid buttons rimmed with black jet. These buttons are gems of beauty and smartness. Three of a smaller size adorn each of the cuffs, which in this case finish sleeves that just fall short of reaching the wrist.

To harmonize with the buttons there's the lining of white silk and the band, over an inch in width, that outlines the square neck—square at the front that is—and a portion of the square-built cuffs. These bands are made of white kid, embroidered in black silk in the Greek key pattern. At intervals the embroidery is adorned with a cable made of the tinest black jet beads.

And so it goes.

Apparently there's no limit. The gilet of one coats is embroidered in wee rosebuds delicate enough to adorn lingerie, while that of another shows leather in strappings upon a cloth foundation.—Philadelphia Record.

Plumes in Hats.

Conceding the maintained importance and popularity of ostrich plumes as illustrated in objective garnishing on rich pattern hats, both of Parisian and of home creation, shown in the recent expositions in certain of the wholesale millinery houses, it must be admitted that seldom have they been more strongly contested in favor by fancy feathers than was apparent in the decoration of many of the new models.

An increasing trend toward cocks' plumes is observable, notably those fashioned of the long curving tail feathers of some varieties of the domestic bird; and much use is expected to be made of curled lyre cocks' tails.

Paradise-bird plumes appear on not a small number among the most charming hats which have latterly come out—these plumes in some instances, as is the case with the cocks' plumes, being mounted with heads.

Marabout tips are still in infrequent notice on fine hats. Made owls' heads are in demand for the garniture of turbans, and heads mounted with wings have place on some of the hats in the medium sizes, and breasts and long bands tipped with small quills, montures of short quills, half-folded shoulder wings, long pelican quills, etc., are of the provision for the new season of interest in fancy plumages. Large birds—the creation of the manufacturer, and not of nature—are meeting with decided acceptance as revived enrichment for hats; and a very handsome French model in memory is trimmed with natural South American humming birds. The wisp of aigrette retain its long-held position on the new small bonnets; and just here mention may be made of the small feather-faced plaque in use for covering the crowns of hats, to which suited roses, generally, were the flowers to be noted in the decoration of the models in later displays of headwear. Employed chiefly in medium small sizes, and variously globular and of flat or crushed effect, they have been produced both in the colors of the blossoms of nature and in conventionalized colors.—The September Millinery Trade Review.

The Real American Woman.

She lives in a small town in the Middle West. Strange to say, the highest praise that I ever heard bestowed on Bird Center came from a foreigner, a celebrated German architect, who had designed a soldier's monument for one of our Western capitals, and expressed our patriotic ideals for us in public works in several cities. "When I first went to your country," he said, "I visited only the cities and there I looked in vain for anything peculiarly American, distinctly democratic, in your social life. I saw only a new version of London, Paris, or Berlin, a raw reproduction of the social order of the old world. But when I became acquainted with some of your little towns, there I found a phase of life quite unlike anything we know in Europe, quite superior to any social organism we have yet developed. There your people seemed really to believe that men are created free and equal. The same privileges and opportunities are enjoyed by all. Men of all occupations and professions met on the same social footing. I have seen one of your senators walking along the street in friendly conversation with the man who made his clothes (the architect had no nose for political mice). I have been entertained by ladies who did their own work without fear of losing caste, who discussed art and foreign politics with me without suggesting the bluestocking or the new woman. These communities were often centres of culture and education; each shared his best with his fellows; and all seemed united in the bond of mutual improvement.

"An Englishman once gave me his opinion that town life was the most satisfactory mode of living in America. There is too much hurry and worry in your cities' he said, 'too much hard work and too great isolation on your farms. Only the very rich among us can really enjoy either city life or country life. For the man of moderate means the small town offers the greatest advantages.' A distinguished French woman who had been the guest of one of the professors of an Illinois college wrote in her published impression of America: 'I found a real Utopia, a woman's paradise, a place where living was simple and natural, where no artificial barriers had been erected, where housekeeping was reduced to its simplest terms. My hostess and her three daughters did most of the work of the house; the one who served us gracefully at the table played the piano with more than an amateur's skill; another chatted fluently to me in French while she made my bed; all three were students at the university from which their father and mother had graduated in the same class."—Elizabeth O. Cuppy in Public Opinion.

Fashion Hints.

For the blonde the delicate yellow of ripe corn is beautifying.

Fur hats trimmed in silver gauze were among the effective models.

The tint of the orange is becoming to the brunette with a fair complexion.

A cavalier shape with a high crown was covered with pale blue silk and was trimmed with a crush scarf of silver gauze.

Silver tissue hats were seen in plenty. Indeed, the silver tissue appears to be more popular, certainly it is more refined than the gold.

A pretty model was a marquise shape with a wide brim, the foundation of silver gauze being entirely covered with frills of silver lace.

Red is becoming to either blonde or brunette, so that the skin be fair enough or dark enough and provided it is just the right shade of the hue.

A lovely hat was a low crowned sailor of gold tissue swathed in tulle of the deepest shade of claret red. On one side was a rosette of tulle and gold braid, holding two short red plumes.

A beautiful creation in pink and silver, which looked fragile enough to blow away in the gentlest breeze, had a low sailor crown of transparent silver gauze and a rolled brim of white Irish crochet bordered with a wide fold of silver gauze over pink tulle.

A very smart hat of chinchilla in a turban shape had a fold of silver gauze tucked in between the crown and the rolled up brim, while on the side was a rosette of silver gauze ribbon and a scarf bow of heavy Renaissance lace, deep cream, fastened in the middle with a handsome turquoise brooch.